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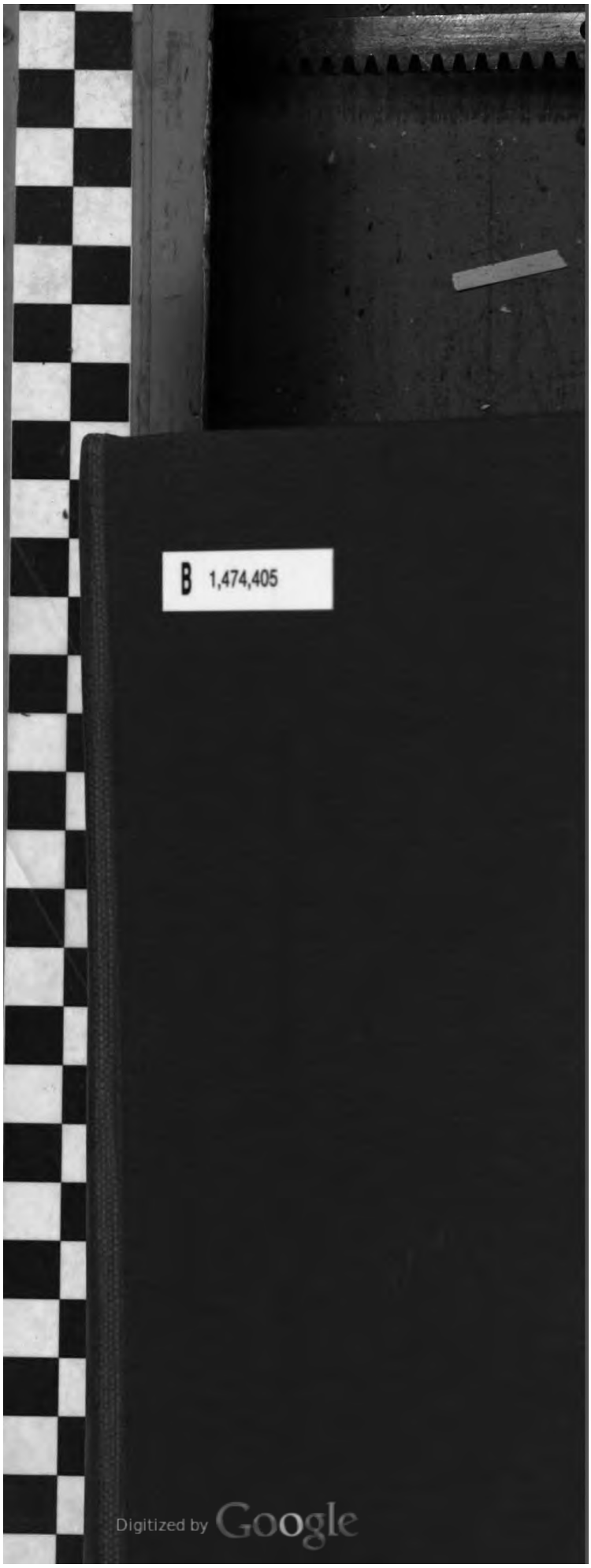
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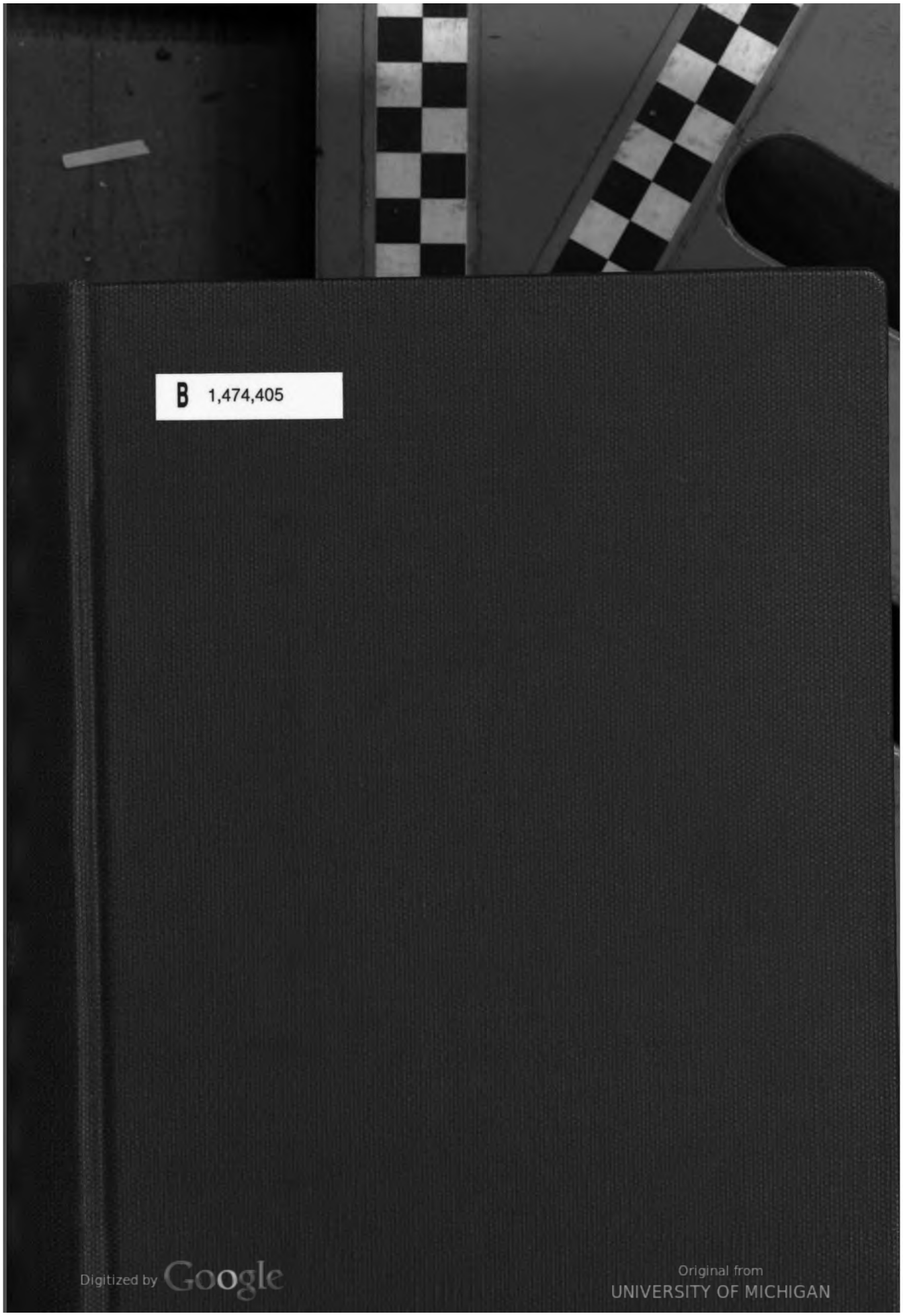
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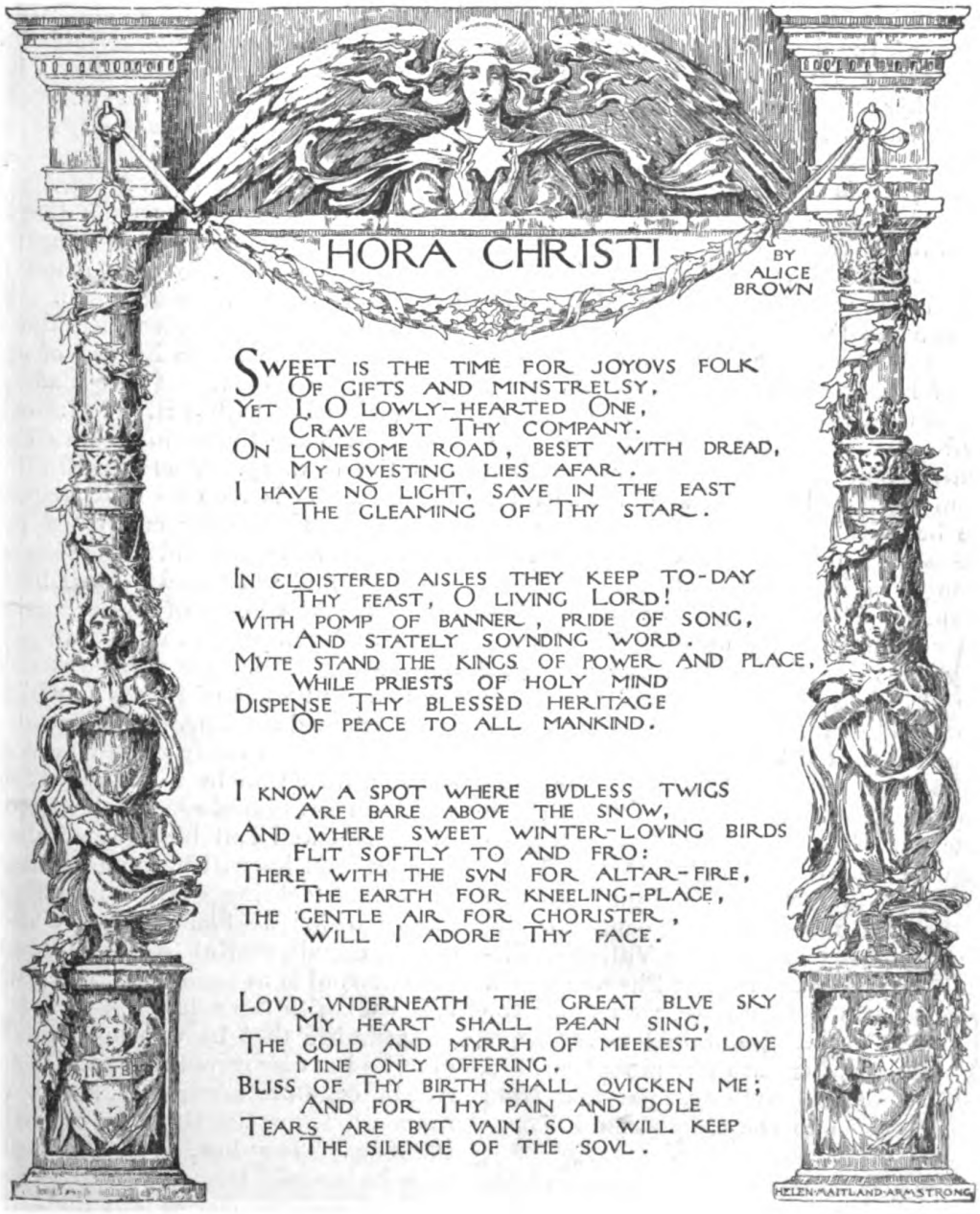
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HORA CHRISTI

BY ALICE BROWN

SWEET IS THE TIME FOR JOYOVS FOLK
OF GIFTS AND MINSTRELSY,
YET I, O LOWLY-HEARTED ONE,
CRAVE BVT THY COMPANY.
ON LONESOME ROAD, BESET WITH DREAD,
MY QVESTING LIES AFAR.
I HAVE NO LIGHT, SAVE IN THE EAST
THE GLEAMING OF THY STAR.

IN CLOISTERED AISLES THEY KEEP TO-DAY
THY FEAST, O LIVING LORD!
WITH POMP OF BANNER, PRIDE OF SONG,
AND STATELY SOVNDING WORD.
MVTE STAND THE KINGS OF POWER AND PLACE,
WHILE PRIESTS OF HOLY MIND
DISPENSE THY BLESSÈD HERITAGE
OF PEACE TO ALL MANKIND.

I KNOW A SPOT WHERE BVDLESS TWIGS
ARE BARE ABOVE THE SNOW,
AND WHERE SWEET WINTER-LOVING BIRDS
FLIT SOFTLY TO AND FRO:
THERE WITH THE SVN FOR ALTAR-FIRE,
THE EARTH FOR KNEELING-PLACE,
THE GENTLE AIR FOR CHORISTER,
WILL I ADORE THY FACE.

LOVD, VNDERNEATH THE GREAT BLVE SKY
MY HEART SHALL PÆAN SING,
THE GOLD AND MYRRH OF MEEKEST LOVE
MINE ONLY OFFERING.
BLISS OF THY BIRTH SHALL QVICKEN ME;
AND FOR THY PAIN AND DOLE
TEARS ARE BVT VAIN, SO I WILL KEEP
THE SILENCE OF THE SOVL.

HELEN MAITLAND ARMSTRONG

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THE OLD DOMINION.

BY THOMAS NELSON PAGE.

"'The Virginian? What is he good for? I always thought he was good for nothing but to cultivate tobacco and my grandmother,' says my lord, laughing.

"She struck her hand upon the table with an energy that made the glasses dance. 'I say he was the best of you all.'"—*Thackeray.*

THE traveller to-day who takes a run through Virginia on one of the roads which cut across her from Washington to the south or southwest gets a very inadequate idea of that which is in fact the Old Dominion, for in localities throughout this section, poor as it appears, lie some of the best farming-lands in the State — the lands, in fact, which once made her wealthy; and much besides her lands enters into that which is the Old Dominion.

Virginia is divided geographically into sections.

Of these sections the richest, and by far the most beautiful, are the Valley and the Southwest, whilst the oldest and the best known are the Tidewater (including the South Side) and the Piedmont.

Of later years the tendency of immigration has been towards those more fertile sections, the rich lands of the Valley and of the Southwest making them as desirable as farm lands as they are beautiful. The mountains, once inaccessible to the outer world, are rich enough in iron and coal to attract the attention of Northern investors and to draw capital almost unlimited, and railway lines like the Norfolk and Western, the Chesapeake and Ohio, and the Baltimore and Ohio, recognizing their future, have penetrated them, placing alike their ore-filled ranges and their fertile valleys in direct communication with the outer world, and opening the way for enterprise and capital to make this long-closed portion of the Old Dominion one of the great manufacturing centres of the country. A trip down the Valley of Virginia or across the rolling Piedmont will, especially in the summer, well repay the trouble, though one should never leave his car; for there are few more beautiful sections of this country than that from the Potomac to the Cumberland Mountains.

The idea, however, which one gets from his car window in passing through eastern Virginia will be very incorrect.

From Washington to Petersburg the railway passes along the former army track, from Petersburg to the southern border it is in what was known years ago as the "Black Belt," and neither section has yet fully recovered.

This region, now so largely grown up in forest or left as "old fields," was, before the war, filled with comfortable homesteads and well-cultivated farms. It was here that much of the early history of "Old Virginia" was enacted. A single county produced George Washington and all the Lees. Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, and John Marshall were from the Piedmont, a little nearer the Blue Ridge; Patrick Henry and Henry Clay came from the same country, lower down. Even now the region through which the road passes conveys, with its leagues of apparently virgin forest, but an inadequate idea of the life within it. To know this one must leave the train and strike out into the country. There he shall find Virginia. It is true he will frequently find the lands poorly cultivated if not poor; he will find old homesteads dishevelled and worn, and he will find the old houses, the home of charming hospitality and refinement, sadly dilapidated and unfurnished. He will be struck by the apparent want of things to which he is accustomed elsewhere, and for the possession of which ready money is needed; but in a little time he will forget this; he will be in an atmosphere which will soothe his senses and lull him into a state of content, and he will become aware that there is something even amid this simplicity which he had not before discovered, a certain restful feeling with which the external is in harmony, and in which it is well with the spirit.

Assuming that he was not in a Pullman, he has discovered that he is in a new region, or, more accurately, a new environment, from the time he crossed the Potomac. The low, soft, slow speech, with its languid long vowels and neglected final endings, has caught his ear, and he listens to it as music without trying to follow the words. There is a difference

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IN THE BLACK BELT.

not only in the manner, but in the matter. There is a difference, too, not very marked at first, but still perceptible, in the dress. The people all seem to know each other, and they talk with easy familiarity of personal concerns as members of one family. The conversation is more personal for that reason, the tones less repressed. The women will appear less expensively dressed. A man will probably not notice this; for they will be generally prettier than those he left the other side of the bridge, and they will have something about them —an air, a manner, a something—which will be more attractive. Among the older persons, men and women, he will note a gentler air than he has seen the other side. They will in a way be more individual, too; there will be individualities of dress. He will see more men offer seats to ladies, and more as a matter of course. He will be surprised to see how many get off at Alexandria; for the little station at which the train stops and the poor streets through which the train passes will give him an idea of meanness in the place. Should he, however, stop there, and be so fortunate as to know some of his fellow-travellers who have got off, he will discover that the view of the town which he has had from the car window gives but an indifferent idea of the place itself. He will find it old, it is true, and bearing unmistakable marks of narrowness of means; but the want of money is not poverty, and the old age is not decrepitude. The streets are paved in the old-fashioned way with cobble-stones, which look strange to one who has been rolling through the asphalt avenues of Washington; the houses are often antiquated, and sometimes out of

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repair, but there is something impressive in it all. There are no marble palaces on the street corners, but the old square houses with their classic porticos, on the streets or set back in the yards amid the old trees, are homes, not mere monuments of wealth and pride; the stain on them is that of time and of the elements, not a chemist's concoction; and they have sheltered through generations a pure, kindly, and home-loving people. The splendid marble shaft that towers to the memory of Washington is on the other side of the river in the city which bears his name, and which is even a more splendid monument to the great Virginian; but the old church where he met his neighbors and worshipped God is in Alexandria. It was on this side of the river that he learned the sublime lessons which have made him the foremost American and the greatest citizen that the world has known. Down the broad river only a short distance is the home where he lived as a Virginia gentleman, and the simplicity of which he adorned with the elegance of a noble life.

As soon as we reach the old town we are on historical ground. The house where Braddock rested when the young Virginian who was to be known as the Father of his Country was his volunteer aide is still shown, and the road that leads away towards the west is still called "Braddock's Road," after the brave but ill-fated British general. Here, too, British troops landed to ravage when the city across the river was but a village; and here in the late war came the first army which invaded Virginia to march on Richmond and end the war during a summer holiday. Away to the westward, only a little distance, is Bull Run, where the summer-encampment idea was so terribly destroyed, and here the shattered army returned to prepare for war in earnest. From here to Petersburg lies the way that the armies took, in campaign after campaign, and this explains in part the appearance of the country. This region was "swept by the besom of war," to use the old phrase, and the besom of war sweeps clean. Time not only repairs the ravages of war and heals its physical wounds, but it heals the wounds of the spirit as well. It takes time to do so, however, and the length of time required is proportioned to the severity of the injuries. Thus the country here has not yet recovered. In the lapse of years men forget the conditions that once existed. When the war had been going on three years there was not a fence and scarcely a tree left standing from Alexandria to Fredericksburg. When the war closed, from Alexandria to Danville, almost on the North Carolina border, was little more than a waste. In portions of the counties of Culpeper, Fauquier, and Prince William there was hardly a house left standing within five miles of the railway on either side, and a bill was introduced in the Legislature empowering the railway company to buy the lands within five miles on either side.

As the road turns south it shortly reaches again the noble Potomac, and for many miles follows its winding marge, with the bluffs of Maryland rising bold and blue on the other side of the broad stream. When it touches the river, however, it has left in the angle it has made Mount Vernon, the home of George Washington, and Gunston Hall, the home of George Mason, who drew the Virginia Constitution and the Virginia Bill of Rights. Then, after a run across the same poor-looking country, the train suddenly crosses a high bridge over a small river, with a hamlet on the near side and a town on the other, in a plain between the river-bank and a line of semicircular hills. The little village is Falmouth, where George Washington went to school. The town on the other side is Fredericksburg, and the heights which bend around it are the far-famed Marye's Heights (pronounced Maree, from the old Virginia family whose residence crowned them). It was up these heights that Meagher's brigade charged time after time, to be swept back by Lee's line with a loss of seventeen hundred in fifteen minutes, and on the plain below men were mowed down like grass. The country all around here has been a battle-ground, for this is Spottsylvania, where much of the war was fought. To the westward a few miles lies Chancellorsville, where Stonewall Jackson, after one of the most brilliant military movements ever conceived, and which only genius could have planned and only genius could have executed, fell at the age of thirty-nine with his fame established. Not a hundred yards from the railway a dozen miles below Fredericksburg, in a garden, stands the little quaint house in which he died one Sunday morning, alternately giving orders to for-

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ward his infantry to the front, and whispering of passing over the river to rest under the shade of the trees.

A singular circumstance has recently come to light. On a part of the battle-field of Chancellorsville have lately been discovered the site and remains of Governor Spotswood's furnace, the first iron furnace ever established in America. The old race has been traced, the foundation of the old stack uncovered, and the beginning of that industry which is now said to control general commerce has been laid open to the sight.

Only a short distance to the south lies the country not inaptly called the Wilderness, but back a little along the rivers are many nice farms and pleasant sections.

The valley of the Rappahannock was in the old times a famous grain region, and some of the finest plantations in Virginia still lie there around the old colonial mansions.

Fredericksburg itself was formerly somewhat unique among the towns of Virginia. The gentry generally lived in the country on their plantations, but in Fredericksburg there were many of that class who kept town-houses there. Washington's mother spent her declining years here, and the little old house where she lived still stands, with its quaint roof and its garden stretching around it as when she received, flower-pot in hand, the nation's benefactor, Lafayette, "without the parade of changing her dress." Fredericksburg gave to the country three of the most noted men that have honored our navy; for here lived, from the age of thirteen, Paul Jones, that "foreigner of the South" who, with the *Bonhomme Richard* on fire and sinking, replied to a demand to surrender that he was just beginning to fight, lashed the *Serapis* to her, and forced her to strike her colors; and here were born Lewis Herndon and Matthew F. Maury. Some of the old mansions still stand embowered in trees, impressive as in the old days when they were the homes of wealth and ease as well as of elegance and refinement.



OLD PARISH CHURCH, WILLIAMSBURG.

A picture of the town recalled by mem-

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WESTOVER.

ory rises before the writer when it was very different from its present placid condition. It is as it looked forty-eight hours after the battle when for days and nights it had been in the focus of the fire of two armies. It was whilst the dead were being buried under a flag of truce, and once seen, its appearance could never be forgotten—the battered and riddled houses; the dug-up and littered streets with earthworks thrown across them, on which groups of children had planted little Confederate flags, whilst they played at levelling them with fire-shovels; the torn gardens; the shattered fences, behind which men had poured out their blood; the long trench on the common where the Path of Glory ended; the roadways filled with broken vehicles and fleeing refugees. All combined to leave on the memory the ineffaceable picture of a bombarded town.

Some fifty miles further on is Richmond, the capital of the Old Dominion, and during the war the capital of the Confederate States, about which the war surged for four years.

As the train runs out on the high bridge which crosses the James, and one sees the historical river boiling beneath it over its granite ledges, with the beautiful city spread out for miles along its curving bank, and with Belle Isle in the middle, and Manchester on its further side, he must agree that it was a wise man who selected the spot for a city, and that he had an eye for the picturesque as well as for the material advantages of a location. He was Colonel William Byrd, one of the old Virginia grandees—a wit, a humorist, a colonial Councillor, a man of affairs, and the Virginia author of greatest note during her colonial history. He wrote the *Trip to the Mines*, which contains in side lights the best picture of life in the Old Dominion that illumines her colonial period. His descendants in Virginia are numerous, and many of the Virginia families trace back to the founder of her capital.

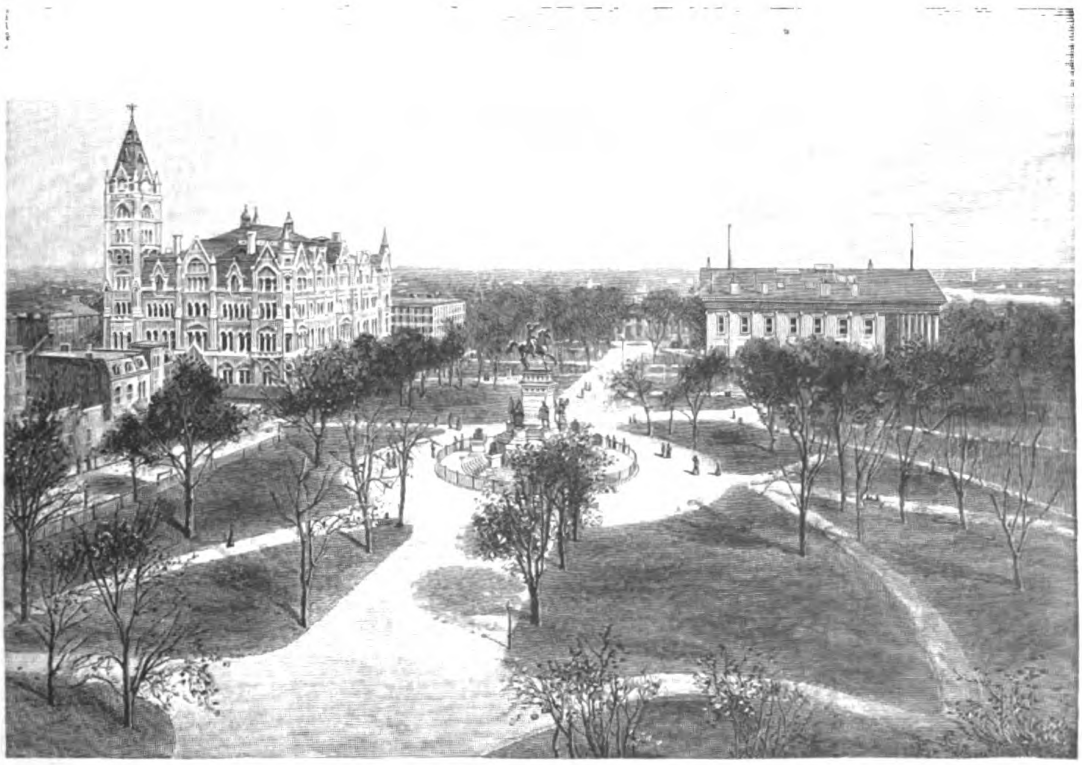
He laid it off at the falls of the James, on which river his own beautiful home, Westover, one of the handsomest types of

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colonial architecture remaining, was situated, some scores of miles lower down; and, sorrowful to relate in this advanced age of the world, he established a lottery to dispose of his lots. The place had already been long known. John Smith planted a cross on the island here as long ago as 1607, when he explored the James to its falls. Here Nat Bacon, the Rebel, had a place, and Bacon's Quarter Branch perpetuates the memory of the spot where the young planter had his plantation, little knowing of the fame that should come to him when he struck the first armed blow on American soil for constitutional rights.

The falls of the James stretch in a reverse curve for about seven miles, boiling over granite ledges and slipping between islands covered with birch, sycamore, and willow, which, although two railway lines occupy the banks, are as wild and beautiful to-day as they were when Indians hunted upon the wooded bluffs which hem them in. All old travellers unite in their praise. They might have extended their eulogies to the whole river, for from its source among the blue Alleghanies to where it widens into Hampton Roads it is not only the most historical river in this country, but is one of the most beautiful.

It may be that nativity in Virginia and many years of residence in Richmond have inclined the mind of the writer to idealize the city's loveliness, yet he knows no city in the United States more beautiful. It is not that the houses generally are handsome, but there are sections of the city where the yards, filled with trees, look like bowers, and the public squares are among the most beautiful in the country. "The Capitol Square," with its leafy slopes, its fine old Capitol lifting itself on its eminence with the simple grandeur of an old temple, and with its broad walk, with the splendid Washington Monument at one end, and the impressive old "Governor's Mansion" at the other, is perhaps the prettiest park of its size in the country. It is certainly so to a Virginian, for many proud or tender associations cling about the place. For a hundred years and more the city has been associated with all that Virginians are proud of. In old St. John's Church assembled the great Virginia convention which prepared for the public defence and led the way to the independence of



STATE CAPITOL AND CITY HALL, RICHMOND.

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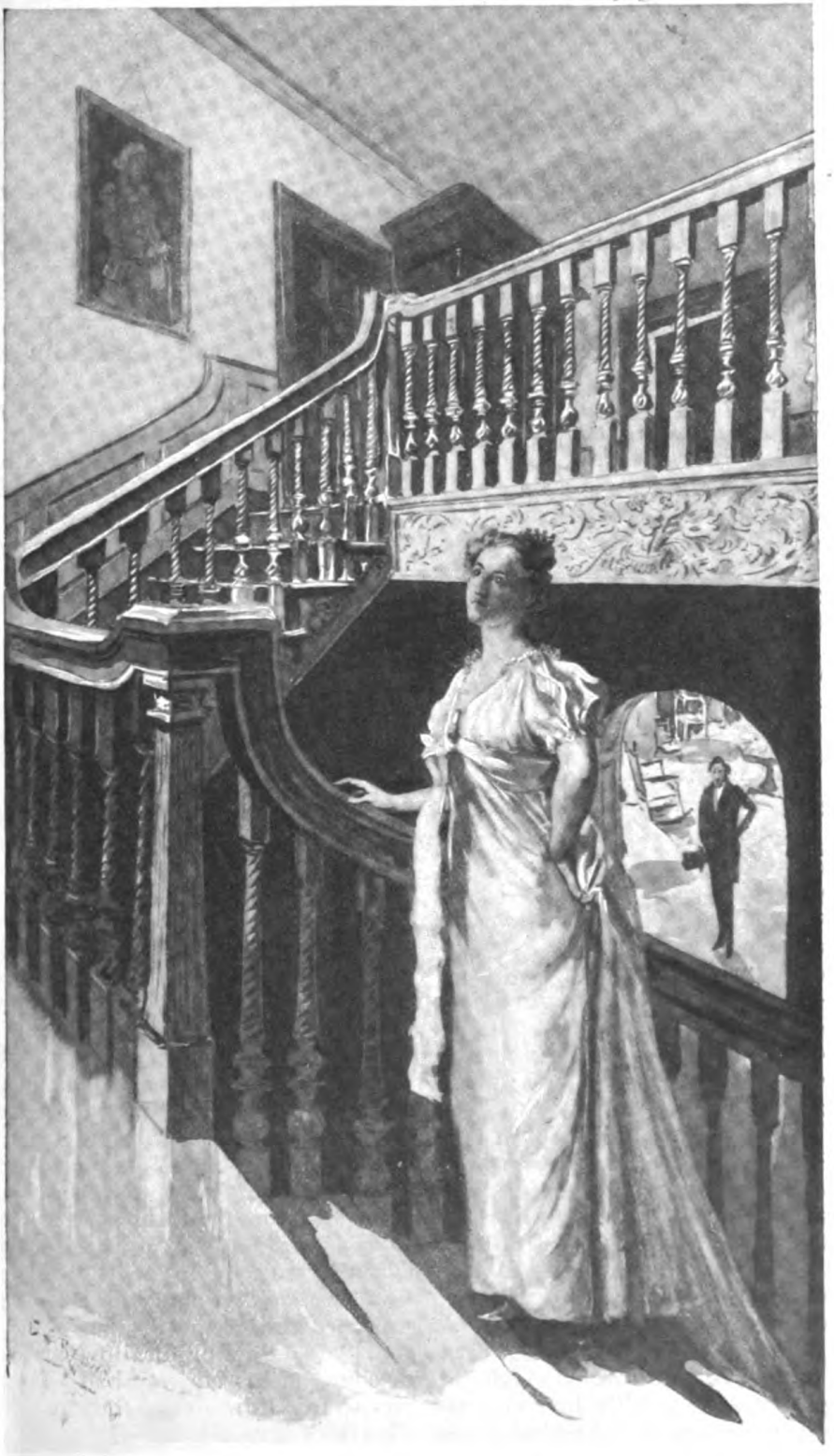
the colonies. Here in Richmond sat the great convention for the ratification of the Constitution, when Kentucky was a district of Virginia; here have assembled her law-makers, her jurists, and all that have contributed to make the Old Dominion renowned and great. Here met, year after year, the Old Virginians, with their wives and daughters, to enjoy the gay life of the capital of the Old Dominion, which they adorned by their presence. Here sat and deliberated the Secession Convention during the period when Virginia stood as the peace-maker between the two sections. Here she finally declared her decision, to secede from the Union. Here Lee received the command of the Virginia forces, and here he was appointed later to the command in chief of the armies of the Confederacy. Here the Confederate government passed its life, and from here the Southern side of the war was fought. To Richmond the armies and energies of the North were directed, and for it they strove. Whilst it stood the Confederacy stood, and it fell only when the South was exhausted.

The country to the south of Richmond is like that to the northward; for it went through the same experience—if anything, worse. For not only has war been here, but after the war it underwent an evil from which the other was exempt. This was the Black Belt, and on it rested the heaviest burden any portion of Virginia has had to bear. Before the war this section of Virginia, the South Side, was perhaps the most "comfortably off" of any in the State; there were more negroes here than elsewhere, and though the lands were not as fertile as those in the Valley, or generally even as those in the Piedmont, they were readily susceptible of improvement, and were in a state of good cultivation. Negro emancipation meant necessarily a change in this; but negro domination meant its destruction.

It was of this section in old times that George W. Bagby used to write his charming sketches, such as "My Uncle Flatback's Plantation," with touches of delicious local color, and with a delicate sentiment that made the reader homesick to get out under the trees and roll on the grass. Yet, some years back, I have oftener than once gone from Richmond almost entirely across this section, and outside of the towns never seen a single farm animal, this in a section once filled with well-stocked and well-cultivated farms. Even then there were good sections back from the railways, and some of the most beautiful farms in the State lay along the rivers, but these were at that time the exception. My Uncle Flatback's sons were dead, one of camp-fever, one at Gettysburg, and one in an unnamed skirmish; he himself slept in the old garden, where the roses and hollyhocks used to bloom, and his daughters used to walk with their lovers in the old times; his plantation was let or deserted, and the home with its cheer and charm was empty. War and its followers had eaten up the land.

As stated before, the lands along the railways in this part of Virginia give but an indifferently true idea even of the soil and its culture; and what is viewed from a car window gives none of the life which is the real Virginia. Poor as the soil appears on the ridges, it is kindly. It is easily susceptible of improvement, and produces grain and tobacco of a peculiar quality. It was in this eastern part of Virginia that the most famous race-horses of the country were raised in old times, such as Boston, Nina, Planet, Fanny Washington, and many others of the great plate-winners. Of late years Fanny Washington's great son Eolus and his wonderful progeny have justified the boast of the old Virginians that this is the home of the thoroughbred. Last year a Virginia colt, Morello, won the great Futurity, and four out of twelve Virginia entries stood the training and ran in the race, a fine test of bone, muscle, and bottom. Perhaps nowhere in the country has the external and material been less indicative of the internal or spiritual than in the Old Dominion. The life has been so sequestered, so self-contained, and the people have been so indifferent to public opinion—at least, of all public opinion outside of Virginia itself—and have cared so little for show, that from the outward appearance a wrong conception has often been drawn of that which was within. Back from these ridges along which the railways run, on the rivers and little streams which empty into the rivers, are peaceful valleys filled with sweet homesteads, where the life flows on as calmly and undisturbed as the limpid streams which slip so silently between their mirrored willows. This,

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THE STAIRCASE OF THE TUCKAHOE.

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after all, is Virginia—the Virginia which is not seen any more than the air or the perfume of the fields is visible to the eye, but which is felt and known through its silent influence. In those secluded homes, under their great oaks, far from the bustle and din and strife of the world, grew the Virginian who made the Old Dominion what she was.

To understand Virginia and the Virginians it is necessary to know something of her history. That furnishes the key to much of their character. It entered into the Virginian's life, influenced his tendencies, and tempered his spirit. He was proud of being a Virginian, and he never forgot the fact. To him the Old Dominion was what she had appeared to the earliest chroniclers: "Most plentiful, sweet, wholesome, and fruitful of all other." It was, indeed, a picturesque history that lay back of him; beginning to come into being like a glimmering dawn, with the mighty figures of great Elizabeth accepting the name bestowed as an honor to her Majesty, and Sir Walter Raleigh, courtier, soldier, statesman, discoverer, historian, poet, Admiral and Shepherd of the Ocean, proud to style himself "Lord and Chief Governor of Virginia."

She had not been won easily. Many had "come to leave their bodies in testimonie of their mindes"; but in the Virginian's mind the prize had been worth the striving for. He loved Virginia with a passionate love. Abana and Pharpar were better than all the waters of Israel. The James was greater to him than Jordan, Tiber, Nile, or Thames. It was on the James, in Virginia, that Anglo-Saxon civilization on this continent first found a lodgement. The Virginian knew, as no one else did, all the attendant history of sorrows and joys, hardships and triumphs. He treasured the picturesque history of the bold chevalier Captain Smith, a story which, notwithstanding all his detractors, survives to-day with the romance of the old paladins. He knew him and he believed in him. To him he was what he was to his contemporaries: "deare noble captain and loyal hearte." He always thought of him as a Virginian, and was proud to claim him. He believed that Pocahontas saved his life, and he held her in high esteem. Any reflection upon her offended him as if she had been a member of his family, however remote. In any event, she was a benefactress of Virginia, and that called forth his gratitude.

The life in the Old Dominion was not unlike that in England, and the Virginian treasured the idea of a resemblance. Hawkins and Drake and Gilbert and Grenville had taken part in Virginia's history. Shakespeare had been inspired by an event in her romantic story to write the *Tempest*, and, before her limits were curtailed, Ariel inhabited the airs that blew upon her shores. During all the colonial period this resemblance to the mother country had been warmly cherished. The conditions were such that the rich planters with their indented servants and slaves had advantages which brought them great wealth, and they knew how to enjoy it. They patterned their life on that in England; built large country houses on English models, and established "their fine seats upon the rivers"; kept their coaches and four; entertained with a lavishness and cordiality which established the custom of hospitality with the authority of a law; bred horses which rivalled the cracks of the turf in the old country; monopolized the offices of honor; passed laws recognizing "quality"; and endeavored, as far as they might, to perpetuate old England in the Old Dominion.

But so far from their love of England impeding their development along their own lines, it fostered it. They cherished their resemblance to England so warmly that they never admitted a difference, and always insisted on equal rights. Sir Walter Raleigh's charter had guaranteed them "all the privileges of free denizens and natives of England," and they never ceased to be jealous of them. Within twelve years from their first coming they had a General Assembly, with every freeman having a vote for the representatives. "The Virginia courts are but a summary way to a seditious parliament," the Spanish ambassador had told James, and it proved to be measurably true. One of the things this first elective Assembly of Burgesses did was to claim of the company at home a right "to allow or disallow their orders of court as his Majesty had given them power to allow or disallow our laws." This was but the beginning of a long and continuous line of claims of right, insistence on which has become a fixed characteristic of the Virginian, and on

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which he has been ready always to stand to the end. If the royal governors held their prerogatives in high esteem, the people held their privileges in no less esteem. They or their rulers named their rivers after kings and queens, and their boroughs and counties after royal princes and princesses, so that the chronology of the settlement of Virginia may be told by the geographical names; they declared their loyalty with piled-up asseveration, but they never forgot their chartered rights. The General Assembly addressed James in terms of worship extraordinary to a republican ear of the year of grace 1893, but when the King sent over a commissioner to inspect their records they refused to exhibit them, and when their clerk furnished him a copy they put him in the pillory and cut off one of his ears.

"Whole for monarchy," one wrote of Virginia when the struggle came between the Crown and the people (whatever she is "for" she is always "whole for"); but she was even more whole for her rights; and though, as old Beverley says, she was the last to give up for the King and the first to assert his restoration, and though in his defeat she offered an asylum to his discomfited followers, she stood up boldly against Charles I., and refused her sanction to his claims to the tobacco



"THE BARE-ARMED WHEAT-CUTTERS."

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monopoly. When Charles II., to whom she had offered a crown when he was a fugitive, attempted to invade her privileges and violate her grants, she grew ready for resistance. When his Governor refused her rights she actually burst into revolution, and, under command of "Nat Bacon the Rebel," stormed and took the colonial capital, the young commander capturing, it is said, the wives of the chief supporters of the Crown, and standing them in white aprons before his men whilst he threw up his breastworks preparatory to his attack on Jamestown. Later on new elements came into the Dominion. Stout Scotch-Irish settlers filled up the Valley, and made it a different type social and religious, whilst similar politically. They were Presbyterians, and they made a new force in the colony. They made the valley a garden, guarded and extended the frontier, worshipped God agreeably to the dictates of their own consciences, and became, with another infusion of religious refugees who came later—the Huguenots—a new element of force in the Old Dominion.

From all these different elements came the Virginian character, a character with some singular contradictions in detail, and yet with certain general basic principles which govern it and give it its form and force. From it came in one generation that extraordinary body of men who did so much in the Revolution and afterwards to create and establish this nation.

The master of characterization, the profound student of life, the ablest analyst of our time, knowing the Old Virginia life, deemed the Old Dominion a worthy refuge and home, in his later years, for Henry Esmond. If there is one character described in the literature of our race by which one would have the race judged, it perhaps is the scholar, the soldier, the courtier, the man, the gentleman, Henry Esmond. Recognizing the virtue of the old Virginia life, the great novelist deemed Virginia the fitting place in which to have Colonel Esmond end his days and leave his blood, and the sequel to the greatest romance of our time he entitled *The Virginians*.

The elements of character which the Virginian of the Revolutionary time inherited from his father he transmitted to his children.

At the close of the Revolution new conditions had supervened, new energies were demanded, and those men were most successful who could adapt themselves best to the new conditions. Out of this came men like John Marshall, James Madison, James Monroe, and John Randolph of Roanoke, who were still the leaders in the country, as the older generation had been before them.

Virginia entered upon her new career with a full recognition of her commanding position. The people had become more homogeneous. The participation by all in the war and in the subsequent creation of the new government had done away with privilege, and opened the way to all. Still, the great leaders were in the prime of their intellectual vigor, and they necessarily still led. The social order was too firmly established to be radically changed at once even by the sterling republicanism which had supervened, and the most republican leaders alongside of their strong republicanism maintained a social order with many aristocratic features. They disestablished the Church and did away with primogeniture, but still built their seats on the loftiest hills, and maintained their establishments as nearly like those of the English gentry as they might, Jefferson himself levelling the top of a mountain for his mansion. It was one of this class that in Congress prevented the stamping of the President's head on the national coin, and had substituted therefor the figure of Liberty with her cap on her pike.

The negro question about this time began to assume new importance, and thenceforward it was to be an even more potent factor in all that related to the life of Virginia. Virginia was the first State to declare the slave trade piracy, and in 1832 she came within one vote of abolishing slavery. The opening up of the West had brought in new elements, political and social. Many of the hardiest of Virginia's sons had gone with their wives and children across the mountains to settle in Kentucky and Tennessee, and had taken with them the political tenets of their mother State. Perhaps in no other States did politics ever stand so closely related to the social life as in Virginia and Kentucky. It assumed a personal character, and families were divided by their political faiths. In Virginia it even entered into the considerations governing matrimonial alliances. Fathers interposed objections to their sons paying addresses

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to girls in families of a different political faith.

Virginia was not even before the war one of the rich States like the cotton and sugar States of the South, but she was at least fairly well off. In those States there were many splendid fortunes; in Virginia there were but few of these; but there were many who were "comfortably off." They were still almost entirely an agricultural people, and naturally the large fortunes lay in the rich grain-producing belts along the low grounds of the James, the Rappahannock, the Roanoke, etc., or in the fertile valleys. Here the bare-armed wheat-cutters *en échelon* cradled the wheat that fed the country when the great Western grain sections and the reaper which mows them, and which was invented by a Virginian, were alike unknown.

The history of the commonwealth had left its strong impress on the Virginians, and they, perhaps, still were more like the English than were the people of any other State. They continued to pattern their life on that of the old country, even after they had lost the conscious knowledge of the source from which it came. Their social customs were continued. They could no longer send their sons to English universities, but as substitutes they maintained William and Mary College in the Tidewater, and founded the University of Virginia in the beautiful Piedmont, Jefferson devoting the end of his life to the establishment of the latter, and drawing with his own hand the plans for some of its charming and classical structures. They preserved the language they brought over, and English travellers remarked on the purity of their English. It is said that Thackeray stated that he heard the purest Saxon English in Virginia that he had ever heard. Freeman and Matthew Arnold are quoted to the same effect at a later time. Be that as it may, they preserved through all their republicanism a strong feeling, almost like kinship, towards the English. Some of the old families kept up a sort of association with the old country; filled their shelves with English books; took English reviews, and kept abreast of English politics. When the war broke out, it was to England that they looked for recognition and support, and the failure to realize that expectation was scarcely enough to shake their confidence or change their sentiment.

The resemblance in the life was not merely fancied—in the tone at least. It has been called feudal and aristocratic. This is, perhaps, not the most accurate nomenclature. The old feudal features had in the main passed away with the stanch republicanism that succeeded the Revolution. The aristocratic features were so modified by the introduction of the same factor that what remained was rather a feeling than a condition. There were classes, it is true, and there was, perhaps, a stronger class feeling than existed anywhere else on this side of the water, unless it was in South Carolina; but the class distinction was not based upon those elements which marked it elsewhere. Birth counted for something, it is true—that is, that a man's forefathers had been gentlemen before him — but it was not sufficient to keep him in the pale if his personal character and address were not up to the standard, and it was not necessary to admit him if they were. What was demanded was a certain personal standard of education, address, and character. The pedigrees, at best, in the great majority of cases, ran back only to some one who had been distinguished in Virginia's history, and if more were asked it was comfortable to believe that it might easily be extended back further without making the attempt to verify it. Wealth was absolutely nothing.

The standard was personal. Ties of blood were recognized to an extent which has excited the astonishment of the outer world, and cousinship was claimed as long as the common strain could be traced. It was felt that the relationship gave a claim, and the claim was honored.

The Virginian still kept open house, as his fathers had done before him, and hospitality was the invariable law of every class. It had been noted since long before the Revolution. English travellers recorded how gentlemen sent their servants to invite strangers to make their houses their homes, and the poorer people gave up their beds to make them comfortable. This custom continued. Relatives and friends came by with their carriages and servants, summer after summer, on their annual hegira to the White Sulphur Springs, or to stay as long as they liked, assured that with their hosts it was always "the longer the better." It was, indeed, a purely pastoral life that they led. The large planter on his great

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plantation with scores of slaves, and the poorer one on his smaller farm with but a few servants, differed only in degree. The life was substantially the same on both. Their characters were the same, proud, self-contained, brave, generous, tender when undisturbed, fierce when aroused, loving Virginia idolatrously, and knowing little of and caring less for what was outside of her; his chief glory was that he was a Virginian. Money made no difference to them or in them.

There were handsome estates along the rivers—old colonial mansions with their wings and "offices," terraced gardens and imposing gates, along the lower James, the Rappahannock, the York, etc.; fine houses of a Greek, Gothic, or Italian style on the upper James, the Staunton, the Dan, or in certain portions of the Valley, etc.; but in the main the houses were plain, unpretentious wooden structures, with additions put on from time to time as the family increased or the demands of hospitality required. Often they had been built for overseers' houses, with the intention of building better as means increased, but the families increased more rapidly than the means. In these unpretentious houses the old Virginian made his home. Here he governed his plantation, raised the wheat, corn, and tobacco which made the Old Dominion wealthy; entertained like a gentleman whoever came within his gates; shot partridges (styled simply "birds") in the fall, fox-hunted in the winter, and at Christmas gathered his children, his relatives, and his friends about his hearth, and with bowls of apple toddy and eggnog, amid holly and mistletoe, with peace on earth and good-will towards men, dispensed an abounding hospitality, worshipping God and loving his fellow-men to the best of his ability, having wealth without riches and content without display.

This was the life in Virginia when the John Brown raid shocked her from the Potomac to the North Carolina line. It was "a fire-bell in the night," and every man sprang to attention, and "every mother clutched her babe closer to her bosom."

When the law was vindicated, Virginia settled down again, but there was no longer any possibility of the old repose. When the convention called to consider the question of secession assembled, the majority were Whigs, undoubted Union men. They resisted secession, with the hope that they might effect a reconciliation appointed peace commissioners, and used every effort to preserve peace.

Then came the President's call for troops, and finding that she must fight on one side or the other, Virginia retired from the Union.

The outer world has never appreciated the spirit in which the South went to war. It was like a conflagration. After it started, the people outstripped the leaders. Gray-headed men who had been the stanchest maintainers of the Union enlisted and marched to the Peninsula under Magruder or to Manassas under Beauregard. Boys ran away from home to join the army; women cut up their gowns to make flags, and their under-clothes for lint and bandages.

The slavery question, which had been prominent in the previous agitation, now, fused in the furnace, passed completely out of sight, and the battle-cry was the invasion of the South. With this the entire population of old Virginia rallied to the standard as one man.

It was in this period, and that more terrible one which followed it, that the people of Virginia showed their character. They accepted victory and defeat with equal constancy. No success elated them unduly. No disaster cast them down. Their zeal never flagged, their enthusiasm never wavered. The exactions of war sapped their strength and engulfed their property. There were not men enough left at home to bury the dead, and women not infrequently had to perform the last sad sacred offices. Rich women sent their sons to fight, gave up their jewels to help the cause, or sold their lands to reinvest in Confederate bonds or gunboat stock. Poor women wrote to their husbands that they were starving, but to stand to their duty. This was the spirit all the way through. They never doubted, never flagged. He would have been rash who would have dared to hint of making peace on any terms less honorable than complete separation. The failure of the Hampton Roads conference was based on the universal sentiment of the people.

The condition of the city of Richmond at that time will give an idea of the condition of the country as well. At first only the excitement of war was felt, only

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"LOVE-MAKING WENT ON."

its pomp was seen; but in a little time its graver side was understood, and when McClellan's army was within sight of the city's steeples the terrors of war began to be recognized. "The Seven Days' Battles around Richmond" were fought within sound of the church bells of the capital, and the roar of the artillery floated in at her windows, and drew throngs out into the streets and gardens. Soldiers already wounded crawled from their beds and made their way to the battle-fields to die.

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It was a terrible time indeed. None knew what the next day might bring forth. A general and his staff breakfasted at a country house just outside of the city. Within three days an ambulance passed through the place on its way from a battle-field with three of the gay breakfast party in it in their coffins. When McClellan fell back the city reacted from the tension, and social life once more began. A memoir of General Pendleton, Lee's chief of artillery, just written by a lady who was present, gives a picture of the time. "Hearts grew light," it says, "at the knowledge that Richmond was safe and free, and could pet and praise her defenders to her fill; eyes smiled through their tears upon dear ones still left to them; and strangers and friends coming daily to look for others reported 'wounded' or 'missing' were received with cordial and limitless hospitality. The city kept 'open house' for every one who had fought or prayed for her safety."

After this thousands flocked to the city, "refugeeing" before the invading armies, until its population trebled and quadrupled. Under such circumstances amusement is necessary, and life in the capital grew gay. The entertainments were termed "starvation parties," because there was nothing to eat. Provisions were too high to be wasted at a mere social entertainment, and even if money had not been wanting, the necessaries of life were too precious to be squandered in revelling. A breakfast came to cost more than a year's pay of a private and a month's pay of a captain; a pair of boots cost a thousand dollars; coffee, tea, sugar, and such articles came to be things unknown. Yet the life was not without its compensations, even its joys. There was a pleasure in self-sacrifice where all were vying with each other. Love-making went on all the more prosperously that young Mars who courted in a captain's bars might lay a colonel's stars or even a brigadier's wreath at his lady's feet before the campaign was over. When Petersburg was in a state of siege the favorite ride was across a bridge which was under Federal fire, and horseback rides in the autumn afternoons were all the more exciting that a dash across the open space might be followed by a shell crashing across behind the horses.

It was not only provisions, but everything, that was wanting. The dearth of materials exercised the ingenuity of people, and called forth all their cleverness. Old garrets were explored, old trunks ransacked, and everything available was utilized. Hats were plaited of wheat or oat straw by the girls; old silk stockings were made over into gloves; ball dresses were fashioned from old lace curtains, and slippers were made from bits of old satin which might have been remnants of ball dresses worn by the fair wearers' great-grandmothers at Lady Washington's levees.

When Lee surrendered at Appomattox the war ended.

The home-coming of the disbanded remnant of the Southern armies was the saddest hour her people had ever known. Up to that time Virginia and the South at large had not dreamed of final failure.

At first the news of Lee's surrender came borne, so to speak, by the winds, so vague was the whispered rumor, then taking palpable shape, as it were, as weary stragglers passed along the country roads, stopping in at the naked farms to get a meal, if there were enough left to feed a hungry man. Then little parties passed by with details of the surrender that no longer left any room for even the faintest doubt. And after weary days —it might be fewer or more—days in which it was not known whether loved ones might not have been captured or killed in the last engagement, they came home foot-sore and broken, dragging themselves along the cannon-worn roads they had marched down so bravely four years before, and flinging themselves into the arms of weeping mothers or wives or sisters gathered to receive them, surrendered for the first time to despair.

Even then they had no thought of what the immediate future had in store for them. The conditions which existed and the period which ensued were utterly without precedent. The negroes took prompt advantage of their new freedom, and almost without exception went off, some openly, some by night—those that went openly declaring that "the word had come from Richmond for them." Generally speaking, they returned home after a brief experience of travel and sojourn among strangers.

For a time there appeared danger of some friction under the evil influence of that species of visiting adventurer wittily

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"BALL DRESSES WERE FASHIONED FROM OLD LACE CURTAINS."

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termed, from the smallness of his personal belongings, "the carpet-bagger," but good sense and the good feeling engendered by long association between the races prevailed, and the peril passed away.

The soldiers returning from the army found Virginia almost as war-worn as they were themselves. In many sections the country was swept clean, and the disorganization of labor and the depletion of teams had prevented the proper preparation of a crop. The horses which the soldiers had brought home from Appomattox were not infrequently the chief dependence for a new crop, and before the huzzas over the returning armies of the Union had died away in the North, the soldiers of the other army which had held them at bay so long were working in the fields, trying to build up again the waste places of their States. There is scarcely a professional man over the age of forty to-day who did not work at the plough during those first years after the war.

The complete prostration of Virginia—indeed, of the whole South—at the close of the war has never been fully apprehended by the outside world. It was not only that property values had been swept away, but that everything from which property values can be created had been extirpated. The entire personal property of the State had been destroyed; the laboring class of a country dependent upon its agriculture had been suddenly changed from laborers into vagrants, with no property to make them conservative and no authority to hold them in check. Their dependence was suddenly shifted from their former masters to strangers, whose indirect if not their direct teaching was hostility to the former owners. The country was left overwhelmed with debt, with nothing remaining from which the debts could be paid. It is difficult to conceive of this even as applied to a small section, but when it embraces a great territory covering a dozen great States, with their entire population of many millions, the mind refuses to take it in. Yet such was the case at the South.

It was amid such conditions as these that Virginia and the other Southern States addressed themselves to the new life.

For a time there was a condition which was peculiar. The old life survived for a period in a sort of after-glow; the people thought they could reconstruct the shattered fragments and live it over. They undertook to reorganize their governments and their life. The one was as vain as the other; but at least the dignity and courage with which they set about it call forth unqualified admiration. Certain laws were passed looking to the control of labor. The whites believed them necessary, as well as wise. The military rulers viewed all such action with suspicion, and assumed fuller control than ever. Whatever disputes arose between whites and blacks were reviewed by the military authorities. An old justice of the peace tried and convicted a negro of some offence and sentenced him to a term in jail. The Military Governor of the State was applied to, and he sent an order to the justice to release him. His reply was that he had tried the negro fairly, convicted him justly, and imprisoned him legally; that the Governor might come with his troops and release him, but that if he did so it would not be until after he had exhausted the whole power of the county in his effort to carry out the law.

The fact that the land had survived gave it a peculiar if not a fictitious value. It was estimated and appraised highly. Money was borrowed on it to restock and plant it, and the old life went on for a while almost as before, like a wheel that continues to turn with its own propulsion even after the motive power is removed.

For a time, under the reaction resulting from the wear and tear of war, the spirit rebounded. After the fatigue of war even the meanest home was comfort, and the life was almost gay, even amid the ruins. They had been overwhelmed, not whipped, and the indomitable spirit survived. So the young soldiers patched up the broken farm implements, hitched up their thin army horses, and worked at their crops. They worked like laborers, but they were not laborers. They kept ever in view the fact that they were more than ploughmen. Classical schools sprang up again almost as soon as the war closed, and colleges opened with fees fixed at the lowest possible sum, and board provided at the lowest possible figure. Young men poured in when they were too poor to pay even that, and had to mess as they had done in the army. They went to town and took

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"WEARY STRAGGLERS STOPPING TO GET A MEAL."

positions as watchmen, brakemen, street-car drivers, foremen in factories, anything that would enable them to support themselves and those dependent on them, and would aid them in educating themselves. There was no feeling of indignity, no repining. A man who had hitched the horses to a gun under fire and brought it off under a storm of shot and shell could drive a street car without chagrin. He had expected to be a brigadier-general then; now he expected to be some day president of the line.

It was a strange spectacle, the people commonly supposed to be the proudest in the land engaging in the work of laborers

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and losing no caste by it. When night came they dressed up in their best, whatever that was, and went to see the girls, or, with their eyes fixed on some profession, they devoted themselves to study, and in the evenings one might find visiting in the parlors, with that old-time courtesy of manner which had made notable the Virginia gentleman, the same men to be seen in the day at the plough or on their engines.

The girls were not less brave than the men. They accepted and married them without a dollar, and, with a sublime faith in their lovers which was a happy augury of the future, went with them to live in the old broken farm-houses or in upper stories in town, planted flowers, hung baskets in their windows, and made their homes fragrant with sweetness and content.

Then came the reconstruction period. The negroes were enrolled by the carpet-bag leaders in what was known as the Union League, and were drilled in political antagonism to the whites.

The six years of carpet-bag rule were the worst that the South has ever known. It is the writer's belief that the Southern States were poorer when they ended than when the war closed. However theorists may regard it, it was an object-lesson which the Southern States can never forget. The conditions then existing paralyzed every energy, and withdrew the South from the common movement of progress. The States which went through it could think only of existence; they had to struggle for mere life. Even after these States obtained control of their governments, the conditions were for a while such that there could be no advance. It was at this time that South-Side Virginia suffered most. She was in the "Black Belt," and the incubus upon her was a burden which kept her down.

The negro question was a theory or a sentiment with the outside world; with the South it was and still is a vital fact. Only time can solve it. It has already solved some of its problems. Before it did so, however, much injury had been done Virginia and the other Southern States, from which they are but now recovering.

Virginia has always been a great colonizer, and her sons have gone forth from her to build up with their energy the great States which lie to the south and west, and to strengthen them with their brain and character. They are to be found in every Western and Northwestern State, where they began as cowboys on ranches, as mechanics in factories, as brakemen on railways, clerks in law-offices, anything that was honorable, and have worked themselves up to the highest positions of trust and responsibility. They have filled every position, from that of Chief Executive of their States down, and always with honor. But this has been at a terrible loss to the old mother State, and the pride in her sons' success has had something of pain that they no longer live within her borders.

The disorganization of the laboring class in Virginia and the condition of her transportation facilities, coupled with universal lack of means at that time, almost destroyed her agriculture. The negro as a slave was an excellent laborer; as a freeman, at least under conditions which have existed in the country, he is not. Under compulsion he works laboriously, but otherwise not steadily, and generally only when he is obliged to work. Cincinnatus is the only recorded instance of a statesman who was also a good ploughman. At the ordinary cost of corn and bacon in Virginia, a man can for $15 obtain meat and bread enough to give him three meals a day for the whole year.

The old planter system proved generally wholly unsuited to the new conditions, and under the continued depression of agriculture, and such agricultural products as it had been the custom to raise in Virginia, it almost entirely disappeared. When labor only gave a half-year's work for a full year's hire, only that man could afford to farm who was independent of labor. Thus the old planter class gradually passed away, the young representatives of it going to cities and seeking other fields of enterprise for the application of their faculties, and their place has been taken by the small farmer, who works at the plough himself, or who hires a few "hands" to work under his own eye. Few outside of the South dream of the privations which the old planter class have gone through in these years. That they have endured in silence is their best testimonial. A few years ago it was not unusual to find in old neighborhoods in certain sections the best houses shut up and the farms abandoned or let to

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tenants at a rental which was merely nominal—homes which had once been the centres of a life as elegant and charming as ever graced any people. Some places were held on to, but went steadily down year by year, there being absolutely no money to keep them up.



"THE HORSES FROM APPOMATTOX."

Yet through all the poverty there remained just that something which preserved in them without money that which distinguished the Virginia homes when they were the seats of ease and elegance, and about which the light of romance yet lingers.

There life still is based on the old foundations of purity and peace; preserved from the materialism of the present, it still keeps the simplicity of the past. Hospitality and the domestic virtues yet survive, and notwithstanding some changes, the old standards of gentility and righteousness of life still stand. One may drive through the country, from one end of Virginia to the other, and never pay a cent; and if he were to stall or break down in the road, there is not a Virginia farmer who would not cheerfully turn out of his bed to help pull him out. On one of the old plantations that I know a lady told her son but the other day that he must get her some more knives, as she had only twenty, and when she had more than twenty people in the house she had to borrow some.

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The conditions have of late been changing. Virginia, instead of being, as the cant phrase went, "a good country to come from," has become a good country to come to. Her advantages of location and climate have ever been recognized, and of late other advantages also have been discovered. Her transportation facilities have been steadily improving, her mineral resources have attracted the attention of capital, and, being examined, have been found to be wonderful both in quantity and quality. Her coal produces the highest speed in the ocean racers, and her iron brings the best prices at the Northern forges.

The improvement in her transportation facilities was the beginning of her new era; her timber regions have been penetrated, and have proved a great field for new enterprise. The judge of one of her Southwestern counties, being shown in Chicago a few years ago suites of walnut furniture as something remarkable, said, "Young man, in my country we make fence rails of walnut." The development of her mineral resources has given an impetus to manufactures, and factories have been and are being established everywhere; villages are springing up on all sides and are becoming towns, whilst the towns are becoming cities.

Richmond has long been a manufacturing city. Over one-fourth of her entire population is engaged in manufactures, and some of the largest manufactories in the country are there.

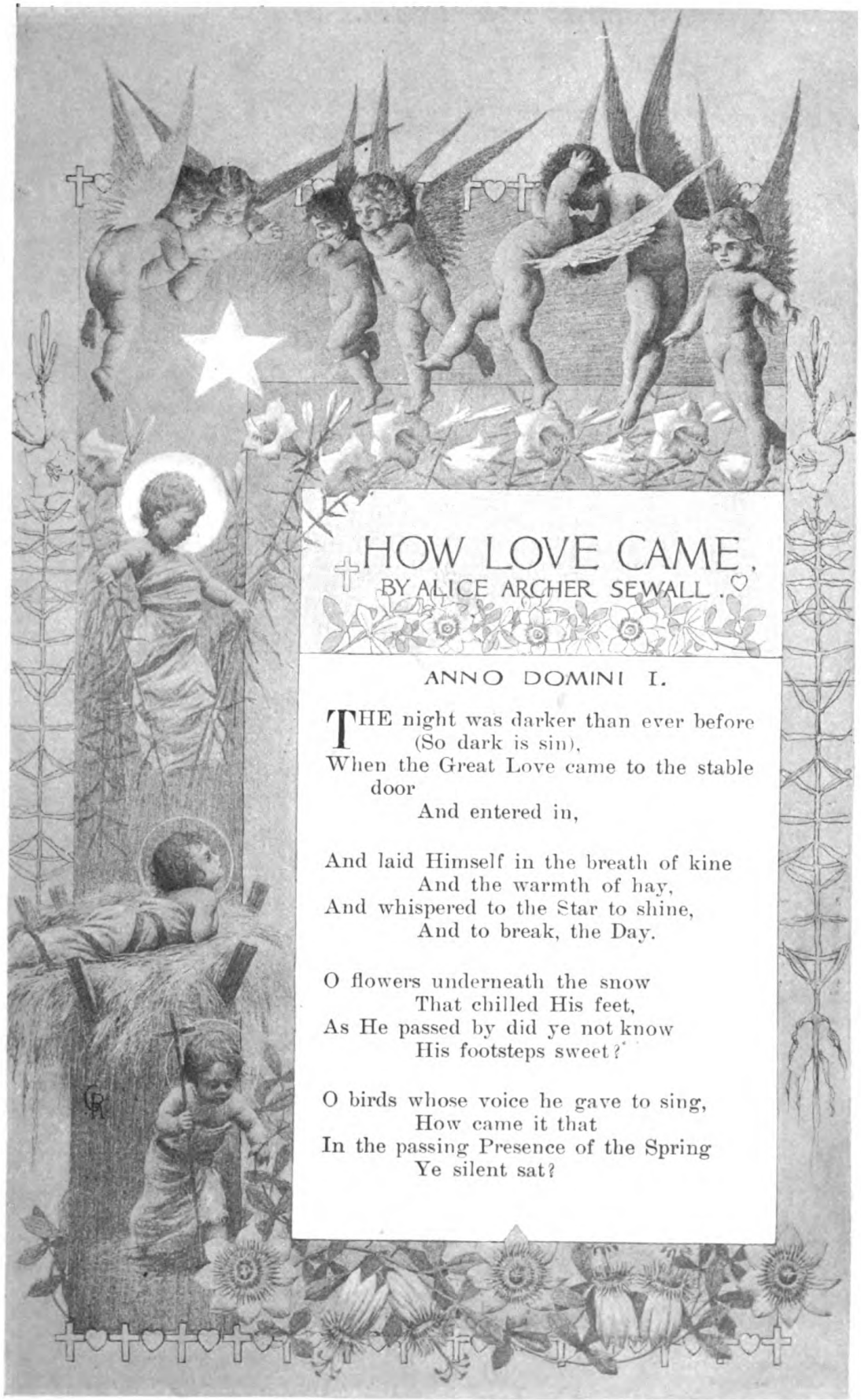
The diversity of life in the Old Dominion may be illustrated by the fact that one of the greatest ship-yards in this country, and one of the greatest winter health resorts—those at Newport News and at Old Point Comfort respectively—have been of late years established only six miles apart, at the mouth of the great river on which our race first found a lodgement in this country, and the names of both places are memorials of the hardships which the first settlers endured.

If at one time the interest in Virginia's mineral resources grew to excitement and the progress ran into a "boom," it was but the natural and common result of the conditions which were suddenly disclosed, and though inexperience and folly ran away with the movement, and wound up as every one in his sober senses knew it must end, yet the general result was growth; the advance never receded. What were believed to be incipient cities are, at least, growing villages, the conditions which first caused the excitement still exist, and the progress is going on steadily, on an ever firmer and firmer basis. The beauty of that section of Virginia cannot be overstated, and it seems to the writer destined to become one of the most prosperous and wealthy regions in the entire country.

It is not only the Southwest that is now improving; other sections as well are in the movement, and after the long night the day seems at last to have broke. Even the poorest section is beginning to advance. One large portion of it, lying within the influence of the Chesapeake, has been found admirably adapted to trucking, and now furnishes fruits and vegetables for the markets of Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, and Boston weeks before they can ripen a hundred miles further inland; other portions produce bright tobacco which brings many times the price of the common leaf; in yet others, other resources are being developed. The farmer has learned in the school of experience where to let out and where to take in. He no longer confines himself to cereals and tobacco. Stock is being raised more generally than before.

A gauge of Virginia's advance may be found in the fact that whilst other classical schools and colleges continue to maintain their number of students, the University of Virginia has doubled her number within the last few years. The country is once more filling up. The cheapness of the lands and the charm of the life have arrested attention, and the beautiful old country houses are being bought up by Northerners of capital, or as Virginians have made money in cities the old instinct has awakened, and they are returning to the country, buying and fitting up country places in which to bring up their children and spend their declining years amid scenes associated with their happy youth. The climate is attracting those who can no longer stand the rigors of a Northern winter, and many new settlers are seeking homes in the Old Dominion, where wealth is not needed, and contentment yet has its home. The old country places are thus being opened again, and the old life which made her distinguished is beginning under new conditions to be lived once more in the Old Dominion.

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HOW LOVE CAME.

BY ALICE ARCHER SEWALL.

ANNO DOMINI I.

THE night was darker than ever before
(So dark is sin),
When the Great Love came to the stable door
And entered in,

And laid Himself in the breath of kine
And the warmth of hay,
And whispered to the Star to shine,
And to break, the Day.

O flowers underneath the snow
That chilled His feet,
As He passed by did ye not know
His footsteps sweet?

O birds whose voice he gave to sing,
How came it that
In the passing Presence of the Spring
Ye silent sat?

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O Judah, with your scriptures great,
Had you forgot?
The Messiah passed within your gate
And you knew it not!

O Bethlehem, for all, all men
The House of Bread,
The Great Love came at midnight then
And was not fed!

With all your prudent thinkings o'er
The morrow's cares,
With highways, taxes, markets for
Your people's wares,

With soldiers and a Judgment Hall
And Romans trim,
Your inns were large enough for all—
Save only Him.

You slept. He lay awake to keep
Watch over all:
Your crowded hearts, and the far-off sheep,
And the odorous stall.

Your priests are learned, your books are wise,
Your legends grand;
But the Heart that in your stable lies
Ye cannot understand.

ANNO DOMINI MDCCCXCIII.

O aching, tired brain of Earth,
So wise and cold,
In winter desertness and dearth
And taxes old,

Be not too sure at midnight when
You close your door
There is no Stranger among men
Uncarèd for.

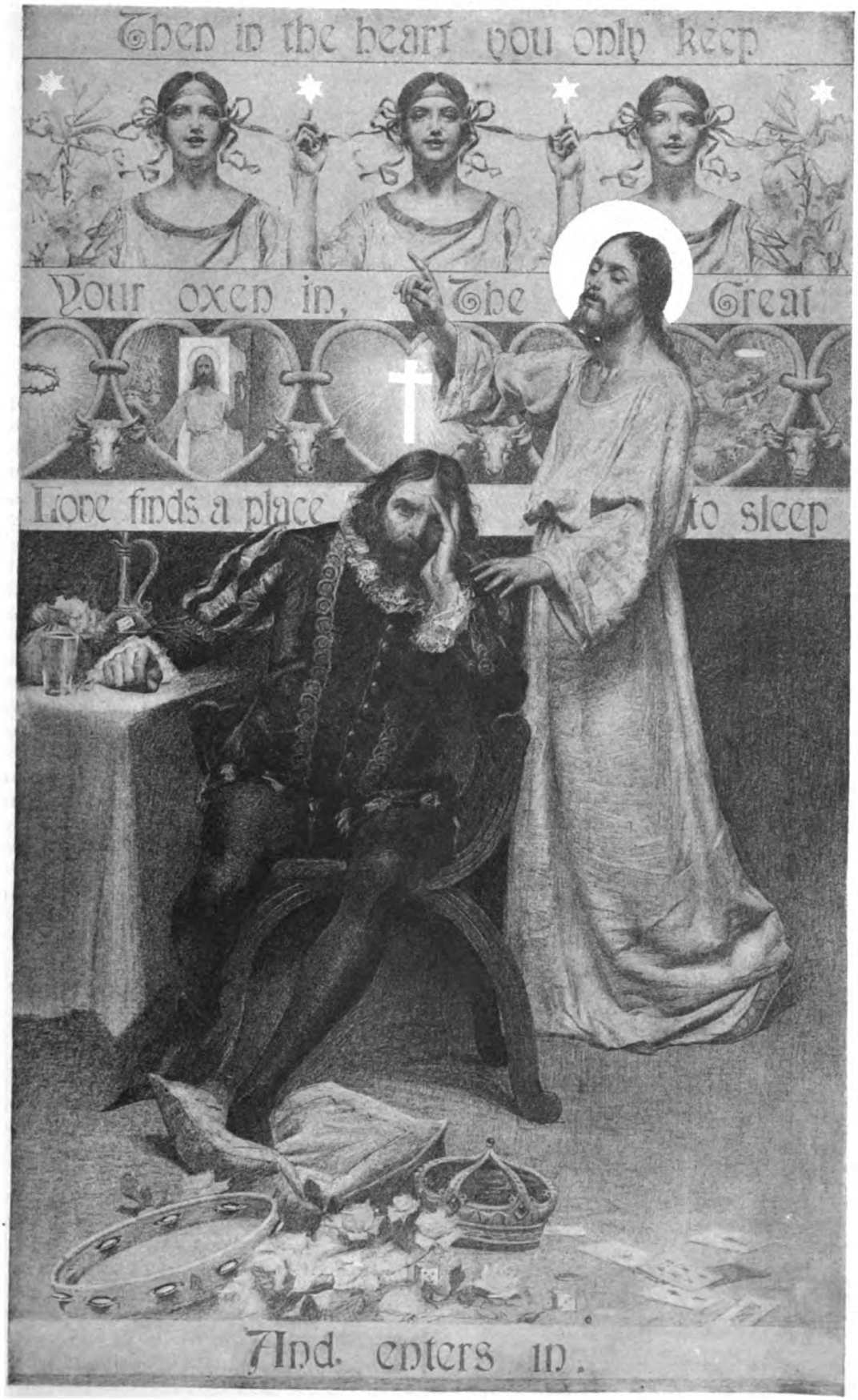
Claim not to be the Morn with King
And Shepherd kind;
You are the Bethlehem slumbering,
All deaf and blind.

And through your empty streets and past
Your windows dead
The Great Love comes to you at last
Unwelcomèd.

Then in the heart you only keep
Your oxen in,
The Great Love finds a place to sleep
And enters in;

And lays Himself in the breath of kine
All for your sake,
And whispers to your Star to shine,
And bids your Day to break.

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VIGNETTES OF MANHATTAN

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

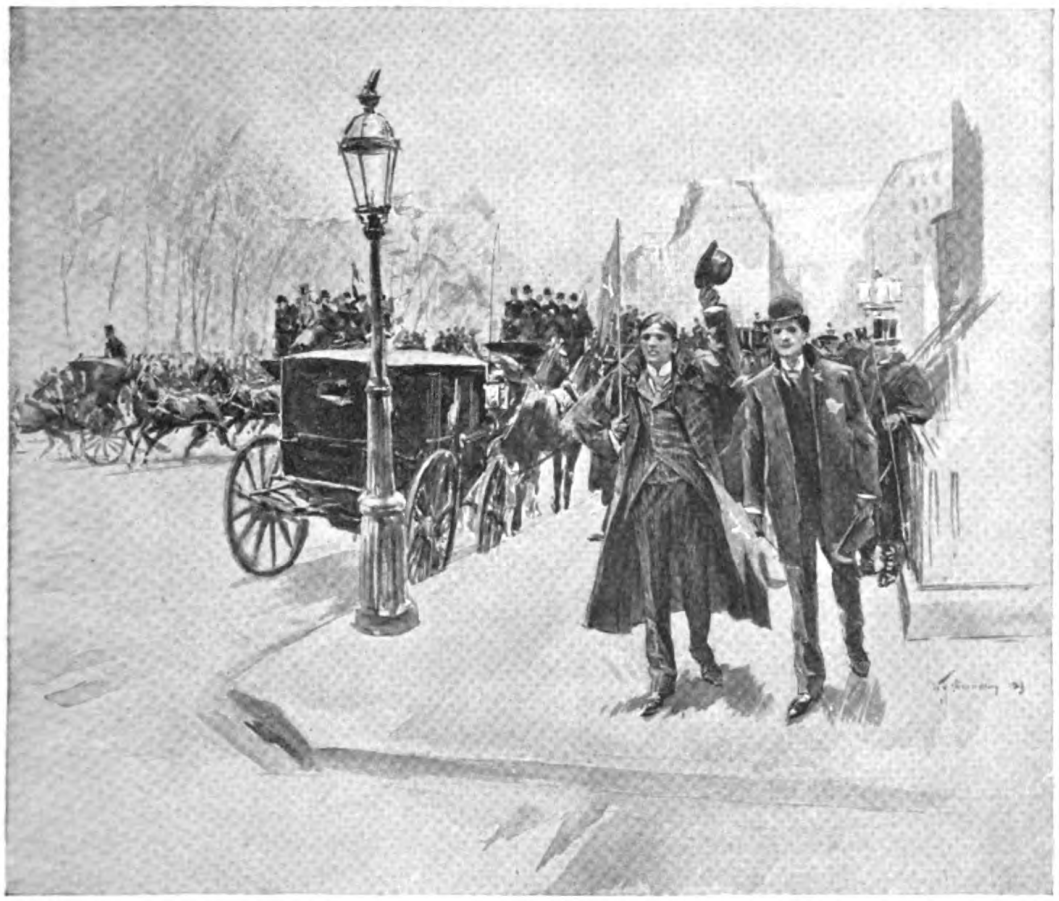


I.—A THANKSGIVING DINNER.

THANKSGIVING day had dawned clear and cold, an ideal day for the football game. Soon after breakfast the side streets had been made hideous by small bands of boys, strangely disguised as girls some of them, or as Indians and as negroes, with improvised costumes and with staring masks; they blew fish-horns, and besought coppers. A little later in the day groups of fantasticals paraded on horseback or in carriages; and straggling target companies—some of them in the uniforms worn during the campaign which had culminated in the election three weeks earlier—marched irregularly up the avenues under the elevated railroads, preceded by thin lines of pioneers, and by slim bands of music that played spasmodically before the many adjacent saloons, at the doors of which the companies came to a halt willingly.

The sun shone out and warmed one side of the street as people came from church; and the wind blew gently down the avenues, and fluttered the petals of the yellow chrysanthemums which expanded themselves in

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AN IDEAL DAY FOR THE FOOTBALL GAME.

many button-holes. Little groups of young people passed, the girls with knots of blue at their throats or with mufflers of orange and black, the young men with college buttons or with protruding handkerchiefs of the college colors. The fashionable dealers in men's goods had arranged their windows with impartial regard for future custom—one with blue flannels and scarfs, shirts and socks, and the other all orange and black. Coaches began to go by, draped with one set of colors or the other, and filled with young men who split the air with explosive cheers, while waving blue pennants with white letters, or yellow pennants with black. The sun shone brightly, and the brisk breeze shivered the bare branches of the trees. It rippled the flags which projected from the vehicles gathering at Madison Square and streaming up the avenue in thick succession—coaches, private carriages, omnibuses, road-wagons of one kind or another.

Toward nightfall the tide turned and the coaches began to come back, the young men hoarse with incessant shouting of their staccato college cries. Some of them, wild with joy at the victory of their own team, had voice still for exulting yells. Others were saddened into silence by the defeat of their side. Most of those who had gone out to see the game belonged neither to the college of the blue nor to the college of the black and orange, but they were all stimulated by the struggle they had just seen—a struggle of strength and of skill, of gumption and of grit. The sun had gone down at last, and the bracing breeze of noon had now a touch of dampness which chilled the flesh. But the hearty young fellows paid no heed to it; they cheered and they sang and they cried aloud one to the other as though the season were spring, and they were alone on the sea-shore.

Robert White caught the fever like the rest, and as he walked down the avenue

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to the College Club he was conscious of an excitement he had not felt for years. He was alone in the city for a week, as it happened, his wife having taken the children into the country for a long-promised visit; and he had been spending his evenings at the College Club. So it was that he had joined in chartering a coach, and for the first time in a dozen years he had seen the football game. He had been made happy by the success of his own college, and by meeting classmates whom he had not laid eyes on since their Commencement in the heat of the Centennial summer. One of them was now the young Governor of a new Western State, and another was likely to be a member of the new President's cabinet.

On the way out to the game White had sat beside a third classmate, now a professor in the old college, and they had talked over their four years and their fellow-students. They recalled the young men of promise who had failed to sustain the hopes of the class; the steady, hard-working fellows, who were steady and hard-working still; the quiet, shy man who had known little Latin and less Greek, but was fond of science, and who was now developing into one of the foremost novelists of the country; the best baseball player of the class, now the pastor of one of the leading churches of Chicago; and others who had done well for themselves in the different walks of life. They talked over the black sheep of the class—some dead, some worse than dead, some dropped out of sight.

"What has become of Johnny Carroll?" asked the professor.

"I have not seen him since class day. There was some wretched scandal before Commencement, you know, and I doubt if Johnny ever got his degree," White answered.

"I know he didn't," the professor returned. "He never dared to apply for it."

"They managed to keep the trouble very quiet, whatever it was," White went on. "I never knew just what the facts were."

"I didn't know then," responded the professor; "I have been told since. But there is no need to go into that now. The girl is dead long ago, and Johnny too, for all I have heard."

"Poor Johnny Carroll," White said; "I can remember how handsome he looked that last night, the night of class day. But he was always handsome and always well dressed. He was not very clever or very anything, was he? Yet we all liked him."

"I remember that he tried to get on the Freshman crew," the professor remarked, after a pause, "but the temptations of high living were too much for him. He wouldn't train."

"Training was just what he needed most," White added; "moral and mental as well as physical. Fact is, he always had more money than was good for him. His father was in Wall Street then, and making money hand over fist."

"It wasn't till the year after we were graduated that old Carroll committed suicide, was it?" the professor inquired. "Blew out his brains in the bath-tub, didn't he?"

"And didn't leave enough money to pay for his funeral," White answered. "Johnny was in hard luck always: he had too much money at first, and none at all when he needed it most."

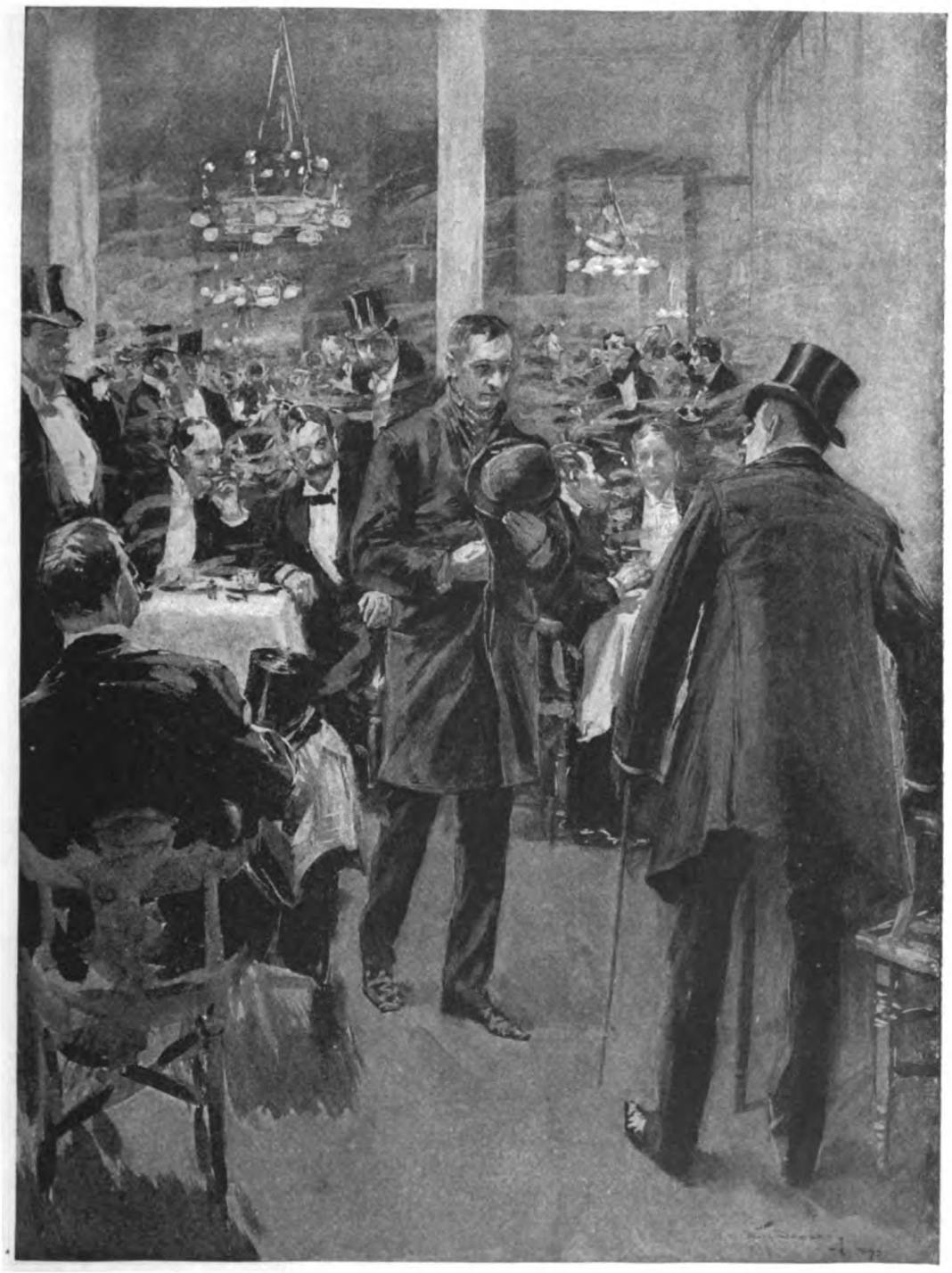
"His great misfortune," said the professor, "was that his father was 'one of the boys.'"

"Yes," White agreed, "that is pretty rough on a fellow. I wonder where Johnny is, if he is alive? Out West, perhaps, prospecting on a grub stake, or else stoker on an ocean steamer, or perhaps he's a member of the Broadway squad, earning a living by elbowing ladies over the crossing."

"I hope he has as good a berth as that," the professor answered; "but I don't believe that Johnny Carroll would stay on the force long, even if he got the appointment. Do you remember how well he sang 'The Son of a Gamboleer'?"

It was this question of the professor's which Robert White remembered after he had got off the coach and was walking toward Madison Square. Three young fellows, mere boys two of them, were staggering on just in front of him. They were arm in arm, in hope of a triplicate stability quite unattainable without more ballast than they carried, and they were singing the song Johnny Carroll had made his own in college. The wind was still sharpening, and the wooden signs which projected across the sidewalk here and there swung heavily as they felt its force. There were knots of eager young men and boys going to and fro before the brilliantly lighted porticos of the hotels.

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"WHITE WAS ABLE TO SECURE A SMALL TABLE NEAR THE CORNER."

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As White stepped aside to get out of the way of one of these groups, rather more hilarious than the others, he knocked into a man who was standing up against the glaring window of a restaurant. The man was thin and pinched; his face was clean-shaven and blue; his clothes were threadbare; his attitude was as though he were pressing close to the glass in the hope of a reflected warmth.

"I beg your pardon," cried White.

The man turned stiffly. "It's of no con—" he began, then he saw White's face in the bright light which streamed across the sidewalk. He stopped, hesitated for a moment, and then turned away.

The moment had been enough for White to recognize him. "Johnny Carroll!" he called.

The man continued to move away.

White overtook him in two strides, and laid a hand on his shoulder. "Johnny!" he said again.

The man faced about and answered doubtfully, "Well, what do you want?"

"Is this really you, Johnny Carroll?" asked White, as he held out his hand.

"Oh yes," said the other, "it's Johnny Carroll—and you are Bob White."

White's hand was still extended. After a long pause his classmate took it. White was shocked at the chill of Carroll's fingers. "Why, man," he cried, "you are cold."

"Well," the other answered, simply, "why not? It isn't the first time." Then, after a swift glance at White's face, he turned his own away and said, "I'm hungry too, if you want to know."

"So am I," said White, cordially. "I was going to have my Thanksgiving dinner alone. Will you join me, Johnny?"

"Do you mean it?" asked the other.

"Why shouldn't we dine together?" White responded, setting off briskly and putting his arm through his classmate's. "Our team has won to-day, you know—eighteen to nothing; we'll celebrate the victory."

"Where are you taking me?" inquired Johnny, uneasily.

"To the College Club, of course," answered White. "We'll—"

"I mustn't go there," said Johnny, stopping short. "I couldn't face them now. I—oh, I couldn't!"

"Very well, then," White agreed. "Where shall we go? What do you say to Delmonico's?"

Again Johnny asked: "Do you mean it? Honest?"

"Of course I mean it, Johnny," he replied.

"I haven't been in Delmonico's for ten years and more," said the other. "I'd like to have just another dinner there. But you can't take me there. Look at me!"

White looked at him. The thin coat was buttoned tight; it was very worn and yet it was not ragged; it was in better condition than the hat or the boots.

As the two men stood there facing each other on the corner of the street there was a foretaste of winter in the wind which smote them and ate into their marrow.

White linked his arm again in his classmate's. "I've seen you look sweller, Johnny, I confess," he said; "but I haven't dressed for dinner myself to-night."

"So it's Delmonico's?" Johnny asked.

"It's Delmonico's," White responded.

"Then take me into the café," said the other. "I can stand the men, I think, but I'm not in shape to go into the restaurant where the women are."

"Very well," agreed White. "We'll try the café."

When they entered the café it was crowded with young men. There was already a blue haze of smoke over the heads of the noisy throng. Boys drinking champagne at adjacent tables were calling across to each other with boisterous merriment.

White was able to secure a small table near the corner on the Broadway side. As he walked over to it he nodded to half a score of acquaintances, some of whom looked askant at his companion, and exchanged whispered comments after he had passed.

Apparently Johnny neither saw the looks nor heard the whispers. He followed White as if in a dream; and White had noticed that when they had entered the heated room, Carroll had drawn a long breath as though to warm himself.

"I don't need an overcoat in here," he said as he took the chair opposite White's with the little marble-topped table between them.

When the waiter had deftly laid the cloth, Johnny fingered its fair softness, as with a catlike enjoyment of its cleanness.

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"Now, what shall we have?" asked White, as the waiter handed him the bill of fare in its narrow frame. "What would you like?"

"I?" the guest responded; "oh, anything — whatever you want — some roast beef."

"Then your taste has changed since you left college," White declared. "I asked you what you would *like*."

"What *I'd* like?" echoed Johnny. "Do you mean it? Honest?"

White smiled as the old college phrase dropped again from the lips of his classmate.

"Of course I mean it," he said; "honest. There's the bill of fare. Order what you please. And remember that it is Thanksgiving, and that I'm hungry, and that I want a good dinner."

"Very well, then," said Johnny, as he took the bill of fare. He was already warmer, and now he seemed to expand a little with the unwonted luxury of the occasion.

He looked over the bill of fare carefully.

"Blue Points on the half-shell, of course," he began, adding to the waiter, "be sure that they are on the deep shell. Green turtle soup—the green turtle here used to be very good fifteen years ago. *Filet de sole, à la Mornay* — the sole is flounder, I suppose, but *à la Mornay* a man could eat a Hebrew manuscript. Then a canvas-back apiece—two canvas-back, you understand, real canvas-back, not red-head or mallard—with samp, of course, and a mayonnaise of celery. Then a bit of Chedder cheese and a cup of coffee. How will that suit you, White?"

"That will suit me," White responded. "And now what wine?"

"Wine, too?" Johnny queried.

White smiled and nodded.

"Well, I'll go you," the guest went on. "I might as well see the thing through, if you are bound to do it in style." He turned over the bill of fare and scanned the wine list on the under side. "Yquem '74 with the oysters; and they tell me there is a Silver Seal Special '84 *brut* that is better than anything one has tasted before. Give us a quart of that with the duck. And let us have it as soon as you can."

He handed the bill of fare to the waiter, and then, for the first time, he ventured to glance about the room.

The oysters were brought very soon, and when Johnny had eaten them and part of a roll, and when he had drunk two glasses of the Yquem, White said to him: "Tell me something about yourself. What have you been doing all these years?"

Johnny's face fell a little. "I've done pretty nearly everything," he answered, "from driving a Fifth Avenue stage to keeping books for a Third Avenue pawnbroker. I've been a waiter at a Coney Island chowder saloon. Two summers ago I waited on the man who has just taken our order—I waited on him more than once. I've dealt faro, too."

The waiter brought the soup and served them.

When he left them alone again, White asked, "Can't some of your old friends help you out of this—give you a start and set you up again?"

"It's no good trying," Johnny replied. "You can't pull me up now. It's too late. I guess it was too late from the start."

"Why don't you drop this place?" White queried, "and go out West, and—"

"What's the use of talking about that?" Johnny interrupted. "I can't live away from New York. If I got out of sight of that tower over there I'd die."

"You will die here soon enough at this rate," White answered.

"That's so, too," admitted Johnny; "but it can't be helped now." He was eating steadily, sturdily, but not ravenously.

After the waiter had served the fish, White asked again, "What can we do for you?"

"Nothing," Johnny answered; "nothing at all. Yes, you can give me a five, if you like, or a ten; but don't give me your address, or the first time I'm down again I'd look you up and strike you for ten more."

A band of undergraduates, twenty of them or more, four abreast, arm in arm, went tramping down Broadway, yelling forth the chorus of a college song.

"You used to sing that song, Johnny," said White.

"I used to do lots of things," he answered, as the waiter opened the champagne.

"I never heard anybody get as much out of 'The Son of a Gamboleer' as you did," White continued.

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"I joined a negro minstrel troupe as second tenor twelve years ago, but we got stranded in Hartford, and I had to walk home. I've tried to do a song and dance in the Bowery dime museums since then, more than once. But it's no use."

When they had made an end of the canvas-backs and the *brut* '84, Johnny sat back in his chair and smiled, and said, "Well, this was worth while."

Then the coffee came, and White said, "You forgot to order the liqueur, Johnny."

"You see what it is to be out of practice," he replied. "I'd like some orange curaçoa."

"And I will take a little green mint," said White to the waiter. "And bring some cigars—Henry Clays."

"That's right," Johnny declared. "My father was always a Henry Clay man, and I suppose that's why I like those cigars."

After the cigars were lighted, White looked his companion square in the face. "Are you sure," he asked, "that we can do nothing for you?"

"Dead sure," was the answer.

"Nothing?"

"You have given me a good dinner," said Johnny. "That's enough. That's more than most of my old friends would give me. And there's nothing more to be done."

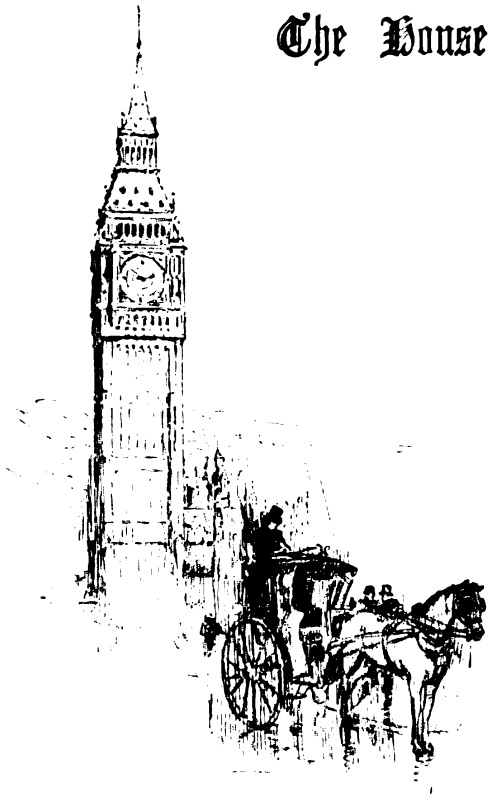
White held his peace for the moment.

Johnny took a long sip of his coffee, and drew three or four times at his cigar. "That's a first-rate cigar," he said. I haven't smoked a Henry Clay for nearly two years, and then I picked up one a man had lighted, between the acts, outside of Daly's."

He puffed at it again with voluptuous appreciation, and then leaned across the table to White and remarked, confidentially, "Do you know, Bob, 'most everything I've cared for in this world has been immoral, or expensive, or indigestible."

"Yes," White admitted, "I suppose that's the cause of your bad luck."

"I've had lots of luck in my life," was the response, "good and bad—better than I deserved, most of it—this dinner, for example; I should remember it even without to-morrow's dyspepsia. But what's the use of anticipating evil? I'll let the next day take care of itself, and make the best of this one. There are several hours of it left—where shall we go now?"



The House of Commons,

its Structure, Rules, and Habits.

BY THOMAS POWER O'CONNOR.

THE House of Commons is unique among the legislatures of the world in having no complete accommodation for its members. There are altogether 670 members of the House, and there are exactly 430 seats, of which only 306 are on the floor. The Speaker takes the chair at three o'clock, except on Wednesdays, and unless the House has agreed to what are called "morning sittings," which begin at two o'clock. Three o'clock is sufficiently late in the afternoon, judging by the example of other legislatures; but it is too early for the men of business, the practising lawyers, and the men of fashion, who still form so large a factor in the membership of Parliament. It is rarely, therefore, that there are more than a few members in attendance at that

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hour. Another reason for this abstention may be that this is the hour of devotion. Each sitting of the House is begun by the solemn reading of prayers by the Speaker's chaplain — at present the well-known Archdeacon Farrar. Those who attend prayers reap an immediate and earthly reward. On the large table that stands in front of the Speaker's chair there is a box which contains a number of cards with the word "Prayers" printed upon them.

The member who has attended prayers writes his name on this card, and thereafter places it in the small slot which is at the back of each seat in the House; and for that particular evening that seat is his. He may leave the seat for hours, but he is entitled to it whenever he returns, and can expel any person who may have taken it during his absence. There are only two classes of persons in the House who have any settled rights with regard to seats. The front bench on the right-hand side of the Speaker's chair is called the Treasury Bench, and on this sit the various members of the existing administration. The bench immediately opposite is called the Front Opposition Bench, and on this sit the members of the previous administration. A member of the House is occasionally made a Privy-Councillor although he has never held office, and he is entitled to occupy a seat on the front benches, and occasionally does so. I believe that the Lord Mayor of London, if a member of the House, is also entitled, on certain occasions, to occupy a seat on one of the front benches. Occasionally a minister resigns from an administration, and then the etiquette is for him to occupy a corner seat (usually on the second bench immediately behind the Treasury). For instance, Lord Randolph Churchill, who, as everybody knows, resigned from the position of Chancellor of the Exchequer and leader of the House in the last administration, used to sit on the corner seat behind the Treasury Bench, and from this point of vantage, with hand nervously clutching his mustache, and with face almost livid from nervousness and suppressed excitement, watched the arrival of the moment when he could strike at the friends who had become his enemies.

There are, it will be thus easily understood, two peculiarities under these circumstances about the attendance at prayers. First, the gentlemen usually present are not always those most distinguished for their piety. The caustic editor of *Truth* has taken, in recent years, to laying the foundation-stones of nonconformist places of worship, but nobody would be less likely to set up a claim for special piety than Mr. Labouchere. Nevertheless, every night of the week Mr. Labouchere listens with pious



attention to the ministrations of the chaplain. The secret reason is that the first seat on the front bench below the gangway—I will explain the term later on—is a place peculiarly well suited for the guerilla that is ever on the watch for the moment to make an onslaught on a wicked administration; and Mr. Labouchere, as the chief of the guerillas, is especially fond of this seat, and has occupied it for years. This incumbency, though sanctified by so many years of usage, has still to be won by regular attendance at every evening's prayers; the rule is inflexible—except in the cases already mentioned—that a seat can be held only for one night, and that then it shall be won by attendance at prayers. The second peculiarity is that the men who are most in want of the assistance of prayers, as having the heaviest responsibility upon their shoulders—the members of the administration and the leaders of parties—are always conspicuously absent. During prayer-time the front benches are always a yawning desert, unbroken by the form of a single member of the administration, great or small.

The late Mr. Bradlaugh was, it is well known, an avowed agnostic, but he was particularly attached to a certain seat on the benches below the gangway. He used to get over the difficulty by waiting outside the House until prayers were ended, and then hurrying in, he placed his card on the particular seat of which he was so fond. It was slightly irregular, but nobody cared to interfere. Just before prayers are begun, the procession of the Speaker to his place in the House takes

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place. Enough of the old ceremonial still exists to make this a quaint and interesting spectacle. The Speaker still wears the large full-bottomed wig of state occasions, is dressed in a short-tail coat, covered by a sweeping robe, wears knee-breeches, and low shoes with large buckles. Behind and before him is a small cohort of attendants — the sergeant-at-arms bearing the mace, the chaplain with Prayer-book in hand, the train-bearer holding up the train, and two or three other attendants, the exact purpose of whom it is impossible to tell beyond the desire to make the procession more imposing in point of numbers. The sergeant-at-arms, like the Speaker, is arrayed in knee-breeches, with low shoes. He carries a sword by his side, but is allowed to dispense with the wig. The ceremonial is made more imposing by the policemen and attendants, who shout along the corridors which separate the Speaker's house from the House of Commons, "Speaker! Speaker!"—a shout which has a strange, indefinable effect, however often heard, and stirs the blood somewhat as the dreams of De Quincey were moved by the recollection of the Roman consul passing over the Appian Way. It sounds like a reminiscence and momentary embodiment of all the fierce struggle, oratorial triumphs, tragic and world-shaking events which are associated with the history of the august Parliament of Great Britain. When the Speaker reaches the lobby, the chief of the police force attached to the House repeats the cry, "Speaker!" with the additional words, "Hats off, strangers," and it is rarely that the lobby, however noisy and tumultuous before, does not fall into a certain timid silence as this black, solemn, and picturesque group sweeps by.

When the Speaker enters the House every member rises from his seat. The Speaker bows two or three times as he walks up the floor, and some of the country gentlemen and the more ceremonious members of the House bow at the same time.

The first thing that strikes the visitor to the House of Commons is that—here also it is exceptional among the legislatures of the world—the House of Commons permits its members to retain their hats during the sitting. Indeed, it is the rule to wear and the exception not to wear the hat. Mr. Gladstone never wears his hat—there have been exceptions, to one of which I will allude presently; nor did Mr. Smith, the late respected leader in the House of Commons on the Conservative side; nor did Disraeli; nor does Mr. Balfour, nor Sir Charles Russell. A member, however, can keep his hat on only when he is in his seat. If he rises to speak, he of course takes off his hat; if he rises to leave his seat and go out of the House, he has to take off his hat; so long as he remains standing in any part of the House, he has to keep off his hat. There are some of the older members who, even when they lean over their seats to converse with a member on the bench in front of them, take off their hats. And it is usual, too, when a member interjects an observation across the floor to take it off. It was also the invariable custom when a member was referred to that he should raise his hat, but this rule is falling into desuetude.

Any one acquainted with the House of Commons would know without any previous knowledge which party was in power by seeing on which side of the Speaker's chair each party sat. The party in office is always seated on the right of the Speaker's chair; the party in opposition sits on the left. When you read in a Parliamentary report that cheers have come from the Opposition side of the House, you may know that the cheers have come from the left of the Speaker's chair; similar cheers from the Ministerial side mean cheers from the right. I have seen each side of the House occupied by the different parties in the course even of the same Parliament; indeed, in one case the change was made in one day. On June 8, 1885, the government of Mr. Gladstone was defeated, and a few days afterwards a Conservative government under Lord Salisbury came into office. The Liberals, after occupying the right of the Speaker's chair for five years, in one night suddenly left their camps and intrenched themselves on the left. There is one exception to the rule that the seats shall be changed with the change of administration. The Irish National party has, as the basis of its existence, the contention that Ireland ought to be governed by her own Parliament, seated in the old Parliament House at Dublin, and that the government of Ireland by a Parliament at Westminster is unjust. It is a corollary to this position that the party

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THE TERRACE—A POETIC MEMBER.

is in permanent opposition to all and every form of administration that governs Ireland from Westminster; or, to put it more briefly, the Irish National party is always "agin the government." As a consequence, the Irish party never changes sides, but always remains on the left, or Opposition side, of the Speaker's chair.

And now I have to explain a phrase which puzzles the foreigner very much. In Parliamentary reports the word "gangway" is constantly appearing. There are "cheers from below the gangway"; or appeals "to honorable gentlemen above the gangway"; or murmurs "from gentlemen below the gangway on the Ministerial," or "from below the gangway on the Opposition side" of the House. This mysterious and constantly recurring word means simply the passage that runs between the series of benches on either side of the House. It is obvious that if the benches ran the whole length of the House, it would be very hard for any one ever to leave his seat. Accordingly the benches were cut in two, and a passage was made, which was easy of access, and down which the member could pass who wanted to leave the House. The constant employment of the term in Parliamentary parlance is due to the circumlocution which the rules of the House impose upon speech. It is against the rule to mention any member by name; he must be called by the name of the constituency which he represents, or by his official or ex-official title. If a member wishes to allude to Mr. Gladstone, he has to speak of him either as "the right hon. gentleman the member for Midlothian," which would be the more official way, or he can be spoken of as "the right hon. gentleman the leader of the House," or "the right hon. gentleman the Prime Minister," but never as Mr. Gladstone. The same rule, I believe, applies to the American Houses of Congress, with this little difference: a member is spoken of in America as the gentleman *from* New York; with us he is always described as the member *for* whatever constituency he represents.

The gangway represents to a certain extent a difference of political tendencies, even in the same party. Those who sit above the gangway, and immediately behind either of the front benches, are sup-

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posed to be more moderate in their opinions, and more devoted to the interests of their leader, than those below the gangway. There is often considerable curiosity to know where a member will sit when he first enters the House of Commons, especially if he be a Liberal. Mr. John Morley was watched closely, for instance, when he took his seat for the first time. He had no hesitation in taking his place on the benches below the gangway, which meant that he ranked himself among the radical members of the Liberal party. The Irish members, as I have already said, sit on the Opposition side of the House, and below the gangway. The official method of speaking of them, then, is as "the hon. members who sit below the gangway on the Opposition side of the House."

A striking difference between the House of Commons and the legislatures of America is that the House of Commons has no desks for its members. They sit close beside each other, with nothing but the back of the next bench in front of them. There is a small receptacle in front where one can lay a few papers; but, as a rule, the ordinary member of the House of Commons has nowhere to hold his papers save in his hands—that is, while he is in the House. In one of the corridors outside there is a series of lockers, where some members stick their "blue books" and other official documents. I suppose some members do make use of these lockers; mine has remained unopened for some eight or nine years. But the official or ex-official members of the House have an advantage in this respect. On the table in front of the Speaker there are two boxes. Like the smallest pieces of furniture in remarkable and historic buildings, these boxes have become well known, and play an important part both in the economy of the House and in the description of it. Thus it is almost the invariable etiquette that the leader of the House sits opposite the box which is on the Ministerial side—that is to say, on the right of the Speaker—while the leader of the Opposition sits opposite the box on the left or Opposition side. I do not know whether the idea was that the leaders of the two parties were thus placed in a position where they best could watch each other's movements, but it certainly had the effect in Disraeli's time of bringing even into stronger relief the difference between the figures, each picturesque in its way, of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Disraeli. The one was all fire and restlessness and eager attention; what he felt was written plainly on his mobile face; if anybody interested him, he leaned forward; if he were bored, he leaned back; if he were angered, his face told the tale. And thus it came to be written that a deaf man could almost tell what was going on in the House if he could only get a good view of Mr. Gladstone's face. Mr. Disraeli was the very reverse of all this. His principle throughout life was never to give, at least in public, the smallest indication of what his feelings were. He sat for hours in the House of Commons without moving a muscle, or even, apparently, without changing his attitude. His head was bent, his face perfectly impassive; he looked, in short, that Eastern Sphinx to which the picturesque writers of the period loved to compare him. It was the secular repose of the East in contrast with the never-resting energy of the West.

To return to the boxes. When the Ministerial speaker or an ex-Minister addresses the House, he is able to place his papers on this box before him; and as some of these speakers have to carefully prepare everything they are going to say, this is a very obvious advantage. The box is also used very much by the official speaker, apart altogether from his papers. On the top of each box is a brass handle, and the orator who is quite at ease is accustomed to take this handle in his hand and to play with it gracefully. I remember that on one long Saturday sitting—Saturday sittings are very unusual—years and years ago, when the Irish party had been obstructing all day long, a daring innovation was made. The late Mr. Forster was then Chief Secretary for Ireland, and he had been left almost alone with his Irish enemies to fight his bill through. The shades of night had fallen; already the Sabbath morning was at hand, when the late Joseph Biggar, who was the wicked elf of the House, calmly went down to the front Opposition bench, seated himself in the place usually reserved for the leaders of the Opposition, and when he rose to speak, placed his hands on the mysterious and sacred box, twirling his fingers round the brass handle with the air of a Minister of many years' standing. The more decorous members,

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even of his own party, were shocked, while the more boisterous were delighted, and he was received with a round of applause mingled with a few horrified "Ohs."

The absence of the desk has important results on the character of the debates in the House of Commons—results more apparent to any one who has seen the legislatures of America, where a different system is at work. The first thing that struck me in the House of Representatives when I visited it was the much larger attendance there than in the House of Commons. Except at certain hours of the evening, when the business is rather exciting, the attendance in the House of Commons is very small, not usually as many as the quorum of forty; whereas in Washington the greater number of the members are usually present—at least throughout a good portion of the day. The second thing that struck me at Washington was the amount of noise. It seemed to me impossible that any man could speak amid the din by which he was surrounded. There is as much noise in the House of Representatives, whenever even a good speaker is addressing it, as there is in Westminster when every one is engaged in putting down a bore. This is largely due to the fact that the members in Washington are busy with their correspondence, and therefore can distract their attention from the speaker. With us there is no choice. Either you listen to a man or go out; unless, indeed, as very often happens, you find refuge in sleep. Or you may adopt the other alternative—you may join in the shouts by which the House is accustomed without the least scruple to howl down a speaker who is not wanted. This is usually done by shouting, "Divide! divide!" or, as the word is generally pronounced, "'Vide! 'vide!" There have been occasions, too, when party passion was manifested by even more disconcerting shouts; and there are legends of the crowing of roosters, and other strange and zoological sounds, in the hope of inducing the prolix orator to resume his seat.



AN UNINTERESTING SPEAKER.

On the whole, I prefer our system; and so, I believe, do some of the leading men of the American Congress. I had a conversation with Mr. Reed while he was Speaker of the House of Representatives, and I understood him to say that he thought the abolition of the desk would lead to a reform in the methods of the House of Representatives. The absence of the desk certainly concentrates the attention of the House on the speaking, and in that way makes speaking more actual and debating more real. I was astonished to hear from Mr. Reed that the House of Representatives had abandoned the ancient and essential privilege of every assembly, that of coughing down any man whom it did not regard as likely

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to add anything to the information of the House. Of course the shouting down of a member has its inconveniences, and may lead to abuse, especially in days when party spirit runs high. But it has this effect also, that it makes debate more real. Between the debates in the House of Representatives and those in the House of Commons the chief distinction—I am speaking perhaps from too short an acquaintance—seemed to me to be in the greater actuality of the English debates. I remember being present at a debate in Washington some eleven years ago, when the question under discussion was a bill for reforming the police force at Washington. There used to be, as I remember, a regulation which practically compelled the authorities of Washington to employ only men who had served in the war. It was proposed in the new measure that as younger and stronger men were required, and as those who had served in the war were rather stale, the regulation should be suspended. This point led to a long and extremely animated debate on the whole policy of the war, and especially on the part which the Republican and Democratic parties had played in it. Such a debate is impossible in the House of Commons. It is with scant toleration that allusion is allowed to the last general election. I think the absence of the desk has something to do with it.

The lateness of the hour at which the House of Commons sits is a constant source of surprise to the foreigner. I have already explained why the existing composition of the House makes it convenient to the members. Undoubtedly, however, it has grave inconveniences. During the first six years I was in Parliament the times were very fierce. It was in the midst of the great struggle against coercion, when obstruction was supposed to have reached its height; and the hours of the House were terrible. We who were active in the Irish party rarely if ever got to bed before sunrise; and there was one famous sitting which went on for forty-one hours before it came to a conclusion. Of late years the rules of the House have been revised, and things go on much better, the usual hour for the close of a sitting being now half past twelve. But still there are grave inconveniences. Though there is ample accommodation for dining in the House of Commons, very few people avail themselves of it. Most members like to get a breath of fresher air than that of the House of Commons. And then the diner-out is still a power in London. The only persons who stay to dinner are the small but faithful band who support the government, and who are kept by the whips, in order to form the Ministerial majority during such divisions as take place pending the dinner hour, and to keep up the quorum necessary for the transaction of business. A certain number of very earnest politicians—usually either English Radicals or Irish Nationalists—also remain in the House during the dinner hour. So far, however, as the general body of the House of Commons is concerned, the House of Commons might as well not be sitting between the hours of half past seven and half past ten. Even the members who are compelled to wait for divisions keep far away from the House itself. Some are in the dining-room taking dinner with the slow luxuriance of men who have to pass away a certain length of time; others, their dinner over, have retired to some one of the many smoking-rooms which a thoughtful country has provided for its legislators. In recent years it has become quite the *mode* to invite ladies to dine at the House, and a number of rooms are set apart for that purpose.

Others have retired to the library, and if they be lawyers, they read their briefs. There is one room in the library which is much affected by men with a love for the magazines. Usually, however, the somnolent influences of the place prove too much, and it is commoner to find a member sleeping than reading.

Meantime the stream of talk goes on upstairs. Sometimes useful work may be done; for the House may have gone into committee on a bill, and committee-work can often be better done with a small than with a large House. But if the House be in the throes of a big second-reading debate, the speeches, so far as the House is concerned, might as well not be delivered. I have known of cases where the orator had no audience beyond himself and the Speaker in the chair, and, of course, the reporters in the gallery and the strangers.

This explanation will make intelligible the allusions which are being constantly made in the accounts of Parliamentary proceedings to the "dinner hour." The

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PROMINENT COMMONERS.

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reader will constantly come across the expression, "As Mr. Gladstone was driven into the dinner hour," or, "As it was now the dinner hour, the hon. member had a very scanty audience," and so on. Lord Beaconsfield, in his biography of Lord



A DOORKEEPER.

George Bentinck, accused Sir Robert Peel of trying to escape debate on the first stage of his measure to establish free trade by speaking at such length as to drive every other speaker into the dinner hour, and so make it impossible for him to have an audience.

At half past ten the House is again lively, and if there be a great debate proceeding, and the division close at hand, there is an excited and often very noisy audience. The majority of the House are arrayed in the "clawhammer"; and though, to tell the truth, the House of Commons is a very sober assembly, there are not always wanting indications of the enjoyment of the evening meal and its accompaniments.

It is at this period that there are those scenes which occasionally brighten up the usually rather tame story of debate. When coercion was in full swing and Mr. Balfour was Chief Secretary, there was occasionally across the floor between the Irish and the Tory benches, in times of excitement, a hot interchange of compliments, of which usually the chair contrived to take no notice.

But there is an hour even more interesting than this, and that is at the beginning of the sitting. There is nothing in an American legislature to correspond to what is known as "question-time" in the House of Commons. In America the members of the Cabinet are excluded from both Houses of the legislature. With us the rule practically is that no one can be a member of a Cabinet who is not a member of either one or other of the Houses of Parliament. There have been instances where men have held office for a short time while excluded from Parliament, but the period has been short; and, undoubtedly, no one could permanently hold a Cabinet position who was unable to obtain admission to either House of Parliament. It is the right of every member of Parliament to interrogate any of the Ministers with reference to any matter whatsoever which comes under the control of his department. These questions are printed, and appear every day on the notice paper. When I entered the House first it was the custom to read the questions, though they were there in print before the eyes of every member, and I have heard a member compelled to read his questions by shouts of "Read! read!" from the House, which is jealous of any innovation. But under the stress of work the custom was gradually dropped, and a member now asks a question simply by reference to its number on the paper.

There is nothing which gives a more perfect idea of the vast extent and the strangely heterogeneous composition of the British dominion and British government than the questions that stand daily on the order paper. They sometimes run up to nearly a hundred, and they occupy one or two hours in being asked and answered. The questions of course vary in importance. Some are about the policy of the Foreign Office in its relation with France or some other great country; some are about the taxes in India or a failure of justice in Hong-Kong. The

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Scotch member wants to know why a rebellious crofter has been sent to jail; the Welshman is indignant that a Welsh-speaking rebel against the tithes has been tried in a language he does not understand; and of course there are numberless questions from the Irish benches--"or the gentlemen below the gangway on the Opposition side of the House"—in reference to the administration in Ireland. These are the questions which naturally lead to the greatest amount of excitement, and often the encounters between the late Chief Secretary and his opponents were very animated. Then there are questions about all sorts of trifles. One man wants to know why the trees in one of the parks are decaying. Another has a question on some alleged scandal in a poorhouse; a third rakes up the case of a policeman who is said to have exceeded his duty.



A SKETCH IN THE HOUSE DURING QUESTION-TIME.

In short, nothing is too great, and nothing is too infinitely little, to form the subject of inquiry in the House of Commons.

It need scarcely be said that this is an hour which severely tries the nerve and resources of the Ministers. Often an official is put through a cross-examination as merciless as that to which the counsel for the defence subjects the chief witness for the prosecution. On the whole, I think there can be little doubt that this system of interpellation is wise, and to my mind a country cannot be said to be constitutionally governed which has not this opportunity of having its Ministers examined by the representatives of the people. But the system is liable to abuses. I have seen Mr. Gladstone subjected to the most relentless cross-examination at a period when every single word he uttered carried with it the possibilities of either peace or a terrible war. This was undoubtedly a gross and unpatriotic abuse of the privileges of question-time. The Minister, however, and especially if he be a Minister of Foreign Affairs, is always at liberty to decline information on public grounds, or, if a question be sprung upon him, he can, and usually does, demand that notice shall be given of it.

This description of what question-time is like will prepare the reader for the statement that it is a period of surprise, excitement, laughter, rage. There is no

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other period of the sitting that has the least resemblance to it. All other times are tame and eventless in comparison. There is an idea among those unacquainted with the House of Commons, and acquainted with the general sombreness and reserve of the English character, that the House of Commons is an extremely quiet and decorous assembly. The very reverse is the case. It is boisterous, noisy, and as responsive as an Æolian harp to every passing mood. It is rarely if ever still, rarely if ever silent, except during that dread dinner hour already alluded to. A speaker is scarcely allowed to utter half a sentence without an interruption of some kind, either of assent or dissent. The American visitor to the House of Commons is very much amused the first time his ear is caught by the mysterious sound, "Hear, hear!" On the other hand, a speaker accustomed to address English audiences is very much astonished when he first begins to address American meetings by their comparative coldness. People have often asked me in America whether I ever addressed meetings so enthusiastic as some of those to which I have spoken in American cities. As these meetings consisted for the most part of citizens either of Irish birth or descent, and as people of the Celtic race are generally supposed to be more vehement in the expression of their feelings than people of other nationalities, the question seemed very natural. The reply I had always to give was that I was accustomed to address meetings in England and Scotland, consisting in the majority of Englishmen or Scotchmen, who were much more enthusiastic than these Irish-American audiences. Indeed, it is only after considerable experience that the speaker from Europe gets accustomed to the coldness of American audiences. At first it is most depressing and disheartening. There are many reasons for this feeling, but I believe one of the chief of them is the absence of that little word "Hear, hear!" In the House of Commons it carries a speaker along from point to point in a way that can be understood only by those who have been subjected to its influence.

"Hear, hear!" is the one form of expressing emotion which the House of Commons knows. Usually, of course, it means the intellectual assent to some proposition which is being stated by the speaker, and in that sense it is frigid and quiet. But if the House of Commons wishes to signify not merely intellectual assent, but also depth of emotion, "Hear, hear!" is again the vehicle through which its emotion finds utterance. The "Hear, hear!" is, of course, louder, but it is still "Hear, hear!" Again, the House of Commons, or a portion of it, wishes to be ironical, and "Hear, hear!" is again the chosen form of doing so. Of course in this instance the "Hear, hear!" is uttered in as rasping a voice as its utterers can command. The words also get transformed in all kinds of ways, according to the idiosyncrasies, the accents, and the education of the persons who use them. The late Sir Robert Fowler, an ex-Lord Mayor, and a Tory of the old true-blue order, for instance, was famous as a shouter of "Hear, hear!" but it became in his mouth "Yah, yah!" Often "Hear, hear!" becomes transformed into "'Ear, 'ear!"

The reader of Parliamentary debates must understand in the light of these observations the reports in our newspapers. When they read that a certain sentence has been received with cheers, they must understand that a certain number of members have together called out "Hear, hear!" for, say, ten seconds. When the report announces "loud and prolonged cheers," it simply means that the "Hear, hear!" has been uttered in somewhat louder tones than usual, and for a period more prolonged—perhaps to thirty seconds. There is something ludicrous, and yet there can be something very expressive, in this strange method the House of Commons has of expressing its emotions.

I remember one occasion which made a great impression upon me. There was a contingent of Indian soldiers in England. A few of their officers—in uniform strange and picturesque—were brought into the Distinguished Strangers' Gallery. There was something very striking in this outward and visible presentation of the greatness, vastness, and, if the word be permissible, weirdness of an empire that is the ruler of countless millions, foreign in creed, race, and custom, separated by centuries and continents and oceans from the English people at home. The House, by a sudden and irresistible impulse, gave vent to the curiously profound emotion which such a scene was calculated to elicit. There immediately

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rose from all parts a cheer that was loud, hearty, charged with emotion, and though it took no more eloquent form than "Hear, hear!" very loud and very prolonged, it had the same stimulating effect as the loud hurrah of a regiment charging at the double. The Indian soldiers certainly appreciated it, for they started to their feet, and standing with the professional straightness and stiffness of the soldier, they brought their hands in salute to their turbans.

It is now time to tell how a division in the House of Commons is taken. First it should be said that there is a very common but entirely unfounded illusion as to the way in which the Speaker puts the question. It is quite usual for the chairman of a meeting in England to declare that, according to the usage in the House of Commons, he will put the amendment first. As a matter of fact, this is the very reverse of what is done in the House of Commons. The question is, for example,



FAIR VISITORS.

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that a bill be read a second time. The ordinary amendment proposed to this motion is to "leave out all the words after the word 'read,' and to insert the words, 'this day six months.'" When the time comes for the Speaker to put the motion, the manner in which he puts it is, "That the words proposed to be left out stand part of the question"—that is to say, he puts the original motion as the question to be divided on. The Speaker then calls for the "ayes" and "noes." There is a shout of "Aye," followed by a shout of "No." The Speaker then declares which side appears to him to have got the ascendency. He says, "I think the ayes have it," or "I think the noes have it."

If a division be desired, now is the time to ask for it. If the Speaker has decided in favor of the ayes, the thing to do is to cry, "The noes have it," or *vice versa*. Sometimes there is doubt and hesitation. The House is weary; or it is thought that the question has been already sufficiently tested by previous divisions. But there may be an obstinate minority who are determined that their hostility shall be carried on to the bitter end; and it is, perhaps, one of the abuses of the House of Commons that two members can in most cases compel a division. When this is the state of the case the Speaker is almost like an auctioneer seeking for new bids. "I think the ayes have it," he says. The response is faint, but still somebody has said, "The noes have it," and there is still the chance of a division. "I think the ayes have it," the Speaker repeats, looking to the quarter whence the small opposition has made itself heard. The efforts of the Speaker to avert a division are often seconded by the House generally, and there is a cry of "Agreed, agreed!" And before this cry even very obstinate men sometimes have to yield. But if, in spite of this, the cry is still raised, "The noes have it," the Speaker calls out "Division," and the division has to take place. If, however, the cry be not repeated, the Speaker then drops the "I think," by which he has indicated that he has been expressing only his personal impression, and says, "The ayes have it." And then the question is decided, and entered on the journals as having been passed.

When the division has been insisted upon, there is put in motion a good deal of what I may call the underground machinery, of which the visitor to the House sees and knows nothing. In the first place, one of the clerks at the table turns the sand-glass, which is set to three minutes, the period allowed to elapse between the call for a division and the actual division. At the same time the electric bells, which are placed all over the House, are set in motion, and the policemen, who stand at as many points of the House of Commons as if it were a Russian palace, shout out "Division, division!" at the top of their voices, and with a prolongation of the syllables. As I have said before, the members of the House are accustomed to be scattered over all parts of it.

Some are on the terrace, almost a quarter of a mile distant from the floor of the House of Commons. Even at this point, however, there is abundant notice that a division is about to take place. The ringing of the bells all over the House is pretty sure to be heard; and besides, there is the shout of the policemen, "Division, division!" or, as it is actually prolonged, "divis-i-o-n." The bells ring out three times in succession, with a short pause between each ring. Then there is seen a sight which is extremely amusing to the on-lookers. Some members may be in the midst of their dinners when this importunate demand for their presence is made. Then they will be seen rushing in with their teeth still working laboriously at the last piece of food they have got in their mouths. Others have been in the smoke-room, and their faces have still the tranquillity which the cigar brings. Others have only just arrived at the House, have heard the ringing of the bells as they were getting out of their cabs, and have just rushed up the intervening stairs, and arrive at the door of the House panting and breathless.

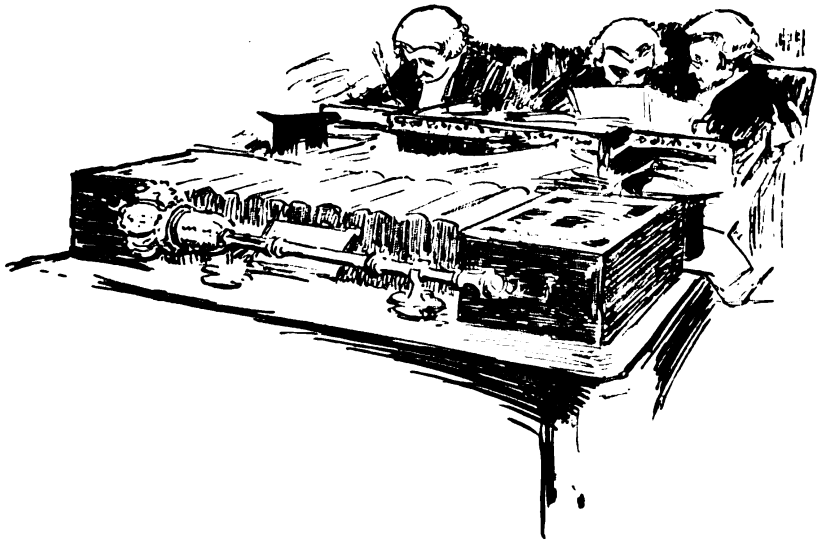
The sensation must be to the stranger something like that which is so often experienced by the ocean traveller. As the steamer approaches port, and as the weather gets a little smoother, it is common to see come on the deck a number of faces that have never been seen before; and the idea almost takes possession of the hardy traveller, who has been visible every day, that these mysterious strangers must have risen out of the deep itself, or been taken aboard from another vessel. So it is in the House of Commons. From the bowels of the earth there appear scores

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of men of whose existence the House itself gives no indication; and suddenly, where but a few moments before there were but three or four or half a dozen men, there are now a couple of hundred.

But even yet it is not certain that a division is going to take place. Once again — and as if nothing whatever had occurred—the Speaker puts the question. After the answering shouts, "I think," he says, "the ayes have it," or *vice versa;* and then again, if there is to be a division, the opponents have to shout "The noes have it," or *vice versa.* This is decisive; and the division has to take place. The Speaker then directs the members how they are to vote: "Ayes to the right; noes to the left." And then he adds, "Tellers for the ayes," and gives their names; then "Tellers for the noes," and he gives their names. It is necessary to explain what these mystic words mean. On each side of the House of Commons is a corridor—or a lobby, as it is somewhat inaccurately called. The House is, so to speak, in an envelope of two lobbies. One of these lobbies is on the right of the Speaker; the other on the left. What the Speaker means, then, when he says "ayes to the right" is that the ayes shall go into the lobby which is on the right of the Speaker's chair. And "noes to the left" means similarly that the noes shall go to the lobby on the left of the Speaker's chair.

The ayes pass into the right lobby through the door at the back of the Speaker's chair, the noes through the door at the entrance of the House, and each returns by the door through which the others have gone out. In each of these lobbies there is a turnstile with a passage each side just narrow enough to admit of only one person passing through it at a time. On the right hand there is a placard with the letters A—H, meaning that members whose initials are included in the letters between these two shall pass through on that side. The other side is for the remaining letters of the alphabet. On a desk on the turnstile is a printed list of the names of all the members of the House, and two clerks stand, with pencil in hand, opposite this desk. As the member passes he mentions his name; the clerk ticks off this name on the division list. This list thus ticked off is then handed on to the clerks who keep the journals, and is printed in the records of the proceedings of the House. But the member has not yet got through. After he passes the turnstile he has still to pass through the door at the end of this lobby. Here again the passage is left so narrow that only one member can pass through it at a time.



THE CLERKS OF THE HOUSE.

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When the member emerges he finds on either side of the door a teller—one representing one side, and the other representing the other. As he passes these two figures he hears himself numbered, and he raises his hat. When the lobby is emptied the tellers address each other: 150—or whatever the number may be—says one, and then the other assents, unless he has made a different calculation. Meantime the same scene has been enacted in the other lobby.

When there is a division on an important question, and there is just a chance that the Ministry may be defeated, there is, of course, an eager desire to know the result at the first moment; and there are many means by which the final announcement can be pretty well anticipated. The tellers, the moment they have finished their counting in the lobby, go to the table in front of the Speaker, and there they tell the numbers to one of the clerks, who enters it on a slip of paper. Now, if the teller of one lobby gets to the clerk before the other, it is pretty clear that he has had the smaller lobby, since the smaller lobby takes obviously less time to count. This is a sufficient indication as to which side has won. Often, when such a moment comes, each member, as he enters from the lobby which is still being counted, is eagerly asked what was his number—by this time, of course, the numbers from the emptied lobby have been ascertained. If the member is able to announce that he has reached a number higher than that of the other lobby, the excitement increases; and sometimes, if party passion runs very high, the cheering over the result begins, but not very loudly, for there may be some uncertainty still. Nevertheless, when the other tellers come in, there is no longer room for doubt. It is the invariable rule that the senior teller of the side that wins announces the numbers. When, therefore, the clerk hands the paper to the teller, it is known which side has won; and at once the pent-up excitement bursts forth, and there is cheer upon cheer. Sometimes I have seen even stronger manifestations. There was a great night, for instance, on June 8, 1885. Mr. Gladstone's Ministry had been in office for nearly five years, and during nearly all that period had been fiercely assailed by two oppositions; indeed, I might say by three: the regular Tory opposition; the irregular and much more effective and damaging opposition of the fourth party, led by Lord Randolph Churchill; and the opposition, finally, quite as effective and infinitely more passionate, of the followers of Mr. Parnell. It had, besides, been sapped by divisions in its own ranks, there having come, over the Egyptian policy of Mr. Gladstone, that schism between the more moderate and more extreme sections of the Liberal party which is nearly always ready to break out. For two years the majorities of the administration had been getting smaller and smaller, and the time had come when a final disaster was in the air. It came, as these things so often do, somewhat unexpectedly, and on a side issue with reference to a budget proposal. But when the division was taken, it began to be understood that the government were in difficulties, and that the division might go against them. When it was seen that the Ministerial whip, then Lord Richard Grosvenor, had left his lobby first, hope began to change into a certainty; and when finally the Tory whip received the paper from the clerk, the shouts rang loud and long. Hats were taken off and waved wildly; and Lord Randolph Churchill got up on his seat and waved his hat like an Eton school-boy.

A word or two with regard to the whips. To Americans, with whom interest in politics is largely circumscribed, nothing can be much more astonishing than the class of men who are willing to perform certain political duties in England. Of all occupations, one would suppose that of whip would be the very last which would be coveted by any man in the possession of his senses, and not driven to the acceptance of a hard lot by the eternal want of pence. For here are some of the duties of senior whip: He has to read all the newspapers every morning, and give an idea of their contents to the leader of the House of Commons. This means that he must rise pretty early. He has then to see the wire-pullers, and have a consultation about the selection of a candidate for a constituency. It may be that he has to settle one of those nasty little disputes which arise even in the best-regulated parties. He has, lastly, to attend to the demand of his party for speakers to assist at some open-air or indoor demonstration which is intended to strike ter-

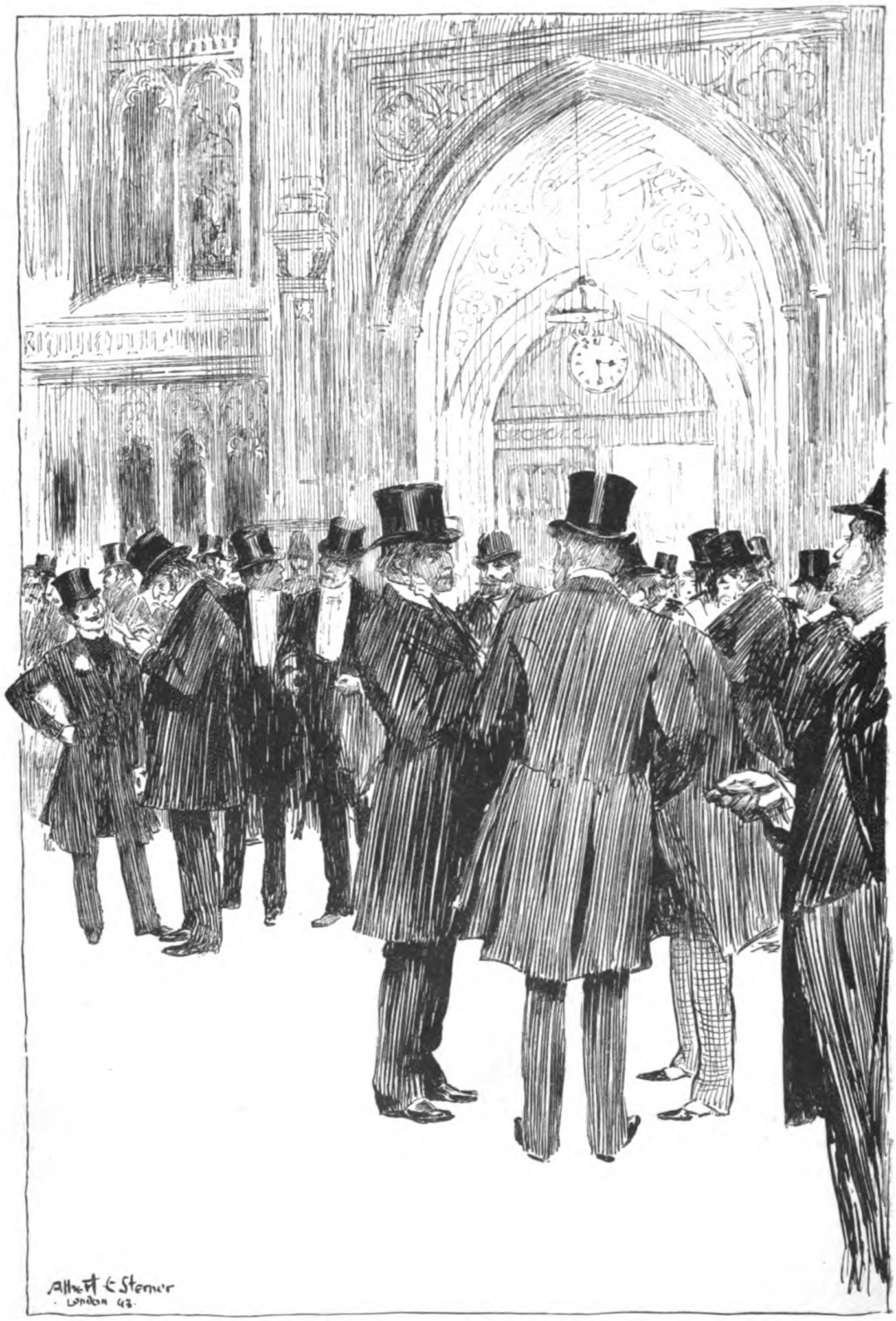
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ror into the heart of the enemy, but which will be a fiasco and a scandal and a weakness if the whip do not insist on the presence of half a dozen popular platform orators. All this has to be done before he gets down to the House of Commons. Mr. Blaine, I have heard, once said that the most galling thing to him about the Speakership of the House of Representatives was that he had to be there at a certain hour every day during the session. The unfortunate senior whip of the party in power with us has a much more serious demand upon him. He has not only to be present when the House meets; he has also to remain there until the very last division has been taken, and finally he has to move that the House adjourn.

Pausing for a moment on this last duty, it is a curious fact that, except with regard to sittings which are timed to end at a certain hour, the Speaker has no right to leave the chair without a motion for adjournment. On one occasion, it is said, the person whose duty it was to make this motion left the House, and the Speaker of the time—I believe it was Lord Eversley, who was somewhat of a stickler for forms—remained in the chair, and did not leave it until the officer was brought back and made the motion for adjournment. The senior whip has to tell not only in the first and the last, but also in every division that takes place throughout the evening. From the time he enters the House he may not leave the building until all the proceedings are over. It is he who is held responsible if there be not enough members present at all hours of the evening to provide that majority by which every proposal of the government must be carried. And this, it will be understood, is not always a very easy task. The members of the House of Commons for the most part belong to the wealthy and the leisure classes. Unless a man have a certain competence he is usually very foolish to enter the House of Commons at all; and, as a rule, men who have had to work rarely do attempt to become members of Parliament until they have made their pile, and are pretty well advanced in life. On the Tory side there are always plenty of young men, but they are young men born to wealth and idleness and self-indulgence; and the House of Commons, unless to those that take a prominent part in its proceedings, is not usually a particularly interesting place. It is no small difficulty, then, to keep men hanging round the House of Commons throughout all the hours of the evening when the dance, the dinner, and the theatre invite, and it is a great strain on the tact and temper of the whip to keep men in their places with these and other temptations all around them. Indeed, so strongly is the necessity of keeping a sharp eye on members felt by the whips that they do not allow any to leave the House without giving an account of themselves. Things are so managed that there is practically but one door by which a member can leave the building. This door is guarded by not one but sometimes three or four Cerberuses. They stand between the departing member and the portal of liberty with a note-book in their hands, and the member has to solemnly assure them that he has paired with a member of the opposite side, and that he will return by ten o'clock, when once more the tide of battle may rage fiercely, and the necessity for a big majority again comes. Of course the party in power has always an easier task in keeping its men together than the party in opposition. It is impossible, except on big occasions, to get men in opposition to attend regularly, while if men have pay and place to give away, they can always induce the attendance of their friends.

I have given this sketch of the duties of a whip to lead up to the statement that this office, with all its anxieties, is eagerly sought by all kinds of people. The official title of the chief Ministerial whip is Patronage Secretary to the Treasury, and that title may suggest some of the reasons why the position is so eagerly sought for. The times are changed in England, but there was a day when the Patronage Secretary of the Treasury meant much. In those days there was no entrance to the civil service except by nomination, and the Patronage Secretary was the only person who had the gift of nomination. Accordingly it meant something to the constituency that the party of its member was in power, for in this way there was certain to be a plentiful supply of those nominations to the civil service which gave the growing young men of the place an excellent opening to a situation, where the pay was pretty good, the duties light, and the tenure lifelong. However, some years ago, as is

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THE LOBBY.

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known, the majority of the offices in the civil service were thrown open to competition, and the nomination system was abolished. Still, the Patronage Secretary has some patronage left. If a man be an aspirant for Parliamentary honors, it is undoubtedly much to his advantage that he should have the good word of the whip. Then the party funds are largely under the control of the whip. Every party has its able but poor men, who require assistance from the party, and the whip is the man who has largely to decide this question. All this means, of course, that the whip is a man of authority and influence beyond what the subordinate character of his office might suggest.

It will now, perhaps, be understood why it is that, with all its repulsiveness and laboriousness of duty, the office of whip is assumed by people who have apparently everything in the world to tempt them to a life of ease. When I entered Parliament for the first time, the chief Ministerial whip was Lord Richard Grosvenor. Lord Richard is the son of the late Duke of Westminster and the brother of the present Duke, and the Duke of Westminster, it is supposed, is the wealthiest peer in England. He owns the ground covered by Belgravia, the most fashionable and wealthiest part of London. Lord Richard is besides a man of very considerable wealth himself, and since his party went out of office has been made a peer, and is now Lord Stalbridge. Yet for the five years that Mr. Gladstone was in office between 1880 and 1885, Lord Richard Grosvenor did all the drudgery of the senior whip; bad as is the drudgery now, it is as nothing to what it was in those days. Between 1880 and 1885, it will be remembered, there were some of the fiercest struggles between the Irish party and the Ministry. The hours of the House had not been reformed, and the House could sit till about three or four o'clock in the morning, and, as a matter of fact, rarely did cease to sit till about three. Up to the latest division, Lord Richard Grosvenor was in his place, telling in every division, and always cheery, good-tempered, and tranquil. The man who undertook this work was one, besides, who had travelled all over the world, was fond of out-door exercise and country life—yet he was ready to sacrifice all these, with sleep and ease and freedom, for this seemingly subordinate office. I don't think I could give a better illustration of the difference between the way in which the rich in England and in America look upon political life and political office. In the present Parliament the office of senior Ministerial whip is held by Mr. Marjoribanks, one of the ablest and most popular men who ever occupied the office. He is the eldest son and heir of a very wealthy peer, is married to the daughter of a duke, and has ample means, but he goes through the drudgery of his office with a good-humor that never fails.

AFTER WATTEAU.

BY AUSTIN DOBSON.

"*Embarquons-nous pour la belle Cythère.*"—TH. DE BANVILLE.

"EMBARQUONS-NOUS!" I seem to go
Against my will. 'Neath alleys low
I bend and hear across the air,
Across the stream, faint music rare,—
Whose *cornemuse*? whose *chalumeau*?

Hark! Is not that a laugh I know?
Who was it, hurrying, turned to show
The galley, swinging by the stair?—
"*Embarquons-nous!*"

The silk sail flaps, fresh breezes blow,
Frail laces flutter, satins flow;—
You, with the love-knot in your hair,
Allons, embarquons pour Cythère!
You will not?.... Press her, then, Pierrot!—
"*Embarquons-nous!*"

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THE WINNING OF THE BISCUIT-SHOOTER.

BY OWEN WISTER.

ONE day in February my friend Mrs. Taylor had an unusual experience. She received a letter. This was so marked an event that when I stopped the next noon to take a meal on my way to the Goose-egg ranch, she displayed the letter at once, and made me read it through, which took me a long time. It was signed, "Ever your affectionate friend, Katie Peck."

"Well," I said, "how long will she stay?"

"Just as long as she wants! Me and Katie hasn't met since we was girls in Dubuque, for I left when I married Mr. Taylor, and come here to Bear Creek; and it 'ain't been like Dubuque much, though if I had it to do over again, I'd do just the same. Well, it 'll be like old times. Katie 'll be twenty-four now. Poor thing! she 'ain't ever got married, and I expect she didn't have a good chance, for there was a big family of them children, and old Peck used to act real scandalous, getting drunk so folks didn't visit there evenings scarcely at all. And you see how she writes, how she quit home and got a position at Sidney, and now she's got poor health with feeding them travellers day and night."

Miss Peck's letter apprised us that at Sidney, on the Union Pacific Railway, she had performed the duties of what is commonly termed a biscuit-shooter. That is to say, when the trains halted for a twenty-minute meal, it was her function to stand behind the chair of the transcontinental public and recite the bill of fare with a velocity that telescoped each item, subsequently bringing the various refreshments that the dazed passengers had been able to rescue from this wreck of words.

In due time Miss Peck appeared on Bear Creek, and it was swiftly noised abroad among the cow-punchers that a new girl had come into the country. The young blood in the district circulated freely round the Taylors' residence, and the new-comer was pronounced better company than the school-marm, Miss Wood, a native of Bennington, Vermont. This prim, competent lady was to my Eastern eyes fairer than the biscuit-shooter from Dubuque; and I forbore to remind Lin McLean and a number of other impulsive bachelors how high their several enthusiasms for the school-marm had run in the near past, and how some of these had ceased with a sudden chill. The broken health of Miss Peck mended rapidly under the attention of twenty cow-punchers. They put their bridles, saddles, horses, and themselves at her disposal, and laid presents of rattlesnake skins and elk teeth at her feet. By June she had bloomed into brutal comeliness. She had a broad face, a thick waist, black eyes, white teeth, a big mouth, and her cheeks were a lusty, overbearing red.

One sunset during the round-up we had worked from Salt Creek to Bear Creek, and the Taylor ranch was again within visiting distance, after an interval of gathering and branding far across the country. There was a Virginian in the round-up whom I had known at Judge Henry's ranch on Sunk Creek. He was gravely regarding Mr. McLean, and after a prolonged silence spoke. "Lin," said he, "I reckon you ain't right smart in health."

"Me? How do yu' figure that out?"

"You cert'nly feed hearty, but you ain't all right. You don't work spry cuttin' out the calves, and your conversation is mighty scanty."

"Feller gets tired ropin' all day," Lin explained. "Keepin' still's a good change."

"Yes," the Virginian said; "when the stock keeps dodgin' a man's rope and him all the time a-foggin' after 'em, he's liable to go plumb absent-minded."

"It ain't many dodges my rope," boasted Lin.

"Why, they say as how that Dubuque stock over at Taylor's is mighty aggravatin' that way."

Lin sat up angrily, but reclined again. "The school-marm 'ain't absented your mind any turruble lot lately," said he; and the company laughed a loud, merciless laugh.

The Virginian struck a match thoughtfully on the seat of his overalls.

"Probably," continued Lin, "a feller's mind can stay right with him after a girl's been and promised she'd sure be his sister."

"Some girls in this hyeh county," remarked the Southerner, "will end up the sister of most every male inhabitant."

"And the men they do marry 'll have a heap o' brothers-in-law," said Lin.

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"It 'll be plumb confusin'," the Virginian commented, gently. "Lin, I reckon you'll get related to 'Rapaho Dick by that pro-cess."

Lin was silent.

"He's makin' hard runnin' for yu' right now. He's an excitin' fighter in conversation. I heard him recountin' his wars up at the Taylors'."

"What were yu' doin' there yerself?" Lin demanded.

"Visitin' Miss Wood," replied the Virginian, with entire self-possession. "'Rapaho Dick was talkin', and your girl certainly appeared mighty inter-ested in his statements."

"Why," I inquired, "is all that talk bogus?"

"So he's been entertainin' you too?" the Virginian said, giving me a glance of slight pity. "Well, 'Rapaho Dick has seen a heap o' Injuns in Buffalo Bill's show. He's been a darin' man."

Mr. M'Lean, lying on the ground, applied an epithet to his rival, at which the pleasant Virginian began to praise the rival's appearance. Lin listened to this with his eye jocularly cocked on the Southerner, and at length he remarked as to the rival that he would "fix his white liver fer him." With this complacent threat he rose and stalked to the margin of the creek, watching the first relief ride round and round the great recumbent herd.

"I reckon Lin means business," said the Southerner.

"Not he," I ventured to assert, and we went to bed; for most of us would go on second or third relief, and all would begin the next day by four in the morning.

"I guess I'll be goin' up to the Taylors' fer a spell," said Lin to me next afternoon, and I went with him, wondering a little. With the cow-puncher, love had been usually a transient disturbance. I had witnessed a series of flighty romances where he had come, seen, often conquered, and moved on. This afternoon he discoursed upon the beautiful wisdom of economy, and how few achieved it. He had some money saved; that is, he had a credit on the books of the store over at Drybone. Also, his friend Shorty owed him some fifty dollars. "After the round-up," said he, "I'll get my time, and all in all I'll be able to rustle up near five hundred dollars. I've got a claim on Butte Creek next Balaam's ranch, and it 'll make me a homestead as soon as the land's surveyed. I'd be sorry fer myself if I couldn't stand off that harmless-eyed calf 'Rapaho Dick, when it come to competin' fer a woman. I'd take in Cheyenne on our weddin' trip."

"*Marry* her!" I sang out. "Marry *her!*"

Lin's eye met mine and fell. "Well, I might 'a' knowed yu'd act like that," he muttered, and dropped behind some hundred yards.

My candor had not been happy. Total silence would be the best antidote. He had seen the girl about four times. Once will do, it's said, and mine were cold, cautious, Eastern standards about friendship, and lending, and matrimony. Miss Peck might make a good helpmeet in spite of her horticultural appearance. A deserted home in Dubuque, a career in a railroad eating-house, a somewhat vague past, and a present lacking context—this was nothing to him, and ought to be nothing if he really loved the girl. But it seemed to me that this gay-hearted, manly vagrant deserved something better than the biscuit-shooter, and that if he waited till his colthood was over and then took the right woman to wed, she would bring out the good that was scattered through him in disorderly plenty. These Eastern notions I resigned with a sigh. The passion of a cow-puncher is ardent, and Lin would merely laugh.

Presently I was aware he had ridden up. "Miss Wood don't get tired boardin' with the Taylors," he said, still about ten yards in the rear.

"It's the nearest she could be to the school-house," I answered.

"She's a sure fine lady."

"Yes; she's a rare sort to see in this country."

"And she's got education beyond most that comes into this country, 'ain't she?" Lin had now restored himself beside me, and regarded me with humor. "I expect our tastes—mine and yourn—as to women don't agree."

"Are you imagining—"

"Oh no! oh no! You'll get spliced East when yu' get around to it, and don't yu' forget I'm comin'. That school-marm now, she ain't takin' any of the boys fer keeps. Tell yu'," said Lin, leaning over and touching my arm confidentially, "with all her stand-off manners and Vermont language, she's an all-the-same woman, you bet! She likes that Virginia

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feller danglin' around her, him that nobody ever seen dangle before. And he's plumb quit spreein' with the boys in town. I expect most every time she sees him she renoos her promise to be his sister. It ain't the least bit use neither, his comin' back at her."

"Not the slightest," said I. "I wish it was. But there's a native of Bennington, Vermont."

"Where?"

"There. She writes him letters all the time."

"Shoo! that ain't it. I seen the handwritin' on the letters she gets back, and it's female writin'. Tell yu', Miss Wood knows the life the boys lead in this country, and she ain't the kind that makes allowances. Strange kind, to my thinkin'. I'm glad I wasn't raised good enough to appreciate the Miss Woods of this world except at long range. What made yu' say that to me?"

"Say what?"

"Yu' know what I mean. Yu' don't figure I'd ought to get married."

"It's none of my business."

"It is if I ask yu'. But I know. Onced in a while you tell me I'm flighty. Well, I am. Hoop-ya! Oiee! Oiee!"

"You're a miserable fool, Lin," said I, diverted.

"Ain't I, just? And don't that prove I'd ought to quit and get responsible? You know yu'd like to visit me in my nice cabin all fixed up, with a dear little wife takin' care of me when I come home nights. But you're an Eastern man, anyway."

"You're right there. And Eastern men don't marry on a capital of five hundred dollars unless they're contracting for a girl that has the rest."

"Heaps starts in this country with nuthin' but their pluck and a horse. Just now she's got a fool idea about me. Claims I showed the white feather."

"I'm glad of it. She'll never marry you thinking that."

"She don't think it! Shoo! She knows a man when she sees one. She's puttin' that all on, playin' me and that white-livered Dick. He got her a bear-skin and I didn't. Now I'll tell yu' how I come to let that bear go. I found where she had her cubs cachéd right at the foot of a big rock in the range over Ten Sleep. Well, sir, I put back the leaves and stuff on top of them little things near as I could the way I found 'em, and I told her about it, and she said she'd sure like a bear-hide. So I went back. The she-bear was off, and I got up inside the rock, and I waited a turruble long while till the sun travelled clean around the cañon. She come, though, a big cinnamon, and I raised my gun, but laid it down to see what she'd do. She scrapes around and snuffs, and the cubs starts whinin', and she whines back, makin' a noise like regular talk. Next she sits up awful big, and picks up a cub and holds it to her close with both her hands. Tell yu' a man don't expect a sight like that! There that cinnamon sat, nursin' and playin' with them little cubs, and rollin' them over onced in a while fer a change, and talkin' to 'em so yu' could 'most figure what she was sayin'. I'd as soon shot my mother. I watched 'em quite a while, and then come away quiet, you bet, fer I wasn't aimin' to be noticed any by Mrs. Bear. She said I was afraid, and I felt plumb foolish tellin' her why I didn't shoot. But she'll take me, you'll see. 'Rapaho Dick can please a woman—him and his blue eyes—but he don't know how to make a woman want him any more'n he knows about killin' Injuns."

"Did you hear about the Crows?" said I.

"About young bucks goin' on the war-trail? Shoo! the papers put up that talk—them little local papers that's published in towns around military posts. They're aimin' to scare Uncle Sam into keepin' the troops out here to make trade. If 'Rapaho Dick believed any Crows— Oh, mother!" The cow-puncher broke off speech, and swore in delight at the thought which had inspired him.

Two were before us at the Taylors' ranch. I joined Miss Wood and the Virginian, while Lin went to hamper 'Rapaho Dick at the other end of the room.

"How are yu', Miss Peck? How are yu', Dick?" said he. "Hear the news? Crow Injuns on the war-trail."

"Oh dear!" said the biscuit-shooter.

"You needn't to be afraid, Miss Peck," said Dick. "There's lots of white men here."

"Mostly with red livers," said Lin, "though some has not."

"I hadn't heard this report," said Dick.

"Guess it's like most news we get in

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this country," Lin remarked—"two weeks stale and a lie when it was fresh."

"Oh, Dick!" called Taylor, outside, "your horse is getting away on you."

Dick rose, and ruefully sped after the runaway.

"I must cook supper now," said Katie, shortly.

"I'll stir for yu'," said Lin; and they departed to the adjacent kitchen.

"We were speaking of cowboy life," said Miss Wood to me. "What is your opinion of it?"

"Naturally a high one, since there are two big cowboys in the house."

"No; but you surely consider it rough and brutalizing."

"Well, I'm afraid I don't mind what you would probably call brutalizing. I believe if twin brothers separated and one staid in the streets and the other took his chances in the cattle country, that five years would see the cowboy morally the superior."

"That's correct, ma'am," said the Virginian; "that's right so."

A loud voice came from the kitchen. "You Lin, if you try any of yer foolin' with me, I'll h'ist yus over the j'ist!"

"All cowboys—" I attempted to resume.

"Quit, now, Lin McLean!" shouted the voice, "or I'll put yer through that window, *and it shut.*"

"Well, Miss Peck, I'm gettin' 'most tired of this treatment. Ever since yu' come I've been doin' my best. Yu've had my horses to ride, and I've put my coat on yu' when it was cold. I've sat talkin' and ready to do anything yu' said. And yu' just cough in my face. And now I'm goin' to quit and cough back."

"Would you enjoy walkin' out before supper, ma'am?" inquired the Virginian. "It's right close in this hyeh cabin."

"Oh, I think it's so pleasant!" said Miss Wood, sweetly.

"You was speakin' of gatherin' some flowers over yondeh."

"Was I? So I did." But she sat comfortably in the chair.

"I reckon there ain't goin' to be much time, ma'am."

"Then let's go." Miss Wood rose. "And you'll come and help," said she to me.

"I must look after my horse," said I, and went out to the corrals.

Day was going slowly as I took my pony to the water. The long castle of red sandstone, two miles away to see, ten to walk, lifted its nature-hewn turrets and flat forms in the setting sun, mellowing from hardness into tender saffron light and purple shade. Where I walked the odor of thousands of wild roses hung over the margin where the thickets grew. High in the upper air magpies were sailing across the silent blue. I found Mrs. Taylor looking for eggs, and accompanied her. Near supper-time various groups converged at the door—Taylor with 'Rapaho Dick, who was declaring all this Indian talk to be very foolish; Mrs. Taylor with me carrying the eggs; Miss Wood with the Virginian bearing flowers.

"It's all very fine," she was saying, "this making and spending everything. But how long will that last?"

"Till we can't spend anything, I reckon."

"And you work hard for months, and one week in town takes all your wages!"

"Yes, ma'am, when it ain't one day."

"Dear me, how dreadful! I suppose you're twenty-eight?"

"Twenty-five, ma'am."

"Indeed! You seem older."

"I reckon I'm pretty healthy."

"Oh yes!" laughed the school-marm; "and excuse my being personal. But you'll not always be twenty-five. Think what it would be to have nothing laid by when you were tired of this life and beginning to get old."

"Why, we don't live long enough to get old, ma'am," said the cow-puncher, looking down at her in surprise.

Miss Wood gave him a startled glance, compressed her lips, and murmuring something about arranging the table, took the flowers from him and went into the house.

Lin came hurrying out and seized the Southerner's arm. "You too," he said to me. "Just you fellers take the note from me. I'm goin' to fix 'Rapaho Dick. Back me up," he added to the Virginian. "I've helped you before now." He confided to me a remarkable conversation. "I told her my plans fer provin' up my claim, and about the money I'd saved. 'Well,' I says to her, after a lot o' back talk she give me, 'I've asked yu' twiced, and I'm goin' to let yu' have one more chance to get me, and that's right now. If yu' don't take me this evenin', Kate Peck, it's closed,' I says. 'You don't say!' says she. 'Why, ain't

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Dick the better man? He's got a ranch started he can take me to.' 'If you're marryin' a log cabin,' says I, 'Dick's a sure good wooden piece of furniture to put in it.' 'Prove it,' she says. 'Shoo!' I says, 'if that's all.' 'I ain't sayin' that's all,' she says, and she called me Mr. Bear-hunter. And she laffed and hit me a clip with the broiler, so I expect things is likely comin' my way. If I can't kill bears, I'll show her how Dick kills Injuns, you bet."

At supper, after a little talk of the round-up and the probable price of steers in the coming fall, Lin observed that some of the cattle-men would lose stock if the Crows got down as far as this on their raid.

"I reckon they scarcely will," said the Virginian, and Mrs. Taylor suppressed a giggle. "Ain't it hawses and not cattle they're repawted as drivin' off?" continued the Southerner.

"Reported?" snapped 'Rapaho Dick. "Who made any such ridiculous report as that?"

"Feller come into the round-up this afternoon," said Lin. "But he was scared, and told a heap of facts that wouldn't square."

"Of course they wouldn't," said Dick, looking at a glass where his curly hair was reflected, and altering the position of one lock in consequence. "There's men in this country lose their heads directly you say Indian to 'em;" and he laughed in pity for these men. "What did he say?" he added.

"Oh, there's nuthin' in it," said Lin. "Have yu' been to the opera since we went in Cheyenne, Mr. Taylor?"

"What did the fool say at the round-up, anyway?" inquired 'Rapaho Dick of the Virginian.

"I didn't get around to listen to his triflin' trash. Lin, did yu' ever see that opera *Cyarmen?*"

"The one where the girl goes after the bull-fighter, and her feller stabs her? You bet! I'd hev gone too. He wasn't any good, and she was half on to him at the tavern."

"I reckon she wanted to be plumb sure, and took him to them mount'ins, where her experiment wouldn't be interrupted any."

"Talking of mountains," said 'Rapaho Dick, "the range back of here used to be very favorable for Indians."

"You bet it was before the Rosebud disaster. I wonder if she got tired of the bull-fighter too?"

"I reckon not. I expect him and her got married."

"Well, let 'em come off their reservation. There's plenty of good Sharps and Winchesters to point the road home to the red sons of guns."

Here the conversation forked upon widely diverging topics. 'Rapaho Dick thrilled the ladies with a lecture upon how to kill Indians, and the other gentlemen, pleased that he should do this, discussed the lyric drama and alfalfa-grass, recently introduced into the Territory.

"Mr. Taylor," said Lin, after the table was cleared, "the ladies might feel better if you fixed your fire-arms. It's wastin' time, of course, except oilin' 'em onced in a while is good."

"I'll do it, Lin. I've been taught there ain't smoke without fire."

"There ain't mostly. But Injun excitements—"

"I'd just like to know, once for all," interrupted 'Rapaho Dick, "what that man said. I can tell you quick enough if there's anything in it."

"You'd cert'nly better tell him, then, Lin," said the Virginian, who had relapsed into his customary silence, and was looking gravely at Miss Wood as often as he supposed no one would see him.

"Well, it don't amount to much. He claimed the cabin twenty-five miles north of Ten Sleep had been burned—"

"Ten Sleep? That's right near my ranch!"

"Yes, Dick, it sure is. House had been burned, and man missin'."

"See that, now? Do you suppose I'd have not heard of that? If any such occurrence had took place, it would have been me that would have told the round-up, and we'd have got the murdering devils inside of a day. Why, Ten Sleep ain't fifty miles from my place."

"No, Dick, it sure ain't."

"What further talk did that chap make?"

"Not much. Said warnin' reports had come from Montana, but could not tell what they were or who sent 'em. Well, I must be gettin' back, I expect."

I was stopping for the night, because I liked the notion of a roof after so many sleeps under the sky.

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"I wish you'd stay too," said Mrs. Taylor to 'Rapaho Dick.

"Me!" he said, surprised.

Lin took him aside. "Don't you go," he whispered. "The ladies 'll feel easier to have another man besides Taylor in the house."

"In that case I'm always ready to oblige. Taylor is not used to the idea of being attacked, I guess. All you want to do is stay covered and pump lead into 'em. Pump it into the sons of guns, and they'll run. My cabin's pretty far to go so late, anyway. There's plenty of weapons here, ain't there?"

"Lots," said Lin; and simultaneously he and the Virginian laid a hand on their saddle horns, swung up, and soon all sound of the galloping hoofs had ceased.

Taylor cleaned his weapons, carefully loaded them, and we went to bed. Sleep must have surprised me, as it always did in that blessed country, for when the expected signal came, I sprang from the sheets with a start as genuine as 'Rapaho Dick's.

"Did you hear that?" said he, in the middle of the room.

Immediately it came again, a long wild yell. A door flew open, and Dick sprang hip high in the air. It was Mrs. Taylor in her night-gown. She said, rather feebly, "Oh, we shall all be murdered in our beds!" and began to laugh. She was a poor actress; but Dick was already beyond criticising shades of expression.

"My gun!" he said, hoarsely; and holding it in one hand, ran round the cabin from window to window, jerking at the buttons of his overalls. I suppose he imagined that he was dressing himself. Taylor now appeared, very solemn, holding a lantern.

"Put that thing out!" screeched Dick, and once again leaped into the air as a shot was fired near the house. I fell on the feather bolster, ramming my head deep into it.

"Get up, you Eastern dude!" Dick said, "and be of some use, if you know how."

He dragged me to my feet, and seeing the lantern still burning in Taylor's shaking grip, made a dash at it, and it fell in fragments to the floor, together with his rifle, which immediately exploded, splintering a log in the wall just behind my leg. This was a God-sent mercy to the rest of us, for we did not know it had been cocked.

"Pick it up quick, and keep it away from him," whispered Taylor, "or he'll kill us all."

Dick was putting boards against a window.

"Well, I declare!" said Miss Peck, standing at the kitchen door, in contempt undisguised.

"Shoot 'em! shoot 'em!" said the lunatic, as a volley of shots cracked outside, and yell upon yell was raised amid the rush of horses. Miss Wood did not appear, but I thought I heard her mocking treble laugh coming from somewhere. Also the two Taylor babies were squalling.

"Back from the window! Bar the door!"

The din was now as loud inside as it was out. We all became very efficient in helping Dick pile furniture, when the door was burst open and three chairs went spinning. The Indian-fighter flew into a corner, while Mr. Taylor boldly fired a shot into the sky.

"That settles one!" he roared, and fired again. "That downs another. B' gosh, they're runnin'! Out, and at 'em!"

We emerged with our Winchesters, and his helpmeet in her night-gown and the biscuit-shooter each seized a broom, and so in a body we went three times round the yard, firing plenteously until the yell grew distant.

"Stop, friends," said Taylor, gasping. "I'll be gol-darned if I'll have Lin McLean make any more of a fool of me to-night."

"You!" said his wife. "Look at that!"

We had come into the kitchen. The table was covered with tin plates, and they were rattling up and down like castanets. Under the table a voice ceaselessly howled, "Let the sons of guns come here, and I'll do for them; let the red devils show themselves, and I'll tear 'em open." After a decent while we persuaded Dick out, and the ladies explained matters to him.

When the round-up was over I watched the happy Lin bear off his biscuit-shooter to the nearest justice of the peace. She got astride the horse he brought for her, and they rode away across the sunny sage brush.

The Virginian gazed after them a long time. "Some folks, anyway, get what they want in this hyeh world," he said.

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BUD ZUNTS'S MAIL.

A ROMANCE OF THE SIMPKINSVILLE POST-OFFICE.

BY RUTH McENERY STUART.

"'NOTHIN' for you, Bud Zunts!' Seem like I ought to've heerd that often enough to know it by this time—but I don't. I don't even to say half b'lieve it when I do hear it—no, I don't."

Bud Zunts had just come out of the Simpkinsville post-office, and mounting the seat of his wagon, he turned his oxen's heavy heads slowly homeward.

"Th'ain't been a night sence she's been a-sayin' it," he continued, as the ponderous beasts made a lunge out of the deep ruts—"th'ain't been a night in three year sence she's been a-sayin' it but I've mo'n half expected to see her han' out a letter, an' I c'n see the purty blue veins in 'er han's when she'd be handin' it out—" He chuckled. "'N' I c'n see 'er smile like 's ef she was tickled to see me paid at last for stoppin' every night in all these year t'inquire. 'Tis purty tiresome—some nights—but of co'se when a man's a-co'tin' he can't expec'—he can't expec'—Tell the truth, I reck'n I dun'no' nothin' 'bout co'tin'. I wush 't I did know. Seem like ma tried to teach me a little bit of every kind o' learnin' she knew about, but don't seem like she could 've knew much about co'tin', nohow.

"Th'ain't never been a time, turn my min' free ez I can, thet I c'n understan' how in creation pa ever co'ted ma—th'ain't for a fac'. I've 'magined it every way I c'n twis' things, an' I've made 'er young *an'* purty, 'n' I've plumped 'er out—pore ma was awful thin and rawboned, jest like me, ever sence I c'n ricollec'—but I've plumped 'er out in my min', 'n' I've frizzled 'er hair, 'n' smoothed down 'er cowlick, but even then I 'ain't been able to see 'er bein' co'ted 'thout fussin'—noways. Pore ma. She cert'n'y was the best an' the most worrisome woman thet God ever made.

"I won't say she was *the* best, neither, for I been a-co'tin Miss C'delia now three year 'n' six mont's an' three nights to-night, 'n' watchin' 'er constant, an' I *b'lieve* she's ez good a woman ez ma was—ever' bit—'thout 'er worrisome ways, too—pore ma."

Bud Zunts mused here a few moments, but presently he chuckled again:

"Here I set a-talkin' 'bout co'tin', 's ef everybody knowed it, 'n' I dun'no' ez *anybody* do *but* me. Wonder ef Miss C'delia think I'd stop every night for fo' year—goin' on—'n' ast for letters 'n' never git a one, 'n' wait tell the las' person goes out every night, 'n' stop 'n' lock the gate 'n' climb over the pickets (she thinks I lock the gate on the outside 'n' fling the key back—she mus' think I take a mighty good aim to hit the aidge o' the do'-sill every time). Wonder ef she do think I do that-a-way ever' night, th' way I do, jest to be a-doin'? 'N' I wonder ef she ever heerd me a-tryin' the winder-shetters to make shore nobody'd bother 'er du'in' the night?"

He laughed softly.

"Move on, Bute! Bute 'n' Fairy 's about ez down-hearted a pair o' oxen to-night ez ever I see."

The roads were heavy and wet, and man, beasts, and wagon were old, so the equipage moved slowly, bogging and sputtering occasionally in soft spots—like the soliloquy.

"Yas," he resumed presently, "I been a co'tin Miss C'delia for fo' year—goin' on—'n' I 'ain't never spoke yet—many nights ez I've laid off to. Ef she didn't keep the pos'-office, so's I c'n see 'er every evenin' an' a Sund'y mornin's thoo the little winder, 'n' get my daily *in*cour'gements 'n' *dis*cour'gements, I'd 've spoke long ago—'n' maybe 'stid o' me an' Bute 'n' Fairy trudgin' 'long so slow in the mud to-night, not keerin' much whether or when we git home, I might be—we might be—she might—

"I do declare, the way I do set up here 'n' giggle is *re*dic'lous!

"W'o, Bute! These here slushy ruts is awful—mud clean up to the hub!"

So Bud Zunts proceeded on his lonely way, until he finally reached his own gate—the humble entrance to the two-roomed cabin that dignified his meagre little farm, lying on the edge of Simpkinsville.

After the front door was closed to-night, Miss Cordelia Cummins, the post-mistress, stood for a long time behind her pigeon-hole barrier, looking over the remaining mail.

"Here's mo' letters 'n enough for Kate

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Clark—'n' papers too," she said, audibly. "Some o' the papers got 'er po'try printed in 'em, an' some 'ain't. Here's one o' hers now, 'A Midnight Monody'; wonder what that means? It's hers, I'm shore, 'cause it's signed by her pen-nondy-plume, 'Silver Sheen.'

"I s'pose that *is* mo' suited fo' a po'try writer's name 'n 'Kate Clark' 'd be; but seem to me I wouldn't deny my name, noways—po'try or no po'try!

"These paper-wrappers stick mighty tight. I 'mos' split this'n gettin' it back on.

"I see she's got two letters from the telegraph station. Funny how thin an' fine that young man does write—like he craved to whisper. He writes *precizely* like a lady. Ef ever I did get a letter from a male person, I'd choose for 'im to have a mannish handwrite—'clare I would.

"Two f'om 'im to-day an' one to 'im. Well, I'm proud to see Kate's a-keepin' 'im where he b'longs. I dun'no', either; come to feel 'em, I b'lieve her one letter's heavier'n both o' hisn; 'n' it's writ on pink paper too; 'n' it's got smellin' stuff in it—shore's I've got a nose!

"I do wonder ef Kate writes love-verses to 'im? I hardly b'lieve it of 'er—though I dun'no'.

"Here's at least fo' love-letters in a row, 'n' I don't doubt the las' one of 'em is so sweet inside thet ef they was lef' open in the sun the honey-bees 'd light on 'em.

"Sometimes I do wush 't I'd get a letter myself—jest a reel out-'n'-out love-letter, same ez ef I wasn't pos'-mist'ess—not thet I'd b'lieve any written-out foolishness, of co'se—but jest fo' the fun of it. Maybe ef I didn't handle so many I wouldn't think about it.

"I do hones' b'lieve thet th' ain't another person a-livin' in the county—that is, no grown-up person—black nor white, but's got a letter some time 'r other—less'n, of co'se, Bud Zunts.

"But I'm jest a *leetle* bit ahead o' you, Bud, on that. I *know* you 'ain't never got none, 'n' you don't know how many I get.

"Sometimes I do hate to tell 'im th' ain't nothin' for 'im, pore boy! Lis'n at me a-callin' 'im boy, 'n' he a month 'n' three days older'n me, an' I'm—jest to think, I'm purty nigh ez ole ez Bud Zunts, an' he gray ez a rat! But I reck'n his ma worreted 'im all but gray.

"Pore Mis' Zunts! She was a good woman, Mis' Zunts was, but I've seen some worse ones I'd a heap ruther live with.

"She cert'n'y was worrysome—but I don't doubt Bud is the best-trained young man in the county to-day. He turned out 'is toes, 'n' said 'ma'am' an' 'sir,' when he warn't no mo'n knee-high to a toad-frog. An' he knew the whole Shorter Catechism 'fore he could pernounce a half o' the words; but as for understandin' it—well, I often think maybe that's reserved for heaven, anyway.

"I do wonder what pore Bud does when he goes home of nights? It mus' be awful lonesome for 'im when the lamp's lit—ef he lights a lamp. You never can tell jest how low down a man lef' to hisself will get. Pore Bud! They's jest one thing his ma didn't teach him—an' that's cour'ge. Sometimes the most c'rageous person agoin' 'll seem to squench all the cour'ge out of another person, 'n' not mean to do it, neither.

"Now I know Bud's a-yearnin' to speak to me—ef I know anything—'n' sometimes I'm a'mos' tempted to help 'im out, but I'd never half respect 'im ef I did—nor myself neither.

"I did start one night to say, '*I'm sorry* th' ain't nothin' fo' you to-night, Bud Zunts,' 'n' then I wouldn't—*an' I won't!* I won't have it said I give 'im *that* much encour'gement.

"Ef he's a womanish man, I won't match 'im by bein' a mannish woman. But I do wush 't I knew ef he was wearin' woollen next to 'is skin or not." She sighed. "Ef—ef Bud was to take the pneumony to-morrer—well, I dun'no' what I'd do, but I reck'n, knowin' what's on his min' an' what's on mine, it 'd be my aboundin' duty to go, 'thout sayin' a word, an' nurse 'im thoo it—to sort o' finish out the pantomime he's done started. But it 'd pleg me awful—'deed it would. I've laid awake mo'n one col' spell jest a-prayin' the Lord not to make it my clair duty to go an' nurse Bud thoo a spell o' sickness befo' he's foun' cour'ge to speak 'is min' to me. I *would* o' prayed the Lord to *give* 'im cour'ge—but *I won't do it!* Ef it's come to sech a pass thet a man has to ask me to marry 'im with the cour'ge *I* prayed for—then I'll keep pos'-office all my days, 'n' jest live along with Polly like I do." As she spoke she glanced up at a parrot, who sat half asleep on his perch near.

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"I won't give Bud no encour'gement; no I won't, Poll—*nor myself neither.* I won't even make a extry yard o' tattin' tell he's spoke—'deed I won't. But I do wush 't I knew 'bout his wearin' good flannen next to 'is skin—these red-headed 'n' red-whiskered folks is mighty thin an' delicate-skinned, 'n' Bud's been so watched over 'n' preserved by 'is ma, he 'ain't never took none of his diseases in proper season, not even the whuppin'-cough, 'n' the first heavy col' he gets 'll go purty hard on 'im. I do b'lieve Mis' Zunts wouldn't o' let 'im cut 'is teeth ef she could o' helped it—jest so she could o' had the excitement o' chewin' for 'im.

"I declare! Ef Sally Ann Brooks ain't a-sendin' a postal card to New York to order a ready-made night-gownd! I do vow some folks 'ain't got a bit o' modesty—'n' her own name mentioned, 'n' her measure too; 'n' everybody 'twixt here an' New York liable to read it—'n' most o' the postal clerks young men at that!

"They's a good many postals thet I disapproved of lef' this office, but this is *the worst.*

"I've got a good notion to put it in a envelope 'n' 'dress it over again—not for Sally Ann's sake, ef she wants to discuss her night-gownds with the readin' public gen'ally, but for the sake o' Simpkinsville's reputation in New York city. I'm a-goin' to do it! 'Twon't cos' me but two cents."

Seizing an envelope, she proceeded forthwith to clothe and readdress the offensive card, and then clapping a stamp upon it, she exclaimed, with satisfaction,

"Now you're decent!"

Then she took up a letter.

"I see Miss Sophia Falena Simpkins is gett'n' letters right along f'om Washin'ton city. Like ez not some ef not every one o' them all-devourin' Yankees 're sett'n' up to 'er for 'er fortune—but I do hope she won't give in!

"I see she's taken to puffin' 'er hair lately, but maybe that's on account o' its gettin' skimpy. A holler puff makes a little hair go a long ways. 'Twouldn't do mine any harm to puff it a little—'n' I'd *do* it ef 'twasn't for Bud Zunts. I said I wouldn't turn a hair to encour'ge him—*an' I won't!*

"He's jest about gettin' home now—I see it's eight o'clock—'n' like ez not he's a-sneezin' 'is head off this minute—pore Bud!"

During this prolonged monologue, much of which was scarcely audible, Miss Cordelia had assorted all the outgoing mail, stopping only once to set her coffee-pot on the fire.

Turning now, she seated herself before the single plate upon the table, and had dropped her head for a silent grace, when there came a rap at the door. This narrow portal opening on a side street answered for "front" of her humble domicile, whose former front was on government duty, as we have seen.

"I'm a-comin' right now," she responded, somewhat flurriedly, as she opened the door.

"Why, howdy, Mis' Brooks! Come in, Sally Ann!"

"I do declare, Miss Cordelia, you an' Polly 're as cozy as two bugs in a rug," said Mrs. Brooks, unwinding a rose-colored "fascinator" from her head as she sat down. "I thought I'd run in 'n' set awhile. The children 're so fussy, I jest slipped out to let their pa get a tas'e o' the picnic I have every day. I left 'im a-playin' horsy, crawlin' on all-fo's on the flo', with the baby on 'is back, chasin' little Sally Ann, with the twins a-whippin' 'im up behin' with a towel, 'n' I thought it was a good time for me to take a vacation. I did have a letter to pos', but of co'se I could o' slipped that in the box f'om the outside 'n' run right back. Fo' goodness' sake, look! There's somebody a-slippin' in a letter now. I heard it, 'n' saw it too. Wonder, for gracious' sakes, who it was? Don't it make you feel sort o' creepy, Miss Cordelia, settin' here by yoreself some nights, jest you an' Polly, to see a letter come a-droppin' in?"

Miss Cordelia had set a second cup on the table, and was pouring out the coffee.

"It did seem sort o' funny at first, Sally Ann, 'n' I ricollec' I used to push up the winder 'n' try to see who dropped it, but I foun' they was mo' neuraligy than satisfaction to be got out o' that, 'n' I c'n gen'ally tell who drops mail now 'thout lookin'. Draw up yo' chair, Sally Ann, 'n' take some coffee, 'n' I'll go see what letter that is."

She rose and stepped to the box. She was thinking of Sally Ann's postal, and a sense of guilt in the matter made her somewhat nervous.

"Law sakes!" she exclaimed, bringing forward the letter. "This here's a ole nigger's mail. Jest s'posin' I'd o' bumped

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my head an' maybe broke a winder-pane (both o' which I've did a-many a time) jest to see the tail of old Solon's mule ez he ambles down the road — wouldn't I feel cheap? You know Solon's wife, Hannah, is cookin' down to the telegraph station, an' they write to one another jest the same ez white folks."

"You don't say!"

"Why, yas; th' ain't a week but one letter goes each way; an' I don't reck'n they's one but's got po'try in it. Every time *I* write for 'im he makes me put it in, I *know*."

"Fo' the land sakes! I wouldn't think he knew any."

"He *don't* know but two pieces—'Rose 's red,' and,

> 'Ez shore's the vine grows roun' the stump,
> You is my darlin' sugar lump.'

Seem like he don't keer much which one I put in, an' sometimes he jest leaves it to me, an' I write either 'How firm a foundation,' or 'When I can read my title clair,' an' he seems jest as much tickled; 'n' I'm shore she's likely to get more good out of 'em. Didn't you say you had a letter to mail?"

"Yas, 'm; here 'tis; an' I want to ast you, Miss C'delia, ef I couldn't get back a postal I sent this mornin', that is, of co'se, less'n it's already gone."

Miss Cordelia caught her breath. "Why, no, Sally Ann, 'tain't to say gone, but—but—"

"But you've done put it in the bag—an' it fastened?"

"Well, yas, Sally Ann; tell the truth, the bag it's in is fastened up secure."

"I thought maybe 'twould be, 'n' I'm half glad. I spent all yesterday tryin' to decide whether to order a night-gownd with lace let in or a solid Hamburg yoke, 'n' ever sence I ordered the lace one I've had the fidgets for the other. So now I've wrote 'em to sen' both, 'n' ef they get the postal too, I reckon I'll have three; an', Lordy, won't I be fine?"

Now was Miss Cordelia's chance for her moral lecture, but so had conscience conscripted her into its legion of cowards that she sat with thumping heart, silent, until it was given her to remark, by way of escape, "I see you an' Lucy Jones 're correspondin' agin."

"Not *again*, but *yet*. We're jest as thick as ever. We've jest been changin' wrapper patterns again. She sent me this'n last summer. Look how purty it sets."

Mrs. Brooks rose and turned around. "It does set lovely, Sally Ann—Mother Hubbard front, an' sort o' bas' back—ain't it?—with a—what's this?"

"Why, that's a Watter pleat. They're all the go."

"Mh-hm. It's *mighty* purty. Funny how they get names, ain't it? Now I s'pose they call that a water pleat on 'count of its a-fallin' all the way down like a waterfall."

"I don't reely know. 'Tain't spelled that a-way. It's W-a-t-t-e-a-u, printed on the pattern, but maybe that's French. Come to think, e-a-u is French for water, *that* much I *know*.

"But guess what's a-comin' in nex', Miss Cordelia. Ole Mis' Bradley 'll lead the style at last."

"You don't mean hoops!"

"Guessed it the first pop! Yas, I do mean hoops, too. They're jest a-sailin' in, big as life."

"But tell me, does Mis' Bradley know it?"

"I don't know 's she does. I'd go an' tell 'er, but she's so deef I can't talk to her. Don't she look too funny when she comes in church a-Sundays with 'er same ole hoops, an' that silk mantilla an' shoulder-pins, 'n' that curtain on the back of her bonnet? She shorely is a sight. 'N' yet seem like Simpkinsville wouldn't be Simpkinsville 'thout Mis' Bradley."

"Mis' Bradley is a mighty nice lady, Sally Ann, an' a good Christian."

"An' don't I know it? Th' ain't anybody thinks mo' of 'er 'n I do, but that don't make me borry 'er cape patterns. But she's a Christian, shore. Do you know, she's taught my children nearly every prayer in the prayer-book—not to mention hymns. She gets 'em over there Sunday evenin's, an' has a reg'lar Sunday-school for 'em. She makes 'em come up, one by one, an' say their verses right in 'er ear-trumpet, 'n' the young ones 're tickled to death over it. She *ast Bud Zunts* to come an' help her, an' sort o' be super'ntendent. But I reck'n she was jest a-tryin' to get Bud interested. They say he don't show interes' in nothin' much but writin' letters sence 'is ma's gone, 'n' they *do* say he's *a-co'tin' somebody* by mail, 'n' thet he never goes to sleep 'thout comin' in town for 'is letters. Is that so, Miss Cordelia?"

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"Well, Sally Ann, sence you ask me, Bud does call for 'is mail purty reg'lar."

"You don't say thet he gets a letter every day?"

"Oh, I don't say he does, an' I don't say he *don't*. Even ef I kep' a 'count o' Bud's mail in a book, which I don't, 'twouldn't be right for me to tell mo'n he choose to tell 'isself."

"Well, I've begged Teddy to watch an' see what he gets of evenin's, an', tell the truth, I've come myself; but seem like Bud waits till purty near the last one, an' I've got jest enough manners mixed up with my curiosity to make me go out with the crowd."

"Well, you see, Sally Ann, when folks wait their turn, I give 'em their mail where they b'long in the A B C's, 'n' Zunts, you know—thet comes purty far down in the alphabet, 'n' Bud never pushes 'isself. 'F anybody was to stay a Z out, it 'd look like they wasn't no mo'n a sort o' *so fo'th*—no 'count on earth excep'n' *to* foller behin' somethin' thet does count. You'd get yore mail purty soon, anyway, bein' a B."

Miss Cordelia could be severe on occasion.

"An' so ole Bud's a-co'tin'! I do declare! I s'pose it's all right fo' ole folks to co't, but it does seem to strike my funnybone, somehow."

Mrs. Brooks laughed merrily. Miss Cordelia cleared her throat.

"Mind you, Sally Ann, I never said Bud Zunts *was* a-co'tin'. Ef he is, he 'ain't never tol' me."

At this point both women were startled by a shrill scream quite near. In a high falsetto voice came the exclamation, "Nothin' for you, Bud Zunts!" Whether Poll the parrot had been studying over this oft-repeated sentence, keeping it on deposit for timely utterance, or, as seems more probable, the only connection in which he had ever heard the name was to him a complete form, which he instinctively recalled on hearing a part of it, would be hard to say; but there was something distinctly uncanny in the opportune delivery, an effect decidedly heightened by the dark corner from which the voice came, as well as by the peal of ringing bird-laughter which followed it.

Mrs. Brooks drew her shawl over her head, and falling upon her knees, put her face in Miss Cordelia's lap.

"Lord have mercy!" she exclaimed. "I b'lieve that bird is the ole boy 'isself; 'deed I do. Good gracious, Miss Cordelia! An' did you hear that? Another letter in the box! I heard it fall—'n' the clock's a-tickin' like thunder—'n' I hear footsteps; I declare I do!"

"Cert'n'y, Sally Ann! How'd the letter come in the box 'thout footsteps?" Miss Cordelia managed to say finally; but it was with much effort, as she was far the more seriously startled of the two.

The sentence she had been saying daily for years, that had become, indeed, a sort of refrain in her own life, had burned deeper into her sensibilities than she knew, and to hear it from other lips even would have startled her, but coming from this weird bird, just at the critical moment when she was struggling between veracity and loyalty to Bud Zunts, filled her with something akin to terror. It seemed an imperative challenge to her for the whole truth. If she would not tell it, Poll would.

There is no telling where it might have led had Sally Ann kept silent; but she had soon taken the floor figuratively as well as literally, and was presently laughing and crying in so hysterical a fashion that Miss Cordelia felt it necessary to chafe her hands and temples, and finally to accompany her across the field, where she cringed at every shadow until she reached her gate.

When Miss Cordelia returned to her own door she touched its latch for the first time in her life with trembling fingers. She felt almost afraid to enter her room. The secret she had scarcely turned over in her own breast had been glibly spoken by a senseless bird, and in the confusion of the first shock she half believed the prating creature a thing of evil, as Sally Ann had said.

Mrs. Brooks had turned white and "gone to pieces" simply to hear the bird supply a sentence fitting exactly into the theme of conversation. He knew they were talking of Bud Zunts's mail. To Miss Cordelia he knew all—the years of waiting, the silent courtship, her resolution to stand firm at her end of the line, her present dilemma.

She stood some moments irresolute, her hand upon the latch; but finally, with a determined movement, she walked in. The room was nearly dark, the candle burning low in its socket, and flaring up

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occasionally, only to throw out hints of grotesque shadows.

Miss Cordelia locked the door, and seizing a match, lit first the two candles standing on either end of the mantel, and then the lamp, which she turned up to its highest point; and now she threw an armful of pine knots upon the fire. For one thing, she would have plenty of light. Then walking directly up to Poll's perch, and regarding him sternly, she said, in a voice almost as metallic as his own:

"Well, Polly Cummins, you an' I might ez well have it out first ez last. I wouldn't talk to no sech unearthly figgur ez you in the dark, but I've done struck a good light, 'n' I'm bigger 'n you are, 'n' I reckon I'm older. It's already come to words between us, 'n' maybe it 'll come to worse; but whatever it is, I'm ready for it."

She approached a step nearer, and folding her hands behind her and looking keenly into the bird's eyes, said: "Now I want to know, *how much 'do you know?*"

Poll, curious at the novel proceeding, craned his neck, turning upon her first one eye and then the other. The sudden glare no doubt made him blink.

"No, you needn't to wink at me, Polly, 'n' you needn't put out yore paw to shake hands, 'n' you needn't to make out like you don't understand. You've done committed yoreself, 'n' you can't back out of it. Speak out this minute when I tell you. *How much do you know, I say?*"

The silence that followed was broken finally by Miss Cordelia. Her voice had lost somewhat of its severity when she spoke again.

"I've mistrusted you befo' to-night, Polly Cummins. Many a night when you've said 'Good-night, Cordelia,' an' 'Pleasant dreams,' an' 'God bless you!' I've felt mighty quare about you, ef I did teach it to you myself. It's made me feel mighty shivery an' quare, I tell you, an' many's the night I've gone to sleep with a pretty creepy feelin' with yore human words a-ringin' in my ears. But with it all I been mighty fond of you, an' proud of you too, an' th' ain't a livin' soul ez knows thet you say 'Good-night, Cordelia,' to me 'thout the 'Miss' to it, 'n' thet I call you Polly Cummins. That's jest a little sociability 'twixt you an' me, an' I've allowed it an' encour'ged it jest because I *was* fond of you, 'n' I've reckoned you to be the most consolin' bird for a lonely person thet ever I see, not to say the smartest. *That* much I *knew* by what I could teach you to do an' to say. But ez to what you've held back from me—though I've had my suspicions, I've never reelly b'lieved it tell to-night. But you've had yore chance to play smarty, an' you've done it! You know thet of all the people in town th' ain't nobody thet 'd make more o' what you said 'n Sally Ann Brooks will. She'll put on one o' them catarac' wrappers o' hers 'n' run over to the 'xchange quick ez she's swallered her breakfast, 'n' she'll tell that tale to everybody that comes in—'n' what she don't add to it they will, *'n' you know it.*

"Ef you know ez much ez you've showed you know, why didn't you talk it over with me by ourselves, an' not make me an' him both cheap befo' the whole o' this gapin' town? Answer me, Polly Cummins, *how much do you know about me an' Bud Zunts?*"

At mention of this name, Poll raised his head and exclaimed, as before, "Nothin' for you, Bud Zunts!"

Standing thus near, Miss Cordelia caught, as she had not done before, a something in the repetition that made her start and turn suddenly white. It was the exact reproduction of her own intonation. In it she discerned all the pent-up tragedy of the long waiting, the tenderness, the resolve to be unyielding, which she had felt safely concealed by the oft-repeated form.

Turning suddenly, she staggered to a chair, and dropping her face into her hands over the table, she sat a long time, thinking. When finally she raised herself, her whole manner was changed.

"He don't know nothin'," she said, sadly. "He don't know a thing but what I've learned him. He's only a bird, after all—pore Poll! But ef my voice has been that encouragin', it's a wonder Bud 'ain't spoke long ago. Pore ole Polly!" she repeated. "He's jest said what I've been a-learnin' 'im for goin' on fo' years. But *he's got to be unlearned*—that's what he's got to be! 'N' it's got to be did in less 'n fo' years' time, too. It's got to be did *right away*, 'n' I might ez well begin now. Ef Poll has got to talk about Bud, I'll see to it thet he says somethin' to 'is credit, that I

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will, 'n' the Simpkinsville folks can make what they choose out of it. They've done give 'im credit fo' gettin' love-letters, an' I'll see thet he keeps it."

Rising, she went back to the perch, and said, slowly and distinctly, "They's a love-letter for you, Bud Zunts."

"Nothin' for you, Bud Zunts!" answered Polly.

"A love-letter for you, Bud Zunts!" repeated Miss Cordelia, calmly.

"Nothin' for you, Bud Zunts," insists Poll again; and while he laughs, Miss Cordelia, raising her voice, reiterates:

"A love-letter for you, Bud Zunts!"

"Nothin' for you—"

"A love-letter—"

"Nothin' for you—"

"A love-letter—"

"Nothin'—"

"A love-letter—"

Miss Cordelia, in her growing excitement, raised her voice higher and higher, until it was a shrill scream, while Poll, not to be outdone, screeched his loudest. It was a fierce argument dramatically sustained on both sides, and there in the blazing light woman and bird appeared at their best.

Poll, safely perched somewhat above his opponent's head, had perhaps the best of it. He did not grow red in the face nor lose his poise, and his back hair of course could not come down, as did poor Miss Cordelia's, from the insistent shaking of her head.

There is no telling just how long the contest might have continued or how it would have resulted had not a sudden swishing sound just behind her told Miss Cordelia that somebody was dropping a letter in the box. There was some one, of course, just outside the door. Would he notice the blazing light? Had he heard? Starting suddenly, she quickly turned down the lamp and blew out both candles. Then she hurriedly got into bed. She did not so much as say her prayers. She did not even look at the letter in the box. She was too much frightened.

Poll, awe stricken into silence by the sudden darkness, made no sound for some minutes, and then, in a somewhat querulous voice, he ventured, "Nothin' for you, Bud Zunts!" And Miss Cordelia did not contradict him.

But when after a prolonged silence Poll said, "Good-night, Cordelia!" she answered, feebly, "Good-night, Polly!"

"Happy dreams!" continued Poll.

"Happy dreams!" responded a weak voice from under the covers.

"God bless you!" said the bird. But Miss Cordelia could not answer. She was crying.

When Bud Zunts got home that night he sat for a long time looking into the fire. He did not light a candle. He rarely did, in truth; but wiser men than he have eschewed candles when they could sit and weave gold and silver life webs before a fire of friendly logs.

Bud's evening reveries took much of their mood and color from the temper of the fire upon his hearth, but he did not know it. He never got far enough from himself to get a perspective on things belonging naturally to the only home life he knew, as do the dear wise ones who enrich the world with charming and poetic studies of logs and fireside reveries. But Bud did feel sensibly to-night that the logs were wet and burned badly, and that little narrow blue flames curled over their mossy barks. These blue jetting blazes he always felt unpleasantly, as if their meaning were bad—perhaps because of their likeness to the ignition of brimstone matches. Bud faithfully believed in the old-fashioned hell.

His clock had stopped. There had been times when he had felt rested to have the old clock stop. Such a lapse had never occurred during the nearly forty years of his life with his mother. It had been as incessant as her voice, as faithful and unswerving, but just a little wearing. But to-night, when the wood sputtered and the wind rustled around the corners of the house, it made him feel lonely.

"Somehow, I miss ma to-night," he said, wearily, at last. "But I know she'd scold ef she was to come in sudden an' see the way things are. Seem like I can't ricollec' to wind up that clock reg'lar, noways. 'N' ef she was to see ole Dominicker a-sett'n' over yonder on the flour-bar'l—well, I dun'no' what she *would* say. How ma has wrastled with that hen! Lay an' set on that flour-bar'l top she would, spite o' the devil—'n' pore ma jest ez set on breakin' 'er!

"How I have begged 'er to let me nail a little strip aroun' the top to keep the eggs f'om rollin' off! But she wouldn't, an' jest ez reg'lar ez her back was turned seem like Dominicker 'd up an' lay a

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egg, an' it 'd roll off an' smash, 'n' ma'd whup 'er—but of co'se she whupped 'er so easy it didn't hurt—an' nex' day, maybe jest a hour sooner or later, jest quick ez ma'd get both han's in the dough, or maybe be tillin' the wash-kittle, she'd up an' perform, 'n' they'd have the same picnic over agin. Lordy! but it was tur'ble. I've begged 'er to kill Dominicker a-many a time when the preachers 'd come out to dinner, but 'twasn't no use. She 'lowed thet she'd kill 'er after she'd conquered 'er, an' not befo'—'n' then she'd make me go an' kill some easy-goin', Christian-sperited hen, an' she'd *con*tinue to wrastle with Dominicker. I do b'lieve ma's read passages o' Scriptur' an' prayed over breakin' up Dominicker f'om sett'n' on that flour-bar'l. An' it would shorely pleg her mightily to know I'd fixed 'er nes' there, jest the way she wanted it. But I 'lowed thet maybe ma wouldn't know it, an' when she was here she had her way, 'n' now th' ain't no *con*trairy person roun' *but* Dominicker, an' I 'low to let 'er have her turn at hers.

"Wonder ef Miss Cordelia 'd mind 'er sett'n' on the flour-bar'l? She mightn't like it—right here in the house—but I b'lieve ef she saw me a-favorin' it she'd let 'er 'lone—though she mightn't. Th' ain't no flour in the bar'l—they wasn't when ma was here. It's jest filled up with pa's ole saddle an' things yet, the way she packed it ten year ago.

"Reck'n Miss Cordelia'd— I declare, lis'n at me a-talkin', 's ef I'd clair forgot what she's jest said to me; but I 'ain't, nor the way she said it, neither. 'Nothin' fo' you, Bud Zunts.' It's a ringin' in my ears yet. Seem like, when I look back, it's been said in my ear all my life, 'n' I didn't seem to hear it. 'Nothin' fo' you, Bud Zunts.' Ricollec' when I wanted to go off to school—'n' *was* goin'—'n' then pa died, 'n' I couldn't leave ma. 'N' then when I went a-soldierin', 'n' expected to come back on a white horse, holdin' a Confedrit flag in one han' an knockin' at the Cummins gate with the other—'n' 'stid o' that I come in a ambulance, 'th a so'e leg, 'n' I was puny an' ragged, 'n' they wasn't no Confedricy—'n'—'n' ma met me at the cross-roads, 'n' took me home roun' the other way. 'N' then Miss Cordelia she was teachin' school, 'n' ma needed me constant—'n'—'n' then *she* got the pos'-office, 'n'—'n' ma died—'n' I started out to co't Miss Cordelia, 'n'—'n' then she started sayin' it to me, 'n' she's said it to me ev'ry day sence—'Nothin' fo' you, Bud Zunts.' That's jest the way she says it.

"I do wush 't the clock 'd tick! I'd wind it up an' set it, ef I knowed the time. I'd do it anyhow ef I could forgit what ma used to say—'Anybody thet 'd set a clock wrong, 'd tell any other lie.' Now I wouldn't lie—not ef I know myself—but I'd set that clock agoin' 'n' *resk* gittin' it right in a *minute*, ef I didn't know thet the first tick it 'd give, seem like I'd hear ma start to scol' me fur it.

"I didn't half try them shetters o' Miss Cordelia's to-night. Sence the boys 've started to pleg me about gittin' letters, seem like I think somebody's a-watchin' me all the time. But I don't reck'n anybody 'd trouble 'er. Ef—ef I could jest say the *first word* to 'er, seem like the rest 'd come easy. I've made up my min' a hund'ed times, 'n'—'n' then when she comes out with 'Nothin' fo' you—' I jest can't do a thing but turn roun' an' walk out, to save my life—seem like."

Miss Cordelia rested very little during that night, waking often from short snatches of sleep haunted by vivid and harrowing dreams. Once she seemed to see Bud with Poll's face, standing in his accustomed place and saying in the bird's hard voice, "Won't you marry me, Cordelia?" And then when she started up, and turning over, slept again, it was only to see Poll a grown-up woman, dressed in one of Sally Ann Brooks's wrappers, sitting in the exchange talking so loud and fast that no one could stop him—and so the night passed.

The bed had yielded her so little rest that she rose at the first gleam of day, and as she moved about her room she seemed to see things more clearly. The more she thought upon it, the more important it seemed that Poll should forget the fateful sentence. She felt heartily ashamed of her excitement of last night.

"'Tis awful pervokin', though, to have anybody, even a human person, conterdic' you to yore face, but I ought to had better sense 'n to get riled at pore Poll the way I did. He cert'n'y is a mighty smart bird, Poll is, 'n' I'm shore ef I half try, I can teach 'im the way I want to."

Feeling the room chilly, she bared a bed of coals and threw fresh kindling

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upon them, and when Poll stirred on his perch, she said, slowly, not moving from her chair, "They's a love-letter fo' you, Bud Zunts."

"Nothin' fo' you—" responded the bird, promptly.

Miss Cordelia allowed him to finish the sentence, and then again, calmly, she repeated the new form. Over and over again, as fast as Poll reiterated the old sentence, Miss Cordelia submitted her amendment.

She bore it well, and, excepting that two crimson disks soon appeared upon her pallid cheeks, she gave no sign of agitation. She had never in her life undertaken anything with a firmer resolution, and never had she felt so hurried by the exigences of circumstance. She was afraid for the day's routine to begin, lest Poll should air his new accomplishment for the entertainment of the first comer into her door.

When finally the day was fully come she set about her duties with an abstracted air, reciting his new lesson to Poll every few moments. So all during the day, whenever she felt sure no one was hanging about the open door, she said, or sometimes even sang, the simple sentence; and once, when a prolonged hum of voices without forbade this, she went close to her pupil and whispered it; but Poll did not whisper his retort, and so she did not try this again. The day was long, but it was at last safely passed. Only one ordeal more, when Bud should come in and wait, and then, that over, she would close her door and go early to bed.

There was a heavy mail to-night, and she was kept pretty busy. When finally the crowd dispersed, and, ere she in the least realized it, Bud alone stood without, backing with his usual diffidence against the opposite wall, she opened her lips to say the familiar words, when Poll, close at her elbow, happened to duck his head and look through the window at Bud Zunts. A sudden panic seized poor Miss Cordelia. The bird had seemed to challenge her, and before she knew it she had said, defiantly, "They's a love-letter fo' you, Bud Zunts!"

Bud jumped as if he had been shot, while Poll, as if realizing the mistake, shrieked at the top of his voice, "Nothin' fo' you, Bud Zunts!"

There followed now a critical moment for all three, and Poll's last word seemed to proclaim him master of the situation. If Miss Cordelia had not had a healthy heart, she would certainly have dropped dead then and there.

Poor Bud's face was as red as his hair as he staggered forward, grinning nervously. Seeing his eager countenance approach the window, Miss Cordelia stammered, "Th' ain't a thing fo' you, Bud. I dun'no' how on earth I come to say that. My min'—my min' 's been considerable worreted to-day, an' I didn't sleep very good las' night, an' Poll fretted me consider'ble, an'—an' I—I—tell the truth, I dun'no' what in the world put sech a word ez that into my mouth—"

Bud was as awkward as she, but he had gained confidence during her apology, and his voice was firm though a little husky when he said, leaning in the window upon his folded arms:

"Ef you want to know my thoughts about it, Miss C'delia, I reck'n God A'mighty put it there. He knew thet it was about time I was gittin' a love-letter—ef ever I'm goin' to git one—an' He knew there wasn't but one person I'd keer *to* git it from, an' He knew thet you was that special partic'lar person, an' He knew mo'n that—He knew thet I was such a chicken-hearted ejiot thet less'n *some* sign come fo' me to speak, I'd 've come an' gone out o' this Simpkinsville pos'-office eternal 'thout openin' my head to you—I'm jest that big of a dummy."

He hesitated only a second, as if to gain breath.

"Th' ain't no love-letter waitin' fo' me to-night, I reck'n. Even Poll knowed that much—didn't you, Poll? But maybe they's a leetle bit mo' to it thet Poll *don't know*. He don't know thet I been a-comin' here ev'ry night fo' three years an' six mont's an' fo' nights *to-night*, jest a-hopin' to fix things so's they *would* be a love-letter a-comin' to me. You didn't know that, did you, Poll?"

During all this time Miss Cordelia had stood as if petrified before Bud, her face rigid and white.

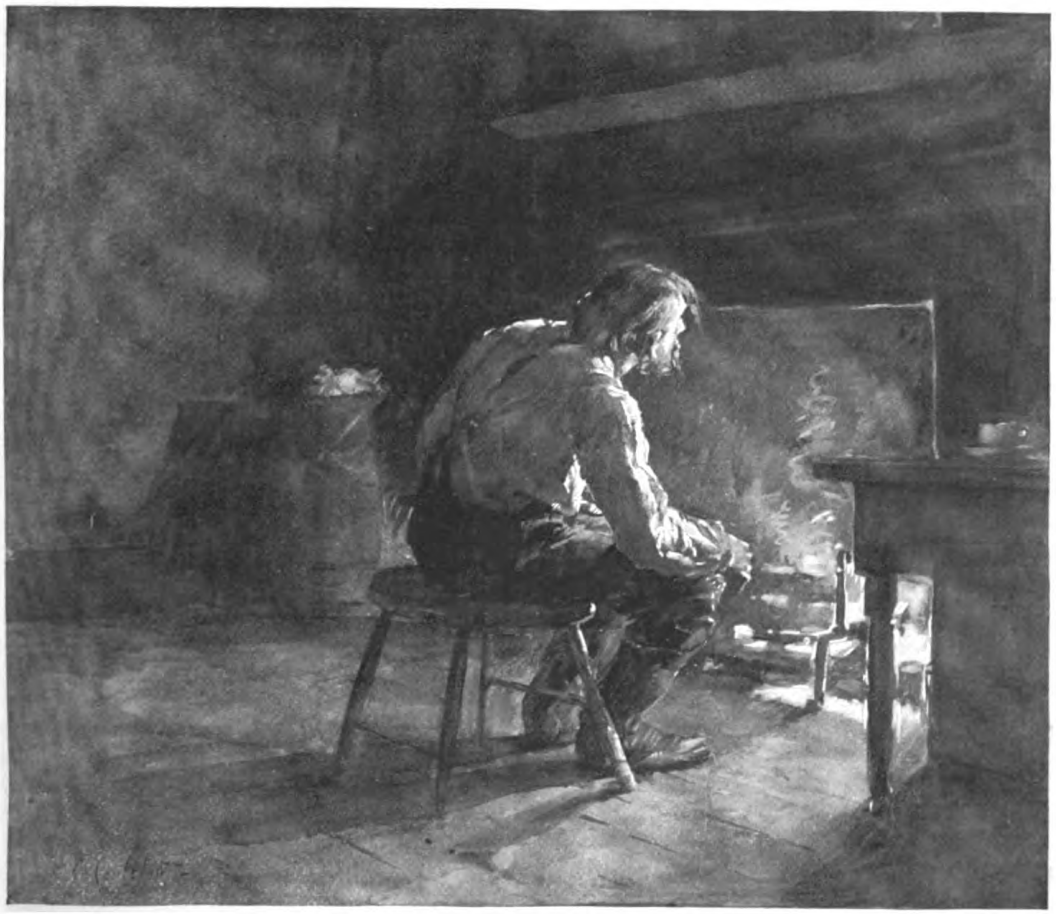
"And you didn't know it neither, Miss Cordelia," he continued, lowering his tone. "You didn't know it neither—did you, honey?"

At this, Miss Cordelia, covering her face with her hands, protested desperately.

"Oh, don't, Bud! Don't, I beg you! I'm disgraced enough already, 'thout—"

Bud misunderstood, and was wounded.

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"SEEM LIKE I CAN'T RECOLLEC' TO WIN' UP THAT CLOCK."

"Of co'se I'll hursh ef you say so," he said, sadly. "I wouldn't o' started ef I'd knew it 'd pleg you that a-way. I reck'n it do seem a sort o' disgrace for a nice ejercated lady to be co'ted by a outlandish ole tacky like me—I reck'n 'tis."

There were great tears rolling down between Miss Cordelia's thin fingers now.

"'Tain't that, Bud," she sobbed. "'Tain't that, 'n' you know it—'n' you know thet what I've done to-night is jest ez much ez askin' you to speak love to me—'n' you know thet ef I'd o' had any manner o' shame, I'd 've died befo' I'd 've said it—but it all come o' me tryin' to teach Poll to tell a story—an' now I'm paid—I've done disgusted you fo'ever, 'n' I know it."

"Disgusted who, honey?"

"Why of co'se I've disgusted you the way I've acted. After me standin' up here an' encour'gin' you to speak, night after night for fo' years, goin' on, an' you've not done it—fo' me to out an' out *say* love-letter to you. Oh, Bud, what *to* say I *don't* know—*but it's awful!*"

She sobbed again. Bud seemed somewhat dazed.

"What's awful, honey?" he asked, vaguely. "Th' ain't nothin' awful been did thet I can see but the way I've done acted, like a plumb ejiot, time out of min'—but ez to yo' *encour'gin'* me—I don't want to conterdic' nothin' you say, but reely, less'n you'd o' put me out, I don't jest see how you could o' give me less encour'gement—'*deed* I don't."

"'Tain't what—what I've said, Bud. I know I 'ain't said much, but it's—*it's the way I've said it.*"

Bud shifted his position.

"An' did you 'low thet you was a-sayin' it sweet, honey? Jiminy crackers! but I wush 't I'd 've knew it. Seemed to me jest the other way—'n' all the way home every night yore words 'd be a-ringin' in my ears—'n'—'n'—"

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He chuckled softly.

"'N' ef they hadn't o' been sweetened by yore mouth, they'd o' been the mos' *dis*cour'gin' words I ever hear."

Miss Cordelia wiped her eyes slowly.

"Well, Bud," she replied, evidently somewhat mollified, "I'm mighty glad you can say so—but it did seem to me some nights thet my voice 'd get so persuadin', *in spite of all I could do*, thet ef they *was* anything on yore min' you'd 've spoke it out, then an' there. But, tell the truth, Bud, it was mo'n half worrymint over yore takin' them long rides in the col' win' an' not knowin' ef you wore flannen under—under-garments nex' to yore—yore skin."

She blushed crimson.

"Th' idee o' you a-frettin' 'bout my ole skin! I do declare I've growed a inch in the las' minute—I know I have."

He chuckled again.

"An' you do wear 'em, do you, Bud—good warm ones?"

He drew his flowered kerchief from his deep pocket and wiped his eyes, as betwixt laughter and tears he answered her.

"Th' idee o' her a-keerin'!" he began. "Yas, honey, co'se I wear 'em—good thick ones, all ma-knit; 'n' I've got a pile o' new ones tall as this winder thet she's stacked away fo' me—some knit narrer and some wide, so's ef I growed ole like either side o' the fambly, fat or slim, I'd never go col'—nor tight nor bulgy neither. Pore ma! She never forgot nothin' in 'er life, I don't reck'n. 'N' I've got perserves enough to do us too, honey," he resumed, after a pause. "I 'ain't never opened no perserves sence she's went. I've been a-savin' 'em fo' whenever you'd—but never min', I see you're gittin' plegged agin, 'n' I ain't a-goin' to say another word to-night—not a one; 'n' I'm a-goin' out 'n' see ef yore winder's bolted good, 'n' then I'm a-goin' to lock the gate 'n' go home, 'n' when I get there I'm a-goin' to write you the neares' to a love-letter thet I can write, 'n' I'm a-goin' to mail it in the mornin', an' I'm a-comin' for my answer to-morrer 'bout this time—you hear?"

Miss Cordelia colored afresh.

"But," continued Bud, "they's jest one thing I do ast you to do to-night befo' I go. Shake han's with me, won't you, thoo the winder, jest ez lovin' ez you know how?"

If Miss Cordelia's usually pale face was already aglow, it flamed a brilliant scarlet now as she timorously presented her thin hand. Bud took it in both his and held it tight for one brief moment, then, without a word, he turned and walked out.

He found it necessary to wipe his eyes before he mounted his wagon seat, and at intervals all along the road a tear rolled down his cheek, though it usually found him chuckling.

"I do declare," he was saying when he passed the first mile-stake, "seem like I c'n see 'er han' yet, the way she put it out to me so modes' an' shy, 'th all the purty blue veins in it jest like the rivers on a geogerphy map. How I have studied 'em these fo' years! I could see 'er han's, 'n' she couldn't see me. 'N' I know every vein on 'em, 'n' jest where the two little moles set like little towns on the aidge o' the rivers. 'N' to think o' me a-holdin' 'em! Th' ain't a bit o' use in putt'n' it off, 'n' I'm a-goin' to say so in the letter. She won't need mo' clo'es 'n she's got. She *might* want to sew a little trimmin' roun'—I think a little lace or ruffle 'd look mighty purty. Ma never had no trimmin' on none o' her inside things, 'n' I ricollec' I use ter wush 't she would. She could sew on lace afterwards jest as well, *an' better*. That pos'-office mus' hinder 'er consider'ble.

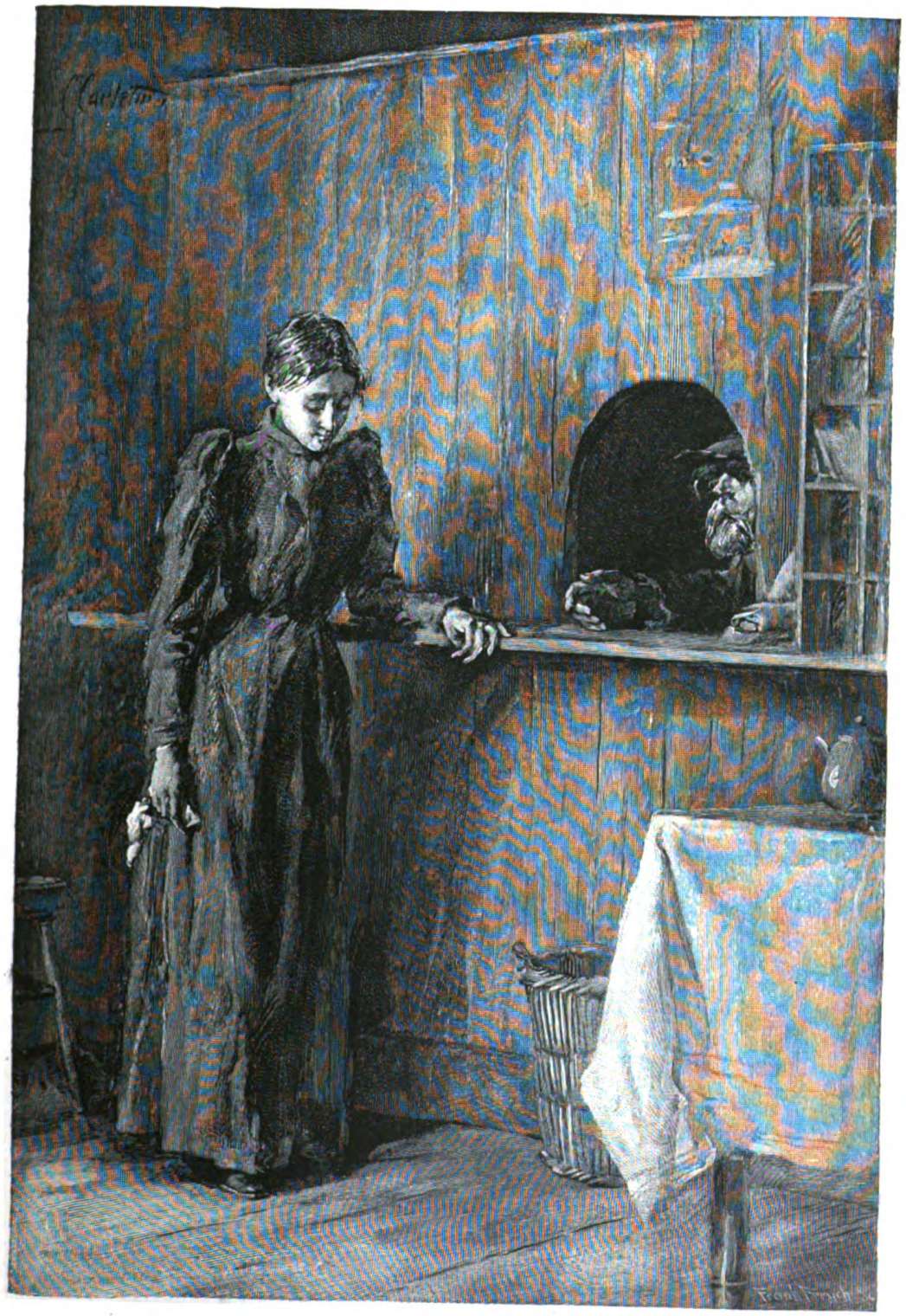
"I'm glad I saved all the perserves, 'n' never opened none. Thet's one thing I do believe ma'd praise me for. 'Cept'n' thet I've jest put off speakin' f'om day to day. Though I don't reck'n I could o' held out—'n' they all put up in thick syrup too, 'n' ef they's one thing I do love—

"I vow I don't see how I'm a-goin' to stan' it 'n' not tell nobody all day to-morrer—I don't reely. B'lieve I'll git out an' walk 'longside o' Bute 'n' Fairy. Seem like I ought to humble myself some way, God's been so good to me."

Bud actually descended from his seat, and still holding the reins, trudged along beside the oxen, talking to them as he went:

"Nemmine, Bute 'n' Fairy, we ain't a-goin' to keep up these night trips much longer—no, we ain't; 'n' Mis' Brooks 'll have to hunt up some new joke in place o' me an' my fiery untamed steeds a-passin' her house every night—yas, she will. I have knew tongues in my day thet was purty fiery 'n' untamed thet 'd do well to take a lesson f'om a stiddy-goin' ox thet

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"SHAKE HAN'S WITH ME, WON'T YOU?"

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min's 'is own business; but 'twouldn't do to say so, I reck'n, bein' ez they was ladies' tongues, mos'ly. But we ain't a-goin' to take a-many mo' o' these trips, I say, 'cause we goin' to fetch the"—he giggled—"we goin' to fetch the pos'-office out home—that's what we goin' to do—so's we won't have to go to it; 't least we'll fetch all of it thet's any good; the letter part can stay where 'tis."

No one will ever know what was written in the letter that Bud spent that entire night in shaping, and over the difficulties of which he by turns groaned, chuckled, bit his lip, and walked the floor; but when it was finally written, it was a living, breathing love-letter, which, if innocent of protestation or impassioned avowal, was redolent of the timid heart-blossoms of a long life of unspoken devotion.

Bud knew about capital I's, and he knew that honey was a common noun to be spelled with a small h, but how can one remember all these trifles when one is in love? Such substitution of values is not infrequent, we are told, in Cupid's repository of authentic MSS.

No one will ever know what was written in the perfumed pink-papered answer that Bud received on the second day afterward. Yes, it is true, Miss Cordelia did her part with all the dainty accompaniments she had learned through years of close observation. Only of the *inside* of love-letters was she ignorant; and so, guided simply by the promptings of her maiden heart, she wrote the womanly and brief epistle which, Bud declared to her afterward, "knocked off twenty years of his age at a single pop."

The Cummins-Zunts courtship, albeit it was a brief one, must have been carried on with exceptional discretion, as, though Bud had given abundant evidence of his approaching nuptials in sundry improvements about his home, no one suspected the future bride in Miss Cordelia, until she actually went over and asked Miss Sophia Falena Simpkins to "stand up" with her. Mrs. Brooks never did recover from her consternation over the affair, nor did she ever feel entirely sure that Miss Cordelia quite forgave her remark about "ole folks a-co'tin."

The Zunts cottage sits like a smiling expression of domestic bliss by the roadside. The cedars that stand about its front yard, and which had grown riotous and disorderly in the interregnum, hold up shapely tapering heads that defer in the soft breeze to their new mistress—like well-ordered ladies-in-waiting—while the pair guarding the front gate have fallen upon one another's shoulders for the shaping of a triumphal arch through which in her comings and goings she may pass.

There are flowering plants in season standing in tins and earthen pots about the little porch, where two rocking-chairs are generally to be seen swaying, very close together.

In the late evenings, while his wife sets her bread to rise, or, rocking softly, plies her crochet needle, Bud sits with his pipe musing in the chair opposite, but he seldom speaks, having said all he had to say. But his eyes beam with a peaceful light as he chuckles to himself; and when she asks, "What you so tickled at, Bud?" he replies, "I was jest a-thinkin'"; or sometimes he adds, "I was jest a-thinkin' *this*, thet 'a ole fool is the wors' kind o' fool.'" And then he rises, and crossing over, kisses her, and quietly goes back to his seat; or perhaps he stops to pull down the lamp shade a little, so that it may not shine in Dominicker's eyes, for the old hen still pursues her maternal vocation unmolested on the flour-barrel, and is in no wise disquieted because her indulgent mistress has insinuated the braided rim of an old basket, scoured to whiteness, around the edges of her nest, while her pedestal is arrayed in a gathered flounce of Turkey-red calico.

It is quite immaterial to her virtuous ladyship that she has come to be regarded, as she sits thus æsthetically enthroned, as an article of *virtu* quite worthy its place on the shining floor of a room grown beautiful through a woman's touch.

Poll drowses blinking on his perch until he falls nearly asleep, and when the clock strikes he starts up from a nod like a child, and says: "Good-night, Cordelia!"... "Happy dreams!"... "God bless you!"... pausing after each salutation until he is satisfactorily answered, and then he adds, "They's a love-letter for you, Bud Zunts."

And Bud answers, "I know it, Poll, 'n' I've done taken it out o' the pos'-office, too."

And then Poll, satisfied, goes to sleep.

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AN OUTPOST OF CIVILIZATION.

BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.



THE hacienda San José de Bavicora lies northwest from Chihuahua 225 of the longest miles on the map. The miles run up long hills and dive into rocky cañons; they stretch over never-ending burnt plains, and across the beds of tortuous rivers thick with scorching sand. And there are three ways to make this travel. Some go on foot—which is best, if one has time—like the Tahuramaras; others take it ponyback, after the Mexican manner; and persons with no time and a great deal of money go in a coach. At first thought this last would seem to be the best, but the Guerrero stage has never failed to tip over, and the company make you sign away your natural rights, and almost your immortal soul, before they will allow you to embark. So it is not the best way at all, if I may judge from my own experience. We had a coach which seemed to choose the steepest hill on the route, where it then struck a stone, which heaved the coach, pulled out the king-pin, and what I remember of the occurrence is full of sprains and aches and general gloom. Guerrero, too, is only three-fourths of the way to Bavicora, and you can only go there if Don Gilberto, the *patron* of the hacienda—or, if you know him well enough, "Jack"—will take you in the ranch coach.

After bumping over the stones all day for five days, through a blinding dust, we were glad enough when we suddenly came out of the tall timber in the mountain pass and espied the great yellow plain of Bavicora stretching to the blue hills of the Sierra. In an hour's ride more, through a chill wind, we were at the ranch. We pulled up at the entrance, which was garnished by a bunch of cow-punchers, who regarded us curiously as we pulled our aching bodies and bandaged limbs from the Concord and limped into the *patio*.

To us was assigned the room of honor, and after shaking ourselves down on a good bed, with mattress and sheeting, we recovered our cheerfulness. A hot toddy, a roaring fireplace, completed the effect. The floor was strewed with bear and wolf skin rugs; it had pictures and draperies on the walls, and in a corner a wash-basin and pitcher—so rare in these parts—was set on a stand, grandly suggestive of the refinements of luxury we had attained to. I do not wish to convey the impression that Mexicans do not wash, because there are brooks enough in Mexico if they want to use them, but wash-basins are the advance-guards of progress, and we had been on the outposts since leaving Chihuahua.

Jack's man William had been ever-present, and administered to our slightest wish; his cheerful "Good-mo'n'in', gemmen," as he lit the fire, recalled us to life, and after a rub-down I went out to look at the situation.

Jack's ranch is a great straggling square of mud walls enclosing two *patios*, with adobe corrals and out-buildings, all obviously constructed for the purposes of defence. It was built in 1770 by the Jesuits, and while the English and Dutch were fighting for the possession of the Mohawk Valley, Bavicora was an outpost of civilization, as it is to-day. Locked in a strange language, on parchment stored in vaults in Spain, are the records of this enterprise. In 1840 the good fathers were murdered by the Apaches, the country devastated and deserted, and the cattle and horses hurried to the mountain lairs of the Apache devils. The place lay idle and unreclaimed for years, threatening to crumble back to the dust of which it was made. Near by are curious mounds on the banks of a dry *arroyo*. The punchers have dug down into these ruins, and found adobe walls, mud plasterings, skeletons, and bits of woven goods.

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EL PATRON.

They call them the "Montezumas." All this was to be changed. In 1882 an American cowboy—which was Jack—accompanied by two companions, penetrated south from Arizona, and as he looked from the mountains over the fair plain of Bavicora, he said, "I will take this." The Apaches were on every hand; the country was terrorized to the gates of Chihuahua. The stout heart of the pioneer was not disturbed, and he made his word good. By purchase he acquired the plain, and so much more that you could not ride round it in two weeks. He moved in with his hardy punchers, and fixed up Bavicora so it would be habitable. He chased the Indians off his ranch whenever he "cut their sign." After a while the Mexican *vaqueros* from below overcame their terror, when they saw the American hold his own with the Apache devils, and by twos and threes and half-dozens they came up to take service, and now there are two hundred who lean on Jack and call him *patron.* They work for him, and they follow him

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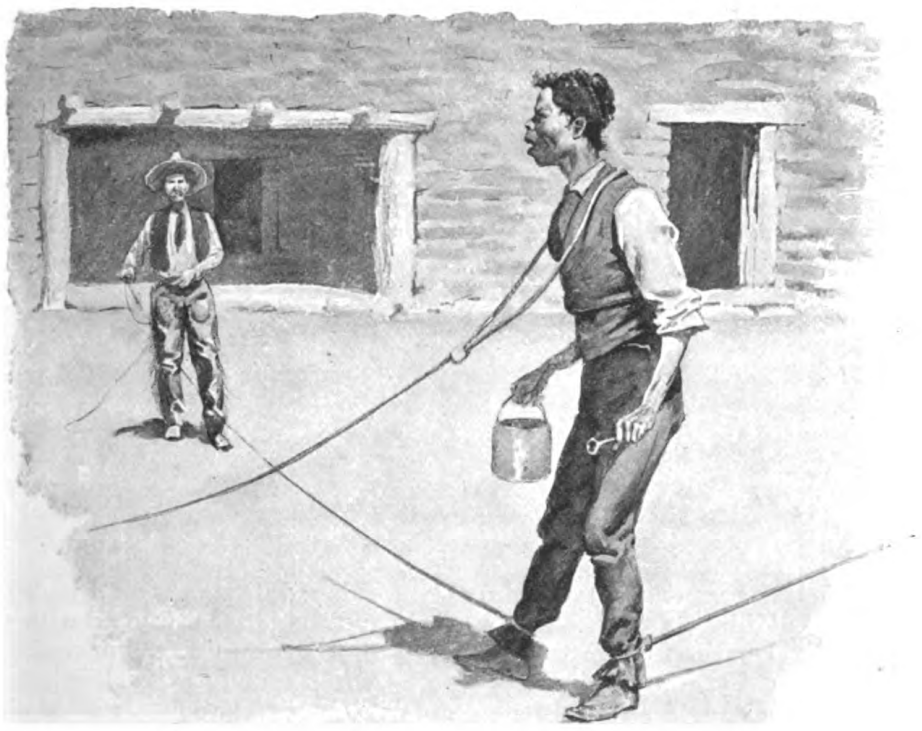
on the Apache trail, knowing he will never run away, believing in his beneficence, and trusting to his courage.

I sat on a mud bank and worked away at a sketch of the yellow sunlit walls of the mud ranch, with the great plain running away like the ocean into a violet streak under the blue line of the Peña Blanca. In the rear rises a curious broken formation of hills like millions of ruins of Rhine castles. The *lobos** howl by night, and the Apache is expected to come at any instant. The old *criada* or serving-woman who makes the beds saw her husband killed at the front door, and every man who goes out of the *patio* has a large assortment of the most improved artillery on his person. Old carts with heavy wooden wheels like millstones stand about. Brown people with big straw hats and gay *serapes* lean lazily against the gray walls. Little pigs carry on the contest with nature, game-chickens strut, and clumsy puppies tumble over each other in joyful play; *burros* stand about sleepily, only indicating life by suggestive movements of their great ears, while at intervals a pony, bearing its lithe rider, steps from the gate, and breaking into an easy and graceful lope, goes away into the waste of land.

I rose to go inside, and while I gazed I grew exalted in the impression that here, in the year of 1893, I had rediscovered a Fort Laramie after Mr. Parkman's well-known description. The foreman, Tom Bailey, was dressed in store clothes, and our room had bedsteads and a wash-basin; otherwise it answered very well. One room was piled high with dried meat, and the great stomachs of oxen filled with tallow; another room is a store full of goods—calicoes, buckskin, *riatas*, yellow leather shoes, guns, and other quaint plunder adapted to the needs of a people who sit on the ground and live on meat and corn meal.

"Charlie Jim," the Chinese cook, has a big room with a stove in it, and he and

* Wolves.



"PUNCHER ROPE MAN ALL SAME HORSE."

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the stove are a never-ending wonder to all the folks, and the fame of both has gone across the mountains to Sonora and to the south. Charlie is an autocrat in his curious Chinese way, and by the dignity of his position as Mr. Jack's private cook, and his unknown antecedents, he conjures the Mexicans and d——s the Texans, which latter refuse to take him seriously and kill him, as they would a "proper" man. Charlie Jim, in return, entertains ideas of Texans which he secretes, except when they dine with Jack, when he may be heard to mutter, "Cake and pie no good for puncher, make him fat and lazy"; and when he crosses the *patio* and they fling a rope over his foot, he becomes livid, and breaks out, "D—— puncher; d—— rope; rope man all same horse; d—— puncher; no good that way."



A HAIR-CUT À LA PUNCHER.

The *patron* has the state apartment, and no one goes there with his hat on; but the relations with his people are those of a father and children. An old gray man approaches; they touch the left arm with the right — an abbreviated hug — say "Buenos dias, patron!" "Buenos dias, Don Sabino!" and they shake hands. A California saddle stands on a rack by the desk, and the latter is littered with photographs of men in London clothes and women in French dresses, the latter singularly out of character with their surroundings. The old *criada* squats silently by the fireplace, her head enveloped in her blue *rebozo*, and deftly rolls her cigarette. She alone, and one white bull-dog, can come and go without restraint.

The *administrador*, which is Mr. Tom Bailey, of Texas, moves about in the dis-

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THE ADMINISTRADOR OF SAN JOSÉ DE BAVICORA.

charge of his responsibilities, and they are universal; anything and everything is his work, from the negotiation for the sale of five thousand head of cattle to the "busting" of a bronco which no one else can "crawl."

The clerk is in the store, with his pink boy's face, a pencil behind his ear, and a big sombrero, trying to look as though he had lived in these wilds longer than at San Francisco, which he finds an impossible part. He has acquired the language and the disregard of time necessary to one who would sell a real's worth of cotton cloth to a Mexican.

The forge in the blacksmith's shop is going, and one puncher is cutting another puncher's hair in the sunlight; ponies are being lugged in on the end of lariats, and thrown down, tied fast, and left in a convulsive heap, ready to be shod at the disposition of their riders.

On the roof of the house are two or three men looking and pointing to the little black specks on the plain far away, which are the cattle going into the *lagunas* to drink.

The second *patio*, or the larger one, is entered by a narrow passage, and here you find horses and saddles and punchers coming and going, saddling and unsaddling their horses, and being bucked about or dragged on a rope. In the little doorways to the rooms of the men stand women in calico dresses and blue cotton *rebozos*, while the dogs and pigs lie about, and little brown *vaqueros* are ripening in the sun. In the rooms you find pottery, stone *metates* for grinding the corn, a fireplace, a symbol of the Catholic Church, some *serapes*, some rope, and buckskin. The people sit on a mat on the floor, and make cigarettes out of native tobacco and corn husks, or rolled *tor-*

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THE HACIENDA SAN JOSÉ DE BAVICORA.

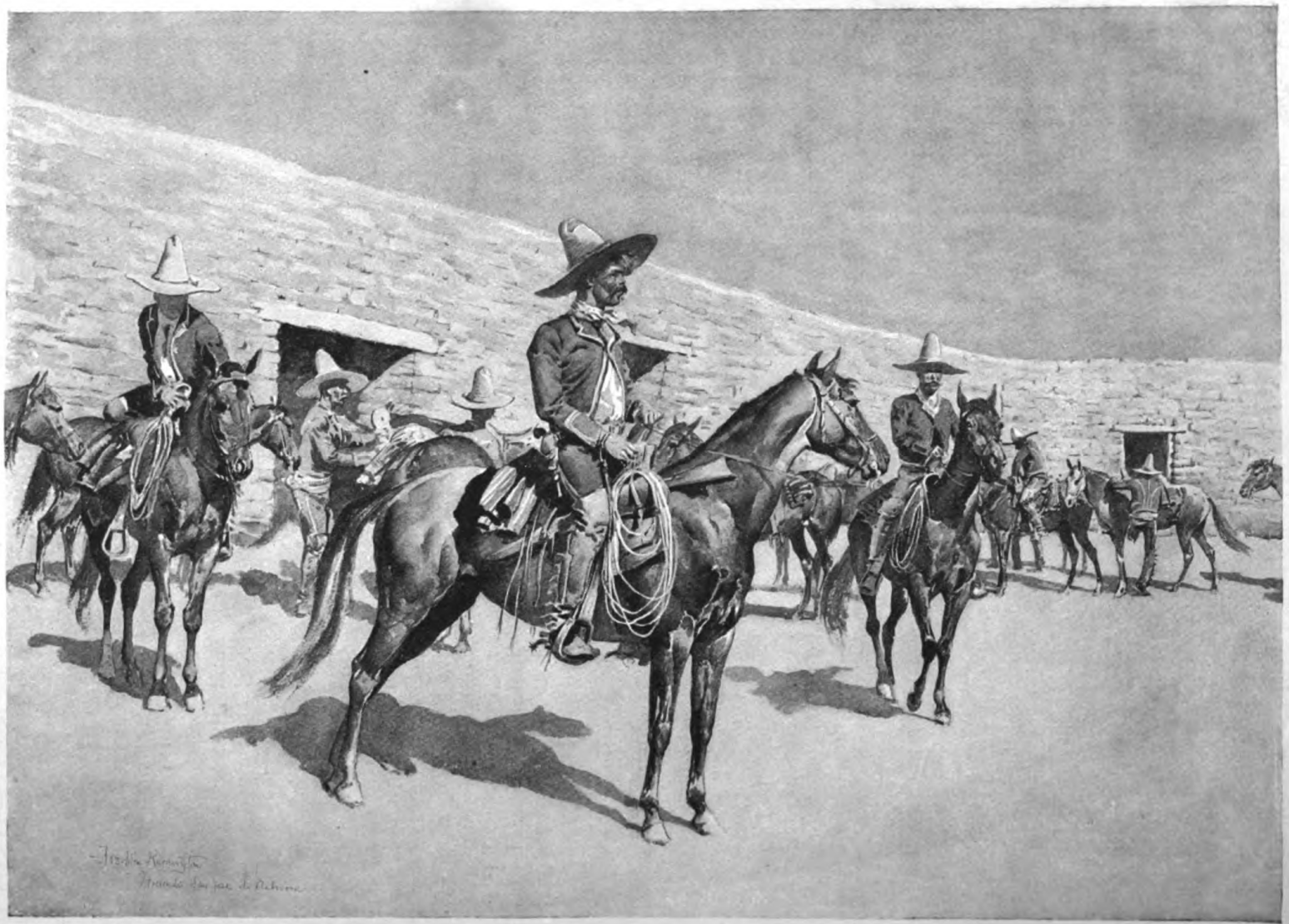
tillas; they laugh and chat in low tones, and altogether occupy the tiniest mental world, hardly larger than the *patio*, and not venturing beyond the little mud town of Temozachic, forty miles over the hills. Physically the men vacillate between the most intense excitement and a comatose state of idleness, where all is quiet and slothful, in contrast to the mad whirl of the roaring *rodeo*.

In the haciendas of old Mexico one will find the law and custom of the feudal days. All the laws of Mexico are in protection of the land-owner. The master is without restraint, and the man lives dependent on his caprice. The *patron* of Bavicora, for instance, leases land to a Mexican, and it is one of the arrangements that he shall drive the ranch coach to Chihuahua when it goes. All lessees of land are obliged to follow the *patron* to war, and, indeed, since the common enemy, the Apache, in these parts is as like to harry the little as the great, it is exactly to his interest to wage the war. Then, too, comes the responsibility of the *patron* to his people. He must feed them in the famine, he must arbitrate their disputes, and he must lead them at all times. If through improvidence their work-cattle die or give out, he must restock them, so that they may continue the cultivation of the land, all of which is not altogether profitable in a financial way, as we of the North may think, where all business is done on the "hold you responsible, sir," basis.

The *vaqueros* make their own saddles and *reatas;* only the iron saddle-rings, the rifles, and the knives come from the *patron*, and where he gets them from God alone knows, and the puncher never cares. No doctor attends the sick or disabled, old women's nursing standing between life and death. The Creator in His providence has arranged it so that simple folks are rarely sick, and a sprained ankle, a bad bruise from a steer's horn or a pitching horse, are soon remedied by rest and a good constitution. At times instant and awful death overtakes the puncher—a horse in a gopher-hole, a mad steer, a chill with a knife, a blue hole where the .45 went in, a quicksand closing overhead, and a cross on a hillside are all.

Never is a door closed. Why they were put up I failed to discover. For

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PUNCHERS SADDLING IN THE PATIO.

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THE PUNCHER COSTUME.

days I tried faithfully to keep mine shut, but every one coming or going left it open, so that I gave it up in despair. There are only two windows in the ranch of San José de Bavicora, one in our chamber and one in the blacksmith's shop, both opening into the court. In fact, I found those were the only two windows in the state, outside of the big city. The Mexicans find that their enemies are prone to shoot through these apertures, and so they have accustomed themselves to do without them, which is as it should be, since it removes the temptation.

One night the *patron* gave a *baile*. The *vaqueros* all came with their girls, and a string band rendered music with a very dancy swing. I sat in a corner and observed the man who wears the big hat and who throws the rawhide as he cavorted about with his girl, and the way they dug up the dust out of the dirt floor soon put me to coughing. "Candles shed their soft lustre—and tallow" down the backs of our necks, and the band scraped and thrummed away in a most serious manner. One man had a harp, two had primitive fiddles, and one a guitar. One old fiddler was the leader, and as he bowed his head on his instrument I could not keep my eyes off him. He had come from Sonora, and was very old; he looked as though he had had his share of a very rough life; he was never handsome as a boy, I am sure, but the weather and starvation and time had blown him and crumbled him into a ruin which resembled the pre-existing ape from which the races sprung. If he had never committed murder, it was for lack of opportunity; and Sonora is a long travel from Plymouth Rock.

Tom Bailey, the foreman, came round to me, his eyes dancing, and his shock of hair standing up like a Circassian beauty's, and pointing, he said, "Thar's a woman who's prettier than a speckled pup; put your twine on her." Then, as master of ceremonies, he straightened up and sang out over the fiddles and noise: "Dance, thar, you fellers, or you'll git the gout."

In an adjoining room there was a very heavy jug of strong-water, and thither the men repaired to pick up, so that as the night wore on their brains began to whirl after their legs, and they whooped at times in a way to put one's nerves on edge. The band scraped the harder and the dance waxed fast, the spurs clinked, and *bang, bang, bang* went the Winchester rifles in the *patio*, while the cho-

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rus "Viva el patron" rang around the room—the Old Guard was in action.

We sat in our room one evening when in filed the *vaqueros* and asked to be allowed to sing for the *patron*. They sat on my bed and on the floor, while we occupied the other; they had their hats in their hands, and their black dreamy eyes were diverted as though overcome by the magnificence of the apartment. They hemmed and coughed, until finally one man, who was evidently the leader, pulled himself together and began, in a high falsetto, to sing; after two or three words the rest caught on, and they got through the line, when they stopped; thus was one leading and the others following to the end of the line. It was strange, wild music –a sort of general impression of a boys' choir with a wild discordance, each man giving up his soul as he felt moved. The refrain always ended, for want of breath, in a low expiring howl, leaving the audience in suspense; but quickly they get at it again, and the rise of the tenor chorus continues. The songs are largely about love and women and doves and flowers, in all of which nonsense punchers take only a perfunctory interest in real life.

These are the amusements—although the puncher is always roping for practice, and everything is fair game for his skill; hence dogs, pigs, and men have become as expert in dodging the rope as the *vaqueros* are in throwing it. A mounted man, in passing, will always throw his rope at one sitting in a doorway, and then try to get away before he can retaliate by jerking his own rope over his head. I have seen a man repair to the roof and watch a doorway through which he expected some comrade to pass shortly, and watch for an hour to be ready to drop his noose about his shoulders.

The ranch fare is very limited, and at intervals men are sent to bring back a steer from the water-holes, which is



THE MUSIC AT THE "BAILE."

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SHOEING A BRONCO.

dragged to the front door and there slaughtered. A day of feasting ensues, and the doorways and the gutter-pipes and the corral fences are festooned with the beef left to dry in the sun.

There is the serious side of the life. The Apache is an evil which Mexicans have come to regard as they do the meteoric hail, the lightning, the drought, and any other horror not to be averted. They quarrel between themselves over land and stock, and there are a great many men out in the mountains who are proscribed by the government. Indeed, while we journeyed on the road and were stopping one night in a little mud town, we were startled by a fusillade of shots, and in the morning were informed that two men had been killed the night before, and various others wounded. At another time a Mexican, with his followers, had invaded our apartment and expressed a disposition to kill Jack, but he found Jack was willing to play his game, and gave up the enterprise. On the ranch the men had discovered some dead stock which had been killed with a knife. Men were detailed to roam the country in search of fresh trails of these cattle-killers. I asked the foreman what would happen in case they found a trail which could be followed, and he said, "Why, we would follow it until we came up, and then kill them." If a man is to "hold down" a big ranch in northern Mexico he has got to be "all man," because it is "a man's job," as Mr. Bailey of Los Ojos said—and he knows.

Jack himself is the motive force of the enterprise, and he disturbs the quiet of

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this waste of sunshine by his presence for about six months in the year. With his strong spirit, the embodiment of generations of pioneers, he faces the Apache, the marauder, the financial risks. He spurs his listless people on to toil, he permeates every detail, he storms, and greater men than he have sworn like troopers under less provocation than he has at times; but he has snatched from the wolf and the Indian the fair land of Bavicora, to make it fruitful to his generation.

There lies the hacienda San José de Bavicora, gray and silent on the great plain, with the mountain standing guard against intruders, and over it the great blue dome of the sky, untroubled by clouds, except little flecks of vapor, which stand, lost in immensity, burning bright like opals, as though discouraged from seeking the mountains or the sea from whence they came. The marvellous color of the country beckons to the painter; its simple natural life entrances the blond barbarian, with his fevered brain; and the gaudy *vaquero* and his trappings and his pony are the actors on this noble stage. But one must be appreciative of it all, or he will find a week of rail and a week of stage and a week of horseback all too far for one to travel to see a shadow across the moon.

THE PHANTOMS OF THE FOOT-BRIDGE.

BY CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK.

FROM side to side of the narrow gorge the little foot-bridge stretched — a brace of logs, the upper surface hewn, and a slight hand-rail formed of a cedar pole, to which the fibrous bark still adhered. A flimsy structure, one might think, looking down at the dark and rocky depths beneath, through which flowed the mountain stream swift and strong, but it was doubtless substantial enough for all ordinary usage, and certainly sufficient for the evasive and elusive travellers who by common report frequented it.

"We ain't likely ter meet nobody. Few folks kem this way nowadays, 'thout it air jes ter ford the creek down along hyar apiece, sence harnts an' sech onlikely critters hev been viewed a-crossin' the foot-bredge. An' it hev got the name o' bein' toler'ble onlucky, too," said Roxby.

His interlocutor drew back slightly. He had his own reasons to recoil from the subject of death. For him it was invested with a more immediate terror than is usual to many of the living, with that flattering persuasion of immortality in every strong pulsation repudiating all possibility of cessation. Then, lifting his gloomy, long-lashed eyes to the bridge far up the stream, he asked, "Whose 'harnts'?"

His voice had a low repressed cadence, as of one who speaks seldom, grave, even melancholy, and little indicative of the averse interest that had kindled in his sombre eyes. In contrast the drawl of the mountaineer, who had found him heavy company by the way, seemed imbued with an abnormal vivacity, and keyed a tone or two higher than was its wont.

"Thar ain't a few," he replied, with a sudden glow as of the pride of the cicerone. "Thar's a graveyard t'other side o' the gorge, an' not more than a haffen-mile off, an' a cornsider'ble passel o' folks hev been buried thar off an' on, an' the foot-bredge ain't in no wise ill-convenient ter them."

Thus demonstrating the spectral resources of the locality, he rode his horse well into the stream as he spoke, and dropped the reins on the saddle-bow, that the animal's impatient nozzle might reach the water. He sat facing the foot-bridge, flecked with the alternate shifting of the sunshine and the shadows of the tremulous firs, that grew on either side of the high banks on the ever-ascending slope, thus arching both above and below the haunted bridge. His companion had joined him in the centre of the stream; but while his horse drank, his eyes were persistently bent on the concentric circles of the water that the movement of the animals had set astir in the current, as if he feared that too close or curious a gaze might discern some pilgrim, whom he cared not to see, traversing that shadowy quivering foot-bridge. He was mounted on a strong handsome chestnut, as marked a contrast to his guide's lank and trace-galled sorrel as were the two riders. A fine gloved hand had dropped with the

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THE PHANTOM OF THE FOOT-BRIDGE.

reins to the pommel of the saddle. His soft felt hat, like a sombrero, shadowed his clear-cut face. He was carefully shaven, save for a long drooping dark mustache and imperial. His garb of dark cloth was much concealed by a black cloak which he wore, one end thrown back across his shoulder and revealing a bright blue lining, the color giving a sudden heightening touch to his attire, as if he were "in costume." It was a fleeting fashion of the day, but it added a certain picturesqueness to a horseman, and seemed far enough from the times that produced the square-tailed frock-coat which the mountaineer wore, constructed of brown jeans, the skirts of which stood stiffly out on each side of the saddle, and gave him, with his broad-brimmed hat, a certain Quakerish aspect.

"I dun'no' why folks be so 'feared of 'em," Roxby remarked, speculatively. "The dead ain't so oncommon, nohow. Them ez hev been in the war, like you an' me done, oughter be in an' 'bout used ter corpses, though I never seen none o' 'em afoot agin. Lookin' at a smit field o' battle, arter the rage is jes passed, oughter gin a body a realizin' sense how easy the sperit kin flee, an' what pore vessels fur holdin' the spark o' life human clay be."

Simeon Roxby had a keen, not unkindly face, and he had that look of extreme intelligence which is entirely distinct from intellectuality, and which one sometimes sees in a minor degree in a very clever dog or a fine horse. One might rely on him instinctively to understand everything one might say to him, even in its subtler æsthetic values, although he had consciously learned little. He was of the endowed natures to whom much is given, rather than of those who are set to acquire. He had many lines in his face—even his simple life had gone hard with him, its sorrows unassuaged by its simplicity. His hair was grizzled, and hung long and straight on his collar. He wore a grizzled beard cut off broad and short. His boots had big spurs, although the lank old sorrel had never felt them. He sat his horse like the cavalryman he had been for four years of hard riding and raiding, but his face had a certain softness that accented the Quaker-like suggestion of his garb, a look of communing with the higher things.

"I never blamed 'em," he went on, evidently reverting to the spectres of the bridge—"I never blamed 'em for comin' back wunst in a while. It 'pears ter me 'twould take me a long time ter git familiar with heaven, an' sociable with them ez hev gone before. An', my Lord, jes

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think what the good green yearth is! Leastwise the mountings. I ain't settin' store on the valley lands I seen whenst I went ter the wars. I kin remember yit what them streets in the valley towns smelt like."

He lifted his head, drawing a long breath to inhale the exquisite fragrance of the fir, the freshness of the pellucid water, the aroma of the autumn wind, blowing through the sere leaves still clinging red and yellow to the boughs of the forest.

"Naw, I ain't blamin' 'em, though I don't hanker ter view 'em," he resumed. "One of 'em I wouldn't be afeard of, though. I feel sorter sorry fur her. The old folks used ter tell about her. A young 'oman she war, a-crossin' this bredge with her child in her arms. She war young, an' mus' hev been keerless, I reckon; though ez 'twar her fust baby, she moughtn't hev been practiced in holdin' it an' sech, an' somehows it slipped through her arms an' fell inter the ruver, an' war killed in a minit, dashin' agin the rocks. She jes stood fur a second a-screamin' like a wild painter, an' jumped offn the bredge arter it. She got it agin; fur when they dragged her body outn the ruver she hed it in her arms too tight fur even death ter onloose. An' thar they air together in the buryin'-ground."

He gave a nod toward the slope of the mountain that intercepted the melancholy view of the graveyard.

"Got it yit!" he continued; "bekase" (he lowered his voice) "on windy nights, whenst the moon is on the wane, she is viewed kerryin' the baby along the bredge—kerryin' it clear over, *safe an' sound*, like she thought she oughter done, I reckon, in that one minit, whilst she stood an' screamed an' surveyed what she hed done. That child would hev been nigh ter my age ef he hed lived."

The wild-geese were awing on the way southward. Looking up to that narrow section of the blue sky which the incision of the gorge into the very depths of the woods made visible, he could see the tiny files deploying along the azure or the flecking cirrus, and hear the vague clangor of their leader's cry. He lifted his head to mechanically follow their flight. Then, as his eyes came back to earth, they rested again on the old bridge.

"Strange enough," he said, suddenly, "the skerriest tale I hev ever hearn 'bout that thar old bredge is one that my niece set a-goin'. She *seen* the harnt *herself*, an' it shakes me wuss 'n the idee o' all the rest."

His companion's gloomy gaze was lifted for a moment with a glance of inquiry from the slowly widening circles of the water about the horse's head as he drank. But Roxby's eyes, with a certain gleam of excitement, a superstitious dilatation of the pupils, still dwelt upon the bridge at the end of the upward vista. He went on merely from the impetus of the subject. "Yes, sir—she *seen* it a-pacin' of its sorrowful way acrost that bredge, same ez the t'others of the percession o' harnts. 'Twar my niece, Mill'cent—brother's darter—by name, Mill'cent Roxby. Waal, Mill'cent an' a lot o' young fools o' her age—little over fryin' size—they 'tended camp-meetin' down hyar on Tomahawk Creek—'tain't so long ago—along with the old folks. An' 'bout twenty went huddled up tergether in a road-wagin. An', lo! the wagin it bruk down on the way home, an' what with proppin' it up on a crotch, they made out ter reach the cross-roads over yander at the Notch, an' thar the sober old folks called a halt, an' hed the wagin mended at the blacksmith shop. Waal, it tuk some two hours, fur Pete Rodd ain't a-goin' ter hurry hisself—in my opinion the angel Gabriel will hev ter blow his bugle oftener'n wunst at the last day 'fore Pete Rodd makes up his mind ter rise from the dead an' answer the roll-call—an' this hyar young lot sorter found it tiresome waitin' on thar elders' solemn company. The old folks, whilst waitin', set outside on the porches of the houses at the settlemint, an' repeated some o' the sermons they hed heard at camp, an' more'n one raised a hyme chune. An' the young fry—they hed hed a steady diet o' sermons an' hyme chunes fur fower days—they tuk ter stragglin' off down the road, two an' two, like the same sorter idjits the world over, leavin' word with the old folks that the wagin would overtake 'em an' pick 'em up on the road when it passed. Waal, they walked several mile, an' time they got ter the crest o' the hill over yander the moon hed riz, an' they could look down an' see the mist in the valley. The moon war bright in the buryin'-groun' when they passed it, an' the head-boards stood up white an' stiff, an' a light frost hed fell on the

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mounds, an' they showed plain, an' shone sorter lonesome an' cold. The young folks begun ter look behind 'em fur the wagin. Some said—I b'lieve 'twar Em'ry Keenan—they could read the names on the boards plain, 'twar so light, the moon bein' nigh the full: but Em'ry never read nuthin' at night by the moon in his life; he ain't enny too capable o' wrastlin' with the alphabet with a strong daytime on his book ter light him ter knowledge. An' the shadows war black an' still, an' all the yearth looked ez ef nuthin' lived nor ever would agin, an' they heerd a wolf howl. Waal, that disaccommodated the gals mightily, an' they hed a heap more interes' in that old wagin, all smellin' rank with wagin-grease an' tar, than they did in thar lovyers; an' they hed ruther 'a' heerd that old botch of a wheel that Pete Rodd hed set onto it comin' a-creakin' an' a-complainin' along the road than the sweetest words them boys war able ter make up or remember. So they stood thar in the road—a-stare-gazin' them head-stones, like they expected every grave ter open an' the reveilly ter sound—a-waitin' ter be overtook by the wagin, a-listenin', but hearin' nuthin' in the silence o' the frost—not a dead leaf a-twirlin', nor a frozen blade o' grass astir. An' then two or three o' the gals 'lowed they hed ruther walk back ter meet the wagin, an' whenst the boys 'lowed ter go on—nuthin' war likely ter ketch 'em—one of 'em bust out a-cryin'. Waal, thar war the eend o' that much! So the gay party set out on the back track, a-keepin' step ter sobs an' sniffles, an' that's how kem *they* seen no harnt. But Mill'cent an' three or four o' the t'others 'lowed they'd go on. They warn't two mile from home, an' full five from the cross-roads. So Em'ry Keenan—he hev been waitin' on her sence the year one—so he put his skeer in his pocket an' kem along with her, a-shakin' in his shoes, I'll be bound! So down the hill in the frosty moonlight them few kem—purty nigh beat out, I reckon, Mill'cent war, what with the sermonizin' an' the hymesingin' an' hevin' ter look continual at the sheep's-eyes o' Em'ry Keenan—he wears my patience ter the bone! So she concluded ter take the short-cut. An' Em'ry he agreed: he follows her like a dog; no good healthy contradiction in him. So they tuk the lead an' kem down thar through all that black growth"—he lifted his arm and pointed at the great slope, dense with fir and pine and the heavy underbrush—"a-followin' the bridle-path—easy enough even in the dark, fur the bresh is so thick they couldn't lose thar way. But the moonlight war mightily slivered up, fallin' through the needles of the pines an' the skeins of dead vines, an' looked bleached an' onnatural, an' holped the dark mighty leetle. An' they seen the water a-shinin' an' a-plungin' down the gorge, an' the glistenin' of the frost on the floor o' the bredge. Thar war a few icicles on the hand-rail, an' the branches o' the firs hung ez still ez death; only that cold, racin', shoutin', jouncin' water moved. Jes ez they got toler'ble nigh the foot-bredge a sudden cloud kem over the face o' the sky. Thar warn't no wind on the yearth, but up above the air war a-stirrin'. An' Em'ry he 'lowed Mill'cent shouldn't cross the foot-bredge whilst the light warn't clar—I wonder the critter hed that much sense! An' she jes drapped down on that rock thar ter rest"—he pointed up the slope to a great fragment that had broken off from the ledges and lay near the bank: the bulk of the mass was overgrown with moss and lichen, but the jagged edges of the recent fracture gleamed white and crystalline amongst the brown and olive-green shadows about it. A tree was close beside it. "Agin that thar pine trunk Em'ry he stood an' leaned. The rest war behind, a-comin' down the hill. An' all of a suddenty a light fell on the furder eend o' the foot-bredge—a waverin' light, mighty white an' misty in the darksomeness. Mill'cent 'lowed ez fust she thunk it war the moon. An' lookin' up, she seen the cloud; it held the moon close kivered. An' lookin' down, she seen the light war movin'—movin' from the furder eend o' the bredge, straight acrost it. Sometimes a hand war held afore it, ez ef ter shield it from the wind, an' then Mill'cent seen 'twar a candle, an' the white in the mistiness war a 'oman wearin' white an' carryin' it. Lookin' ter right an' then ter lef' the 'oman kem, with now her right hand shieldin' the candle she held, an' now layin' it on the hand-rail. The candle shone on the water, fur it didn't flare, an' when the 'oman held her hand before it the light made a bright spot on the foot-bredge an' in the dark air about her, an' on the fir branches over her head. An' a thin mist

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seemed to hang about her white frock, but not over her face, fur when she reached the middle o' the foot-bredge she laid her hand agin on the rail, an' in the clear light o' the candle Mill'cent seen the harnt's face. An' thar she beheld her own face; *her own face* she looked upon ez she waited thar under the tree watchin' the foot-bredge; *her own face* pale an' troubled; her own self dressed in white, crossin' the foot-bredge, an' lightin' her steps with a corpse's candle." He drew up the reins abruptly. He seemed in sudden haste to go.

His companion looked, however, with deepening interest at the bridge, although he followed his guide's surging pathway to the opposite bank. As the two dripping horses struggled up the steep incline he asked, "Is she the only member of your family, besides your mother?"

"All the kin I hev got, an' all I need, sir. Mill'cent is gran'daddy an' gran'-mammy, sons an' daughters, uncles an' aunts, cousins, nieces, an' nephews, all in one. The only thing I ain't pervided with is a nephew-in-law, an' I don't need him. Leastwise I ain't lookin' fur Em'ry Keenan jes at present."

The pace was brisker when the two horses, bending their strength sturdily to the task, had pressed up the massive slope from the deep cleft of the gorge. As the road curved about the outer verge of the mountain, the valley far beneath came into view, with intersecting valleys and transverse ranges, dense with the growths of primeval wildernesses, and rugged with the tilted strata of great upheavals, and with chasms cut in the solid rock by centuries of erosion, traces of some remote cataclysmal period, registering thus its throes and turmoils. The blue sky, seen beyond a gaunt profile of one of these further summits that defined its craggy serrated edge against the ultimate distances of the western heavens, seemed of a singularly suave tint, incongruous with the savagery of the scene, which clouds and portents of storm might better have befitted. The little graveyard, which John Dundas discerned with recognizing eyes, albeit they had never before rested upon it, was revealed suddenly, lying high on the opposite side of the gorge. No frost glimmered now on the lowly mounds; the flickering autumnal sunshine loitered unafraid amongst them, according to its languid wont for many a year. Shadows of the gray unpainted head-boards lay on the withered grass, brown and crisp, with never a cicada left to break the deathlike silence. A tuft of red leaves, vagrant in the wind, had been caught on one of the primitive monuments, and swayed there with a decorative effect. The enclosure seemed, to unaccustomed eyes, of small compass, and few the denizens that had found shelter here and a resting-place, but it numbered all the dead of the country-side for many a mile and many a year, and somehow its loneliness was assuaged to a degree by the reflection that they had known each other in life, unlike the great herds of cities, and that it was a common fate which the neighbors, huddled together, encountered in company.

It had no discordant effect in the pervasive sense of gloom, of mighty antagonistic forces with which the scene was replete; it fostered a realization of the pitiable minuteness and helplessness of human nature in the midst of the vastness of inanimate nature and the evidences of infinite lengths of forgotten time, of the long reaches of unimagined history, eventful, fateful, which the landscape at once suggested and revealed and concealed.

Like the sudden flippant clatter of castanets in the pause of some solemn funeral music was the impression given by the first glimpse along the winding woodland way of a great flimsy white building, with its many pillars, its tiers of piazzas, its "observatory," its band-stand, its gairish intimations of the giddy gay world of a summer hotel. But, alack! it too had its surfeit of woe.

"The guerillas an' bushwhackers tuk it out on the old hotel, sure!" observed Sim Roxby, by way of introduction. "Thar warn't much fightin' hyarabouts, an' few sure-enough soldiers ever kem along. But wunst in a while a band o' guerillas went through like a suddint wind-storm, an' I tell ye they made things whurl while they war about it. They made a sorter barracks o' the old place. Looks some like lightning hed struck it."

He had reined up his horse about one hundred yards in front of the edifice, where the weed-grown gravelled drive—carefully tended ten years agone—had diverged from the straight avenue of poplars, sweeping in a wide circle around to the broad flight of steps.

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"Though," he qualified abruptly, as if a sudden thought had struck him, "ef ye air countin' on buyin' it, a leetle money spent ter keerful purpose will go a long way toward makin' it ez good ez new."

His companion did not reply, and for the first time Roxby cast upon him a covert glance charged with the curiosity which would have been earlier and more easily aroused in another man by the manner of the stranger. A letter—infrequent missive in his experience—had come from an ancient companion in arms, his former colonel, requesting him in behalf of a friend of the old commander to repair to the railway station, thirty miles distant, to meet and guide this prospective purchaser of the old hotel to the site of the property. And now as he looked at him the suspicion which his kind heart had not been quick to entertain was seized upon by his alert brain.

"The cunnel's been fooled somehows," he said to himself.

For the look with which John Dundas contemplated the place was not the gaze of him concerned with possible investment—with the problems of repair, the details of the glazier and the painter and the plasterer. The mind was evidently neither braced for resistance nor resigned to despair, as behooves one smitten by the foreknowledge of the certainty of the excess of the expenditures over the estimates. Only with pensive listless melancholy, void of any intention, his eyes traversed the long rows of open doors, riven by rude hands from their locks, swinging helplessly to and fro in the wind, and giving to the deserted and desolate old place a spurious air of motion and life. Many of the shutters had been wrenched from their hinges, and lay rotting on the floors. The ballroom windows caught on their shattered glass the reflection of the clouds, and it seemed as if here and there a wan face looked through at the riders wending along the weed-grown path. Where so many faces had been what wonder that a similitude should linger in the loneliness! The pale face seemed to draw back as he looked up while slowly pacing around the drive. A rabbit sitting motionless on the front piazza did not draw back, although observing them with sedate eyes as he poised himself upright on his haunches, with his listless fore paws suspended in the air, and it occurred to Dundas that he was probably unfamiliar with the presence of human beings, and had never heard the crack of a gun. A great swirl of swallows came soaring out of the big kitchen chimneys and circled in the sky, darting down again and again upward. Through an open passageway was a glimpse of a quadrangle, with its weed-grown spaces and litter of yellow leaves. A tawny streak, a red fox, sped through it as he looked. A half-moon, all atilt, hung above it. He saw the glimmer through the bare boughs of the leafless locust-trees here and there still standing, although outside on the lawn many a stump bore token how ruthlessly the bushwhackers had furnished their fires.

"That thar moon's a-hangin' fur rain," said the mountaineer, commenting upon the tilt of the luminary, which he too had glimpsed as they passed the open way. "I ain't s'prised none ef we hev fallin' weather agin 'fore day, an' the man—by name Morgan Holden—that hev charge o' the hotel property can't git back fur a week an' better."

A vague wonder to find himself so suspicious flitted through his mind, along with the thought that perhaps the colonel might have reckoned on this delay. "Surely the ruvers down yander at Knoxville mus' be a-boomin', with all this wet weather," he thought.

Then aloud: "Morgan Holden he went ter Colbury ter 'tend ter some business in court, an' the ruvers hev riz so that, what with the bredges bein' washed away an' the fords so onsartain an' tricky, he'll stay till the ruver falls. He don't know ye war kemin', ye see. The mail-rider hev quit, 'count o' the rise in the ruver, an' thar's no way ter git word ter him. Still, ef ye air minded ter wait, I'll be powerful obligated fur yer comp'ny down ter my house till the ruver falls an' Holden he gits back."

The stranger murmured his obligations, but his eyes dwelt lingeringly upon the old hotel, with its flapping doors and its shattered windows. Through the recurrent vistas of these, placed opposite in the rooms, came again broken glimpses of the grassy space within the quadrangle, with its leafless locust-trees, first of all to yield their foliage to the autumn wind, where a tiny owl was shrilling stridulously under the lonely red sky and the melancholy moon.

"Hed ye 'lowed ter put up at the old

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hotel?" asked Roxby, some inherent quickness supplying the lack of a definite answer.

For the first time the stranger turned upon him a look more expressive than the casual fragmentary attention with which he had half heeded, half ignored his talk since their first encounter at the railway station.

"A simple fellow, but good as gold," was the phrase with which Simeon Roxby had been commended as guide and in some sort guard.

"Not so simple, perhaps," the sophisticated man thought as their eyes met. Not so simple but that the truth must serve. "The colonel thought it might be best," he replied, more alert to the present moment than his languid preoccupation had heretofore permitted.

The answer was good as far as it went. A few days spent in the old hostelry certainly would serve well to acquaint the prospective purchaser with its actual condition and the measures and means needed for its repair; but as Sim Roxby stood there, with the cry of the owl shrilling in the desert air, the lonely red sky, the ominous tilted moon, the doors drearily flapping to and fro as the wind stole into the forlorn and empty place and sped back affrighted, he marvelled at the refuge contemplated.

"I believe there is some of the furniture here yet. We could contrive to set up a bed from what is left. The colonel could make it all right with Holden, and I could stay a day or two, as we originally planned."

"Ye-es. I don't mind Holden: a man ain't much in charge of a place ez 'ain't got a lock or a key ter bless itself with, an' takes the owel an' the fox an' the gopher fur boarders; but, ennyhow, kem with me home ter supper. Mill'cent will hev it ready by now ennyhows, an' ye need suthin' hearty an' hot ter stiffen ye up ter move inter sech quarters ez these." Dundas hesitated, but the mountaineer had already taken assent for granted, and pushed his horse into a sharp trot. Evidently a refusal was not in order. Dundas pressed forward, and they rode together along the winding way past the tenpin alley, its long low roof half hidden in the encroaching undergrowth springing up apace beneath the great trees; past the stables; past a line of summer cottages, strangely staring of aspect out of the yawning doors and windows, giving, instead of an impression of vacancy, a sense of covert watching, of secret occupancy. If one's glances were only quick enough, were there not faces pressed to those shattered panes—scarcely seen—swiftly withdrawn?

He was in a desert; he had hardly been so utterly alone in all his life; yet he bore through the empty place a feeling of espionage, and ever and anon he glanced keenly at the overgrown lawns, with their deepening drifts of autumn leaves, at the staring windows and flaring doors, which emitted sometimes sudden creaking wails in the silence, as if he sought to assure himself of the vacancy of which his mind took cognizance and yet all his senses denied.

Little of his sentiment, although sedulously cloaked, was lost on Sim Roxby; and he was aware, too, in some subtle way, of the relief his guest experienced when they plunged into the darkening forest and left the forlorn place behind them. The clearing in the midst of which it was situated seemed an oasis of light in the desert of night in which the rest of the world lay. From the obscurity of the forest Dundas saw, through the vistas of the giant trees, the clustering cottages, the great hotel, gables and chimneys and tower, stark and distinct as in some weird dream-light in the encircling gloom. The after-glow of sunset was still aflare on the western windows; the whole empty place was alight with a reminiscence of its old aspect—its old gay life. Who knows what memories were astalk there—what semblance of former times? What might not the darkness foster, the impunity of desertion, the associations that peopled the place with almost the strength of human occupancy itself? Who knows—who knows?

He remembered the scene afterward, the impression he received. And from this, he thought, arose his regret for his decision to take up here his abiding-place.

The forest shut out the illumined landscape, and the night seemed indeed at hand; the gigantic boles of the trees loomed through the encompassing gloom, that was yet a semitransparent medium, like some dark but clear fluid through which objects were dimly visible, albeit tinged with its own sombre hue. The lank, rawboned sorrel had set a sharp pace, to which the chestnut, after momen-

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tary lagging, as if weary with the day's travel, responded briskly. He had received in some way an intimation that his companion's corn-crib was near at hand, and if he had not deduced from these premises the probability of sharing his fare, his mental processes served him quite as well as reason, and brought him to the same result. On and on they sped, neck and neck, through the darkening woods; fire flashed now and again from their iron-shod hoofs; often a splash and a shower of drops told of a swift dashing through the mud-holes that recent rains had fostered in the shallows. The dank odor of dripping boughs came on the clear air. Once the chestnut shied from a sudden strange shining point springing up in the darkness close at hand, which the country-bred horse discriminated as fox-fire, and kept steadily on, unmindful of the rotting log where it glowed. Far in advance, in the dank depths of the woods, a will-o'-the-wisp danced and flickered and lured the traveller's eye. The stranger was not sure of the different quality of another light, springing up down a vista as the road turned, until the sorrel, making a tremendous spurt, headed for it, uttering a joyous neigh at the sight.

The deep-voiced barking of hounds rose melodiously on the silence, and as the horses burst out of the woods into a small clearing, Dundas beheld in the brighter light a half-dozen of the animals nimbly afoot in the road, one springing over the fence, another in the act of climbing, his fore paws on the topmost rail, his long neck stretched, and his head turning about in attitudes of observation. He evidently wished to assure himself whether the excitement of his friends was warranted by the facts before he troubled himself to vault over the fence. Three or four still lingered near the door, fawning about a girl who stood on the porch. Her pose was alert, expectant; a fire in the door-yard, where the domestic manufacture of soap had been in progress, cast a red light on the house, its appurtenances, the great dark forest looming all around, and, more than the glow of the hearth within, lighted up the central figure of the scene. She was tall, straight, and strong; a wealth of fair hair was clustered in a knot at the back of her head, and fleecy tendrils fell over her brow; on it was perched a soldier's cap; and certainly more gallant and fearless eyes had never looked out from under the straight stiff brim. Her chin, firm, round, dimpled, was uplifted as she raised her head, descrying the horsemen's approach. She wore a full dark red skirt, a dark brown waist, and around her neck was twisted a gray cotton kerchief, faded to a pale ashen hue, whose neutrality somehow aided the delicate brilliancy of the blended roseate and pearly tints of her blond face. Was this the seer of ghosts — Dundas marvelled — this the Millicent whose pallid and troubled phantom already paced the foot-bridge?

He did not realize that he had drawn up his horse suddenly at the sight of her, nor did he notice that his host had dismounted, until Roxby was at the chestnut's head, ready to lead the animal to supper in the barn. His evident surprise, his preoccupation, were not lost upon Roxby, however. His hand hesitated on the girth of the chestnut's saddle when he stood between the two horses in the barn. He had half intended to disregard the stranger's declination of his invitation, and stable the creature. Then he shook his head slowly; the mystery that hung about the newcomer was not reassuring. "A heap o' triflin' cattle 'mongst them valley men," he said; for the war had been in some sort an education to his simplicity. "Let him stay whar the cunnel spected him ter stay. I ain't wantin' no stranger a-hangin' round about Mill'cent, nohow. Em'ry Keenan ain't a pattern o' perfection, but I be toler'ble well acquainted with the cut o' his foolishness, an' I know his daddy an' mammy, an' both sets o' gran'daddies and gran'mammies, an' I could tell ye exac'ly which one the critter got his nose an' his mouth from, an' them lean sheep's-eyes o' hisn, an' nigh every tone o' his voice. Em'ry never thunk afore ez I set store on bein' acquainted with him. He 'lowed I knowed him *too* well."

He laughed as he glanced through the open door into the darkening landscape. Horizontal gray clouds were slipping fast across the pearly spaces of the sky. The yellow stubble gleamed amongst the brown earth of the further field, still striped with its furrows. The black forest encircled the little cleared space, and a wind was astir amongst the tree-tops. A white star gleamed through the broken

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clapboards of the roof, the fire still flared under the soap-kettle in the door-yard, and the silence was suddenly smitten by a high cracked old voice, which told him that his mother had perceived the dismounted stranger at the gate, and was graciously welcoming him.

She had come to the door, where the girl still stood, but half withdrawn in the shadow. Dundas silently bowed as he passed her, following his aged hostess into the low room, all bedight with the firelight of a huge chimney-place, and comfortable with the realization of a journey's end. The wilderness might stretch its weary miles around, the weird wind wander in the solitudes, the star look coldly on unmoved by aught it beheld, the moon show sad portents, but at the door they all failed, for here waited rest and peace and human companionship and the sense of home.

"Take a cheer, stranger, an' make yersef at home. Powerful glad ter see ye—war 'feard night would overtake ye. Ye fund the water toler'ble high in all the creeks an' sech, I reckon, an' fords shifty an' onsartain. Yes, sir. Fall rains kem on earlier'n common, an' more'n we need. Wisht we could divide it with that thar drought we hed in the summer. Craps war cut toler'ble short, sir — toler'ble short."

Mrs. Roxby's spectacles beamed upon him with an expression of the utmost benignity as the firelight played on the lenses, but her eyes peering over them seemed endowed in some sort with independence of outlook. It was as if from behind some bland mask a critical observation was poised for unbiassed judgment. He felt in some degree under surveillance. But when a light step heralded an approach he looked up, regardless of the betrayal of interest, and bent a steady gaze upon Millicent as she paused in the doorway.

And as she stood there, distinct in the firelight and outlined against the black background of the night, she seemed some modern half-military ideal of Diana, with her two gaunt deer-hounds beside her, the rest of the pack vaguely glimpsed at her heels outside, the perfect outline and chiselling of her features, her fine, strong, supple figure, the look of steady courage in her eyes, and the soldier's cap on her fair hair. Her face so impressed itself upon his mind that he seemed to have seen her often. It was some resemblance to a picture of a vivandière, doubtless, in a foreign gallery—he could not say when or where; a remnant of a tourist's over-crowded impressions; a half-realized reminiscence, he thought, with an uneasy sense of recognition.

"Hello, Mill'cent! home agin!" Roxby cried in cheery greeting as he entered at the back door opposite. "What sorter top-knot is that ye got on?" he demanded, looking jocosely at her head-gear.

The girl put up her hand with an expression of horror. A deep red flush dyed her cheek as she touched the cap. "I forgot 'twar thar," she murmured, contritely. Then, with a sudden rush of anger as she tore it off: "'Twar granny's fault. She axed me ter put it on, so ez ter see which one I looked most like."

"Stranger," quavered the old woman, with a painful break in her voice, "I los' fower sons in the war, an' Mill'cent hev got the fambly favor."

"Ye *mought* hev let me know ez I war a-perlitin' round in this hyar men's gear yit," the girl muttered, as she hung the cap on a prong of the deer antlers on which rested the rifle of the master of the house.

Roxby's face had clouded at the mention of the four sons who had gone out from the mountains never to return, leaving to their mother's aching heart only the vague comfort of an elusive resemblance in a girl's face, but as he noted Millicent's pettish manner, and divined her mortification because of her unseemly head-gear in the stranger's presence, he addressed her again with that jocose note without which he seldom spoke to her.

"Warn't you-uns apologizin' ter me t'other day fur not bein' a nephew 'stiddier a niece? Looked sorter like a nephew ternight."

She shook her head, covered now only with its own charming tresses waving in thick undulations to the coil at the nape of her neck—a trifle dishevelled from the rude haste with which the cap had been torn off.

Roxby had seated himself, and with his elbows on his knees he looked up at her with a teasing jocularity, such as one might assume toward a child.

"*Ye war*," he declared, with affected solemnity—"ye war 'pologizin' fur not bein' a nephew, an' 'lowed ef ye war a nephew we could go a-huntin' tergether, an' ye

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could holp me in all my quar'ls an' fights. I been aging some lately, an' ef I war ter go ter the settlemint an' git inter a fight I mought not be able ter hold my own. Think what 'twould be ter a pore old man ter hev a dutiful nephew step up an' "—he doubled his fists and squared off—"jes let daylight through some o' them cusses. An' didn't *ye say*"—he dropped his belligerent attitude and pointed an insistent finger at her, as if to fix the matter in her recollection—"ef ye war a nephew 'stiddier a niece ye could fire a gun 'thout shettin' yer eyes? An' I told ye then ez that would mend yer aim mightily. I told ye that I'd be powerful mortified ef I hed a nephew ez hed ter shet his eyes ter keep the noise outn his ears whenst he fired a rifle. That tale would go mighty hard with me at the settlemint."

The girl's eyes glowed upon him with the fixity and the lustre of those of a child who is entertained and absorbed by an elder's jovial wiles. A flash of laughter broke over her face, and the low gurgling half-dreamy sound was pleasant to hear. She was evidently no more than a child to these bereft old people, and by them cherished as naught else on earth.

"An' didn't *I* tell *you-uns*," he went on, affecting to warm to the discussion, and in reality oblivious of the presence of the guest—"didn't I tell ye ez how ef ye war a nephew 'stiddier a niece ye wouldn't hev sech cattle ez Em'ry Keenan a-danglin' round underfoot, like a puppy ye can't gin away, an' that *won't* git lost, an' ye 'ain't got the heart ter kill?"

The girl's lip suddenly curled with scorn. "Yer nephew would be obligated ter make a chice fur marryin' 'mongst these hyar mounting gals—Parmely Lepstone, or Belindy M'ria Matthews, or one o' the Windrow gals. Waal, sir, I'd ruther be yer niece—even ef Em'ry Keenan *air* like a puppy underfoot, that ye can't gin away, an' won't git lost, an' ye 'ain't got the heart ter kill." She laughed again, showing her white teeth. She evidently relished the description of the persistent adherence of poor Emory Keenan. "But which one o' these hyar gals would ye recommend ter yer nephew ter marry—ef ye hed a nephew?"

She looked at him with flashing eyes, conscious of having propounded a poser.

He hesitated for a moment. Then—"I'm surrounded," he said, with a laugh. "Ez I couldn't find a wife fur myself, I can't ondertake ter recommend one ter my nephew. Mighty fine boy he'd hev been, an' saaft-spoken an' perlite ter aged men—not sassy an' makin' game o' old uncles like a niece. Mighty fine boy!"

"Ye air welcome ter him," she said, with a simulation of scorn, as she turned away to the table.

Whether it were the military cap that she had worn, or the fancied resemblance to the young soldiers, never to grow old, who had gone forth from this humble abode to return no more, there was still to the guest's mind the suggestion of the vivandière about her as she set the table and spread upon it the simple fare. To and from the fireplace she was followed by two or three of the younger dogs, their callowness expressed in their lack of manners and perfervid interest in the approaching meal. This induced their brief journeys back and forth, albeit embarrassed by their physical conformation, short turns on four legs not being apparently the easy thing it would seem from so much youthful suppleness. The dignity of the elder hounds did not suffer them to move, but they looked on from erect postures about the hearth with glistening eyes and slobbering jaws.

Ever and anon the deep blue eyes of Millicent were lifted to the outer gloom, as if she took note of its sinister aspect. She showed scant interest in the stranger, whose gaze seldom left her as he sat beside the fire. He was a handsome man, his face and figure fully revealed in the firelight, and it might have been that he felt a certain pique, an unaccustomed slight, in that his presence was so indifferent an element in the estimation of any young and comely specimen of the feminine sex. Certainly he had rarely encountered such absolute preoccupation as her smiling far-away look betokened as she went back and forth with her young canine friends at her heels, or stood at the table deftly slicing the salt-rising bread, the dogs poised skilfully upon their hind legs to better view the appetizing performance; whenever she turned her face toward them they laid their heads languishingly askew, as if to remind her that supper could not be more fitly bestowed than on them. One, to steady himself, placed unobserved his fore paw on the edge of the table, his well-padded toes leaving a vague imprint as of fingers upon the coarse white cloth;

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"WARN'T YOU-UNS APOLOGIZIN' TER ME T'OTHER DAY FUR NOT BEIN' A NEPHEW?"

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but John Dundas was a sportsman, and could the better relax a too exacting nicety where so pleasant-featured and affable a beggar was concerned. He forgot the turmoils of his own troubles as he gazed at Millicent, the dreary aspect of the solitudes without, the exile from his accustomed sphere of culture and comfort, the poverty and coarseness of her surroundings. He was once more sorry that he had declined a longer lease of Roxby's hospitality, and it was in his mind to reconsider when it should be again proffered. Her attitude, her gesture, her face, her environment, all appealed to his sense of beauty, his interest, his curiosity, as little ever had done heretofore. Slice after slice of the firm fragrant bread was deftly cut and laid on the plate, as again and again she lifted her eyes with a look that might seem to expect to rest on summer in the full flush of a June noontide without, rather than on the wan wintry night sky and the plundered quaking woods, while the robber wind sped on his raids hither and thither so swiftly that none might follow, so stealthily that none might hinder. A sudden radiance broke upon her face, a sudden shadow fell on the firelit floor, and there was entering at the doorway a tall, lithe young mountaineer, whose first glance, animated with a responsive brightness, was for the girl, but whose punctilious greeting was addressed to the old woman.

"Howdy, Mis' Roxby—howdy? Air yer rheumatics mendin' enny?" he demanded, with the condolent suavity of the would-be son-in-law, or grandson-in-law, as the case may be. And he hung with a transfixed interest upon her reply, prolix and discursive according to the wont of those who cultivate "rheumatics," as if each separate twinge racked his own sympathetic and filial sensibilities. Not until the tale was ended did he set his gun against the wall and advance to the seat which Roxby had indicated with the end of the stick he was whittling. He observed the stranger with only slight interest, till Dundas drew up his chair opposite at the table. There the light from the tallow dip, guttering in the centre, fell upon his handsome face and eyes, his carefully tended beard and hair, his immaculate cuffs and delicate hand, the seal-ring on his taper finger.

"Like a gal, by gum!" thought Emory Keenan. "Rings on his fingers—yit six feet high!"

He looked at his elders, marvelling that they so hospitably repressed the disgust which this effeminate adornment must occasion, forgetting that it was possible that they did not even observe it. In the gala-days of the old hotel, before the war, they had seen much "finicking finery" in garb and equipage and habits affected by the *jeunesse dorée* which frequented the place in those halcyon times, and were accustomed to such details. It might be that they and Millicent approved such flimsy daintiness. He began to fume inwardly with a sense of inferiority in her estimation. One of his fingers had been frosted last winter, and with the first twinge of cold weather it was beginning to look very red and sad and clumsy, as if it had just remembered its ancient woe; he glanced from it once more at the delicate ringed hand of the stranger.

Dundas was looking up with a slow, deferential, decorous smile that nevertheless lightened and transfigured his expression. It seemed somehow communicated to Millicent's face as she looked down at him from beneath her white eyelids and long-fringed dark lashes, for she was standing beside him, handing him the plate of bread. Then, still smiling, she passed noiselessly on to the others.

Emory was indeed clumsy, for he had stretched his hand downward to offer a morsel to a friend of his under the table—he was on terms of exceeding amity with the four-footed members of the household—and in his absorption not withdrawing it as swiftly as one accustomed to canine manners should do, he had his frosted finger well mumbled before he could, as it were, repossess himself of it.

"I wonder what they charge fur iron over yander at the settlemint, Em'ry?" observed Sim Roxby presently.

"Dun'no', sir," responded Emory, glumly, his sombre black eyes full of smouldering fire—"hevin' no call ter know, ez I ain't no blacksmith."

"I war jes wonderin' ef tenpenny nails didn't cost toler'ble high ez reg'lar feed," observed Roxby, gravely.

But his mother laughed out with a gleeful cracked treble, always a ready sequence of her son's rustic sallies. "He got ye that time, Em'ry," she cried.

A forced smile crossed Emory's face.

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He tossed back his tangled dark hair with a gasp that was like the snort of an unruly horse submitting to the inevitable, but with restive projects in his brain. "I let the dog hyar ketch my finger whilst feedin' him," he said. His plausible excuse for the tenpenny expression was complete; but he added, his darker mood recurring instantly, "An', Mis' Roxby, I hev put a stop ter them ez hev tuk ter callin' me Em'ly, I hev."

The old woman looked up, her small wrinkled mouth round and amazed. "*I* never called ye Emily," she declared.

Swift repentance seized him.

"Naw, 'm," he said, with hurried acquiescence. "I 'lowed ye did."

"I didn't," said the old woman. "But ef I war ter find it toothsome ter call ye 'Emily,' I dun'no' how ye air goin' ter pervent it. Ye can't go gunnin' fur me, like ye done fur the men at the mill, fur callin' ye 'Em'ly.'"

"Law, Mis' Roxby!" he could only exclaim, in his horror and contrition at this picture he had thus conjured up. "Ye air welcome ter call me ennything ye air a mind ter," he protested.

And then he gasped once more. The eyes of the guest, contemptuous, amused, seeing through him, were fixed upon him. And he himself had furnished the lily-handed stranger with the information that he had been stigmatized "Em'ly" in the banter of his associates, until he had taken up arms, as it were, to repress this contempt.

"It takes powerful little ter put ye down, Em'ry," said Roxby, with rallying laughter. "Mam hev sent ye skedaddlin' in no time at all. I don't b'lieve the Lord made woman outn the man's rib. He made her outn the man's backbone; fur the man 'ain't hed none ter speak of sence."

Millicent, with a low gurgle of laughter, sat down beside Emory at the table, and fixed her eyes, softly lighted with mirth, upon him. The others too had laughed, the stranger with a flattering intonation, but young Keenan looked at her with a dumb appealing humility that did not altogether fail of its effect, for she busied herself to help his plate with an air of proprietorship as if he were a child, and returned it with a smile very radiant and sufficient at close range. She then addressed herself to her own meal. The younger dogs under the table ceased to beg, and gambolled and gnawed and tugged at her stout little shoes, the sound of their callow mirthful growls rising occasionally above the talk. Sometimes she rose again to wait on the table, when they came leaping out after her, jumping and catching at her skirts, now and then casting themselves on the ground prone before her feet, and rolling over and over in the sheer joy of existence.

The stranger took little part in the talk at the table. Never a question was asked him as to his mission in the mountains, or the length of his stay, his vocation, or his home. That extreme courtesy of the mountaineers, exemplified in their singular abstinence from any expressions of curiosity, accepted such account of himself as he had volunteered, and asked for no more. In the face of this standard of manners any inquisitiveness on his part, such as might have elicited points of interest for his merely momentary entertainment, was tabooed. Nevertheless, silent though he was for the most part, the relish with which he listened, his half-covert interest in the girl, his quick observation of the others, the sudden very apparent enlivening of his moral atmosphere, betokened that his quarters were not displeasing to him. It seemed only a short time before the meal was ended and the circle all, save Millicent, with pipes alight before the fire again. The dogs, well fed, had ranged themselves on the glowing hearth, lying prone on the hot stones; one old hound, however, who conserved the air of listening to the conversation, sat upright and nodded from time to time, now and again losing his balance and tipping forward in a truly human fashion, then gazing round on the circle with an open luminous eye, as who should say he had not slept.

It was all very cheerful within, but outside the wind still blared mournfully. Once more Dundas regretted that he had declined the invitation to remain, and it was with a somewhat tentative intention that he made a motion to return to the hotel. But his host seemed to regard his resolution as final, and rose with a regret, not an insistence. The two women stared in silent amazement at the mere idea of his camping out, as it were, in the old hotel. The ascendency of male government here, notwithstanding Roxby's assertion that Eve was made of Adam's backbone, was very apparent in their silent acquiescence and the alacrity with

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which they began to collect various articles, according to his directions, to make the stranger's stay more comfortable.

"Em'ry kin go along an' holp," he said, heartlessly; for poor Emory's joy in perceiving that the guest was not a fixture, and that his presence was not to be an embargo on any word between himself and Millicent during the entire evening, was pitiably manifest. But the situation was still not without its comforts, since Dundas was to go too. Hence he was not poor company when once in the saddle, and was civil to a degree of which his former dismayed surliness had given no promise.

Night had become a definite element. The twilight had fled. Above their heads as they galloped through the dank woods the bare boughs of the trees clashed together—so high above their heads that to the town man, unaccustomed to these great growths, the sound seemed not of the vicinage, but unfamiliar, uncanny, and more than once he checked his horse to listen. As they approached the verge and overlooked the valley and beheld the sky, the sense of the predominance of darkness was redoubled. The mountains gloomed against the clearer spaces, but a cloud, deep gray with curling white edges, was coming up from the west, with an invisible convoy of vague films, beneath which the stars, glimmering white points, disappeared one by one. The swift motion of this aerial fleet sailing with the wind might be inferred from the seemingly hurried pace of the moon making hard for the west. Still bright was the illumined segment, but despite its glitter the shadowy sphere of the full disk was distinctly visible, its dusky field spangled with myriads of minute golden points. Down, down it took its way in haste—in disordered fright, it seemed, as if it had no heart to witness the storm which the wind and the clouds foreboded—to fairer skies somewhere behind those western mountains. Soon even its vague light would encroach no more upon the darkness. The great hotel would be invisible, annihilated as it were in the gloom, and not even thus dimly exist, glimmering, alone, forlorn, so incongruous to the wilderness that it seemed even now some mere figment of the brain, as the two horsemen came with a freshened burst of speed along the deserted avenue and reined up beside a small gate at the side.

"No use ter ride all the way around," observed Emory Keenan. "Mought jes ez well 'light an' hitch hyar."

The moon gave him the escort of a great grotesque shadow as he threw himself from his horse and passed the reins over a decrepit hitching-post near at hand. Then he essayed the latch of the small gate. He glanced up at Dundas, the moonlight in his dark eyes, with a smile as it resisted his strength.

He was a fairly good-looking fellow when rid of the self-consciousness of jealousy. His eyes, mouth, chin, and nose, acquired from reliable and recognizable sources, were good features, and statuesque in their immobility beneath the drooping curves of his broad soft hat. He was tall, with the slenderness of youth, despite his evident weight and strength. He was long-waisted and lithe and small of girth, with broad square shoulders, whose play of muscles as he strove with the gate was not altogether concealed by the butternut jeans coat belted in with his pistols by a broad leather belt. His boots reached high on his long legs, and jingled with a pair of huge cavalry spurs. His stalwart strength seemed as if it must break the obdurate gate rather than open it, but finally, with a rasping creak, dismally loud in the silence, it swung slowly back.

The young mountaineer stood silently gazing at the red rust on the hinges. "How long sence this gate must hev been opened afore?" he said, again looking up at Dundas with a smile.

Somehow the words struck a chill to the stranger's heart. The sense of the loneliness of the place, of isolation, filled him with a sort of awe. The night-bound wilderness itself was not more daunting than these solitary tiers of piazzas, these vacant series of rooms and corridors, all instinct with vanished human presence, all alert with echoes of human voices. A step, a laugh, a rustle of garments—he could have sworn he heard them at any open doorway as he followed his guide along the dim moonlit veranda, with its pillars duplicated at regular intervals by the shadows on the floor. How their tread echoed down these lonely ways! From the opposite side of the house he heard Keenan's spurs jangling, his soldierly stride sounding back as if their entrance had roused a barracks. He winced once to see his own shadow with its stealthier

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movement. It seemed painfully furtive. For the first time during the evening his jaded mind, that had instinctively sought the solace of contemplating trifles, reverted to its own tormented processes. "Am I not hiding?" he said to himself, in a sort of sarcastic pity of his plight.

The idea seemed never to enter the mind of the transparent Keenan. He laughed out gayly as they turned into the weed-grown quadrangle, and the red fox that Dundas had earlier observed slipped past him with affrighted speed and dashed amongst the shadows of the overgrown shrubbery of the old lawn without. Again and again the sound rang back from wall to wall, first with the jollity of seeming imitation, then with an appalled effect sinking to silence, and suddenly rising again in a grewsome *staccato* that suggested some terrible unearthly laughter, and bore but scant resemblance to the hearty mirth which had evoked it. Keenan paused and looked back with friendly gleaming eyes. "Oughter been a leetle handier with these hyar consarns," he said, touching the pistols in his belt.

It vaguely occurred to Dundas that the young man went strangely heavily armed for an evening visit at a neighbor's house. But it was a lawless country and lawless times, and the sub-current of suggestion did not definitely fix itself in his mind until he remembered it later. He was looking into each vacant open doorway, seeing the still moonlight starkly white upon the floor; the cobwebbed and broken window-panes, through which a section of leafless trees beyond was visible; bits of furniture here and there, broken by the vandalism of the guerillas. Now and then a scurrying movement told of a gopher, hiding too, and on one mantelpiece, the black fireplace yawning below, sat a tiny tawny-tinted owl, whose motionless beadlike eyes met his with a stare of stolid surprise. After he had passed, its sudden ill-omened cry set the silence to shuddering.

Keenan, leading the way, paused in displeasure. "I wisht I hed viewed that critter," he said, glumly. "I'd hev purvented that screechin' ter call the devil, sure. It's jes a certain sign o' death."

He was about to turn, to wreak his vengeance, perchance. But the bird, sufficiently fortunate itself, whatever woe it presaged for others, suddenly took its awkward flight through sheen and shadow across the quadrangle, and when they heard its cry again it came from some remote section of the building, with a doleful echo as a refrain.

The circumstance was soon forgotten by Keenan. He seemed a happy, mercurial, lucid nature, and he began presently to dwell with interest on the availability of the old music-stand in the centre of the square as a manger. "Hyar," he said, striking the rotten old structure with a heavy hand, which sent a quiver and thrill through all the timbers—"hyar's whar the guerillas always hitched thar beastises. Thar feed an' forage war piled up thar on the fiddlers' seats. Ye can't do no better'n ter pattern arter them, till ye git ready ter hev fiddlers an' sech a-sawin' away in hyar agin."

And he sauntered away from the little pavilion, followed by Dundas, who had not accepted his suggestion of a room on the first floor as being less liable to leakage, but who finally made choice of an inner apartment in the second story. He looked hard at Keenan, who stood in the doorway surveying the selection. The room opened into a cross hall which gave upon a broad piazza that was latticed; tiny squares of moonlight were all sharply drawn on the floor, and, seen through a vista of gray shadow, seemed truly of a gilded lustre. From the windows of this room on a court-yard no light could be visible to any passer-by without. Another door gave on an inner gallery, and through its floor a staircase came up from the quadrangle close to the threshold. He wondered if any of these features were of possible significance in Keenan's estimation. The young mountaineer turned suddenly, and snatching up a handful of slats broken from the shutters, remarked,

"Let's see how the chimbly draws—that's the main p'int."

There was no defect in the chimney's constitution. It drew admirably, and with the white and red flames dancing in the fireplace, two or three chairs, more or less disabled, a table, and an upholstered lounge gathered at random from the rooms at hand, the possibility of sojourning comfortably for a few days in the deserted hostelry seemed amply assured.

Once more Dundas gazed fixedly at the face of the young mountaineer, who still

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bent on one knee on the hearth, watching with smiling eyes the triumphs of his fire-making. It seemed to him afterward that his judgment was strangely at fault; he perceived naught of import in the shallow brightness of the young man's eyes, like the polished surface of jet; in the instability of his jealousy, his anger; in his haphazard, mercurial temperament. Once he might have noted how flat were the spaces beneath the eyes, how few were the lines that defined the lid, the socket, the curve of the cheek-bone, the bridge of the nose, and how expressionless. It was doubtless the warmth and glow of the fire, the clinging desire of companionship, the earnest determination to be content, pathetic in one with but little reason for optimism, that caused him to ignore the vacillating glancing moods that successively swayed Keenan, strong while they lasted, but with scanty augury because of their evanescence. He was like some newly discovered property in physics of untried potentialities, of which nothing is ascertained but its uncertainties.

And yet he seemed to Dundas a simple country fellow, good-natured in the main, unsuspicious, and helpful. So, giving a long sigh of relief and fatigue, Dundas sank down in one of the large arm-chairs that had once done duty for the summer loungers on the piazza.

In the light of the fire Emory was once more looking at him. A certain air of distinction, a grace and ease of movement, an indescribable quality of bearing which he could not discriminate, yet which he instinctively recognized as superior, offended him in some sort. He noticed again the ring on the stranger's hand as he drew off his glove. Gloves! Emory Keenan would as soon have thought of wearing a petticoat. Once more the fear that these effeminate graces found favor in Millicent's estimation smote upon his heart. It made the surface of his opaque eyes glisten as Dundas rose and took up a pipe and tobacco-pouch which he had laid on the mantel-piece, his full height and fine figure shown in the changed posture.

"Ez tall ez me, ef not taller, an', by gum! a good thirty pound heavier," Emory reflected, with a growing dismay that he had not those stalwart claims to precedence in height and weight as an offset to the smoother fascinations of the stranger's polish.

He had risen hastily to his feet. He would not linger to smoke fraternally over the fire, and thus cement friendly relations.

"I guided him hyar, like old Sim Roxby axed me ter do, an' that's all. I ain't keerin' ef I never lay eyes on him again."

"Going?" said Dundas, pleasantly, noticing the motion. "You'll look in again, won't you?"

"Wunst in a while, I reckon," drawled Keenan, a trifle thrown off his balance by this courtesy.

He paused at the door, looking back over his shoulder for a moment at the illumined room, then stepped out into the night, leaving the tenant of the lonely old house filling his pipe by the fire.

His tread rang along the deserted piazza, and sudden echoes came tramping down the vacant halls as if many a denizen of the once populous place was once more astir within its walls. Long after Dundas had heard him spring from the lower veranda to the ground, and the rusty gate clang behind him, vague footfalls were audible far away, and were still again, and once more a pattering tread in some gaunt and empty apartment near at hand, faint and fainter yet, till he hardly knew were it the reverberations of sound or fancy that held his senses in thrall.

And when all was still and silent at last he felt less solitary than when these elusive tokens of human presence were astir.

Late, late he sat over the dwindling embers. His mind, no longer diverted by the events of the day, recurred with melancholy persistence to a theme which even they, although fraught with novelty and presage of danger, had not altogether crowded out. And as the sense of peril dulled, the craft of sophistry grew clumsy. Remorse laid hold upon him in these dim watches of the night. Self-reproach had found him out here, defenceless so far from the specious wiles and ways of men. All the line of provocations seemed slight, seemed naught, as he reviewed them and balanced them against a human life. True, it was not in some mad quarrel that his skill had taken it and had served to keep his own—a duel, a fair fight, strictly regular according to the code of "honorable men" for ages past—and he argued that it was doubtless but the morbid sense of the wild fastnesses without, the illimitable vast-

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ness of the black night, the unutterable indurability of nature to the influences of civilization, which made it taste like murder. He had brought away even from the scene of action, to which he had gone with decorous deliberation — his worldly affairs arranged for the possibility of death, his will made, his volition surrendered, and his sacred honor in the hands of his seconds—a humiliating recollection of the sudden revulsion of the aspect of all things: the criminal sense of haste with which he was hurried away after that first straight shot; the agitation, nay, the fright, of his seconds; their eagerness to be swiftly rid of him, their insistence that he should go away for a time, get out of the country, out of the embarrassing purview of the law, which was prone to regard the matter much in the same light as he himself saw it now, and which had an ugly trick of calling things by their right names in the sincere phraseology of an indictment. And thus it was that he was here, remote from all the usual lines of flight, with his affectation of being a possible purchaser for the old hotel, far from the railroad, the telegraph, even the postal service. Some time—soon, indeed, it might be, when the first flush of excitement and indignation should be overpast, and the law, like a barking dog that will not bite, should have noisily exhausted the gamut of its devoirs—he would go back and live according to his habit in his wonted place, as did other men whom he had known to be "called out," and who had survived their opponents. Meantime he heard the ash crumble; he saw the lighted room wane from glancing yellow to a dull steady red, and so to dusky brown; he marked the wind rise, and die away, and come again, banging the doors of the empty rooms, and setting timbers all strangely to creaking as under sudden trampling feet; then lift into the air with a rustling sound like the stir of garments and the flutter of wings, calling out weirdly in the great voids of the upper atmosphere.

He had welcomed the sense of fatigue earlier in the evening, for it promised sleep. Now it had slipped away from him. He was strong and young, and the burning sensation that the frosty air had left on his face was the only token of the long journey. It seemed as if he would never sleep again as he lay on the lounge watching the gray ash gradually overgrow the embers, till presently only a vague dull glow gave intimation of the position of the hearth in the room. And then, bereft of this dim sense of companionship, he stared wide-eyed in the darkness, feeling the only creature alive and awake in all the world. No; the fox was suddenly barking within the quadrangle —a strangely wild and alien tone. And presently he heard the animal trot past his door on the piazza, the cushioned footfalls like those of a swift dog. He thought with a certain anxiety of the tawny tiny owl that had sat like a stuffed ornament on the mantel-piece of a neighboring room, and he listened with a quaking vicarious presentiment of woe for the sounds of capture and despair. He was sensible of waiting and hoping for the fox's bootless return, when he suddenly lost consciousness.

How long he slept he did not know, but it seemed only a momentary respite from the torture of consciousness, when, still in the darkness, a thousand tremulous penetrating sounds were astir, and with a great start he recognized the rain on the roof. It was coming down in steady torrents that made the house rock before the tumult of his plunging heart was still, and he was longing again for the forgetfulness of sleep. In vain. The hours dragged by; the windows slowly, slowly defined their dull gray squares against the dull gray day dawning without. The walls that had been left with only the first dark coat of plaster, awaiting another season for the final decoration, showed their drapings of cobweb, and the names and pencilled scribblings with which the fancy of transient bushwhackers had chosen to deface them. The locust-trees within the quadrangle drearily tossed their branches to and fro in the wind, the bark very black and distinct against the persistent gray lines of rain and the white walls of the galleried buildings opposite: the gutters were flush, roaring along like miniature torrents; nowhere was the fox or the owl to be seen. Somehow their presence would have been a relief—the sight of any living thing reassuring. As he walked slowly along the deserted piazzas, in turning sudden corners, again and again he paused, expecting that something, some one, was approaching to meet him. When at last he mounted his horse, who had

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neighed gleefully to see him, and rode away through the avenue and along the empty ways amongst the untenanted summer cottages, all the drearier and more forlorn because of the rain, he felt as if he had left an aberration, some hideous dream, behind, instead of the stark reality of the gaunt and vacant and dilapidated old house.

The transition to the glow and cheer of Sim Roxby's fireside was like a rescue, a restoration. The smiling welcome in the women's eyes, their soft drawling voices, with mellifluous intonations that gave a value to each commonplace simple word, braced his nerves like a tonic. It might have been only the contrast with the recollections of the night, with the prospect visible through the open door—the serried lines of rain dropping aslant from the gray sky and elusively outlined against the dark masses of leafless woods that encircled the clearing; the door-yard half submerged with puddles of a clay-brown tint, embossed always with myriads of protruding drops of rain; for however they melted away the downpour renewed them, and to the eye they were stationary, albeit pervaded with a continual tremor—but somehow he was cognizant of a certain coddling tenderness in the old woman's manner that might have been relished by a petted child, an unaffected friendliness in the girl's clear eyes. They made him sit close to the great wood fire; the blue and yellow flames gushed out from the piles of hickory logs, and the bed of coals gleamed at red and white heat beneath. They took his hat to carefully dry it, and they spread out his cloak on two chairs at one side of the room, where it dismally dripped. When he ventured to sneeze, Mrs. Roxby compounded and administered a "yerb tea," a sovereign remedy against colds, which he tasted on compulsion and in great doubt, and swallowed with alacrity and confidence, finding its basis the easily recognizable "toddy." He had little knowledge how white and troubled his face had looked as he came in from the gray day, how strongly marked were those lines of sharp mental distress, how piteously apparent was his mute appeal for sympathy and comfort.

"Mill'cent," said the old woman in the shed-room, as they washed and wiped the dishes after the cozy breakfast of venison and corn-dodgers and honey and milk, "that thar man hev run agin the law, sure's ye air born."

Millicent turned her reflective fair face, that seemed whiter and more delicate in the damp dark day, and looked doubtfully out over the fields, where the water ran in steely lines in the furrows.

"Mus' hev been by accident or suthin'. *He* ain't no hardened sinner."

"Shucks!" the old woman commented upon her reluctant acquiescence. "I ain't keerin' for the law! 'Tain't none o' my job. The tomfool men make an' break it. Ennybody ez hev seen this war air obleeged to take note o' the wickedness o' men in gineral. This hyar man air a sorter pitiful sinner, an' he hev got a look in his eyes that plumb teches my heart. I 'ain't got no call ter know nuthin' 'bout the law, bein' a 'oman an' naterally ignorunt. I dun'no' ez he hev run agin it."

"Mus' hev been by accident," said Millicent, dreamily, still gazing over the sodden fields.

The suspicion did nothing to diminish his comfort or their cordiality. The morning dragged by without change in the outer aspects. The noontide dinner came and went without Roxby's return, for the report of the washing away of a bridge some miles distant down the river had early called him out to the scene of the disaster, to verify in his own interests the rumor, since he had expected to haul his wheat to the settlement the ensuing day. The afternoon found the desultory talk still in progress about the fire, the old woman alternately carding cotton and nodding in her chair in the corner; the dogs eying the stranger, listening much of the time with the air of children taking instruction, only occasionally wandering out of doors, the floor here and there bearing the damp imprint of their feet; and Millicent on her knees in the other corner, the firelight on her bright hair, her delicate cheek, her quickly glancing eyes, as she deftly moulded bullets.

"Uncle Sim hed ter s'render his musket," she explained, "an' he 'ain't got no ca'tridge-loadin' gun lef'. So he makes out with his old muzzle-loadin' rifle, an' I moulds his bullets for him rainy days."

As she held up a moulded ball and dexterously clipped off the surplus lead, the gesture was so culinary in its delicacy that one of the dogs in front of the fire extended his head, making a long neck,

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with a tentative sniff and a glistening gluttonous eye.

"Ef I swallered enny mo' lead, I wouldn't take it hot, Towse," she said, holding out the bullet for canine inspection. "'Tain't healthy!"

But the dog, perceiving the nature of the commodity, drew back with a look of deep reproach, rose precipitately, and with a drooping tail went out skulkingly into the wet gray day.

"Towse can't abide a bullet," she observed, "nor nuthin' 'bout a gun. He got shot wunst a-huntin', an' he never furgot it. Jes show him a gun an' he ain't nowhar ter be seen—like he war cotch up in the clouds."

"Good watch-dog, I suppose," suggested Dundas, striving to enter into the spirit of her talk.

"Naw; too sp'ilt for a gyard-dog—granny coddled him so whenst he got shot. He's jes vally'ble fur his conversation, I reckon," she continued, with a smile in her eyes. "I dun'no' what else, but he *is* toler'ble good company."

The other dogs pressed about her, the heads of the great hounds as high as her own as she sat amongst them on the floor. With bright eyes and knitted brows they followed the motions of pouring in the melted metal, the lifting of the bullets from the mould, the clipping off of the surplus lead, and the flash of the keen knife.

Outside the sad light waned; the wind sighed and sighed; the dreary rain fell; the trees clashed their boughs dolorously together, and their turbulence deadened the sound of galloping horses. As Dundas sat and gazed at the girl's intent head, with its fleecy tendrils and its massive coil, the great hounds beside her, all emblazoned by the firelight upon the brown wall near by, with the vast fireplace at hand, the whole less like reality than some artist's pictured fancy, he knew naught of a sudden entrance, until she moved, breaking the spell, and looked up to meet the displeasure in Roxby's eyes and the dark scowl on Emory Keenan's face.

That night the wind shifted to the north. Morning found the chilled world still, ice where the water had lodged, all the trees encased in glittering garb that followed the symmetry alike of every bough and the tiniest twig, and made splendid the splintered remnants of the lightning-riven. The fields were laced across from furrow to furrow, in which the frozen water still stood gleaming with white arabesques which had known an humbler identity as stubble and crab-grass; the sky was slate-colored, and from its sad tint this white splendor gained added values of contrast. When the sun should shine abroad much of the effect would be lost in the too dazzling glister; but the sun did not shine.

All day the gray mood held unchanged. Night was imperceptibly sifting down upon all this whiteness, that seemed as if it would not be obscured, as if it held within itself some property of luminosity, when Millicent, a white apron tied over her golden head, improvising a hood, its superfluous fulness gathered in many folds and pleats around her neck, fichu-wise, stood beside the ice-draped fodder-stack and essayed with half-numbed hands to insert a tallow dip into the socket of a lantern, all incrusted and clumsy with previous drippings.

"I dun'no' whether I be a-goin' ter need this hyar consarn whilst milkin' or no," she observed, half to herself, half to Emory, who, chewing a straw, somewhat surlily had followed her out for a word apart. "The dusk 'pears slow ter-night, but Spot's mighty late comin' home, an' old Sue air fractious an' contrairy-minded, an' feels mighty anxious an' oneasy 'boutn her calf, that's ez tall ez she is nowadays, an' don't keer no mo' 'bout her mammy 'n a half-grown human does. I tell her she oughtn't ter be mad with me, but with the way she brung up her chile, ez won't notice her now."

She looked up with a laugh, her eyes and teeth gleaming; her golden hair still showed its color beneath the spotless whiteness of her voluminous head-gear, and the clear tints of her complexion seemed all the more delicate and fresh in the snowy pallor of the surroundings and the grayness of the evening.

"I reckon I'd better take it along," and once more she addressed herself to the effort to insert the dip into the lantern.

Emory hardly heard. His pulse was quick. His eye glittered. He breathed hard as, with both hands in his pockets, he came close to her.

"Mill'cent," he said, "I told ye the t'other day ez ye thunk a heap too much o' that thar stranger—"

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"An' I tole ye, bubby, that I didn't think nuthin' o' nobody but you-uns," she interrupted, with an effort to placate his jealousy. The little jocularity which she affected dwindled and died before the steady glow of his gaze, and she falteringly looked at him, her unguided hands futilely fumbling with the lantern.

"Ye can't fool me," he stoutly asseverated. "Ye think mo' o' him 'n o' me, kase ye 'low he air rich, an' book-larned, an' smooth-fingered, an' finified ez a gal, an' goin' ter buy the hotel. I say, *hotel!* Now *I'll* tell ye what he is—I'll tell ye! He's a criminal. He's runnin' from the law. He's hidin' in the old hotel that he's purtendin' ter buy."

She stared wide-eyed and pallid, breathless and waiting.

He interpreted her expression as doubt, denial.

"It's gospel sure," he cried. "Fur this very evenin' I met a gang o' men an' the sheriff's deputy down yander by the sulphur spring 'bout sundown, an' he 'lowed ez they war a-sarchin' fur a criminal ez war skulkin' round hyarabout lately—ez they wanted a man fur hevin' c'mitted murder."

"But ye didn't accuse *him*, surely; ye hed no right ter s'picion *him*. Uncle Sim! Oh my Lord! Ye surely wouldn't! Oh, Uncle Sim!"

Her tremulous words broke into a quavering cry as she caught his arm convulsively, for his face confirmed her fears. She thrust him wildly away, and started toward the house.

"Ye needn't go tattlin' on me," he said, roughly pushing her aside. "I'll tell Mr. Roxby myself. I ain't 'shamed o' what I done. I'll tell him. I'll tell him myself." And animated with this intention to forestall her disclosure, his long strides bore him swiftly past and into the house.

It seemed to him that he lingered there only a moment or two, for Roxby was not at the cabin, and he said nothing of the quarrel to the old woman. Already his heart had revolted against his treachery, and then there came to him the further reflection that he did not know enough to justify suspicion. Was not the stranger furnished with the fullest credentials—a letter to Roxby from the Colonel? Perhaps he had allowed his jealousy to endanger the man, to place him in jeopardy even of his life should he resist arrest.

Keenan tarried at the house merely long enough to devise a plausible excuse for his sudden excited entrance, and then took his way back to the barn-yard.

It was vacant. The cows still stood lowing at the bars; the sheep cowered together in their shed; the great whitened cone of the fodder-stack gleamed icily in the purple air; beside it lay the lantern where Millicent had cast it aside. She was gone! He would not believe it till he had run to the barn, calling her name in the shadowy place, while the horse at his manger left his corn to look over the walls of his stall with inquisitive surprised eyes, luminous in the dusk. He searched the hen-house, where the fowls on their perches crowded close because of the chill of the evening. He even ran to the bars and looked down across the narrow ravine to which the clearing sloped. Beyond the chasmlike gorge he saw presently on the high ascent opposite foot-prints that had broken the light frostlike coating of ice on the dead leaves and moss—climbing foot-prints, swift, disordered. He looked back again at the lantern where she had flung it in her haste. Her mission was plain now. She had gone to warn Dundas. She had taken a direct line through the woods. She hoped to forestall the deputy sheriff and his posse, following the circuitous mountain road.

Keenan's lip curled in triumph. His heart burned hot with scornful anger and contempt of the futility of her effort. "They're there afore she started!" he said, looking up at the aspects of the hour shown by the sky, and judging of the interval since the encounter by the spring. Through a rift in the gray cloud a star looked down with an icy scintillation and disappeared again. He heard a branch in the woods snap beneath the weight of ice. A light sprang into the window of the cabin hard by, and came in a great gush of orange-tinted glow out into the snowy bleak wintry space. He suddenly leaped over the fence and ran like a deer through the woods.

Millicent too had been swift. He had thought to overtake her before he emerged from the woods into the more open space where the hotel stood. In this quarter the cloud-break had been greater. Toward the west a fading amber glow still lingered in long horizontal bars upon the opaque gray sky. The white mountains opposite were hung with purple shadows

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borrowed from a glimpse of sunset somewhere far away over the valley of East Tennessee; one distant lofty range was drawn in elusive snowy suggestions, rather than lines, against a green space of intense yet faint tint. The moon, now nearing the full, hung over the wooded valley, and aided the ice and the crust of snow to show its bleak, wan, wintry aspect; a tiny spark glowed from some open door of an isolated home. Over it all a mist was rising from the east, drawing its fleecy but opaque curtain. Already it had climbed the mountain-side and advanced, windless, soundless, overwhelming, annihilating all before and beneath it. The old hotel had disappeared, save that here and there a gaunt gable protruded and was withdrawn, showed once more, and once more was submerged.

A horse's head suddenly looking out of the enveloping mist close to his shoulder gave him the first intimation of the arrival, the secret silent waiting, of those whom he had directed hither. That the saddles were empty he saw a moment later. The animals stood together in a row, hitched to the rack. No disturbance sounded from the silent building. The event was in abeyance. The fugitive in hiding was doubtless at ease, unsuspecting, while the noiseless search of the officers for his quarters was under way.

With a thrill of excitement Keenan crept stealthily through an open passage and into the old grass-grown spaces of the quadrangle. Night possessed the place, but the cloud seemed denser than the darkness. He was somehow sensible of its convolutions as he stood against the wall and strained his eyes into the dusk. Suddenly it was penetrated by a milky-white glimmer, a glimmer duplicated at equidistant points, each fading as its successor sprang into brilliance. The next moment he understood its significance. It had come from the blurred windows of the old ballroom. Millicent had lighted her candle as she searched for the fugitive's quarters; she was passing down the length of the old house on the second story, and suddenly she emerged upon the gallery. She shielded the feeble flicker with her hand; her white-hooded head gleamed as with an aureola as the divergent rays rested on the opaque mist; and now she clutched the baluster and walked with tremulous care, for the flooring had rotted away here and there, and often she must needs step from joist to joist. Her face was pallid, troubled; and Dundas, who had been warned by the tramp of horses and the tread of men, and who had descended the stairs and lurked in the niche beneath, revolver in hand, ready to slip away if he might under cover of the mist, paused appalled, gazing as on an apparition—the sight so familiar to his senses, so strange to his experience. He saw in an abrupt shifting of the mist that there were other figures skulking in doorways, watching her progress. The next moment she leaned forward to clutch the baluster, and the light of the candle fell full on Emory Keenan, lurking in the open passage below.

A sudden sharp cry of "Surrender!"

The young mountaineer, confused, swiftly drew his weapon. Others were swifter still. A sharp report rang out into the chill crisp air, rousing all the affrighted echoes—a few faltering steps, a heavy fall, and for a long time Emory Keenan's life-blood stained the floor of the promenade. Even when it had faded, curiosity-mongers came often and gazed at the spot with morbid interest, until, a decade later, an enterprising proprietor removed the floor and altered the shape of that section of the building out of recognition.

The escape of Dundas was easily effected. The deputy sheriff, confronted with the problem of satisfactorily accounting for the death of a man who had committed no offence against public polity, was no longer formidable. His errand had been the arrest of a horse-thief, well known to him, and he had no interest in pursuing a fugitive, however obnoxious to the law, whose personal description was so different from that of the object of his search.

Time restored to Dundas his former place in life and the esteem of his fellow-citizens. His stay in the mountains was an episode which he will not often recall, but sometimes volition fails, and he marvels at the strange fulfilment of the girl's vision; he winces to think that her solicitude for his safety should have cost her her lover; he wonders whether she yet lives, and whether that tender troubled phantom, on nights when the wind is still and the moon is low and the mists rise, again joins the strange, elusive, woful company crossing the quaking foot-bridge.

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A Soldier of Fortune.

A True Story

by HOWARD PYLE.



I.

ON the morning of the 7th of December, 1670, the city of London and the court at Whitehall were met, when they awakened in the morning, by a most exciting, a most sensational, piece of news. During the night that had just passed, the Duke of Ormond had been attacked in his coach almost at the very gates of Clarendon House, and had been rescued, by the merest chance in the world, in the mud and dirt of a kennel, from a shameful and ignoble death upon the gallows at Tyburn.

About a year and a half later—the 10th of May, 1672—a still greater and still more vivid excitement ran like wildfire throughout the metropolis, and set the whole town in a blaze. A bold and bloody attempt had been made to rob the Tower of London of the crown jewels. It had failed, but it had failed only by a chance that was as one in a million.

The leader and the contriver of both these attempts was a certain Irish malcontent Presbyterian, one Colonel Blood, sometimes known as Thomas Blood, Esq., of Sarney.

"Dined at my Lord Treasurer's," says Evelyn, "where dined Mons. de Grammont and several French noblemen, and one Blood, that impudent, bold fellow who had not long before attempted to steal the imperial crown itself out of the Tower. How he came to be pardoned, and even received in favor, not only after this, but several other exploits almost as daring both in Ireland and here, I could never come to understand. The man," he adds, "has not only a daring, but a villanous, unmerciful look, a false countenance, and very well spoken and dangerously insinuating."

This famous and often-quoted passage is, strange to say, almost all that remains of the actual portraiture of a man once notable among the notables of his day. The little else called authentic that has descended to us is obscure and generally contradictory. Besides a mention in a few dry and now altogether unread histories, it comprises two or three curious pamphlets in the British Museum, a mention here and there in certain scandalous poems written by Rochester and other scandalous versifiers of the court of Charles II., and one or two of those rare and curious black-letter ballads of the period that have somehow escaped the waste-basket of Time, and have come fluttering down to us of the present age. These few brief mentions are, as was said, generally contradictory; but, such as they are, they are all that is left—a few frayed and tattered remnants of what was once the web of a real life history.

It is now almost impossible to rearrange these broken and tangled threads into anything like an actual semblance of the original pattern. After the best has been done, we can only see a faint and general outline—dim and faded—of a wild and adventurous life lived in that dark and shadowy time so long ago. In the beginning we see a shadowy image of the hero as one Thomas Blood, Esquire, of Sarney, enjoying a considerable rental from an Irish estate of some value. Next



he appears—faint, dim, obscure—fighting in the Cromwellian wars, though whether upon the side of the King or Parliament it is now next to impossible to say. Then we see him at the time of the Restoration (still faintly outlined), desperately poor and needy, petitioning the Irish Court of Claims—and petitioning in vain—for the restoration of his estates, which had somehow become sequestered during the late war.

Then, for a little space, the threads of his life run into the stronger woof of real history, and we see a clearer picture of him leagued with the Irish Presbyterians and malcontent sectaries in a rather fa-

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mous, but desperate and fruitless, attempt to abduct the Duke of Ormond, then the Lord Lieutenant, from Dublin Castle.

Then again the threads run astray from more lasting history, and for a while they become again more tangled, obscure, and faded even than at first. A faint image of him is seen lurking, a fugitive, among the Irish mountains—now sheltered by the Presbyterians, now by the wild peasantry; here disguised as a malcontent sectarian enthusiast or preacher, now as a refugee priest—passing through a thousand marvellous adventures and a hundred hair-breadth escapes, and finally getting safe away to Holland.

About this time the notable Fifth-Monarchy Plot began to draw toward a head in England in York and Suffolk, and then in a little while Colonel Thomas Blood is back again from Holland, and we see his vague form moving restlessly here and there in the very midst of the conspiracy.

This part of his life, particularly, smacks not a little of the romantic. By way of disguise, he assumed the name and title of Dr. Ayliff, and began the



practice of physic in the town of Runniford. He soon became much respected by his neighbors, who looked upon him as a most quiet, orderly, law-loving, inoffensive body. The suggestion offered is quite of a kind with the old school of romantic fiction. The double life—by day a respectable chirurgeon and quiet, decent, pill-rolling apothecary; by night a fierce incendiary enthusiast, holding forth hoarsely in some gloomy, torch-lit hiding-place of the Fifth-Monarchy conspirators.

By-and-by the Fifth-Monarchy Plot exploded, and then, from the midst of the general ruin, the outline of Colonel Thomas Blood, as it emerges, begins for the first time to assume a more definite and positive shape and color.

Among the Fifth Monarchy conspirators arrested at that time was one Captain Maison, an old and tried friend of Colonel Blood's, and one for whom the adventurer felt a peculiar affection. He was taken in London by the government agents, and it was necessary to remove him thence to York to stand his trial at the coming assizes. Accordingly he was sent down under guard, and Blood determined upon a rescue.

In a village not far from Doncaster the escort troop was suddenly attacked in the dark by four armed horsemen. A fight desperate and bloody followed, in which two of the soldiers were killed, three unhorsed, and the rest wounded, while all who could betook themselves to flight. The rescue was effected, and Captain Maison rode away with his friends in triumph. The leader of the rescuing party was Colonel Blood, and in the encounter, so the history of the affair says, he was shot in the body five times, suffering wounds enough to kill any ordinary man.

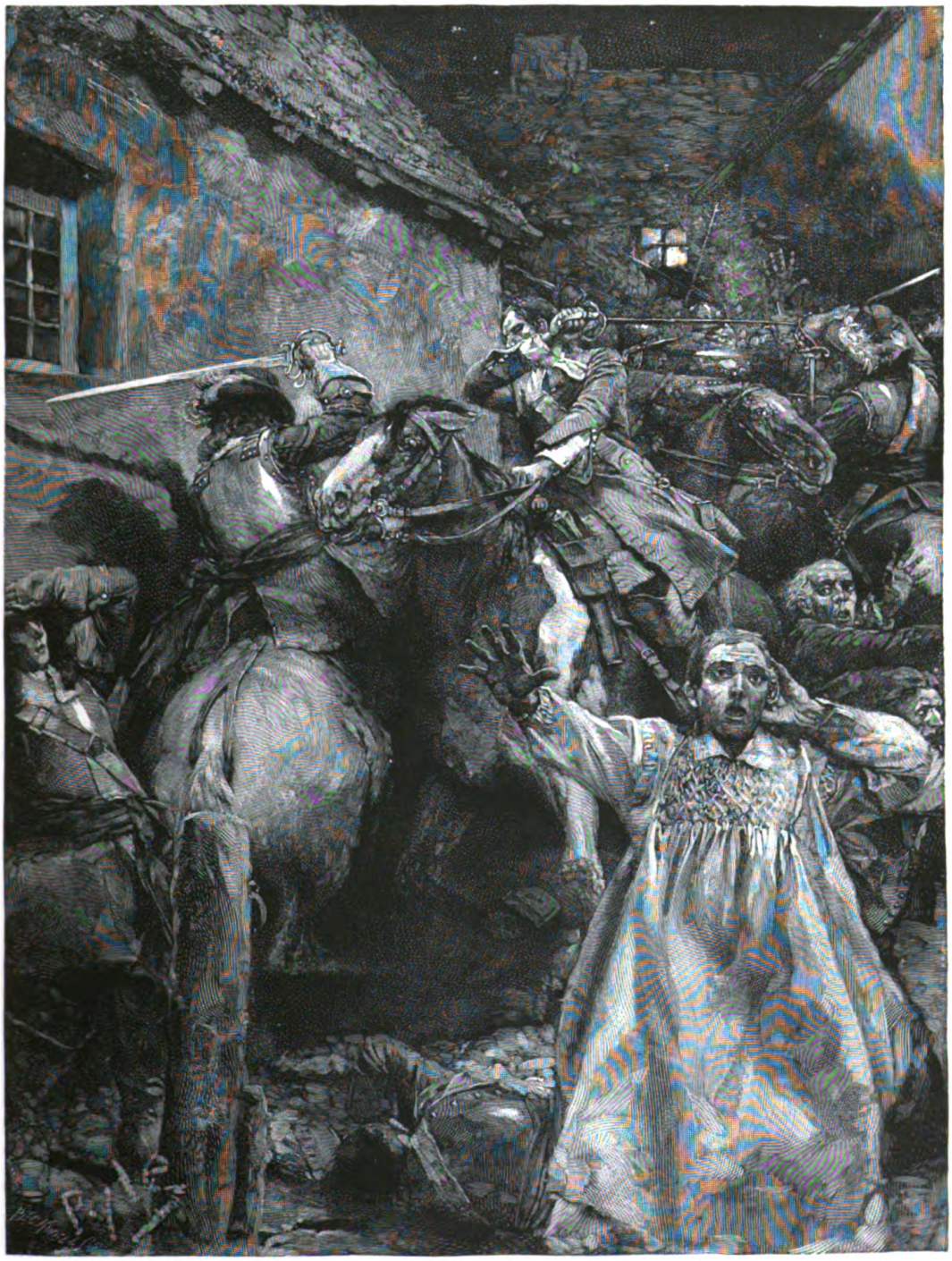
In the contemporary account of this affair we catch a dim but curious picture of England of that day—a picture looking strange and dark in these days of light. Though the encounter, says that account, "happened in a village where a great number of people were spectators of the combat, yet none would venture the rescue of either party, as not knowing which was in the wrong or which was in the right."

"It was," says the same worthy authority, "Mr. Blood's misfortune to ride all that day and lose his way, nothing but blood and gore all over from top to toe, before he could get to a friend's house whither he designed, and have the assistance of a surgeon, which he there obtained."

A reward of £300 was set upon his head, but he had disappeared, and it seems to have occurred to no one that the peaceful Dr. Ayliff of Runniford was in any way connected with the now famous desperado Colonel Blood.

It is a confused, entangled narrative; it is difficult to follow, shifting as it does from scene to scene and from place to place, and the following of it is of use

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A NIGHT IN THE VILLAGE STREET.

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only so far as it may lay the ground for the after-story—as it may give some notion of the first making of a character so



bold and so desperate that the stealing of a duke's person and a king's crown were to it matters not only possible but practicable.

The first of these two famous adventures was a second attempt upon the life of the Duke of Ormond, in the very heart of London, and almost at the very gates of his own palace.

II.

In the winter of the year 1670 the Prince of Orange visited England, and on the 6th of December a grand entertainment was given to him by the city of London. The Duke of Ormond was also a guest of the city, and it was very late that night when he returned from the banquet to Clarendon House, where he was then lodging. The Duke's coach, when he rode abroad, was always attended by six running footmen, and to prevent them from climbing up behind, and so overloading the horses, his Grace had had spikes driven both into the coach itself and into the stand behind.



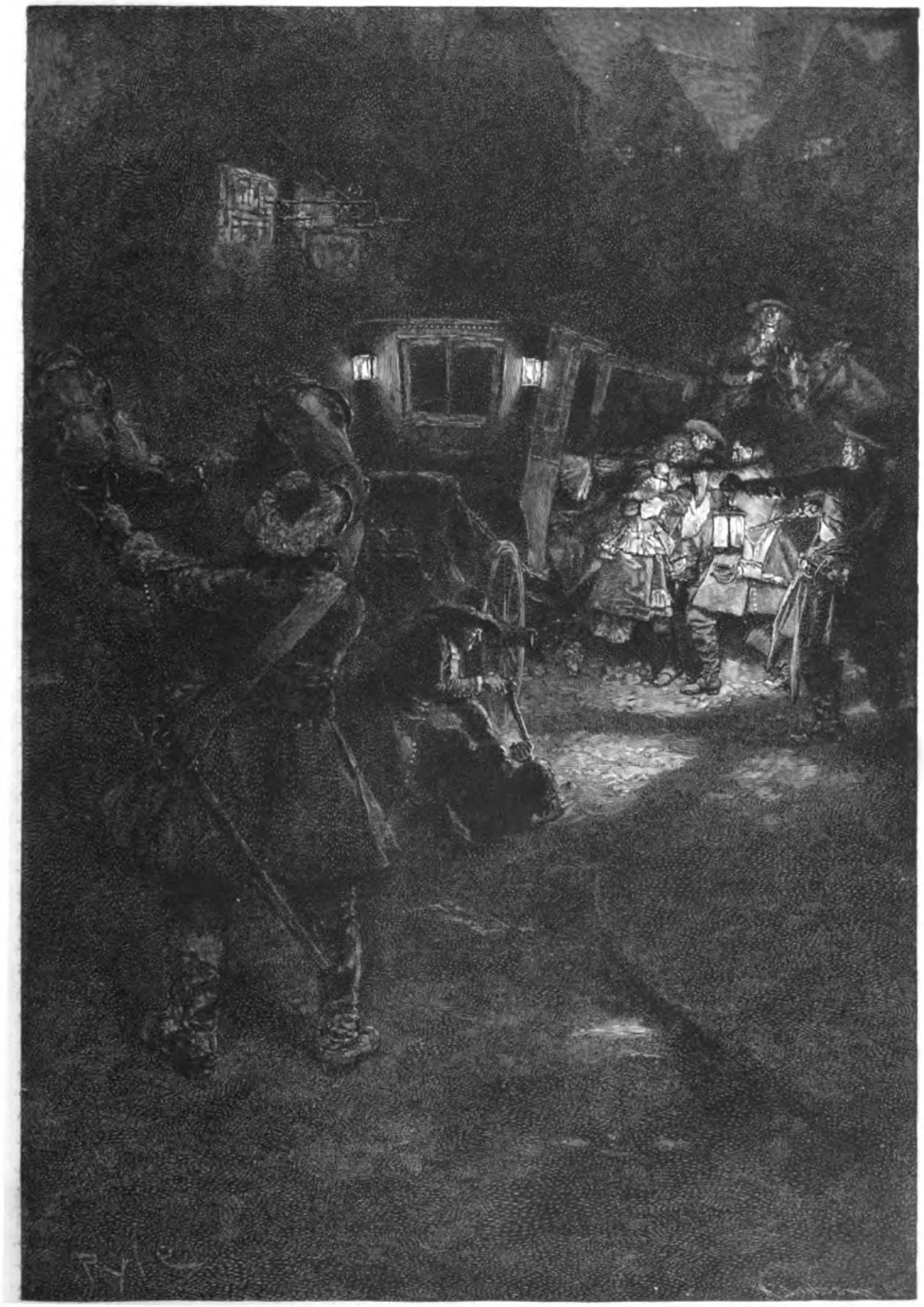
It happened this particular night that the streets were so wet and muddy that the footmen had run upon the sidewalk instead of keeping to the roadway, and when the coach finally turned into St. James Street, at the end of which stood Clarendon House, it was found that not a single guard attended it.

By some accounts it is said that they had lagged behind; by others that they had been stopped upon the way. Be this as it may, the coach was entirely without attendants when it was suddenly brought to a stand by a party of some half-dozen horsemen in the darkest part of the street. Before the coachman had time to make any outcry he was dragged from his seat and thrown into the dirt, where he lay with a pistol pressed to his temple, not daring to make any alarm. Then the door of the coach was flung open by two or three men in vizard-masks, who seized the Duke, in spite of his outcries and struggles, and dragged him out into the muddy street. Without a word being spoken, he was instantly lifted to the back of a horse behind one of the party, and there, in spite of his shouts and struggles, strapped tightly to the horseman.

It was not until some time afterward that it was fully known what was the intention of the Duke's assailants. Had they been contented merely to assassinate him, which was the main aim of the assault, they might have attained that object there and then. But they were not satisfied to end the matter merely with the shot of a pistol or the stab of a sword or dagger; it was their intention, as it was subsequently learned, to carry him to Tyburn, and there to hang him upon the gibbet like a common malefactor. Accordingly, the Duke being safely secured, the whole party rode away with him through the darkness. After they had gone the coachman gathered himself up, and mounting the box of the empty coach, drove on to Clarendon House, where he roused the porter, calling out confusedly that two men had seized the Duke and carried him off down Piccadilly.

The porter, without waiting or thinking to alarm the house, immediately ran off in pursuit, and one Mr. James Clarke, a gentleman of the Duke's household, who happened at that time to be in the court of the house, hastily giving the

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DRAGGING THE DUKE OUT OF THE COACH.

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alarm, and bidding the servants to come after him as fast as they could, ran after the porter, and in the same direction.

It is probable that they might have been too late to rescue his Grace had not the Duke's own presence of mind, coolness, or dexterity saved his life. Colonel Blood, who was the leader of the gang, had ridden on ahead as far as the gallows to make all ready, and had actually tied the halter in place. In the mean time his party had become separated. The ruffian to whom the Duke had been strapped was a man of very great strength, but he was so embarrassed by the incessant and vehement struggle of his prisoner that he could only progress very slowly. In consequence his companions had ridden on ahead, leaving him to come at his leisure. The Duke and his captor had gone some distance past Devonshire House towards Knightsbridge, when his Grace contrived to get his toe under the other's foot, and by a sudden dexterous heave to upset him from his horse. Being strapped together, both captive and captor fell into the dirt and mud of the roadway, where they lay struggling when the Mr. Clarke before spoken of turned the corner of the street and came running up. Before he could reach them, however, the fellow to whom the Duke had been strapped had managed to disengage himself, and seeing the neighborhood alarmed and a number of people running toward them, scrambled up on horseback again, and after firing both pistols point-blank at the Duke, who still lay in the mud, galloped away.



So when Colonel Blood came riding back from the gallows he met his friends galloping away in a great hurry, and the whole of that quarter of the town aroused. Thereupon, without saying a word, he turned his horse's head and led the way for Fulham Ferry, the others following behind. There they all got safe over and into hiding before any general alarm could be given.

Luckily, in the darkness and hurry, the fellow who had shot at the Duke had missed his aim. But the poor old nobleman was so spent with struggling that when Mr. Clarke and the porter reached him he could not speak, but lay still as though dead. At first they thought him to be seriously hurt, for his Grace could not speak, but after they had carried him home and laid him on a bed, he recovered himself sufficiently to tell what had befallen him. He must have known very well who was his chief assailant, for the reward of £1000 was set upon the capture of Blood by name, and the fame of his daring attempt was in the mouth of all England.

Everywhere in town and country the talk was of how Colonel Blood had stolen the Duke, but in the midst of all the hubbub Dr. Ayliff continued peacefully practising physic at Runniford, listening quietly, perhaps, to all the wild rumors and gossip about the doings of Colonel Blood.

There has been and is still much speculation as to why Blood should have made this, which, counting the unsuccessful adventure at Dublin Castle, was his second attempt upon the Duke of Ormond's life. In the darkest days of his fortune, immediately after the Restoration, he had suffered much at the Duke's hands—or thought he had. But such a motive seems hardly sufficient to account for such a bitter and cruel revenge as that intended. The suspicion seems to be almost more than well grounded that Blood was in the pay of the Duke of Buckingham and the Duchess of Cleveland. Certainly neither the gentleman nor the lady would have been above hiring a bravo to assassinate a rival and an enemy. Corroborating such a suspicion is an account (somewhat apocryphal) which is said to have emanated from Dr. Turner, afterward Bishop of Ely, then the King's chaplain-in-waiting, who tells of a meeting between the Earl of Ossory (the eldest son of Ormond) and the Duke of Buckingham in the presence of the King a short time after this affair. He says that Ossory came directly up to his Grace,

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who was walking beside the King, saying:

"My Lord, I know very well that you are at the bottom of this late attempt of Blood's upon my father, and therefore I give you fair warning, if my father comes to a violent end by sword or pistol, if he dies by the hand of a ruffian, or by the more secret way of poison, I shall not be



at a loss to know the first author of it. I shall treat you as such, and wherever I meet you I shall pistol you, though you stand behind the King's chair; and I tell you this in his Majesty's presence, that you may be sure I shall keep my word."

III.

But it was Colonel Blood's last and greatest adventure that made him so celebrated. Maybe even such a bold undertaking as the attempted hanging of a Duke might long since have faded away into obscurity more or less dense, but the projected stealing of a crown at once set the planner far above and beyond the common herd of rascals.

The old regalia of England, so long the heirloom of her kings and queens, comprising among other articles the ancient crown and sceptre said to have belonged to Edward the Confessor, had been broken up during the Commonwealth, and sold for old gold for the benefit of the state. Accordingly new regalia had to be provided for the coronation of Charles II., and in an account of that ceremony, written by Sir Edward Walker, Garter principal King-at-arms, we read that the Master of the Jewel-house had been ordered to provide "two Imperial Crowns set with pretious Stones, the one to be called St. Edwards Crowne, wherewith the King was to be crowned; and the other to be putt on after his Coronation before his Ma.ties retorne to Westminster Hall. Also, an Orbe of gold with a Cross sett with pretious Stones; a Scepter with a Crosse sett with pretious Stones, called St. Edwards; a Scepter with a Dove sett with pretious Stones; a long Scepter, or Staffe of Gold with a Crosse upon the top and a Pike at the foote of steele, called St. Edwards Staffe; a Ring with a Ruby, &c., &c." The crown that was so nearly lost was probably St. Edward's, or the imperial crown, the second mentioned in the list just given; the sceptre was that of the dove set with precious stones.

The keeper of this treasure at that time was one Talbot Edwards, an old and trusted servant of Sir Gilbert Talbot, the Master and Treasurer of the Jewel-house.

One day a country clergyman and his wife paid a visit to the Tower. The parson was dressed, the accounts agree in saying, in a long cassock-cloak and a canonical girdle. The couple desired to see the regalia, and Mr. Edwards very kindly consented to show them. While in the jewel-house the lady was taken suddenly and violently ill, and was with some difficulty assisted to the keeper's lodging, where Mrs. Edwards and her daughter administered a cordial, unlaced her stays, and rendered such other neces-



sary assistance as the case demanded. By-and-by the lady appeared sufficiently recovered to take her departure, which she did with profuse apologies for the trouble she had occasioned, and as profuse thanks for the kindness she had received.

A day or two after, the parson returned with several pairs of gloves as a present from his wife to Mrs. Edwards. A great

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many very pleasant words were exchanged, and in the end the parson staid to dinner. He made himself so agreeable that he was pressed to call again and bring his wife, which he promised to do upon the first occasion that offered. He was as good as his word, and by degrees a close and warm intimacy sprang up between the two families.



The Edwardses had a comely, wholesome-looking daughter of a marriageable age, to whom the country parson appeared to take a very great fancy—so great, indeed, that he at last proposed for the young lady's hand for his nephew, who was, he told the keeper and Mrs. Edwards, a young gentleman of property and an income of £300 a year. The match was a very desirable one, and the Edwardses accepted the proposal eagerly. A time was set for the betrothal—it was the 10th of May, 1670, a day memorable indeed in the annals of the Tower—and the parson undertook to find two friends to act as witnesses.

The evening before the betrothal day the parson called upon the keeper, and informed him that the friends whom he had chosen to act as witnesses would have to go down to the country in the morning, and so he would fetch them and his wife and his nephew about seven o'clock. Accordingly, at the time appointed, the reverend gentleman made his appearance with the three men, one of them a good-looking young fellow, presumably the nephew. He introduced his friends and his nephew, and then informed the keeper that his wife had been detained, but that she would come by-and-by; that meantime they would not go up stairs, but that if Mr. Edwards was so disposed, his two friends from the country would like very much to see the crown treasures before they returned home.

The keeper, of course, willingly acceded to the request of his friends, and so they went all together to the jewel-house. The regalia were probably kept under some sort of protection at that time, though not as they are to-day.

A contemporary writer says, "It is the custom of the keeper of the regalia, when he exposes them to public view, to lock himself within a kind of grate or door with open bars, to the end that those things of high value may be seen, but not soiled by the touch of so many people as daily come to see those precious ornaments."

Upon the present occasion, after the keeper had unlocked this wicket, and as he was about to lock himself within the enclosure again, he was suddenly seized by the parson and his friends, and flung violently down upon the ground. The parson drew forth a horse-pistol from under his cloak, pressed the nozzle of it against the poor terrified old man's temple, and swore with a most tremendous oath that if he breathed a sound or a whisper, he was a dead man.

At first the old man lay silent, stunned and bewildered by the suddenness of the attack; but presently regaining both his wits and courage, he began, in spite of the gag, to make such a noise that in a little while he would probably have aroused the whole Tower. In vain the ruffians threatened and swore. One of them cried out to kill him at once, but the leader, the pretended parson, would not allow them to take the old man's life. However, they beat him again and again upon the head with a wooden mallet until he lay stunned and senseless, and one account says that they then stabbed him in the belly with a rapier, which one of them had brought concealed in a cane.

Having thus at last silenced his clamor, they left him lying where he was, and began hastily setting about the business which they had come prepared for. The parson, to make it more easy to conceal beneath his cassock-cloak, attempted to flatten down the bows of the crown with the wooden mallet which he had brought with them, and which they had just used with such effect upon the poor old keeper. Another of the party, an old Cromwellian soldier named Parrott, fell to filing the sceptre in two, "for the better convenience of carrying it away in a bag which they had fetched." Meantime the third had wrapped the orb in a pocket-handkerchief, and had stuffed it in his breeches pocket.

While they were so engaged, the keeper had somewhat recovered his shattered wits, but knowing that they would probably kill him if he made any further outcry, he lay for the time silently watching them.

All had gone smoothly with them so

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THE FIGHT FOR THE CROWN.

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far, and perhaps all might have gone smoothly to the end, had there not chanced one of those happenings that used to occur so frequently in the queer old novels of sixty or seventy years ago, but which happen almost never in real life. Mr. Edwards had a son and a son-in-law, who had for some years been away in Flanders, and by some queer crook of chance they both happened at that very day, hour, and minute to return to England and to the Tower. The luck of such an opportune return was as one in a million, and probably it saved the crown of England.

The young man who played the part of the parson's nephew had not accompanied the others to the jewel-room, but had remained without to give the alarm in case of need—probably excusing himself for not going with the others upon the plea of waiting for the coming of his aunt. As Mr. Edwards the younger and his brother-in-law, Captain Beckman, reached the keeper's lodgings, they were somewhat surprised to find this young stranger waiting there. They stopped to ask him some questions, and the sound of their voices gave the alarm to the others even before their sentinel had time to warn them of their danger. The thieves had not had time to file the sceptre in two, and so had to leave it, contenting themselves with carrying off the crown and the orb and one or two of the more valuable jewels.

As soon as they had left the jewel-room, Mr. Edwards worked the gag out of his mouth, and began to scream "Treason! Murder!" with all his might, and the next moment his daughter ran into the court, crying out that the crown had been stolen, and the whole of that part of the Tower was instantly aroused. But meantime the robbers had reached the drawbridge without being stopped, and they seemed upon the point of escaping, when the warder stationed there ran out to head them off. The parson fired his pistol point-blank at the man, who fell down at the report, though unhurt, and let them all four pass by. They cleared the outer gates beyond without any further challenge, reached the wharf, and made with all speed for St. Katherine's gate, where four horses stood ready for mounting. But though the warder had not stopped them, he had so delayed them that Captain Beckman, who had distanced young Edwards, was able to overtake them. The parson, being impeded by his loose cassock, was the hindermost of the four, and him Captain Beckman clutched by the cloak. Thereupon, with an oath, the fugitive turned sharp around, and discharged the second pistol directly in his pursuer's face. Captain Beckman, seeing



his intention, dropped upon his knees, and the bullet passed harmlessly over his head.

In the fierce struggle that followed, the crown fell into the dirt, where it was afterward picked up by one of the others who came running to Captain Beckman's aid. Several of the jewels had fallen out, but besides that it had suffered but little injury. A valuable pearl was picked up by a sweeper a day or two after, and a diamond was subsequently found by an apprentice. Others of the precious stones which had become dislodged were never again found.

As soon as the parson saw that the

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crown was lost to him, he ceased trying to escape, crying out that it was a gallant attempt, for it had been for a crown.

Parrott, with the orb in his breeches pocket, was also caught. One fine ruby was found to have broken loose from its setting; but it was afterward found among some other things when the man's pocket was turned inside out.

The remaining two of the four fugitives reached their horses in safety, and got fairly away from the Tower. One of them, a Thomas Hunt, a son-in-law of Colonel Blood's, was flung from his horse



some little distance beyond the gate, and before he could regain his saddle he was captured, and brought back again to the Tower. The other, the young man who had acted the bridegroom, and who had stood sentry while his companions were busied in the jewel-house, got safe away, and does not appear in any of the records of the affair that have been transmitted to posterity.

It was not until the first excitement of the attempted robbery and the capture had simmered down that it was discovered that the chief of the gang was none other than the famous and desperate Colonel Blood, whose name was even yet ringing from end to end of the land. As soon as this was learned, the news of his capture flew over the town like wildfire, and people came in crowds to the gate of the Tower upon the bare chance of catching a glimpse of the renowned soldier of fortune. The report reached even to Whitehall and the ears of the King himself; and when Sir Gilbert Talbot, the Keeper of the Jewels, reached Whitehall bearing the news of the robbery and of the capture of the criminals, he was informed that the King already knew of the circumstance, and desired to have Blood and Parrott brought to the palace that he might see them and examine them himself.

It is not known just what passed in the interview that followed. One account has it that the Colonel confessed to the King that he was one of a band of desperadoes who had sworn to take the life of any man who should injure one of their number, and that he had hidden near by among the reeds with his carbine ready to shoot his Majesty when he should step into the water to bathe, but that the awe inspired by the sight of the naked body of the King had dissolved all his courage, and that he had not been able to shoot, or even cock his piece, but could only stand trembling and powerless.

Not only was he pardoned, but he was taken into royal favor. He became an attendant on the King, and afterward a favorite with the Duke of Buckingham, and always free to the royal ear.

It is also a part of that same topsy-turvy luck of the doughty Colonel's that his wealth and prosperity should have been his undoing. In some obscure and tangled fashion Colonel Blood became involved in a scandal against the Duke of Buckingham—a scandal of a kind not to be told to modern ears. Whether the horrid accusation against his Grace was true or not true, the result was just the same for Mr. Blood. He became entangled in the gossamer net of the law, and we find the Duke of Buckingham entering an action against him, the damages of which were set at £10,000.

Then the Colonel's down-hill path was as rapid as his rise had been. His court favor was lost; his friends deserted him; he was ruined financially; and at last, upon the 24th of August, 1680, he died, and was buried in Tottle Fields.



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A SECOND SPRING.

BY SARAH ORNE JEWETT.

I.

THE Haydon farm was only a few miles from the sea, and the spring wind, which had been blowing from the south all day, had gone into the east. A chilly salt fog had begun to come in, creeping along where a brook wound among the lower fields like a ghostly serpent that was making its way to shelter across the country.

The old Haydon house stood on high rising land, with two great walnut-trees at one side, and a tall, thin, black-looking spruce in front that had lost its mate. A comfortable row of round-headed old apple-trees led all the way up a long lane from the main road. This lane and the spacious side yard were scarred by wheel ruts, and the fresh turf was cut up by the stamping feet of many horses. It was the evening of a sad day, the evening after Israel Haydon's wife's funeral. Many of the people who had been present had far to go, and so the funeral feast had been served early.

The old place looked deserted. The dandelions, which had shone so bright in the grass that morning, were all shut up, and the syringa bushes in the front yard seemed to have taken back their rash buds, and to have grown as gray as winter again. The light was failing fast out-of-doors; there was a lamp lighted in the kitchen, and a figure kept passing between it and the window.

Israel Haydon lingered as long as he could over his barn-work. Somehow it seemed lonely in the barn, and as long as he could see or feel his way about he kept himself busy over the old horse and cow, accepting their inexpressive companionship, and serving their suppers with unusual generosity. His sensations, even of grief, were not very distinct to him; there was only a vague sense of discomfort, of being disturbed in his quiet course. He had said to many of his friends that afternoon, "I do' know why 'tis, but I can't realize nothing about it," and spoken sincerely; but his face was marked with deep lines; he was suffering deeply from the great loss that had befallen him. His wife had been a woman of uncommon social gifts and facilities, and he had missed her leadership in the great occasion that was just over. Everybody had come to him for directions, and expected from him the knowledge of practical arrangement that she had always shown in the forty years of their married life. He had forgotten already that it was a worn-out and suffering woman who had died; the remembrance of long weeks of illness faded from his mind. It appeared to him as if, in her most active and busy aspect, she had suddenly vanished out of the emergencies and close dependence of their every-day lives.

Mr. Haydon crossed the yard slowly, after he had locked the barn door and tried the fastening, and then gone back to try it again. He was glad to see the cheerfulness of the lighted kitchen, and to remember that his own sister and the sister of his wife were there in charge and ready to companion him. He could not help a feeling of distress at the thought of entering his lonely home; suddenly the fact of their being there made everything seem worse. Another man might have loitered on the step until he was chilly and miserable, but poor Mr. Haydon only dropped his hand for a moment by his side, and looked away down the lane; then, with bent head, he lifted the latch as he always did, and went in. It seemed as if he consciously shouldered the burden of his loneliness in that dreary moment, and never could stand upright again.

The season of his solitary life began with more cheer than could have been expected. The two women were waiting for him placidly, and did not seem to be curious how he might be bearing this great disaster. They had cleared away all signs of the great company, and the kitchen looked as it always did; it had not occurred to them to occupy the more formal sitting-room. The warmth of the fire was pleasant; a table was spread with supper. One of the women was bringing the teapot from the stove, and the other was placidly knitting a blue yarn stocking. It seemed as if Martha Haydon herself might at any moment come out of the pantry door or up the cellar stairs.

"We was just about ready for you, Isr'el," said his sister-in-law Stevens, glancing at him eagerly. "We didn't stop

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to take anything ourselves this afternoon, and we didn't suppose 'twas so you could; an' we thought we'd just make a quiet cup o' tea when we had everything put to rights and could set down an' enjoy it. Now you draw right up to the table; that's clever; 'twill do us all good."

The good woman bore some likeness to her sister just departed: Israel had never noticed it so much before. She had a comfortable motherly way, and his old face twitched in spite of himself as he bent over the brimming and smoking cup that she handed across the square table.

"I declare!" said his own sister, Mrs. Abby Martin. "We could reckon what a sight o' folks there was here this afternoon by the times we had to make new tea, if they wa'n't no other way. I don't know's I ever see a larger gathering on such an occasion. Mis' Stevens an' me was trying to count 'em. There was twenty-six wagons hitched in the yard an' lane, so William said, besides all that come afoot; an' a few had driven away before they made the count."

"I'd no idea of there bein' so many," said Israel, sadly. "Well, 'twas natural for all who knew her to show respect. I feel much obliged to the folks, and for Elder Wall's excellent remarks."

"A number spoke their approval to him in my hearing. He seemed pleased that everything passed off well," said sister Martin. "I expect he wanted to do the best he could. Everybody knows she was always a good friend to him. I never see anybody that set so by her minister. William was telling of me he'd been very attentive all through her sickness. Poor William! He does mourn, but he behaved very pretty, I thought. He wanted us to tell you that he'd be over to-morrow soon's he could. He wanted dreadful to stop with ye overnight, but we all know what it is to run a milk farm."

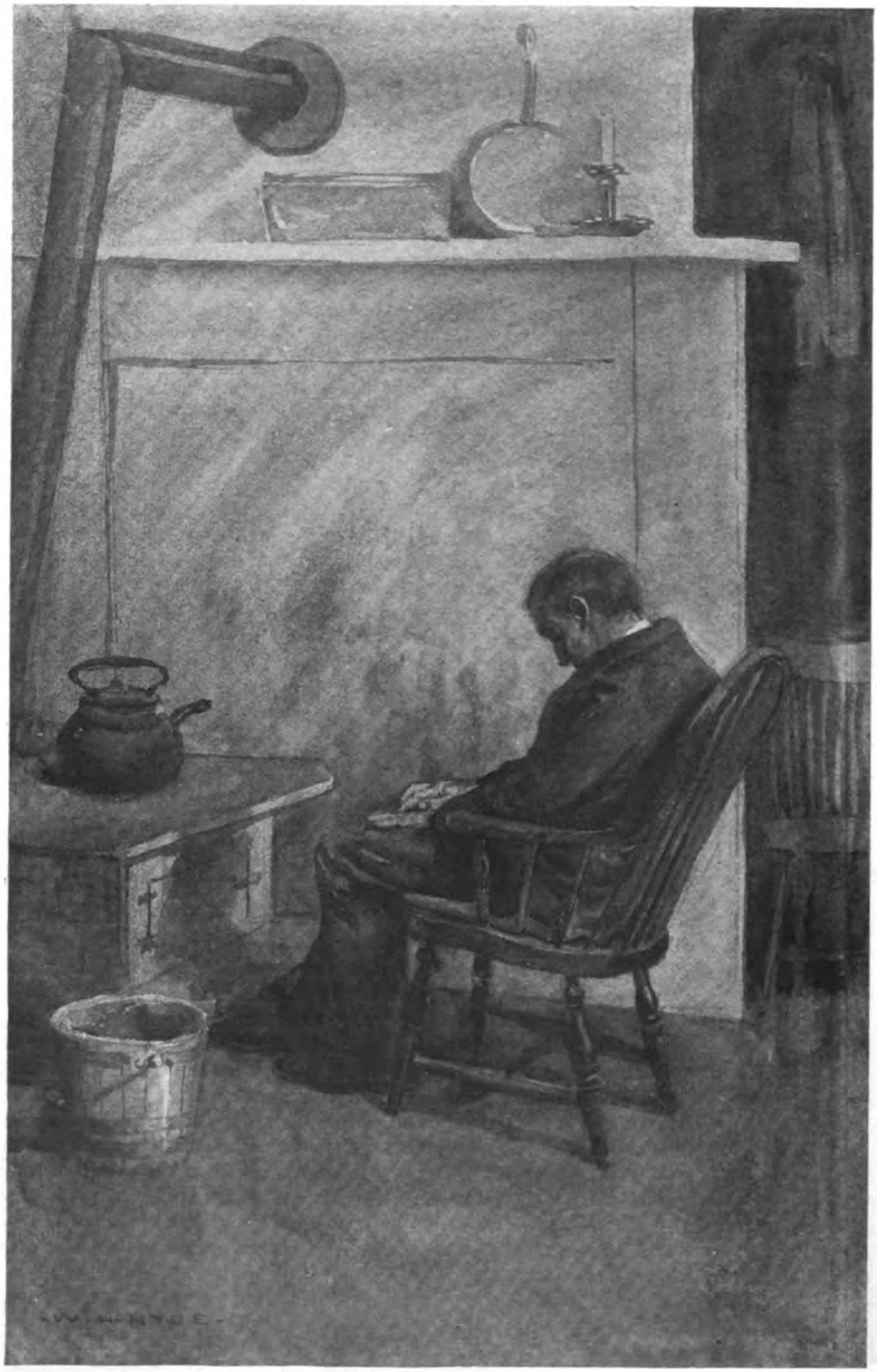
"I'd ben glad if 'twas so he could be here with us to-night, an' his wife with him," said the old man, pushing away his cup. The remnants of the afternoon feast, with which the table was spread, failed to tempt his appetite. He rose and took his old wooden arm-chair by the stove, and clasped his hands before him. The long brown fingers began to play mechanically upon each other. It was strange how these trivial, unconscious habits continued in spite of the great change which had shaken his life to its foundations.

II.

At noon the next day Israel Haydon and his son William came up across the field together. They had on their every-day clothes, and were talking about every-day matters as they walked along. Mr. Haydon himself had always looked somewhat unlike a farmer, even though there had been no more diligent and successful tiller of the soil in the town of Atfield. He never had bought himself a rougher suit of clothes or a coarse hat for haying, but his discarded Sunday best in various states of decadence served him for barn and field. It was proverbial that a silk hat lasted him five years for best and ten for common; but whatever he might be doing, Israel Haydon always preserved an air of unmistakable dignity. He was even a little ministerial in his look: there had been a minister in the family two or three generations back. Mr. Haydon and his wife had each inherited some money. They were by nature thrifty, and now their only son was well married, with a good farm of his own, to which Israel had added many acres of hay land and tillage, saying that he was getting old, and was going to take the rest of his life easily. In this way the old people had thrown many of their worldly cares upon their son's broad shoulders. They had paid visits each summer to their kindred in surrounding towns, starting off in their Sunday chaise with sober pleasure, serene in their prosperity, and free from any dark anticipations, although they could not bring themselves to consent to any long absence, and the temptation of going to see friends in the West was never dangerous to their peace of mind. But the best of their lives was apparently still before them, when good Martha Haydon's strength mysteriously failed; and one dark day the doctor, whom Israel Haydon had anxiously questioned behind the wood-pile, just out of sight from his wife's window—the doctor had said that she never would be any better. The downfall of his happiness had been swift and piteous.

William Haydon was a much larger and rosier man than his father had ever been; the old man looked shrunken as they crossed the field together. They had prolonged their talk about letting the great south field lie fallow, and about

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"HE ROSE AND TOOK HIS OLD WOODEN ARM-CHAIR BY THE STOVE."

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some new Hereford cattle that the young farmer had just bought, until nothing more was left to say on either side. Then there came a long pause, when each waited for the other to speak. William grew impatient at last.

"Have you got any notion what it's best to do, sir?" he began, boldly; then, finding that his father did not answer, he turned to look at him, and found that the drawn face was set in silent despair.

"I've always been forehanded; I never was caught so unprepared before," he faltered. "'T has been my way, as you know, to think out things beforehand, but it come to the very last before I could give it up 'bout your mother's gettin' better; an' when I did give up, 'twa'n't so I could think o' anything. An' here's your aunts got their families dependin' on 'em, and wantin' to git away soon as may be. I don't know which way to look."

"Marilla and I should be thankful if you'd come and stop 'long of us this winter—" the younger man began, eagerly.

"No, no!" said his father, sternly. "I ain't goin' to live in the chimbly-corner of another man's house. I ain't but a little past sixty-seven. I've got to stand in my lot an' place. 'Twouldn't be neither your house nor mine, William," he said, in a softer tone. "You're a good son; your mother always said you was a good son."

Israel Haydon's voice broke, and William Haydon's eyes filled with tears, and they plodded along together in the soft spring grass.

"I've gone over everything I wish I could forget—all the bothering tricks I played her, 'way back when I was a boy," said the young man, with great feeling. "I declare, I don't know what to do, I miss her so."

"You was an only son," said the father, solemnly; "we done the best we could by ye. She often said you was a good boy, and she wa'n't surprised to see ye prosper. An' about Marilly, 'long at the first, when you was courtin' her, 'twas only that poor mother thought nobody wa'n't quite good enough for her boy. She come to set everything by Marilly."

The only dark chapter in the family history was referred to for the last time, to be forgotten by father and son. The old people had, after all, gloried in their son's bravery in keeping to his own way and choice. The two farms joined; Marilla and her mother were their next neighbors: the mother had since died.

"Father," exclaimed William Haydon, suddenly, as they neared the barn, "I do' know now but I've thought o' the very one!"

"What d'ye mean?" said the old man, startled a little by such vehemence.

"'Tain't nobody I feel sure of getting," explained the son, his ardor suddenly cooling. "I had Maria Durrant in my mind—Marilla's cousin. Don't you know, she come and stopped with us six weeks that time Marilla was so dyin' sick and we hadn't been able to get proper help; and what a providence Maria Durrant was! Mother said one day that she never saw so capable a woman."

"I don't stand in need of nursin'," said the old man, grumbling, and taking a defensive attitude of mind. "What's the use, anyway, if you can't get her? I'll contrive to get along somehow. I always have."

William flushed quickly, but made no answer, out of regard to the old man's bereaved and wounded state. He always felt like a school-boy in his father's presence, though he had for many years been a leader in neighborhood matters, and was at that moment a selectman of the town of Atfield. If he had answered back and entered upon a lively argument it probably would have done the old man good; anything would have seemed better than the dull hunger in his heart, the impossibility of forming new habits of life, which made a wall about his very thoughts.

After a surly silence, when the son was needlessly repentant and the father's face grew cloudy with disapproval, the two men parted. William had made arrangements to stay all the afternoon, but he now found an excuse for going to the village, and drove away down the lane. He had not turned into the highroad before he wished himself back again, while Israel Haydon looked after him reproachfully, more lonely than ever, in the sense that something had come between them, though he could not tell exactly what. The spring fields lay broad and green in the sunshine; there was a cheerful sound of frogs in the lower meadow.

"Poor mother! how she did love early weather like this!" he said, half aloud.

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"She'd been getting out to the door twenty times a day, just to have a look. An' how she'd laugh to hear the frogs again! Oh, poor me! poor me!" For the first time he found himself in tears. The grim old man leaned on the fence, and tried to keep back the sobs that shook his bent shoulders. He was half afraid and half ashamed, but there he stood and cried. At last he dried his eyes, and went slowly into the house, as if in hope of comfort as well as shelter.

The two sisters were busy in an upper room. They had seen William Haydon drive away, and their sympathy had been much moved by the sight of his father's grief. They stood at a window watching him from behind the curtain.

"He feels it much as anybody could," said Mrs. Stevens, not without a certain satisfaction in this tribute to her own dear sister. "Somehow or 'nother your brother is so methodical and contained, Mis' Martin, that I shouldn't have looked to see him give way like other men."

"He never was one that could show his feelin's," answered Mrs. Martin. "I never saw him shed tears before as I know of, but many's the time he hasn't been able to control his voice to speak. I wonder what made William hurry off so? His back looked kind o' provoked. They couldn't have had no words; whatever it was, they couldn't had no words so soon as this; an' William's always respectful.

"'Tain't that either," she added, a moment later. "I've seen sights o' folks in trouble, and I don't know what nor why it is, but they always have to get through with a fractious spell before they can get to work again. They'll hold up an' 'pear splendid, and then something seems to let go, an' everything goes wrong, an' every word plagues 'em. Now Isr'el's my own poor brother, an' you know how I set by him, Mis' Stevens; but I expect we'll have to walk soft to get along with him for a week or two to come. Don't you go an' be too gentle, neither. Treat him just 's you would anyway, and he'll fetch himself into line the quicker. He always did have days when he wouldn't say nothing to nobody. It does seem 's if I ought to be the one to stop longer with him, an' be the most help; but you know how I'm situated. And then 'tis your sister's things that's to be looked over, and you and Marilla is the proper ones."

"I wish 'twas so you could stop," Mrs. Stevens urged, honestly. "I feel more acquainted with you than I do with Marilly. But I shall do my best, as I shall want those who come to do for my things when I'm past an' gone. I shall get William to come an' help us; he knows more about his mother's possessions than anybody, I expect. She made a kind of girl of him, for company's sake, when he was little; and he used to sew real pretty before his fingers got too big. Don't you recall one winter when he was house-bound after a run o' scarlet fever? He used to work worsted, and knit some, I believe he did; but he took to growin' that spring, and I chanced to ask him to supply me with a couple o' good holders; but I found I'd touched dignity. He was dreadful put out. I suppose he was mos' too manly for me to refer to his needle-work. Poor Marthy! how she laughed! I only said that about the holders for the sake o' sayin' somethin', but he remembered it aginst me more than a year."

The two aunts laughed together. "Boys is boys, ain't they?" observed Mrs. Stevens, with great sagacity.

"Men is boys," retorted Mrs. Martin. "The more you treat 'em like boys, the better they think you use 'em. They always want motherin', an' somebody to come to. I always tell folks I've got five child'n, counting Mr. Martin the youngest. The more bluster they have, the more boys they be. Now Marthy knew that about brother Isr'el, an' she always ruled him by love an' easin' of him down from them high perches he was always settin' up on. Everything was always right with her an' all wrong with him when they was young, but she could always say the right word."

"She was a good-feelin' woman; she did make him a good wife, if I say it that shouldn't, o' my own sister," sighed Mrs. Stevens. "She was the best o' housekeepers, was Marthy. I never went over so neat a house. I 'ain't got the gift myself. I can clear up, Mis' Martin, but I can't remain cleared up."

The two sisters turned to their pathetic work of looking over the orderly closets and making solemn researches into the suspected shelters of moths. Much talk of the past was suggested by the folding of blankets; and as they set back the chairs and brushed the floors that were

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made untidy by the funeral guests of the day before, they wondered afresh what would become of Israel Haydon, and what plan he would make for himself; for Mrs. Martin could only stay with him for a few days, and Mrs. Stevens was obliged to return as soon as possible to her busy household and an invalid daughter. As long as they could stay the house went on as usual, and Israel Haydon showed no apprehension of difficulties ahead. He took up the routine of his simple fashion of life, and when William asked if he should bring his team to plough, he received the surprised answer that all those things were settled when they talked about them earlier in the spring. Of course he should want potatoes, and it was high time they were planted. A boy arrived from the back country who had lived at the farm the summer before—a willing, thick-headed young person in process of growth—and Israel Haydon took great exception to his laziness and inordinate appetite, and threatened so often to send him back where he came from that only William's insistence that they had entered into an engagement with poor Thomas, and the women's efforts toward reconciliation, prevailed. When sister Martin finally departed, bag and baggage, she felt as if she were leaving her brother to be the prey of disaster. He was sternly self-reliant, and watched her drive away down the lane with something like a sense of relief. The offending Thomas was standing by, expecting rebuke almost with an air of interest; but the old man only said to him, in an apologetic and friendly way: "There! we've got to get along a spell without any women folks, my son. I haven't heard of any housekeeper to suit me, but we'll get along together till I do."

"There's a great sight o' things cooked up, sir," said Thomas, with shining eyes.

"We'll get along," repeated the old man. "I won't have you take no liberties, but if we save the time from other things, we can manage just as well as the women. I want you to sweep out good, night an' morning, an' fetch me the wood an' water, an' I'll see to the housework." There was no idea of appointing Thomas as keeper of the pantry keys, and a shadow of foreboding darkened the lad's hopeful countenance as the master of the house walked away slowly up the yard.

III.

It was the month of June; the trees were in full foliage; there was no longer any look of spring in the landscape, and the air and sky belonged to midsummer. Mrs. Israel Haydon had been dead nearly two months. On a Sunday afternoon the father and son sat in two old splint-bottomed chairs just inside the wood-house, in the shade. The wide doors were always thrown back at that time of year, and there was a fine view across the country. William Haydon could see his own farm spread out like a green map; he was scanning the boundaries of the orderly fences and fields and the stretches of woodland and pasture. He looked away at them from time to time, or else bent over and poked among the wood-house dust and fine chips with his walking-stick. "There's an old buckle that I lost one day ever so many years ago," he exclaimed, suddenly, and reached down to pick it up. William was beginning to look stout and middle-aged. He held out the rusty buckle to his father, but Israel Haydon sat stiffly upright, and hardly gave a glance at the useless object.

"I thought Elder Wall preached an excellent discourse this morning." William made further attempt to engage his father's interest and attention, but without avail.

"I wish you'd tell me what's the matter with you, sir," said the troubled son, turning squarely, and with honest kindness in his look. "It hurts my feelings, father. If I've put you out, I want to make amends. Marilla's worried to death for fear it's on her account. We both set everything by you, but you hold us off; and I feel, when I try to be company for you, as if you thought I belonged in jail, and hadn't no rights of any kind. Can't you talk right out with me, sir? Ain't you well?"

"There! don't run on, boy," said the old man, sadly. "I do the best I can; you've got to give me time. I'm dreadful hard pushed losin' of your mother. I've lost my home; you 'ain't got the least idea what it is, William."

His old face quivered, and William rose hastily and went a step or two forward, making believe that he was looking after his horse. "Stand still, there!" he shouted to the placid creature, and then came back and reached out his hand to his father.

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Israel took hold of it, but looked up, a little puzzled. "You ain't going yet?" he asked. "Why, you've only just come."

"I want you to ride over with me to supper to-night. I want you to see how well that piece o' late corn looks, after all your saying I might 's well lay it down to turnips. Come, father; the horse 's right here, and 'twill make a change for you. 'Ain't you about got through with them pies Aunt Martin left you when she went away? Come; we're goin' to have a hearty supper, and I want ye."

"I don't know but I will," said Israel Haydon, slowly. "We've got on pretty well—no, we 'ain't, neither. I ain't comfortable, and I can't make nothin' o' that poor shoat of a boy. I'm buying o' the baker an' frying a pan o' pork the whole time, trying to fill him up. I never was so near out o' pork this time o' year, not since I went to housekeepin'."

"I heard he'd been tellin' round the neighborhood that he was about starved," said William, plainly. "Our folks always had the name o' being good providers."

"How'd your mother use to wash up the cups an' things to make 'em look decent?" asked Mr. Haydon, suddenly; there was the humility of broken pride in his tone. "I can't seem to find nothin' to do with, anywhere about the house. I s'posed I knew where everything was. I expect I've got out all poor mother's best things, without knowin' the difference. Except there ain't nothin' nowhere that looks right to me," he added.

William stooped to pick something out of the chips. "You'll have to ask Marilla," he said. "It mortifies me to have you go on in such a way. Now, father, you wouldn't hear to anybody that was named to you, but if you go on this way much longer you'll find that any housekeeper's better than none."

"Why, I've only been waiting to hear of a proper person," said Israel Haydon, turning an innocent and aggrieved countenance upon his son. "My house is in a terrible state, now I can tell you."

William looked away and tried to keep his face steady.

"What do you find to laugh at?" asked the poor father, in the tone of a schoolmaster.

"Don't you know I spoke of somebody to you? I believe 'twas the very day after the funeral," said William, persuasively. "Her name is Maria Durrant."

"I remember the person well; an excellent, sensible woman, no flummery, and did remarkable well in case of sickness at your house," said Mr. Haydon, with enthusiasm, stepping briskly toward the wagon after he had shut and fastened the wood-house doors and put the padlock key in his pocket. "What of her? You said there was no chance of getting her, didn't you?"

"I was afraid so; but she's left her brother's folks now, and come to stop a little while with Marilla. She's at the house this minute; came last night. You know, Marilla's very fond of having her cousins come to stop with her," apologized the son, in fear lest his simple plot should be discovered and resented. "You can see if she's such a person as you want. I have been thinking all day that she might do for a time, anyway."

"Anybody 'll do," said Mr. Haydon, suddenly. "I tell ye, William, I'm drove to the wall. I feel to covet a good supper; an' I'm ashamed to own it, a man o' my property! I'll observe this Miss Durrant, an' speak with her after tea; perhaps she'd have the sense to come right over to-morrow. You an' Marilla can tell her how I've been situated. I wa'n't going to have no such persons in my house as were recommended," he grumbled on, cheerfully. "I don't keep a town-farm for the incapable, nor do I want an old grenadier set over me like that old maid Smith. I ain't going to be turned out of my own house."

They drove along the road slowly, and presently the ever-interesting subject of crops engaged their further attention. When they turned into William Haydon's side yard a pleasant-faced, middle-aged woman, in a neat black dress and a big clean white apron, sat on the piazza with Marilla and the children. Israel Haydon's heart felt lighter than it had for many a week. He went and shook hands with Maria Durrant, with more than interest and approval; there was even a touch of something like gallantry in his manner. William Haydon glanced at his wife, and gave an unconscious sigh of relief.

The next morning Miss Durrant helped with the early work, talking with William's wife as she went to and fro busily in the large kitchen, and listening to all that could be said of the desperate state

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of affairs at the old farm. The two women so doubled their diligence by working together that it was still early in the day when Maria, blushing noticeably, said that she thought there was no use in waiting until afternoon, as old Mr. Haydon had directed. There must be plenty to do; and the sooner the house was put to rights and some cooking got under way the better. She had her old calico dress all on, and she deemed it best to go over and go right to work.

"There! I don't know what to say, Maria," said Marilla Haydon, doubtfully. "Father Haydon's such a set person."

"So be I," rejoined Maria. "And who knows how bad those rooms need airing! I've thought of twenty things that ought to be done right off, before night. Or I could work a spell in the gardin if he don't seem to want me in the house. Now, wa'n't it affectin' to hear him let on that he'd gone an' made poor Mis' Haydon's flower gardin same's he'd always done? It showed real feelin', didn't it? I am goin' to take holt over there as if 'twas for her as well as for him. That time I was here so long, when you was so sick, I did just admire Mis' Haydon. She was a beautiful-looking woman, and so pretty-behaved; quiet, but observin'. I never saw a man age as William's father has; it made my heart ache when I first caught sight of him driving into the yard last night."

"He revived up conversin' with you an' makin' such a good hearty tea," suggested Marilla, disappearing in the pantry. "I 'ain't never felt free with Father Haydon, but I do respect him," she added, presently. "Well, now, go right over, Maria, if you feel moved to. I don't know but what you're wise. P'r'aps William an' I'll walk over, after supper's put away. I guess you've got a busy day before you."

She stood at the open door and watched Maria Durrant go away, a few minutes later, with a plump bundle under one arm.

"I should think you were going to seek your fortune," she called, merrily, as the good woman turned into the road; but Maria wagged her head with a cheerful nod, and did not deign to look back. "I ought to have given her some bread to tuck under the other arm, like the picture of Benjamin Franklin. I dare say they do need bread; I ought to have thought of it," said Marilla, anxiously, as she returned to the pantry. "But there! Father Haydon's got as far along in housekeeping as stopping the baker; an' he was put out because I sent things too soon, before Aunt Martin's provisions were gone. I'll risk Cousin Maria to get along."

The new housekeeper trod the little foot-path at the road edge with a firm step. She was as eager and delighted as if she were bent on a day's pleasuring. A truly sympathetic, unselfish heart beat in her breast; she fairly longed to make the lonely, obstinate old man comfortable. Presently she found herself going up the long Haydon lane in the shade of the apple-trees. The great walnut-trees at the other side of the house were huge and heavy with leaves; there was a general floweriness and pleasantness over all growing things; but the tall thin spruce that towered before the front door looked black and solitary, and bore a likeness to old Mr. Haydon himself. Such was the force of this comparison that Miss Durrant stopped and looked at it with compassion. Then her eyes fell upon the poor flower bed overgrown with weeds, through which the bachelor's-buttons and London-pride were pushing their way into bloom. "I guess I'll set a vine to grow up that tree; 'twould get sun enough, an' look real live and pretty," she decided, surveying the situation; then she moved on, with perhaps less eagerness in her gait, and boldly entered the side door of the house. She could hear the sound of an axe in the shed, as if some one were chopping up kindlings. When she caught sight of the empty kitchen she dropped her bundle into the nearest chair, and held up her hands in what was no affectation of an appearance of despair.

IV.

One day in May, about a year from the time that Martha Haydon died, Maria Durrant was sitting by the western window of the kitchen, mending Mr. Haydon's second-best black coat, when she looked down the lane and saw old Polly Norris approaching the house. Polly was an improvident mother of improvident children, not always quite sound in either wits or behavior, but she had always been gently dealt with by the Haydons, and, as it happened, was also an old acquaintance of Maria Durrant's own. Maria

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gave a little groan at the sight of her: she did not feel just then like listening to long tales or responding to troublesome demands. She nodded kindly to the foolish old creature, who presently came wheezing and lamenting into the clean sunshiny kitchen, and dropped herself like an armful of old clothes into the nearest chair.

Maria rose and put by her work; she was half glad, after all, to have company; and Polly Norris was not without certain powers of good-fellowship and entertaining speech.

"I expect this may be the last time I can get so fur," she announced. "'Tis just 'bout a year sence we was all to Mis' Haydon's funeral. I didn't know but that was the last time. Well, I do' know but it's so I can accept that piece o' pie. I've come fur, an' my strength's but small. How's William's folks?"

"They're smart," answered Maria, seating herself to her work again, after the expedition to the pantry.

"I tell ye this is beautiful pie," said the guest, looking up, after a brief and busy silence; "a real comfortable help o' pie, after such a walk, feeble as I be. I've failed a sight sence you see me before, now 'ain't I?"

"I don't know's I see any change to speak of," said Maria, bending over the coat.

"Lord bless you, an' Heaven too! I 'ain't eat no such pie as this sence I was a girl. Your rule, was it, or poor Mis' Haydon's?"

"I've always made my pies that same way," said Maria, soberly. "I'm pleased you should enjoy it."

"I expect my walk give me an extry appetite. I can walk like a bird, now, I tell ye; last summer I went eleven miles, an' agin nine miles. You just ought to see me on the road, an' here I be, goin' on seventy-seven year old. There ain't so many places to go to as there used to be. I've known a sight o' nice kind folks that's all gone. It's re'lly sad how folks is goin'. There's all Mis' Nash's folks passed away; the old doctor, an' the little grandgirl, an' Mis' Nash that was like a mother to me, an' always had somethin' to give me; an' down to Glover's Corner they're all gone—"

"Yes, anybody feels such changes," replied Maria, compassionately. "You've seen trouble, 'ain't you?"

"I've seen all kinds of trouble," said the withered little creature, mournfully.

"How is your daughter to South Atfield gettin' along?" asked the hostess, kindly, after a pause, while Polly worked away at the pie.

"Lord bless you! this pie is so heartenin', somehow or 'nother, after such a walk. Susan Louisa is doin' pretty well; she's a sight improved from what she was. Folks is very considerate to Susan Louisa. She goes to the Orthodox church, an' sence she was sick there's been a committee to see to her; one on 'em give her two quarts o' milk a day. They met fifteen in number. Mr. Dean, Susan Louisa's husband, died the eighth day o' last March."

"Yes, I heard he was gone, rather sudden," said Maria, showing more interest.

"Yes, but he was 'twixt eighty an' ninety year old. Susan Louisa was but fifty-one in February last."

"He'd have done better for you, wouldn't he, Mis' Norris?" suggested Maria, by way of pleasantry, but there was a long and doubtful pause.

"I'd rather be excused," said Polly at last, with great emphasis. "Miss Maria Durrant, 'ain't you got a calico dress you could spare, or an apron, or a pair o' rubbers, anyways? I be extry needy, now, I tell you! There; I 'ain't inquired for William's folks; how be they?"

"All smart," said Maria, for the second time; but she happened to look up just in time to catch a strange gleam in her visitor's eyes.

"Mis' William don't come here, I expect?" she asked, mysteriously.

"She never was no great of a visitor. Yes, she comes sometimes," answered Maria Durrant.

"I understood William had forbid her till you'd got away, if she was your own cousin."

"We're havin' no trouble together. What do you mean?" Maria demanded.

"Well, my hearing ain't good." Polly tried to get herself into safe shelter of generalities. "Old folks kind o' dreams things; you must excuse me, Maria. But I certain have heard a sight o' talk about your stoppin' here so long with Mr. Haydon, and that William thought you was overdoin', an' would have spoke, only you was his wife's cousin. There's plenty stands up for you; I should always be one of 'em myself; you needn't think but I'm

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a friend, Maria. I heard somebody a-remarking that you was goin' to stay till you got him; an' others said Mr. Israel Haydon was one to know his own mind, and he never would want to put nobody in his wife's place, they set so by one another. An' I spoke a good word for ye. I says, 'Now look here! 'tain't 's if Mari' Durrant was a girl o' twenty-five; she's a smart capable creatur',' says I, 'an'—'"

"I guess I've got an old dress I can let you have."

Maria Durrant, with crimson cheeks and a beating heart, rose suddenly and escaped to the back stairway. She left old Polly sitting in the kitchen so long that she fell into a comfortable drowse, from which she was recalled by Maria's reappearance with a bundle of discarded garments, but there was something stern and inhospitable in these last moments of the visit, and Polly soon shuffled off down the lane, mumbling and muttering and hugging the bundle with great delight. She always enjoyed her visits to the Haydon farm. But she had left Miss Durrant crying by the western window; the bitter tears were falling on Israel Haydon's old black coat. It seemed very hard that a woman who had spent all her life working for others should be treated as the enemy of kindred and acquaintance; this was almost the first time in all her history that she had managed to gather and hold a little peace and happiness. There was nothing to do now but to go back to her brother's noisy shiftless house; to work against wind and tide of laziness and improvidence. She must slave for the three boarders, so that her brother's wife could go to New York State to waste her time with a sister just as worthless, though not so penniless, as herself. And there was young Johnny, her nephew, working with Mr. Haydon on the farm, and doing so well, he must go back too, and be put into the factory. Maria looked out of the window; through the tears that stood in her eyes the smooth green fields were magnified and transfigured.

The door opened, and Mr. Haydon entered with deliberate step and a pleasant reassuring look. He almost never smiled, but he happened to be smiling then. "I observed you had company just now; I saw old Polly Norris going down the lane when I was coming up from the field," he said, and then stopped suddenly, and took a step nearer to Maria; he had never seen his cheerful housemate in tears. He did not ask the reason; they both felt embarrassed, and yet each was glad of the other's presence. Mr. Haydon did not speak, but Maria brushed her tears away, and tried to go on sewing. She was mending the lining of the second-best black coat with most touching care.

"I expect I shall have to take that co't for every day now, an' get me a new one for best," he announced at last, because somebody had to say something. "I've about finished with this. Spring work is hard on an old co't."

"Your best one is gettin' a little mite threadbare in the back," said Maria, but it was hard for her to control her voice. "I'll put all your clothes in as good repair as I can before I go, sir. I've come to the conclusion that I ought to go back to my brother's folks, his wife wants to go off on a visit—"

"Don't you, Maria," exclaimed the distressed old man. "Don't talk that way; it's onreasonable. William has informed me about your brother's folks; what else may affect you I don't know, but I've made up my mind. I don't know why 'twas, but I was just comin' to speak about it. I may say 'twas for your interest as well as mine, an' with William's approval. I never thought to change my situation till lately. Such a loss as I've met ain't to be forgotten, an' it ain't forgotten. I'm gettin' along in years, an' I never was a great talker. I expect you know what I want to say, Miss Durrant. I'll provide well for you, an' make such a settlement as you an' William approve. He's well off, an' he spoke to me about us; that we was comfortable together, an' he never wanted to see me left alone, as I was last year. How do you feel yourself? You feel that 'twould be good judgment, now don't ye?"

Maria never had heard Mr. Israel Haydon say so much at any one time. There he stood, a man of sixty-eight, without pretence of having fallen in love, but kind and just, and almost ministerial in his respectability. She had always followed a faint but steady star of romance, which shone still for her in the lowering sky of her life; it seemed to shine before her eyes now; it dazzled her through fresh tears. Yet, after all, she felt that this was really her home, and with a sudden great beat of her heart, she knew that she should say "yes" to Mr. Haydon. The

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sharp sting in the thought of going away had been that she must leave him to the ignorant devotion or neglect of somebody else—some other woman was going to have the dear delight of making him comfortable.

So she looked up full in his face, unmindful of the bleakness of his love-making, and was touched to see that he bore the aspect of a truly anxious and even affectionate man. Without further words they both knew that the great question was settled. The star of romance presently turned itself into the bright kitchen lamp that stood between them as Maria sewed her long winter seam and looked up contentedly to see Mr. Haydon sitting opposite with his weekly newspaper.

V.

Mr. Haydon owned one of the last old-fashioned two-wheeled chaises, a select few of which still survived in the retired region of Atfield. It would not have suited him to go to church in a wagon like his neighbors, any more than he could have bought a rough working-suit of new clothes for every day. The chaise-top had always framed the faces of Mr. Haydon and Martha, his first wife, in a fitting manner—not unlike a Friend's plain bonnet on a larger scale; it had belonged to their placid appearance of old-time respectability. Now that Maria, the second wife, had taken the vacant seat by the driver's side, her fresher color and eager enjoyment of the comfort and dignity of the situation were remarked with pleasure. She had not been forward about keeping Mr. Haydon company before their marriage; for some reason she was not a constant church-goer, and usually had some excuse for staying at home, both on Sundays and when there was any expedition on business to one of the neighboring towns. But after the wedding these invitations were accepted as a matter of course.

One Sunday afternoon they were bobbing home from meeting in their usual sedate and placid fashion. There had been a very good sermon, and two or three strangers in the congregation, old acquaintances who had left Atfield for the West, stopped to speak with their friends after the service was over. It was a lovely day, and there was the peacefulness of Sunday over the landscape, the wide untenanted fields, the woods near and far, and the distant hills. The old pacing-horse jogged steadily along.

"I was thinking how your wife would have enjoyed seeing the folks; wouldn't she?" said Maria, with gentle sympathy.

"The thought was just dwelling in my mind," said the old man, turning toward her, a little surprised.

"I was sorry I was standin' right there; they didn't feel so free to speak, you know," said Maria, who had accepted her place as substitute with a touching self-forgetfulness and devotion, following as best she could the humblest by-paths of the first Mrs. Haydon's career.

"Marthy and Mis' Chellis that you saw to-day was always the best of friends; they was girls together," said Mr. Haydon, swaying his whip-lash. "They was second cousins on the father's side."

"Don't you expect Mis' Chellis 'd like to come an' take tea with you some afternoon? I always feel as if 'twould be sad for you, such an occasion, but I'll have everything real nice. Folks seem to be paying her a good deal of attention," suggested Maria. "And when anybody has been away a good while, they like to go all round and see all the places that's familiar, if they do feel the changes."

"Yes, I guess we'd better invite her to spend the afternoon," said the old man, and they jogged on together in silence.

"Have you got everything you want to do with?" asked Mr. Haydon, kindly.

"Certain," answered Maria, with satisfaction. "I never was acquainted with such a good provider as you be in all the houses I've ever stopped in; I can say that. You've remembered a number o' things this past week that I should have forgot myself. I've seen what other women folks has to go through with, being obliged to screw every way an' make up things out o' nothing, afraid to say the flour's gone or the sugar's out. Them very husbands is the ones that 'll find most fault if their tables ain't spread with what they want. I know now what made your wife always look so pleased an' contented."

"She was very saving an' judicious by natur'," said Mr. Haydon, as if he did not wish to take so much praise entirely to himself. "I call you a very saving woman too, Maria," he added, looking away over the fields, as if he had made some remark about the grass.

The bright color rushed to Maria's face, but she could not say anything. There

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was something very pleasant in the air; the fields appeared new to her and most beautiful; it was a moment of great happiness.

"I tell you I felt it dreadfully when I was alone all that time. I enjoy having somebody to speak with now about poor Martha," said the old man, with great feeling.

"It was dreadful lonely for you, wa'n't it?" said Maria, in her sensible, pleasant, compassionate tone.

"People meant well enough with their advice, but I was set so crosswise that it all seemed like interference. I'd got to wait till the right thing came round—an' it come at last," announced Mr. Haydon, handsomely. "I feel to be very grateful. Yes, I want to have Mis' Chellis come an' take tea, just as she used to. We'll look over what's left o' poor Marthy's little things, an' select something to give her for a remembrance. 'Tain't very likely she'll come 'way East again at her time o' life. She's havin' a grand time; it acts to me just like a last visit."

"I'll make some nice pound-cake to-morrow, and we'll ask her next day," said Maria, cheerfully, as they turned into the lane.

Maria Haydon's life had been spent in trying to make other people comfortable, and so she succeeded, oftener than she knew, in making them happy. Every day she seemed to forget herself and to think of others more; and so, though old Mrs. Chellis missed her friend when she came to tea the next day but one, she soon forgot the sadness of the first few minutes, and began to enjoy the kind welcome of Mr. Haydon and his present companion.

A little later Mr. Haydon was coming back from one of his fields to look after some men whom he and his son had set to work at ditching. Most of the talk that afternoon had naturally been connected with his first wife, but now everything along his path reminded him of Maria. Her prosperous flock of young turkeys were heading northward at a little distance out across the high grass land; and below, along the brook, went the geese and goslings in a sedate procession. The young pear-trees which she had urged him to set out looked thrifty and strong as he passed, and there were some lengths of linen bleaching on a knoll, that she had found yellowing in one of the garret chests. She took care of everything, and, best of all, she took great care of him. He had left the good creature devoting herself to their guest as if she were an old friend instead of a stranger—just for his sake and his wife's sake. Maria always said "your wife" when she spoke of her predecessor.

"Marthy always said that Maria Durrant was as kind and capable a woman as she ever set eyes on, an' poor Marthy was one that knew," said Mr. Haydon to himself as he went along, and his heart grew very tender. He was not exactly satisfied with himself, but he could not have told why. As he came near, the house looked cheerful and pleasant; the front door was wide open, and the best-room blinds. The little garden was in full bloom, and there was a sound of friendly voices. Conversation was flowing on with a deep and steady current. Somehow the old man felt young again in the midst of his sober satisfaction and renewed prosperity. He lingered near the door, and looked back over his fields as if he were facing life with a sense of great security; but presently his ears caught at something that the two women were saying in the house.

Maria was speaking to Mrs. Chellis, who was a little deaf.

"Yes, 'm, he does look well," she said. "I think his health's a good sight better than it was a year ago. I don't know's you ever saw anybody so pitiful as he was for a good while after he lost his wife. He took it harder than some o' those do that make more talk. Yes, she certain was a lovely woman, and one that knew how to take the lead for him just where a man don't want to be bothered—about house matters and little things. He's a dear, good, kind man, Mr. Haydon is. I feel very grateful for all his kindness. I've got a lovely home, Mis' Chellis," said Maria, impulsively; "an' I try to do everything I can, the way he an' Mis' Haydon always had it."

"I guess you do," agreed the guest. "I never see him look better since he was a young man. I hope he knows how well off he is!"

They both laughed a little, and Mr. Haydon could not help smiling in sympathy.

"There, I do enjoy spending with him," said the younger woman, wistfully; "but I can't help wishin' sometimes that I could have been the one to help him

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save. I envy Mis' Haydon all that part of it, and I can't help it."

"Why, you must set a sight by him!" exclaimed Mrs. Chellis, with mild surprise. "I didn't know but what marryin' for love had all gone out of fashion in Atfield."

"You can tell 'em it 'ain't," said Maria. At that moment Israel Haydon turned and walked away slowly up the yard. His thin black figure straightened itself gallantly, and he wore the look of a younger man.

Later that evening, when the guests were gone, after a most cheerful and hospitable occasion, and the company tea things were all put away, Maria was sitting in the kitchen for a few minutes to rest, and Mr. Haydon had taken his own old chair near the stove, and sat there tapping his finger-ends together. They had congratulated each other handsomely, because everything had gone off so well; but suddenly they both felt as if there were a third person present; their feeling toward one another seemed to change. Something seemed to prompt them to new confidence and affection, to speak the affectionate thoughts that were in their hearts; it was no rebuking, injured presence, for a sense of great contentment filled their minds. Israel Haydon tapped his fingers less regularly than usual, and Maria found herself unable to meet his eyes.

The silence between them grew more and more embarrassing, and at last Mr. Haydon remembered that he had not locked the barn, and rose at once, crossing the kitchen with quicker steps than usual. Maria looked up at him as he passed.

"Yes, everything went off beautifully," she repeated. "Mis' Chellis is real good company. I enjoyed hearing her talk about old times. She set everything by Mis' Haydon, didn't she? You had a good wife, Mr. Haydon, certain," said Maria, wistfully, as he hesitated a moment at the door.

Israel Haydon did not answer a word, but went his way and shut the door behind him. It was a cool evening after the pleasant day; the air felt a little chilly. He did not go beyond the doorsteps, for something seemed to draw him back, so he lifted the clinking latch and stepped bravely into the kitchen again, and stood there a moment in the bright light.

Maria Haydon turned toward him as she stood at the cupboard with a little lamp in her hand. "Why, Mr. Haydon! what's the matter?" She looked startled at first, but her face began to shine. "Now don't you go and be foolish, Isr'el!" she said.

"Maria," said he, "I want to say to you that I feel to be very thankful. I've got a good wife *now*."

SWEET PUNCH: A MONOLOGUE.

BY J. LINCOLN STEFFENS.

AH, my dear, already back? Allow me. Have a pleasant evening? You look as rosy and fresh— Yes, you see, Nell, I'm making punch just as we used to in college. And I want to imagine the boys are here— Ah, now, don't act so, dearest. Of course I'm not regretting it —anything; I prefer to have you— Sit down, Nell. But you don't know what college days are to a memory that has to come down grade as it comes away from the past. Let me be foolish and dream this Christmas eve. You know what I've done this year. Six hundred thousand is a neat pile to roll up in a year. It cost my soul—there, now, don't mind. Six hundred thousand ought to buy me one hour of dreams, of idealism, of rest, Nell. It does rest me so.

I had Bill in that chair, Jim in this one, and the other boys in the others. That's why I put the chairs around the fire, you see. Bill—a big, lazy, good-hearted scoffer—he scoffed at all sentiment, abused charities on economic grounds, but every time he got his money he'd take little boys and girls off the street to the theatre.

Well, Bill used to sit still and hold his cat in his arms. He never said much more than an occasional "Who says poker?" or, "Let's have a little game." And that always started Jim into life. Old Jim Slater—he looked older than he was, and he was old for an undergraduate, too—Jim would say: "Now see here, Bill, you ought to leave poker alone. It takes up half your time playing, and then you al-

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ways win, and it takes up the other half spending the winnings. You lack self-control, Bill."

"Smoke, Jim," suggests Bill, nodding to the tobacco on the mantel. Jim's hand would reach up to his pipe pocket, his fingers would fondle the bowl a moment, then drop down again, as he sighed, and said: "Not yet. I've only one more smoke this evening. I'm going to reduce myself to nine a day, three after each meal, and I've smoked twice since dinner already." Bill, reaching for the pipe, would hand it to Jim, and say, "Christmas eve," and Jim smoked.

That Christmas eve I'm thinking about none of us who were there had been able to go home. Some of us lived too far off; others were too poor. So we got together in my room to drink punch and talk. Well, any way, that evening—oh, nothing occurred then; there's no story—we just sang a few songs. Jim was a tenor, and he played the guitar, so he started the songs—he always did like the sentimental ones best. Besides, we were homesick—not for home, but only homesick, you know, and these guitars are sorrowful little instruments. Anyway, we became foolish and talked—a lot of bosh. Yes, it was nonsense—college stuff—but it was pleasant in those days.

There! it's boiling. Don't you bother, Nell; I'll attend to it. Bill used to, and how he enjoyed it! He did it so quietly and slowly. He was still and slow with poker and punch. Put in a little more sugar. I know it isn't so good, but we liked it pretty sweet then.

There, now! let's sit down by the fire, and let me—just this once—put my feet up and smoke. This is how Jim filled a pipe: he'd blow it clear; then put in a little roll as a wad, so; and on that, as a foundation, he pressed down the fine-cut. As he packed it in, he pulled at it till it drew just hard enough. When he had it ready and lit, everybody seemed to feel relieved. Then every man who wasn't smoking reached for his pipe and smoked. But no one could make his smoke so lazy as Jim's.

Well, that night Jim started the talk I have in mind.

"Boys, we are men now," so he began. "We are all Seniors, or last-year men, for those who don't graduate will be fired" (this was for Bill). "Now what are we going to do in life? I don't mean in what business, but on what principles, are we going to work out our lives? We haven't been close students, but we've drunk in some ideas along with our beer and punch. And these ideas are not deducible from the law of life, which says, 'That is good which payeth, and that is bad which payeth not.'"

Jim had worked for the means on which he went through college, and knew something of practical life. The rest of us didn't. We knew there had been some bad deals in American history, but they came to us as rumors, and didn't affect any of the statesmen we knew except Burr. We heard only of heroes or villains, and the former were as white as the latter were black. As for the world, it was peopled by men who erred sometimes in a vague way, but in general appeared as our fathers did at home. We never doubted that honesty, industry, thrift, and such simple virtues would make us as successful careers as any men could run. So it looked then—in college days. Strange how different the world is from what it seems to students' eyes!

Jim told us many of the tricks of the trades he had known. He mentioned some things which seemed inconsistent with the character of some of our great men, but he dwelt on the methods of business and politics. He related facts out of his own experience, and—well, as I see now, he described real life—every-day, practical life. He concluded his account by saying:

"Honesty doesn't always pay, and shrewdness is far ahead of thrift as a succeeder."

After looking around to see that we all heard, and that Bill was listening intently as he lay on the floor, though he seemed to be conscious only of the pussy, Jim took a deep drink of the punch—good, isn't it, Nell, don't you think?—and added:

"Now, boys, you see, the point is, we've got our education; but it's only training. We have no knowledge; we've learned truths, perhaps, but not the truth. We've got a false conception of man, life, and the world. College principles will not work. They may be rational, consistent, and truly moral, but they won't go. They are the results of reflection, not of experience.

"What I ask," he went on, "is, what are we going to do? College, it is said,

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unfits men for life. And it does, if they think, but most students either study too much or play too much to get time to think. But we have played some, studied some, read much, and thought enough to face the question, to recognize the opposition of thought and fact, and decide what we are to do. We might go into life and let it make us what it will—that's what men do usually. Now I say, let us make up our minds not to be the creatures of circumstances, but decided in advance on our course and our principles.

"I *like* the college principles," Jim went on after a pause. "I'd like to try them. But it may require a giant hero to win on them. You see, the business man draws a line, but it is zigzag; it goes up and down with the day of the week, the hour of the day—sinks out of sight before some circumstances, and rises out of sight before others. Whereas the philosopher's line is straight, and that's what makes it so hard to walk."

Jim waited for some response. For several minutes we were all silent. Then Bill said, continuing to play with his cat: "You say, Jim, that I always win at poker. Now I'll tell you why. When I play, I play to win. I play my cards for just what they are worth, no more, no less. I never bet to force my luck, or to appear bold or reckless, or — not mean. When I play a hand I know no friend, no enemy, no feeling. Another thing, when the men against me put up a square game, I play fair. If I see any unnecessary movements—well, I can set up a deck too."

Bill hesitated a moment, then stood up and said: "Jim, you are right about life. Men don't play a fair game. But if you want to give the college notions a try, I'll stand by you—long enough to find out whether they will go or not."

Jim smiled. "I know you will, Bill. You have the one element of character necessary, that is, courage—not the animal courage of the soldier, but the moral courage so few possess; the courage to sacrifice good repute, friends, and position. We shall be called cranks in the Christian world if we try to act consistently with Christian morals, for our acquired principles are those of Christianity systematized and made clear. But the all-important purpose is to try these principles as succeeders in life. We are not to give up living, not to take a sphere apart like the professor, nor a privileged profession like the priest, but we must enter the fighting arena against fighting-men, and seek success with moral courage."

Don't sneer, Nell. I know you are weary of this old subject. And you shudder to think of our early married life. You hate to think of that fight of mine, of ours, against odds. You were with me at first. Ah, I don't reproach you, dearest. But if you only had not wanted—Yes, I know they were the mere comforts, the decencies of life. But if we could only have scorned them.

Yes, I admit that we are more useful members of society as it is now. You do wonders in charity, and my enterprises give employment to thousands. But it solves the lesser problems, not the big ones.

And, Nell, now that all is as you wish, you won't object to my looking back to imagine the life of those lost days? That night, with the warm fire, the punch that never tastes so good now, and Jim's burning eyes on me, we swore to stand for our principles.

Yes, I know that. They proved themselves false. But it does seem strange that they should have failed so utterly, so completely, and at the very beginning.

Eddie coming? I must get my feet down.

By-the-way, I got him a place several days ago. He is to begin on the first of next month. He ought to have gone to college. But I suppose you are right. You are a clever woman, Nell. And you would spare him the anguish I have been through.

Yes, he'd get notions, foolish notions into his head, as I did. It is better not to know there's a better if one must be a part of the worse. But football might have saved him.

Eddie has a shrewd eye and is not extravagant, has good habits and is able-minded. So soon as he learns the forms and the books, I'll let him handle some money, and see how he comes out. I have observed that he is in with Jerry Manning. Manning almost owns the machine here. Ed may do something in politics to be proud of.

But what made me think of that night was my last deal with the P. K. and C. I cut them for over three hundred thousand, and it hurt Jim Slater badly. Poor

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Jim! He never was much at manipulating. Bill hit him two years ago, when he came so near landing me. It's all over with Jim, but I must watch Bill. He is like a rock on the Street. As he said that night, he can set up a deck too.

You may be right about it. You always have maintained that business principles were the right ones, and the thinker's wrong. Maybe that is so. But, somehow, there's an ideal strain in me that makes me—yes, regret that I learned about the purer life. Well, call it the more visionary life, if you will.

That punch was—not bad, was it, dear? Too sweet? Yes, too sweet, true.

AS TOLD TO HIS GRACE.

BY WILLIAM McLENNAN.

I.—A KING FOR A WEEK.

A DRIZZLING December rain had driven all Paris within doors, but the *cafés* were filled with a laughing, chattering crowd; and, except in those devoted to extreme political parties, no onlooker would have dreamed that anything more disturbing than a winter's storm had swept over the roofs and spires of the fair city in that year of 1792.

The Palais Royal shone and glittered as gayly as to-day; the Louvre stood black and massive, half palace, half château; and beyond, the long façade of the Tuileries loomed mournful and deserted in the driving mist of rain like a palace of the dead.

No light shone from any of its windows, no guard was posted before its closed doors, as if the horrors so lately enacted within its walls had bestowed immunity from further attack.

Could one have entered its closed portals, he would have journeyed through hall and corridor appalling in their black emptiness before he caught a gleam of light which shone invitingly through a half-splintered door opening into the billiard-room. Here a dozen or more men in the uniform of the National Guard were gathered. Some were making quiet cheer round a fire in the wide chimney fed from a pile of broken furniture close at hand, others were lazily throwing dice, and two or three more were asleep on mattresses thrown on the billiard table, now shoved into a corner, where the score of the last games between the unfortunate King and Queen still hung untouched.

Besides these guardians of the national property the only other inmates of the palace were three men in an upper room in the *Pavillon de Flore*.

Two of them were not over twenty-five. The first, evidently an Englishman in every line of his face and movement of his body, was known to his friends at home as an enthusiastic and consistent supporter of national freedom, and to the world at large as Francis Russell, fifth Duke of Bedford.

The tall young Frenchman near him was Maître Jacques Michel d'Arde, an advocate from Haute Lorraine, now holding a commission in the Fédérés, and drawn to Paris by his enthusiastic belief in the new doctrines which were to bring France back into that path of greatness from which she had wandered so far.

In his own home he had known and almost worshipped those graces which threw such a glamour over the noblesse, in the person of the young Comtesse de Velesme; he had felt the arrogance and indifference which as strongly characterized it in the bearing of her father, the old comte, and its injustice in his own position; but he was not prepared for the quiet womanly courage, patient under every galling indignity, which he found in the Queen. His chivalrous nature caught fire at the few gracious words with which she acknowledged his forbidden salute, and he readily risked his position as a captain of the Fédérés in return for any recognition from the woman whom he had once known as "the Austrian."

The third was a man in middle life with a keen, masterful face, M. Maurice Guilloux, one of the commissioners appointed by Roland to conduct the inventory and valuation of such effects in the palace as had escaped the fury of the mob.

The Duke and M. d'Arde had obtained permission to observe the proceedings, and M. Guilloux had shown them every courtesy during the long investigation. Their intercourse had developed a mutual sympathy during their journey through the desecrated palace, where one room af-

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ter another echoed with the emptiness of death, and each familiar object of ordinary use suggested the hopeless encounter of warm, breathing humanity with the terror of destruction.

The apartment in which they sat had been that of Madame Elizabeth, the King's sister, and her dainty furniture, her *prie-dieu*, her paintings, her ivory and silver drawing instruments, her books, and other evidences of her devout and studious life, still lay scattered about in the track of the storm as it had rushed onward.

A heavy silver candelabrum held a few lights, which flickered and flared as the fierce gusts of the December storm forced their way through the uncurtained windows to sweep through the hollow rooms, wailing over the desolation of the past and the impending horrors of the future.

"Milord," said M. d'Arde, drawing the shattered sofa on which he sat nearer the table, "here is a story I heard from a *confrère* in the *café* last night:

"In the Franche-Comté, about halfway between Besançon and Vesoul, are three little villages, so close together that none save a native can determine their boundaries. The principal one, with the church facing the little square, is St. Isart, and the inhabitants of this remote community had heard little and understood still less of the movement whose direction and end even we in its centre cannot foresee.

"One day, shortly after the arrest of the King at Varennes, a detachment of dragoons rode into St. Isart and formed up in the little square. The inhabitants quickly gathered, and after a flourish from the trumpeter, a proclamation was read to the listening rustics, who understood not a word, but gazed in open-mouthed admiration at the handsome horses and gay uniforms of the troop. Then there was another flourish, and the dragoons rode clattering out into the world beyond, of which these people knew nothing.

"Something had happened—that was evident. But after long consultation they were no wiser than before, and it was not until a Sunday or two afterwards, when the curé, in obedience to certain instructions, read forth an *ordonnance* concerning the National Guard, that they missed the familiar beginning, '*De par le Roy.*'

"Here was the explanation. The King was dead. But then many could remember the death of the former King, *Louis le Bien Aimé*, and what difference had it made?

"*Ordonnances* and regulations had still continued *De par le Roy.* They had cried 'Vive le Roi!' and danced round the bonfire, and eaten the beef and drunk the wine their old *seigneur* had given freely to all.

"But now—the King was dead, and there was no bonfire, no feast, and no new King to take his place.

"Yes, here was reason for it all. Did not Féron the blacksmith say so? Could not any one see it with half an eye? And though each new order and proclamation was eagerly listened to as read aloud by Perthius, who could read and write nearly as well as the curé himself, there was no *De par le Roy* to re-assure them.

"What could they do? Long and earnestly they talked, and were wellnigh crushed under the imaginary dangers which must certainly follow so unnatural a condition.

"Then Trégarde, who had served a good lifetime in the army, and had dragged home his shattered body in its tattered uniform to tell his stories and do little services for any who would reward him with a meal, startled them all into a new world of possibilities by crying: 'We are free men now! That's what the dragoons said. Each one in the whole country can do as he likes. There is no King now; every one knows that; but, *sacré nom d'une pipe!* why not choose one for ourselves?'

"What an idea! Who but Trégarde could have thought of it?

"And then followed days of discussion, and repetition of the same words and phrases until they formed themselves into ideas, and the ideas slowly worked into their understanding, and finally into action—and their King was chosen.

"Naturally it was Perthius, for a king must read and write; and then his ministers, for they knew all about ministers, so three were selected to advise with him.

"One was Trégarde. True, he was not irreproachable as to his manner of life, but had he not seen the great world, and even spoken with Monsieur de Soubise and the Prince de Poix, and knew not fear? And of the others, they named one 'Neckar,' a testimony of popular trust

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at which any one with a heart cannot even smile.

"Then everything went well. Their *seigneur* had fled, but the King and his ministers heard all cases, and rendered judgment daily under the great elm in the square of St. Isart.

"The curé protested in vain; they absolutely would not listen to his words of advice and warning. The present order was a relief from the former uncertainty and anxiety, and every one was satisfied with the new *régime*.

"The effect was good on the principal actors. Trégarde had not been inside the tavern since his appointment, so that he no longer sang '*Dans les gardes françaises*' and other similar ditties when quieter folk were abed. The King and his other ministers fully realized what was due to their position, and carried themselves with a somewhat formal but not unbecoming dignity very often found among the simpler class of our country people.

"So things continued for four or five days, and the curé almost regretted his sending to Besançon for a troop to break up the harmless comedy, when, on the evening of the sixth day, the King rose in his place and said: 'My friends, you know well how I and my ministers thank you for the honor you have done us. But, my friends, as you know, and all the world can see, we are busy with your affairs all day, and we cannot work, and there are our wives and our children, and if we don't eat, we cannot live.'

"They had never realized this responsibility before, but now most willingly accepted it, and before night the royal family and the ministers of state were amply supplied, and hearty assurances were given for the future.

"The following day a number of the younger men set off to the neighboring *commune*, where, without leave or license, they proceeded to fell the timber and carry it off for the royal use, when they were interrupted by the *garde*, who not only violently opposed their trespass, but even ridiculed their pretensions.

"This was too much. Should this miserable being stand in the way of their public duty? Never! So without further waste of words they bound him hand and foot and carried him off to St. Isart, where he was safely imprisoned in the mill.

"A court was held in the open square, and after a solemn statement of the case King, ministers, and people unanimously decided that the unfortunate *garde* should be hanged forthwith.

"By this it was growing dark, but a huge bonfire was quickly built and started. At the unusual sight the curé had come out on the steps of the *presbytère*, where he was met by a messenger of the King requesting his presence without delay, and as he descended to the meeting, wondering what new folly was afoot, the prisoner was brought up and confronted with the authorities he had set at naught.

"The King sat in his usual place under the elm, on an outstretched branch of which a man was seated busied about something, with a long rope loosely wound about his shoulders.

"The *garde* bore his restraint impatiently, and looked threateningly around as if marking out culprits for future punishment. But the people seemed strangely indifferent. Every eye was directed toward the lower branches of the great elm, until, moved by the common impulse, he glanced upward and caught sight of the sinister figure appearing and disappearing in the light of the leaping fire. Up to that moment he had not the slightest idea of the gravity of his position, treating the whole matter as an annoying practical joke. But before his trembling lips could form a word the curé rushed breathless into the square, and the crowd fell back until he stood between the King and his victim.

"Ignoring all their pretensions, he called on the principal actors by name, showed them clearly the awful crime they were about to commit, urged the certainty of immediate punishment—the troops were on their way from Besançon even now, and might arrive at any moment. Then followed threats of future condemnation, persuasion and entreaty, until the women were in tears and the boys edged to the outskirts of the crowd as if to assure escape; but the King and his followers sat absolutely unmoved.

"Cruel they were not, but their slow minds could not readily grasp any position other than that which they had so gradually assumed.

"Gravely, slowly, in their simple, awful ignorance they explained the man's offence and their judgment. They had not sent for Monsieur le Curé to speak for the man—that part was ended now—but to confess him, if the *garde* so desired.

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"Whereupon, seeing there was no hope but to delay until the arrival of the troops, the curé consented, provided they would allow him to administer the rite without interruption. To this they readily agreed, and with the boys who served him as acolytes he walked slowly toward the sacristy.

"As soon as he was out of hearing he whispered his instructions to the eldest lad, and before he left the sacristy the boy was leading his father's horse with every precaution out of the village to ride at all speed down the Besançon Road and warn the coming troopers that life or death hung on their speedy arrival.

"In a few minutes the silvery sound of a bell was heard, and the little procession came in view, the boys in their white vestments with bell and candle, followed by the priest bearing the host upon his breast. The people—King, prisoner, men, women, and children—fell on their knees, and the tinkle of the bell, the sobs of the women, and the crackle of the fire went up to the calm stars above.

"The confession was full. No sentence of the solemn service for the dying was omitted. The crowd showed no impatience, but, on the other hand, gave no sign of wavering; the unfortunate *garde* was insensible to everything but the words of the curé, who alone betrayed anxiety, and listened in an agony for some sound from the Besançon Road.

"The last prayer was said, and for a moment the curé bowed his head in a silent, passionate appeal for help, but no answer came from the south. Then, breaking the silence, he attempted to plead again, but as before was firmly refused, and in another moment the helpless victim of arbitrary power had passed from this world into whatever may be beyond, and the kneeling crowd was repeating the Litany for the Dead.

"Suddenly there was a faint rumbling, which grew louder and louder until it shaped itself into the heavy thunder of a troop of dragoons, who an instant later swept up the main street of the village. At the entrance to the square there was a sharp cry of 'Halte!' The foremost threw up the right hand as a signal to those behind, and the troop was motionless—the men wild-eyed and staring at the evidence of the tragedy before them, the horses snorting and shaking chains and accoutrements after the effort of their fierce race.

"The crowd of villagers made no attempt to fly, but only huddled together like sheep about their King and ministers under the tree with its ghastly burden.

"The curé stepped forward and said a few words to the officer in command, at whose order half the troop dismounted, formed in line, and unslung their carbines.

"Another command, and they advanced on the crowd, who now fell back, leaving their King with his ministers alone under the tree.

"Not a word was spoken on either side, but at a sharp command Trégarde, with the instinct and old habit of the soldier, drew himself up, saluted, made a half-turn, and led the way, followed by his companions, to the low wall joining the church with the *presbytère*, where they turned to the troops drawn up in line before them. Trégarde alone realized the situation.

"At the word the carbines moved to the ready. The curé sprang forward toward the officer, 'Pour l'amour de Dieu, monsieur'; but was waved back.

"'Pardon me, monsieur. I accept the responsibility. Present! Fire!'

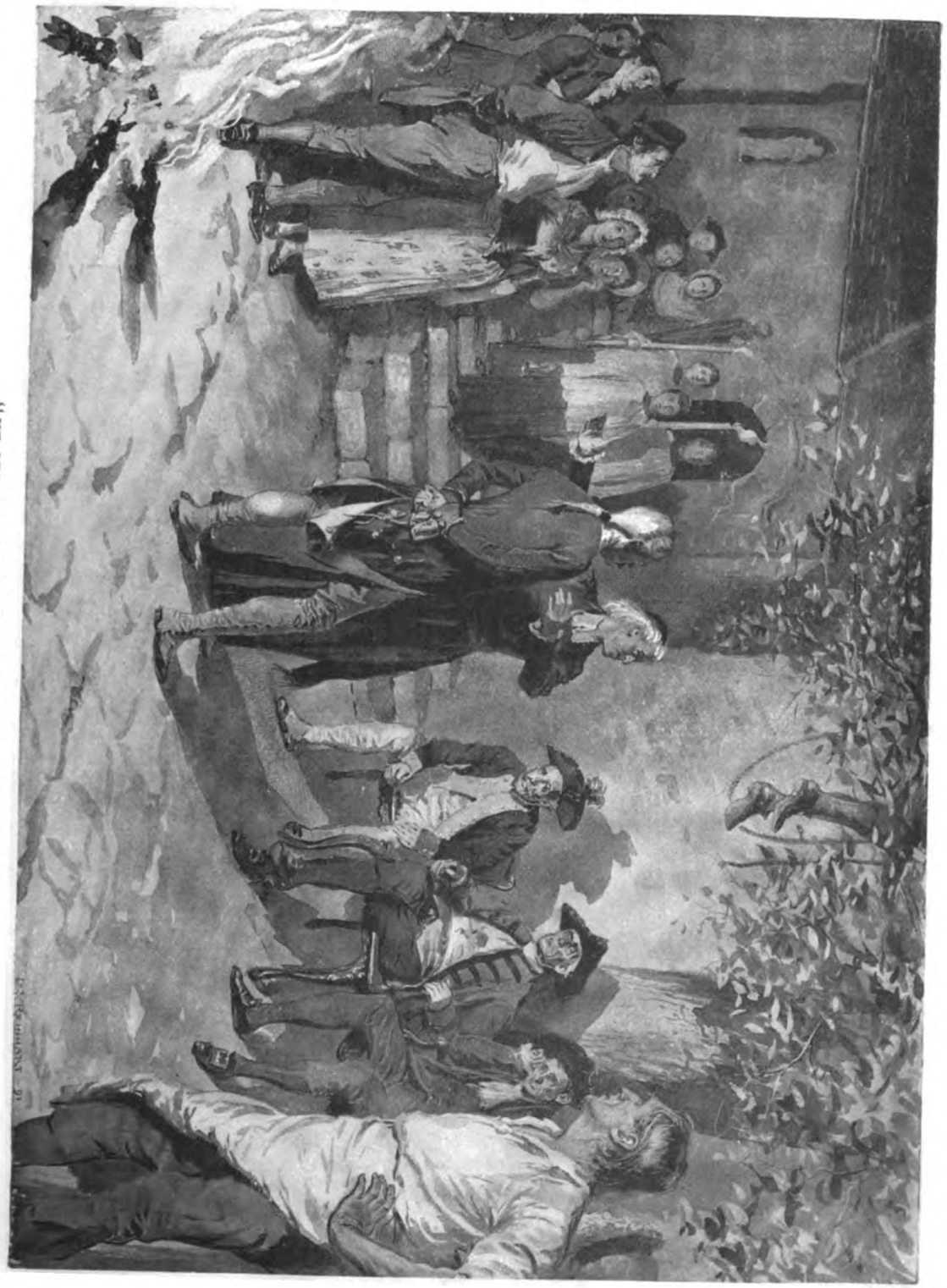
"And simultaneously with the carbines a triumphant cry of 'Vive le Roi!' rang out from Trégarde, and the bodies fell together, and the Revolution swept on."

The young advocate, republican by principle, royalist by sentiment, rose to his feet as he finished his story, and, unmindful of time and place, Trégarde's cry of "Vive le Roi!" went echoing from the dismantled chamber out through the empty corridors. M. Guilloux sprang from his feet, his face blanched with alarm, while the Duke quickly lifted the candelabrum, and turning it upside down extinguished the flaring lights.

They sat there in excited silence for a moment; then heard a door open, and listened to the sound of feet and voices in the main body of the palace until the distant noises ceased, to be followed by the same hollow stillness.

Without a word the three friends arose, and groping their way along corridors, through rooms, and down stairways, where so lately murder and rapine stalked triumphant, found exit through a private door, and with a silent pressure of the hand each went his way into the storm and the night.

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"HE STOOD BETWEEN THE KING AND HIS VICTIM."

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THE TORN LETTER.—*Act I., Scene II.*

THE COMEDIES OF SHAKESPEARE.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. A. ABBEY, AND COMMENT BY ANDREW LANG.

XI.—TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

THE task of writing a somewhat copious commentary on the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* is far from enviable. The play is undoubtedly Shakespeare's, it has the indefinable Shakespearian quality, but it is apparently one of his earliest, as it is assuredly one of his least attractive and least successful works. By "cutting" a great deal of Elizabethan banter, its rapidity of action may make it tolerable on the stage. It is fortunate in possessing very sympathetic characters in Silvia, Julia, Valentine, Launce, and, we should probably add, the Outlaws. There are adventures, there is Launce with his dog Crab, there is the amusing detection of Valentine's rope-ladder by the Duke, there is the usual and popular appearance of a pretty lady in the becoming attire of a page, there is a forest, and there are pictu-

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PROTEUS AND HIS FATHER.—*Act I., Scene III.*

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PROTEUS AND THE DUKE.—*Act III., Scene I.*

resque brigands. So, as a mere acting play, with necessary omissions, the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* may well have been very successful.

The earliest mention of the work is by Meres, in his *Palladis Tamia* (1598), and probably it was written a good deal earlier. It must have been produced on the stage before Shakespeare had accustomed his audience to masterpieces. The play can hardly be later than *Romeo and Juliet*, which also has Verona for its scene, and which was played in 1596. Apparently it was not yet worth while to pirate Shakespeare. There is no quarto of the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. Its first known printed appearance is in the folio. All this accords well with the youthfulness of the drama, the rhymed verses, the superabundance of the word-plays and verbal waggeries which were the New Humor of Shakespeare's early time. On the other hand, there are features in the drama which mark Shakespeare's manner throughout his career. Still we have Venus pursuing Adonis, as it were, the woman running after the man, with a constancy less maidenlike and less shamefaced than we now deem fitting. Here probably begins his series of girls in manly garb, and of those thin disguises which can only be allowed to deceive by virtue of stage convention. Here, too, Shakespeare shows that astonishing good-humor, in this place bordering on indifference, which permits him to forgive Sir Proteus, a youth notable even among his gilded youths for shameful perversity, fickleness, meanness, and treachery. With one of his rapid changes of character and surprisingly sudden conversions, Shakespeare permits Proteus to make his repentance and win his forgiveness in a moment. Julia, whom he has deserted, Silvia, whom he has insulted by his courtship, Valentine, whom he has betrayed and injured to the quick, forgive this trebly dyed traitor in the twinkling of an eye, as if Shakespeare, like Jupiter, laughed at lovers' perjuries. The conclusion is patched up, huddled up, with startling despatch. Assuredly *Two Gentlemen of Verona* is no fair representative of Shakespeare's poetry, as far as poetry is "a criticism of life." Life is not lived, never was, and never will be, on those facile terms. The strange remark of Valentine when he receives the apology of Proteus in the forest, "All that was mine in Silvia, I give thee," is,

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LAUNCE AND HIS DOG.

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of course, outside all nature. The friendships of young men are often romantic enough, but that Valentine's love of Proteus and delight in a repentance which is only the last of Proteus's many moral shape-shiftings should urge him to abandon his lady to his remorsed friend is plainly impossible. Efforts have been made to get over the difficulty by reading "All that was *thine* in Silvia, I give thee." But that was no great present; and had Valentine said no more, where was the occasion for Julia to faint at the certainty of losing her fickle lover?

It has been conjectured that among Shakespeare's sources for the play was one of the many mediæval romances, such as *Amis et Amite*, on an excessively self-sacrificing friendship. These stories appear to be part of the intellectual treasure of the race. Thus even among the Berbers of North Africa there is a tale about two friends. One of them wins a wife, the other falls in love with her, and his passion nearly proves his death. In answer to the questions of his friend he reveals the truth, the married man abandons his wife to his comrade, the comrade has generosity enough to refuse the sacrifice, is cured of his malady of love, and all goes well. The story is told by the Berbers with a *naïveté* which cannot well be reproduced outside of the sacred region of folk-lore. But the idea of such great sacrifices of love to friendship animates many of the stories which Shakespeare must have read as a very young man, and an echo of them removes the character and conduct of Valentine in this passage far from such verisimilitude as even the stage requires.

The greater part of the plot is taken apparently from a Spanish work, the *Diana* of Montemayor. This is one of the novels in Don Quixote's collection which the prudent friends of the knight were content to expurgate of its verses and its magic; they did not doom it to destruction. It is difficult to say what Shakespeare did not know, and possibly he may have read it in the original Spanish. No printed translation of the *Diana* seems to have been produced in England before 1598, the very year, as it chances, when Meres mentions the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. The novel was translated by Bartholomew Yong in 1583, but was not published till 1598. Thus it had long existed in MS., and in MS. Shakespeare may conceivably have seen it, as he may have seen the old English rendering of the Plautine piece on which he based the *Comedy of Errors*. If this did not happen, and if he could not read Spanish, then we might be inclined to date the play in 1598, and might wonder at its crudity for the work of that period. The question of date here is not purely otiose, as we are unwilling to think that our author could have relapsed from the rich poetry and action of *Romeo and Juliet* into a piece comparatively meagre and perfunctory. There is just a possible hint, as we shall see, that Shakespeare may have retouched, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, a piece which was acted before Queen Elizabeth as early as 1584.

The passage in the *Diana* which resembles the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* is the history of Felismena, told by herself to certain ladies. Felismena's mother had long been childless. At length she had reason to expect a child, having wearied heaven by her prayers. One night her husband read to her the story of the apple which Paris presented to Aphrodite, rejecting Hera and Athena. The lady condemned the conduct of Paris, maintaining that he should have favored Athena. Her husband argued on the other side. The lady fell asleep, and Aphrodite appeared to her with an angry countenance, prophesying that she should die in giving birth to twins. Of these one was Felismena; the other was a boy. The mother and the father both died. Felismena, as she grew up, was made love to by a young man—Felix. This Felix, by help of her maid, sent her a letter, in a scene exactly like that between Julia and Lucetta. There can be no doubt at all that Shakespeare copied this passage. Felismena loved Felix; he, like Proteus, was sent abroad. Felismena, like Julia, followed him in male attire. She found him in the act of serenading the lady who, in the novel, corresponds to Silvia. She became his page, and carried to his lady the messages of his love, the lady, of course, losing her heart to the page. On this matter a play called *Felix and Philiomena* (Felismena?) was acted before the Queen in 1584. It is only a guess, but we can scarcely avoid the conjecture that this comedy may have been an earlier form, or the germ at least, of the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. The famed Johannes Factotum, the "shake scene,"

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SILVIA AND VALENTINE.—*Act II., Scene I.*

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THE DUKE EXPELS VALENTINE.—*Act III., Scene I.*

may have shaken the early piece together again.

The play opens in "an open place in Verona"—perhaps the beautiful market-place of that beautiful city. But there is nothing about Verona in the novel of Felismena, and only the name of the town, which Mr. Ruskin unpatriotically, and I venture to think erroneously, prefers to Edinburgh, occurs in the play. Shakespeare certainly gives us no "local color." The far-off hills and the river and the Roman theatre, so much less lovely to a Scot abroad than the lion crest of Arthur's Seat, the crowned ridge of "mine own romantic town," the Pentlands, the strait of sea, the low blue hills of Fife, take no part, have no mention, in his Veronese comedy. Nor, in Verona, do we think of Valentine and Proteus, though of Romeo and Juliet, of Capulet and Montague, we cannot choose but think. In this open place, then, meet Valentine and Proteus, sworn friends. Valentine is going to the imperial court; Proteus cannot keep him at home.

"Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits."

Later it appears that Valentine is only faring to the Duke's court at Milan: probably there has here been some botching and changing of an earlier drama. Proteus, who is in love with Julia at Verona, will not roam, but will be Valentine's

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"beadsman," and pray for him "on a love-book." Proteus is always rich in protestations—Valentine mocks at Cupid. Then follows a conversation purely modish and fashionable; dull plays on words, such as then, apparently, were in vogue. The talk soon transmutes itself into poetry, and into an amorous soliloquy by Proteus; but when Speed, Valentine's clownish servant, appears with news of his embassy to Julia, we fall, unluckily, among the word-plays, and the dismal, not to say occasionally dirty japes which were able to amuse our ancestors. Shakespeare's native humor, as in Falstaff, or as in Launce, is humor eternal; but how ineffably tedious are his concessions to the New Humor of his age, to a comic euphuism! *He* is not for one age, but for all time; we must get into a severely historical state of mind before we can endure his fashionable badinage. Every age has its "topical" jokes, very evanescent or very unsavory. They assuredly do not keep well. Speed is one of the very worst offenders in this kind. We are told to note in the banter of Proteus that from the first he is only a sensual lover. But Helen holds the same kind of talk with Parolles, and no one bids us draw the same inference. The nonsense is contemporary nonsense; it pleased the "better vulgar," who, some one lately noted, talked euphuism then, as they talk psychological analysis and "problems" now. Our psychical analysis will be as dismally unedifying and unentertaining soon as euphuism and Elizabethan word-splitting are to-day. Our modish literary fashions have been imposed by a few noisy *raffinés* on that large class of readers who like to be in what is proclaimed as the fashion. Elizabethan audiences had their own preciosities, deplorably dismal to us, who have a new and equally evanescent set of phrases and foibles. A man of the world, Shakespeare gave them what they craved for, but to pretend to admire Speed now would be mere idolatry of the great, humorous, indifferent poet. As well as Scott knew that his "Gothic" was Wardour Street "Gothic," we may be sure that Shakespeare knew the worth of his own euphuism. It was in the air, it was in vogue, and "they who live to please must please to live." Let us take Shakespeare as we find him and know him, and by all means let us turn over the leaf quickly when his especially courtly and Elizabethan motley is on. It is not his only wear. For the gallants of his time it was very well to borrow their wit from Speed and Proteus; the ladies might smile at it behind their masks. But for us I verily believe that this dreadful fashion of playing stupidly on words, this peculiarly "empty chaff," does more to make ladies like Helen Pendennis dislike Shakespeare, more to make foreigners, especially Frenchmen, contemn him, than any other blemish in his works. This is the body of death to which the immortal spirit of his poetry is chained. All works of human genius carry that body of death—or all but Homer's—the trite gnomic wisdom of the Greek tragedies, the topical jests and buffooneries of Aristophanes, the stilts of Corneille, the prodigiously high heels of Racine, the modishness of Pope, the rhetoric of Johnson, the sonorities of Gibbon, the adjectives of Mr. Ruskin—where am I to stop in the catalogue? I mean that all genius has its feet of clay, the alloy in its gold—all but the best lyrics and the Homeric poems. Shakespeare, too, has the alloy—we should not blink it—the alloy of a trick and an affectation which raged like a disease during his age in European literature. This it is that makes the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* the least commendable, perhaps, among his comedies.

The second scene, which brings us to Julia in her garden talking with her waiting-lady about her heart's interests, brings us acquainted with a charming and stainless heroine, cursed by that persistent constancy which is often the plague of Shakespeare's ladies. Had he found, in his own experience, that woman declines to be shaken off when once she loves, that her pertinacity is in inverse ratio to her pride? Most readers have a certain obscure prejudice against Anne Hathaway. Had Anne proved a *crampon*? Was Shakespeare compelled to marry her by reason of her importunity? Did she cling to him, like Julia to Proteus, in spite of considerable discouragement? We may guess that the gentle poet could do anything more easily than be ungentle to a woman. Perhaps a more probable explanation of this eternally recurring motive in his plays, the constancy of women, when a proud withdrawal were better as well as more dignified policy, was merely presented to

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PROTEUS MEETS SILVIA.
Act II., Scene IV.



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Shakespeare by the many old Italian plots in which it occurs. In them it is a frequent adventure, as it is, when one thinks of it, in the Scottish and the modern Greek popular ballads. The general sympathy seems to be with the forsaken lady when she attaches herself to her fugitive lover, like Simætha in *Theocritus* to Delphis. The situation, then, has a traditional popularity, though it is much less enjoyed by the modern world. Whatever the reason, Shakespeare makes many of his ladies tenacious and long-enduring of scorn beyond what we can admire, and Julia is one of those persistent mistresses. In real life it is almost impossible that a marriage forced on the bridegroom by the bride, who will take no refusal, should be other than unhappy. Shakespeare must have known that perfectly well. He disguises it by making the reluctant bridegrooms change their minds and hearts with lightninglike rapidity. Yet we cannot predict much happiness for the passionate and all-too-adhesive Julia. The scene in which Julia refuses to receive Proteus's letter from Lucetta,—

"Dare you presume to harbor wanton lines?
To whisper and conspire against my youth?"—

is borrowed, as we saw, from the novel by Montemayor. Borrowed, too, is the ruse by which Lucetta stirs Julia's curiosity—dropping the letter, and pretending that it is directed to herself. Here the modern moralist may pause and warn the modern maid and bachelor unbetrothed against corresponding with each other. The practice was clearly thought unbecoming in Shakespeare's time, and "advantage seldom comes of it." To young persons about to begin letter-writing to other young persons of the opposite sex, let us repeat the solemn word of Mr. Punch—"Don't." It is the most perilous way of "keeping company," however attractive it may seem. Write nothing and burn everything, should be our motto. The greatest flirt in an English novelist's tales is able to say, with thankful caution, that there is not a scrap of her handwriting to be found in Europe. If only the young will imitate Julia's original reserve, this unassuming study of the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* will not have been written in vain.

One of the prettiest scenes in the play is that in which Julia, after tearing the letter, collects and kisses the fragments.

"I'll kiss each several paper for amends.
And, here is writ—*kind Julia*;—unkind Julia!
Look, here is writ—*love-wounded Proteus*:—
Poor wounded name! my bosom, as a bed,
Shall lodge thee, till thy wound be thoroughly heal'd;
And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss."

By these pretty childish tricks of love Julia wins all our hearts, and Shakespeare reveals himself for Shakespeare even in his earliest work.

In the third scene Antonio is moved to send his son Proteus from home, as others go.

"Some, to discover islands far away;
Some, to the studious universities."

Thus Proteus, in the very moment of reading a love-letter from Julia, is sent off by Sir Antonio Absolute,

"For what I will, I will, and there an end."

He is to go "to the Emperor's court," whereas, in fact, he travels no further than Milan—a trace of some botching and "working over" in the play.

In Milan we find Valentine, another Benedick, very much the slave of Silvia, despite his old contempt of Cupid. Silvia hardly wins us much at first, as she, poor lady, is in duty bound to banter with the unendurable Speed. Next we come to Proteus's parting with Julia. For so fiery a lover he bears himself with a threatening composure. Julia leaves him in silence, a fine exit, like the last speechless exit of Jocasta in the *Œdipus Tyrannus*.

"What! gone without a word?
Ay, so true love should do: it cannot speak;
For truth hath better deeds than words to grace it."

Launce, the renowned proprietor of Crab, "the sourest-natured dog," comes in as a comic interlude. The "cruel-hearted cur" belongs to Shakespeare's own and essential humor, consoling us, in some degree, for his fashionable facetiæ. In Milan we meet Valentine commending Proteus to the Duke, the father of his lady, Silvia:

"He is complete in feature and in mind,
With all good grace to grace a gentleman."

Proteus sees Silvia, and in a moment loses his heart, and has no desire to speak of Julia.

"My tales of love were wont to weary you;
I know you joy not in a love-discourse."

There is all the grace and charm of Shakespeare's early manner in the reply and confession of the amorous Valentine:

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THE COURT OF THE PALACE.
Act IV., Scene II.

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VALENTINE RESCUES SILVIA.—*Act V., Scene IV.*

"For, in revenge of my contempt of love,
Love hath chas'd sleep from my enthralled eyes,
And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow.
O, gentle Proteus, love's a mighty lord."

"Love is a great master," says Malory in the "Mort d'Arthur." In the end, Proteus being far from encouraging, Valentine reveals that Silvia is in danger of being wedded to the rich Thurio, and that he means to steal her away by a "ladder made of cords." This is enough to suggest his plot to Proteus. Already he has forgotten Julia, forgotten loyalty, friendship, honor, from wild desire of Silvia.

"Even that power which gave me first my oath
Provokes me to this threefold perjury.
Love bade me swear, and love bids me forswear:
O sweet-suggesting love, if thou hast sinn'd,
Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it.
At first I did adore a twinkling star,
But now I worship a celestial sun."

He therefore resolves first to betray Valentine, as if in Thurio's interest, and then to betray Thurio. It is to be presumed that some mediæval casuists of the Court of Love might find excuse for Proteus, but his conduct is really almost on a level with the familiar conduct of politicians, of a Sunderland, a Marlborough, or whatever modern instance you please. Meanwhile, at Verona, Julia is meditating flight to Proteus, flight in the old disguise, whereon Lucetta jests in an Elizabethan manner. The danger she dreads least is that of being unwelcome to Proteus, who is actually betraying Valentine to the Duke of Milan. There is abundant comedy in the Duke's turning of the tables on Valentine, and borrowing his rope-ladder and his cloak, with a poem to Silvia. Fathers are so often the butts of comedy that we are delighted to meet one who can hold his own for a season. The scene would have enchanted Molière. Valentine is banished, Proteus is engaged as the ally of the Duke and Thurio, a perfidious aid. Valentine falls among outlaws, very agreeable gentlemen. "It is an honorable kind of thievery," and they graciously elect Valentine as their captain. They are broken men of family, and rob

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only on the best principles. Meanwhile Proteus, in Thurio's interest, is serenading Silvia with the beautiful song, and Julia comes on the scene and hears the music, as in the *Diana* of Montemayor —a lucky stroke of dramatic invention, and a thing well worth borrowing. By help of Eglamour, her loyal unsuccessful adorer, Silvia flees from Milan, and Launce has his memorable soliloquy addressed to Crab, offered in vain to Silvia. He was no dog for a lady, and did not do justice to his master's instructions. There is much pathos in the scene, also from the novel, where Julia, as a page, carries Proteus's letter to Silvia, and describes her own forlorn estate:

"She hath been fairer, madam, than she is:
When she did think my master lov'd her well,
She, in my judgment, was as fair as you;
But since she did neglect her looking-glass,
And threw her sun-expelling mask away,
The air hath starv'd the roses in her cheeks,
And pinch'd the lily-tincture of her face,
That now she is become as black as I."

Very touching is Julia's comparison of her own beauty with Silvia's:

"Her hair is auburn; mine is perfect yellow:
If that be all the difference in his love,
I'll get me such a colored periwig."

Silvia's flight is discovered; naturally she is captured by the outlaws, and is restored to Valentine. As naturally all the characters meet in the woods, and the wicked repent, and the generous forgive, and the outlaws are proclaimed to be "men endued with worthy qualities," which they have hitherto dissembled with some skill. "One feast, one house, one mutual happiness" await the just and the unjust, with a reckless Shakespearian generosity. And what other end, after all, can we imagine or desire?

A WATCH IN THE NIGHT.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

THE small low room was full of shadows; the night-lamp gave a glimmer only less than darkness, which fell on the phials and glasses, and dimly outlined the bed where the sick man lay.

At least he had been a sick man. Now sickness was ebbing away with his breath. His daughter sat in her chair by the window, not daring to sob or to move lest she should waken him and call him back to his suffocating pain. There was no sound but his heavy breathing, and now and then a sigh from the sea in its night sleep.

As she sat there, now glancing out at the summer dusk, now again her eyes returning to the form upon the bed, her heart was full of bitterness. All the gladness of her life was leaving her—a narrow gladness possibly, but the whole. She was young, and she had the eager love of life belonging to the young—to those years when it means spice and perfume and warmth and laughter and beauty. Life had been to her all bounty and abundance, for it held her father. Suddenly it seemed to have come to an end. Her mother had died at her birth, and had become like a dream, a half-forgotten song. Her father, not twenty years older than herself, had been a child with her; they had, as it were, grown up together, sharing every thought, every joy, every gratification of those dear unnecessary senses through which the keener pleasures come; not with any element of reverence on her part, but with an element of oneness on the part of both. And yet he had seemed to her the very walls of the universe; and having him, she needed nothing more. Now a gay house had become a silent one; a pall hung over it. The friend, the companion, whom she had loved with an adoring absorption, was going—oh no! was leaving her adrift upon an unknown sea!

But little her senior in years, he had not been at all so in emotion, in fancy, in thought. His youth was still uppermost in his nature, his habit, his lofty beauty of face and person. A mercurial being, yesterday full of cheer, to-day plunged in despair; yesterday the air crisp with jests, to-day heavy with sighs; in either mood he would have sympathy. His atmosphere was so pervading that wherever he was he ruled the hour; his charm was like a fountain forever freshly bubbling out of the earth. He looked at life from a different point of view from that of another; brilliant, spirited, gen-

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erous, sweet, it seemed to her that he had not his peer on earth, and she doubted if the Uriels and Gabriels and Azraels and Michaels and Ithuriels were more than his peers in heaven. That is, in the poet's heaven; she believed in no other. To his daughter, who was his intimate, his other self, he was that round which the suns and stars revolved. And now—If the stars themselves rush to ruin, where are we?

Her world was all disorganized; happiness was eliminated from it; nothing but misery remained. Look which way she would, she saw only distress. What a horrible turmoil it was! How superb this creature had been! And presently he would be something festering underground. Was it possible, she thought with that, that all this beauty of the earth was but a mask for corruption and decay; all this beauty of a June morning with its glitter and color; those blushing clouds but cold sheets of deathly vapor decked in hues not their own; those roses, sprung from slime and muck, shortly to return there—no real beauty anywhere, all false, all veiling, all elusive, all change and disintegration? She had worshipped beauty as she had worshipped her father; it had been a religion for her; and now she had gone behind and beneath its veil; it did not exist.

And her father—presently he too would cease to exist. The world would be as if he had not been. The world? That itself would cease to exist for her. She herself was but a point of suffering in space. A point of suffering? Space itself was suffering. What power was this, she asked, what fell and cruel power, that ruled creation without pity, without sympathy, without remorse, against which one was helpless?

The wind rose and fell; the rote of the sea made prolonged monotone; the breath of the dying man kept up its rhythmical stertor. In the low dark room she kept watch with death—terrible companion! It meant to her black foulness, agonizing negation; fate worse than perpetual suffering, beyond her ability to imagine or comprehend, as life, as eternity. It meant shuddering into void dark; something more full of horror than any evil fate of living; something that overtopped all suffering by the very extreme of the opposite intensity—annihilation.

Figure it, imagine it, for such a thing as he had been; one so made of strength and joy! She remembered him in the moonlight one summer evening with his face shining so that she had asked what need of seraphs with such a man in the world? She remembered him at another time drawn darkly on the red disk of the setting sun, standing with uplifted arms, vigor in every line. She remembered him taming his horses; sailing his boat in the breakers with the spray dashing over him. She remembered him when the mob went surging through the streets, and he halted them with his ringing cries, hushed them, held them spellbound, swung them hither and thither, spun them off one by one as a lion rising from his nightly lair might shake off the morning dew. How full of life, how full of that fire which is more than life, that passion, that spirit, which is of the essence of the life of gods! And could all that end? She would not believe it. Ah, here it was ending! Believe it? She saw it!

With what hope this ending had beginning! What brilliant future hung always just before the man, a phantom form escaping the grasp, a mirage in the desert. Full of tenderness, full of romance, full of poetry, full of spontaneity and the divine flame we call genius, he had always been on the point of doing the great work. But so fragrantly had the flame burned that he had been content just to feed it; and the pleasant days had gone gliding by so gayly, so sweetly, that he had not known time was till time had ceased. And then the languor of failing health had come, and he had done nothing worthy of his powers. He would leave the world, and it would never have known him; he would not have justified himself. It broke her heart to think of it; as she looked at him now in the dim light, even in that dull stupor his face shining in an almost supernal beauty, it doubly broke her heart to think how soon it was to be a mouldering mass beneath the sod.

It was not the first time she had endured these thoughts. Night after night they had come beating about her, black-winged and purposeless as bats. Night after night she had rebelled against the injustice that laid him low—against the fate overtaking her. How alone she was presently to be—how utterly, awfully alone! No soul in the world who really cared for her, for whom she really cared. No one for the confidential word, for the intimate thought,

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for the dear caress. No one to connect her with the race—only with that outer void. All her thoughts went over into that outer void concerning which she knew nothing, she believed nothing. If only she did know anything; but then she would be better off than all the rest of man, for who was there that knew anything? They had called themselves agnostic, denying nothing, affirming nothing; concerning themselves only with this sweet, vivid life about them, coming at last to deny everything but that which they saw and felt.

Accustomed to lean, ever since the days of that fatal illness the thought of her loneliness had grown more and more appalling to her. She could not have told why, but it borrowed for her in this life all the terrors of the unimaginable. The years stretched before her like a desert she must cross, with Heaven knows what unshaped phantasms, what bleaching bones, what horror of great darkness on the way! She would have given all the joys she had ever dreamed for some hand to lean on now—for that Great Hand, indeed, which upheld the sorrowing souls that clung to it. But how could she cling to it? How could she even lay hold of it? She did not believe there was such a hand.

And yet—apart from belief, apart from knowledge—there it was; a hand that people did cling to, that did support the sorrowing. There was such a hand for them, at any rate. She groped and reached out into the shadows, but there was no hand there for her.

What kind of a being was it, then—call him by what name you will—who, knowing her need, her misery, would not help, would not heed, would not hear? Had he not even human pity, the quality of pity that any man or woman, knowing her extremity, would give? Because the stories told of him did not satisfy her reason, must he refuse all help and shroud himself in blackness? Was this the benevolence men pretend? Benevolence! Where was the benevolence in the power that allowed this suffering, not of hers only, but of her beloved's; that allowed the wide and hideous suffering of the world, the misery of the city depths, of the myriads in the farther Indies and the islands of the sea? That allowed it? That created it—this Creator of all things! To her it looked more like malevolence. All this agony, caused by a human tyrant, would be called cruelty. It was idle to talk of large purposes and mysterious ends which the intellect was too feeble to penetrate. That intellect compassed all our ken, and what was cruelty to that was cruelty.

But supposing this power—so many times she had gone over it in her mind that she saw the whole now in flashes, as it were—supposing this creative force were benevolent, were all of love and pity, then this suffering and sorrow he would end if he could. It followed, therefore, that he could not. And if he could not, he was not omnipotent. And there was no godhead in impotence. It resolved itself into a vicious circle; the controlling power was either malevolent or impotent. But impotent before what? Impotent before whom? Before a power for evil. Then was the power for evil the stronger of the two. Dreadful shuddering thought! Make haste, then, make ally with the power for good! Wither the power for evil!

Well, she had done this all her life. The precious spirit passing there had made the happiness of others spring up like a fountain under his every footstep. And to what end now?

Yet was not this the outlook of a low plane of thought? Climb higher—perhaps it was only the soaring soul which grasped that sustaining hand. Was all history anything but the stroke of a bell in the night among the vast multiples of the eternal years? In the æons that make stars and resolve them into use, what is man that thou art mindful of him? And still it was shame to her to be of so small weight, to see the one pass, the many stay, the individual vanish, the race remain. As if one were of no more worth than the worm of the coral rock building up out of the sea—the worm whom it became to do his work well that every cell of it might be perfect and strong for the growth that was to spring and wave in the air above it. So often she had wearied with these thoughts in the pauses of sad nights, between the spasms of her grief.

But, after all, again it smote her, was all this suffering other than the effect of broken law; and was law of any existence at all if penalty did not attach to its infraction; and must not law be answerable to itself, be of absolute integrity?

This law, then, was the centre of the

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universe, its rule, its life. It was a living thing, for behold it pulsing through the days, the seasons, the years, the heavens! Call it law or call it God.

But how indifferent, how impartial!—the viper with a fourth row of poisonous teeth to pierce his victim; beauty in the tint of the malignant fungus as much as on the petal of the rose!

The breathing from the pillow came regularly as the beat of the sea along the shore. It was like the tread of fate to her, bringing desolation, darkness, death—the death of the universe itself, of her universe. It was impossible for her to reconcile mercy and justice with the suffering she had seen meted out on those pillows, with life snatched from those lips, with the extinction of such a spirit as that now flashing and fading away. If she had ever hoped there were a power over all powers, benignant, unaware of none, through which none agonized, here was the answer to the hope. No, there was no such power. Unless the old mother earth, the suns, and planets were the gods, we ourselves are all the gods there are, she said. We develop from the cell, we ripen and fall away, the race becomes immortal, by-and-by the perfect flower of it is born—behold the gods! Oh, what was that to her, to him, a leaf fallen from the tree and trodden into earth ages first! Oh, poor gods! poor gods! dying there upon the pillow, anguishing here at the window!

Or was it else a mere fortuitous co-ordination of atoms—when the chain that holds us together loosens, we fall apart, and that is all. That is all. All! She could have shrieked in her pain. All of heart's love and faith and devotion? The end of lofty aspiration, exquisite thought, beautiful spirit, white soul? Was she never to meet again this being who held the world for her? Never! Oh, horrible word! it beat back upon her like a blow; it clutched her heart as a hand gauntleted in steel might do. No heaven, no hell? Ah, yes, hell—for this was hell—this fear, this pang, this loss. Her father going, her god gone, herself lost in awful loneliness—could woe go farther?

The night was wearing on; the midnight tide was drawing off its waters from the shores; the stertorous breathing grew lower and slower, and came more faintly. She went and bent over the bed, gazing yearningly, longing to pour out her own life there, and feed the dying flame with her vital breath. A long shuddering sigh rose as she hung there—all was over. No—another—no more. In what moment, what instant, had that soul left the body? The soul? Why, she had just satisfied herself that there was no soul to leave. Only—only—only a moment ago he was here. And now the same frame, the same face, the same hand—and she was alone. She was alone. Her father was gone. Something had gone—she knew not what—but all she had to love. Gone, and she could not follow. Gone, she knew not where. Never, never; and all her wearyings, her doubts, her mysteries were dead in the passion of her tears.

An hour afterward, when the gush of tears was over for the time, such gushes, such streams of tears as had come, not now only, but ever since she knew that her beloved must go, she went to the window and threw it wide open to the night. A little bird gave a trill, stirring in its sleep, perhaps, a dream of song, a careless, happy bit of life. The perfumes of the warm still night crept up and stole by her; a soft wind, like a caress, lifted and let fall the boughs beneath her window—gentle and sweet indifference. It made no odds to bird or blossom or bough that the most beautiful soul of all the world had ceased; that she, poor wretch, had lost all she had even to hope. Well, in how few years it would make no odds to her! But now—till then! If she had but that hand to lean on—that Great Hand! She had called out for it. "O source of all," she had cried, "O divine order, O strength pulsing through the universe, help! help!" But no help had come. In the dark and lonely nights she had begged this power to lend of its vital force to her dear one that he might live his glad life out. But nothing had answered her. How could anything answer her? How could she find that in whose being she did not believe? She would have accepted the faith of the most ignorant barbarian, of the sternest Jesuit, could she have found it. But while the whole plan of salvation seemed as much a myth to her as any legend of heathendom, how was she to help herself? Christ himself might be standing before her; but she was blind; how was she to see Him? It was His part to stoop and touch the clay, and anoint the eyes, and make her see.

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It had been a shibboleth with her to say that we returned to the great reservoirs of life at last. Then, if we did, her father was a part of all this night glory, of this wide air, this throbbing firmament. No, no; she loved him still—not his memory, but him—him the one, the identity, the being; she could not love that which was not. With the thought, at the moment, that seed had been dropped in her heart which must swell, which must grow, which, given light and warmth and dew, must one day blossom in the white lilies of faith.

A strange calm seemed to envelop her for a pause. She could even stay in the wild whirl of her thoughts and sorrows and note the beauty of the still deep middle of the night. Her father had worshipped beauty: in the long distances, in mountain mists, in city lines, on sea and shore, it had fed and filled and satisfied him. What if it were not real! what if it were all a mask, a film! Still it was a divine expression. Ah! what, if in worshipping beauty, all unknowing they had worshipped God!

As she leaned out there into the night, how the heavens seemed to soar above her, as if their spaces held the wide principle of life itself, as if it were a living space! There, on the outposts, the great planet held up a steady lamp; near at hand, Altair shone white and clear: Antares burned red from the heart of the Scorpion; the Milky Way scattered its bredelike frozen sea-spray, drifting along its fixed yet airy flight; far up above, Vega, with her sapphire gaze, glittered as if the seal of some ineffable mystery; all around, the great constellations slowly wheeled westward. What power! what possession! what life! What spirit, too! And whose—whose was the impulse that sent these spheres abroad on mighty lines, that held them up in their vast flight? A gigantic shape out there, swimming in the depths, thrusting, pushing, tossing with foot, with hand, with shoulder, frolicking with his huge toys— Perish the picture! Those white cold multitudinous worlds made the very words of such half-shaped thought profane.. Who had said, then, on the other hand, that a fortuitous coordination of atoms was this sparkling star dust, this green earth, those odor-breathing flowers? Fortuitous! What was there of chance in this wide expression of order,—order, like a great voice ringing through space, like a great intelligence—a great will! And if it were intelligence and power, could anything but the best arrive? No, no, no; that was not enough! There must be that which is beyond intelligence, beyond power, in this great first force, this creative energy evolving matter, evolving law. Law was but the evidence of will. And will—will was impossible without personality, without vital being. Stay—stay! Perhaps—perhaps she was finding God! And what must this vast first being be—this Being, this Person, who willed, and whose will made law? Power surely,—we saw it; intelligence surely,—we saw it. Did we pause there? Must not such a one compass the greatest, the highest? And, of all things, was there anything far or near in the wide universe greater or higher than Love? Love, then, He must be; love itself—love and power and intelligence and will. Oh, hold! Her breath came so fast it stifled her. She had found God! And finding Him, should she not find again her beloved? Would not love give her back her own? A fortuitous co-ordination of atoms! The force that pulsed through the stars pulsed also through her. If but an atom in this throbbing universe, still the atom was informed with the same pulsation as all this shining multitude of the heavens. Order itself beat through her as through them; beat still through that dust so lately all she loved in life; beat still through the spirit that had animated it. As she looked up into the vast purple-dark and gleaming depths, a sense of kinship, of brotherhood, with all things smote her. Alone, and yet a part of this? Alone, with this power ruling, living through all space, rushing to break in life on every shore! Name the power Order, God, Christ, but the informing, filling, staying, and upholding force. Let the thought go out beyond the shining vastnesses, on and on forever. It was infinity. Could she comprehend it? Let her find those vastnesses ending,—not even space, not even darkness, only nothingness. Could she comprehend it? Then must she comprehend that which transcended infinity, which filled nothingness?

It seemed for a moment as if she herself were sinking into nothingness. She leaned forth into the night; she felt an arm enfold her, a voice murmur to her;

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all her sorrows were like dew a sunbeam drinks. As to one in a trance, reason and judgment shrivelled like dead leaves before the budding, bursting warmth that was filling her heart, the sweet vitality that was overflowing all her being, the sense that all was well with her beloved, since God lives. She had submitted herself, and the wave had carried her to divine shores; the broad beam had touched her eyes, and whereas she was blind, now she saw.

And one might call it Law, and another might call it Lord, but something had answered her, and all her pain was past, and all her sorrow comforted.

A WINTER NIGHT.

BY O. C. STEVENS.

INTENSE preoccupation of the sky,
Faced by the earth's impenetrable sleep!
Standing alone, upon a hillock steep,
I am as one between: whom both deny.
Chill seem those starry fires: they are too high
For any warmth down to this heart to creep;
And earth's concentrate passion lies too deep
To be unloosened by a human cry.

Strange, mystic anger swells into the heart:
Some older rock of knowledge seems its source;
And pains of long-numbed thought within me dart:
Vaguely I feel as part of that old force
That set the heavens at their silent toils,
And lays the earth in slumber's icy coils.

EDITOR'S STUDY

I.

WE all recall three noteworthy essays in criticism: Lessing's *Laocoon;* Charles Waldstein's *The Art of Pheidias;* and Matthew Arnold's *The Function of Criticism at the Present Time.*

These all not only relate to the higher criticism—the application of principles to details—but they are examples of it. The first two deal mainly with the question of form. Arnold asserts the necessity in life of the exercise of the critical power, while admitting its inferiority to the creative power. Criticism is discontent: its office is to see in all branches of knowledge and of art "the object in itself as it really is," in order that something better may be done. To be satisfied is to come to a standstill, as in conventionalized Egyptian art, or to go into a decadence, as in the Roman art. When the spirit of criticism is lacking, both the plastic arts and literature deteriorate. It is so in manners, in which woman represents the critical element, and it is scarcely fanciful to say that when her criticism is absent, manners deteriorate.

We speak of the criticism of Lessing and Waldstein because the question of form is the essential and underlying one in all art, in literature as well as in painting and sculpture. Lessing points out the distinction between the plastic arts and poetry, in that the one is conditioned in space and the other in time, and his limitations are generally accepted, although Waldstein does not accept Lessing's restrictions of the pictorial character of Homer's descriptions. As to this, we need only remark that departure from Lessing's notions of the true scope of literary representation has led to the mod-

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ern excess of word-painting; and one distinction of this plastic art is that whereas the picture or the statue conveys to the spectator a distinct image which was in the mind of the artist, the word-painting does not do this of necessity, and does usually convey to each reader a different image. A single epithet of beauty which the poet uses makes all the world see a Helen; the detailed and elaborate cataloguing of the charms of a heroine suggests to different readers a thousand women.

The object of art is the expression of beauty. Lessing went so far as to say that ugliness cannot be a subject of poetry, and that though painting as imitative skill can express ugliness, painting as a fine art will not express it. Without departing from this standard, perhaps Waldstein goes a step further in showing how plastic art represents life, in pointing out rhythm as an organic quality of a work of sculpture. In poor sculpture the parts seem put together; in good sculpture they flow together as in life, and there is a superficial rhythmic action, which is mainly lost in a cast and in a copy, unless the copyist is as great an artist as the creator. This is not an architectural symmetry, but it is life; and in the highest development there may be the expression of moral character and individual mood in plastic rhythm.

II.

The object of all art is illusion; Lessing adds—pleasing illusion. In its elements it is nature plus the human spirit. Imitation only gives us a low degree of pleasure, conditioned mainly upon the kind of object imitated and upon the skill of the artist. An imitation of a barn door carried to the point of illusion does not give us the same pleasure as the imitation of a tree carried to the point of illusion. Both, wanting any quality except literal resemblance, speedily weary. Our enjoyment of nature is one thing; of art, it is another thing. We can easily test this. A painter paints a picture of a tree, and we hang it in the house. What is it in the painting that pleases us? Is it the faithfulness of its imitation? Open the broad window and look at the tree which has been painted. The painting has not the tree's aspect of mobility, of exquisite change every hour in the day.

What is it, then, you value in the painting, if it is a masterpiece? It is the sentiment, the subtle human element in it that the artist has introduced into nature. We will not ask whether you would sooner destroy the picture or the tree; that would not be fair, for there is only one picture like that, and there are a thousand resembling trees; but you see that what pleases you in the one is different from what pleases you in the other. And this is quite independent of the fixedness of the one and the transitoriness of the other.

Literature, in its dealing with life, transcends painting and the plastic art mainly because it has for its province the invisible as well as the visible. It touches life at more points; and in the world of emotion, of feeling, of the spirit, if not more subtle, it has a wider, freer range, being conditioned only in time and not in space; it has progression, mobility, in the development of passion and character, more facilities for the representation of the spectacle of human life, and for its interpretation, which is the essential thing. But it is an art, the power of man in nature, and consequently amenable to rules and principles, and the subject of criticism, as all human productions and institutions are. Mark Pattison made a remark which needs our knowledge of his clerical character to save from the appearance of Heine-like cynicism. He said, "Religion is a good servant, but a bad master." We may say, in view of the recent stridency of "Naturalism," that Nature is a good servant, an indispensable friend, but a bad master.

III.

Why should not the creative faculty run its free, unchecked course without criticism? It is the inherent nature of a tree to grow, to develop in form, strength, and symmetry, according to its kind; the elm, the oak, the beech, the pine, each taking on its individual character and beauty. To do this, however, it must not be interfered with. It must have room and protection. If it stands alone, the sun may coax it or the wind twist it out of shape. In order to counteract this interference, man trains it, supports it, trims it, aids it to grow according to its own character. If it is in a forest, without room and in a rivalry to reach light and air, it grows tall, at the expense of its proper girth and its natural symmetry. The forest has its beauty in mass,

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in congregation, but it is not the beauty of the individual tree. Nature always interferes, is careless of individual rights, and is in ceaseless competition for life. Man comes in with selection, with criticism. By art the wilderness is transformed into the landscape, where order and selection develop individual character and enhance the beauty of the whole. If, however, he carries his interference any further than correction of the interference of nature, the result is artificiality. And artificiality is apt to be the product of over-criticism.

It will not do to push this illustration of the tree too far; it is not so much an illustration as an extreme suggestion of the province of criticism, which has to do finally with the expression of human life and of nature in art, and more broadly with the conduct of life.

Criticism begins with civilization. Its concern is the formation of character; its concern is the development on right lines of art, science, religion. Indeed, there can be no high civilization without criticism, that is, without the application, in all departments of life, of universal principles to particular affairs. This is especially necessary in literature, which, wanting its catholic control, develops one-sidedly, runs to excess, or falls into weakness. Human nature resents criticism; it hates the critic, it stones the prophet, and ridicules as meddling fault-finders those who persistently point out its errors. He who attempts to apply universal principles, justness of spirit, veracity, any ideal standard, to particular cases, to particular measures, has a hard road to travel in this world. For trying to see things as they really are in themselves and their universal relations the discerning spirit is accounted a pestilent disturber. He is a mugwump in literature.

IV.

There seems to be a general impression that in a new country like the United States, where everything grows freely, almost spontaneously, as by a new creative impulse, literature had better be left to develop itself without criticism, as practically it has been left—every tree to get as high as it can without reference to shape or character. We say, as practically it has been left. For while there has been some good criticism in this country of other literatures, an application of sound scholarship and wide comparison, there has been very little of this applied to American literature. There has been some fault-finding, some ridicule, a good deal of the slashing personality and the expression of individual prejudice and like or dislike which characterized so much of the British review criticism of the beginning of this century—much of it utterly conventional and blind judgment—but almost no attempt to ascertain the essence and purport of our achievement, and to arraign it at the bar of comparative excellence, both as to form and substance. It is not denied that there has been much ingenious and even just exploiting of our literature, with note of its defects and its excellences, but it will be scarcely claimed for even this that it is cosmopolitan. How little of the application of universal principles to specific productions! We thought it bad taste when Matthew Arnold put his finger on Emerson as he would put his finger on Socrates or on Milton. His judgment may have been wrong, or it may have been right, matter of individual taste we would have been indifferent to; it seemed as if it were the universality of the test from which our national vanity shrunk. We have our own standards; if we choose, a dollar is sixty-five cents, and we resent the commercial assertion that a dollar is one hundred cents.

It seems that the thing the American literature needs just now, and needs more than any other literature in the world, is criticism. In the essay by Matthew Arnold to which reference has been made, and in which, as is remembered, he defines criticism to be "a disinterested endeavor to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the world," he would have had smooth sailing if he had not attempted to apply his principles of criticism to the current English literature. And this application made the essay largely an exposition of the British Philistine. The Philistine is, in his origin and character, a very respectable person, whether he is found in Parliament, or in Exeter Hall, or in a newspaper office; he is incased in tradition. The epithet borrowed from the German would not have stung as it did if Arnold had not further defined the person to be, what Ruskin found him also in England and Wagner in Germany, one inaccessible to new ideas.

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Now we have not in the United States the Philistine, or Philistinism, at least not much of it, and for the reason that we have no tradition. We have thrown away, or tried to throw away, tradition. We are growing in the habit of being sufficient unto ourselves. We have not Philistinism, but we have something else. There has been no name for it yet invented. Some say it is satisfaction in superficiality, and they point to the common school and to Chautauqua; the French say that it is satisfaction in mediocrity. At any rate, it is a satisfaction that has a large element of boastfulness in it, and boastfulness based upon a lack of enlightenment, in literature especially a want of discrimination, of fine discernment of quality. It is a habit of looking at literature as we look at other things; literature in national life never stands alone; if we condone crookedness in politics and in business under the name of smartness, we apply the same sort of test—that is, the test of success—to literature. It is the test of the late Mr. Barnum. There is in it a disregard of moral as well as of artistic values and standards. You see it in the press, in sermons even—the effort to attract attention, the lack of moderation, the striving to be sensational in poetry, in the novel to shock, to advertise the performance. Everything is on a strain. No, this is not Philistinism. It is sure, also, that it is not the final expression of the American spirit—that which will represent its life or its literature. We trust it is a transient disease, which we may perhaps call by a transient name — Barnumism.

V.

No, the literary situation in the United States to-day is not exempt from the universal law any more than the economic situation is, and neither will escape the final judgment of Rhadamanthus by the plea that it is the American way. But it may be that the function of criticism, the highest attribute of which is discernment, should be, in our inchoate condition and exceedingly diverse experimentation, more than usually tempered by appreciation, carried even to the extent of encouragement—remembering that untempered laudation of everything is not encouragement of the best. We have no critical centre, or Nilometer, like the French Academy, and we have no body of even semi-authoritative reviews, like the English. Indeed, there is published to-day in America no non-sectarian review in which space can be afforded to an adequate treatment of any piece of literature. It is an anomalous condition for a country of so much production and so much pretension. That the country has knowledge and discernment enough for high critical work is evident from the occasional bits of criticism here and there, but these are so fragmentary, sporadic, and local as not to be authoritative, and to have little effect on the general taste and judgment.

Perhaps the radical defect in our Barnumism is a disregard of the opinion of the rest of the world. We may be making the biggest show, but how about quality? It is conceivable that the criticism we most need is that which bids us look away from ourselves, that which will give us an idea of the thought and the movement of the rest of the world. Only by this sort of comparison shall we see ourselves as we really are.

The first equipment of the competent critic is knowledge; the second is discernment; the third is disinterestedness.

It is easy to see the value of most current criticism if you apply these tests to it. Attention to the third of these essentials, disinterestedness, would eliminate from our criticism much of its personal and commercial character. Attention to the second, discernment, would require the critic to endeavor, first of all, to understand the purpose of his author, and not to judge him for what he did not attempt—after the method of much of what may be called our Donnybrook Fair style of criticism. Attention to the first requisite, knowledge, would relieve us of a great body of our criticism altogether.

Literary criticism has first to deal with form, and this is more important in America, with its inchoate literature, than elsewhere. This is not a mere matter of technique, but a fundamental essential in art. This is conceded in poetry, where the rules of guidance can be distinctly stated; but it is true also of prose composition, for which it is so difficult to make rules. Good prose is the rarest excellence in the world, and appreciation of it is not general in America; indeed, discrimination in regard to its quality is generally wanting. We should say that criticism in the United States has no higher function than

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education of this discrimination. We are misled by the over-strained, trenchant, immediately effective "editorial" style, which gets into our histories as well, and which is wanting in simplicity, delicacy, and moderation.

VI.

Form also relates to facts, and keeps us close to the moderation of nature, which we are now pleased to call reality. But then, there is spirit, there is interpretation. Things are of no value except for the use we make of them, except for their influence upon our lives. On things visible we must stand, and try to know them, to see them as they are, and ourselves as we are in our relation to them. But we do not grow refined by the contemplation of vulgarity, nor does the contemplation of meanness induce the growth of virtue in the soul. Criticism is bound to insist upon the ideal in the conception of life. We might go further, and say that it is bound to condemn anything that does not contribute to the happiness and the improvement of the world. But in saying this we should run into the controversy that the knowledge of evil is as necessary to the improvement of the race as the knowledge of good. This is, we know, a separate question from the question of what is the proper subject of fiction, but we will leave it, with the indisputable truth that men are more benefited by good example than by bad example.

We had it in mind to say something about fiction, but that would lead us into the most barren controversy which has worried current life. Fiction is following a natural, and doubtless an inevitable development, and the attitude of criticism toward it is of necessity a waiting attitude. We may be sure it is subject to a universal law, as all art is. It will suffice to quote a passage which Mr. Arnold quotes from Joubert:

"Fiction has no business to exist unless it is more beautiful than reality. Certainly the monstrosities of fiction may be found in the booksellers' shops; you buy them for a certain number of francs, and you talk of them for a certain number of days; but they have no place in literature, because in literature the one aim of art is the beautiful. Once lose sight of that and you have the mere frightful reality."

Having in mind what, after all, survives from age to age, through the changing tastes, aberrations, and affectations and new lights, we can leave the matter there —"they have no place in literature."

VII.

The situation in the United States, so far as the application of the universal standard is concerned, has its special difficulty. We are a self-governed people. Lax as we often are about the assertion of our individual rights, there is an underlying feeling that one man's opinion is as good as another's, at least for him. Veneration for authority is perhaps not to be expected in the prevalence of the notion of equality and of majority rule. Everybody is a critic in literature as well as in politics. And this state of mind is not conducive to the acceptance of a universal standard, nor indeed to any high standard. The voice of the critic, therefore, even of the competent critic, is not likely to be authoritative. It can only be by way of suggestion, stimulation of thought, which means gradual enlightenment, and the substitution of a more universal measure than neighborhood and clique opinion. If literature in this country depends upon the public taste, the public demand, the outlook may be discouraging, for anywhere the process of raising the general level of intellectual appreciation is slow. But it does not altogether depend upon that. There will always be a certain number of writers to whom art and self-approval in it are dearer than any low success of the hour. It is the critic's office to aid these, to uphold the standard at all hazards, and to point out to intelligent readers, whose number will constantly increase, that this is the excellent way. The critic will stop praising mediocrity and bad art, under the mistaken notion that to be tolerant and kindly merely is to encourage American literature. But, and in this country especially, the critic and the writer are not alone responsible. The public has its responsibility about poor literature, as it has for low and degrading theatrical performances or for sensational newspapers. The critic can aid the growth of its power of discrimination, and thus indirectly influence its taste. But, in the end, the public of the United States is as responsible for sound literature as for sound money.

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EOTHEN.—Drawn by GEORGE DU MAURIER.

COOK'S TOURIST (*female*): "What's that jagged white line on the horizon, I wonder?"
COOK'S TOURIST (*male*): "*Snow*, probably!"
COOK'S TOURIST (*female*): "Ah! that's much more likely! I heard the captain saying it was *Greece*!"

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EDITOR'S DRAWER

RACHEL'S LOVERS.

BY THOMAS NELSON PAGE.

RACHEL was as black as a crow, or, more poetically, as a sloe, but this did not prevent her from being a belle on the plantation, and though she had reached the mature age of twenty without taking a husband, it was not for want of offers, for she had had many. She was indeed the belle of the plantation, but she was also the flirt, and more than the usual number of the young bucks had endeavored to secure her without success. Finally it was supposed that Stable Dick had won the prize and captured the sable nymph's coy affections, and the other lovers fell back. Dick was a strapping young fellow, with shoulders almost as broad as his stable door, and was as black as Rachel herself. He had been her adorer ever since she was twelve years old, and Jacob never served her historical namesake more faithfully or joyfully than Dick did this ebon damsel. On St. Valentine's day he had for many years gotten his young master Charlie (several years his junior) to write her valentines, until they had utilized all the verses in the category of scalloped missives, with many of their own invention, which were more original than poetic; at Christmas he had, with unswerving loyalty, given her presents which took all of the little tips he had received from gentlemen whose horses he had taken during the preceding months, and had requested her to "accept his company" at the Christmas parties with unvarying fidelity, taking her customary refusal with as much meekness as he took her occasional acquiescence with joy. Thus when Rachel finally smiled on him, and one year along towards the fall began to accept his attentions, there was a general indorsement of her action on the plantation which was akin to sentiment. Rachel herself felt the influence of it enough to openly encourage Dick, and the wedding began to be talked about as one of the events which were to make Christmas notable. Dick was already in the sixth heaven, and was getting ready to climb into the seventh, when a bar was placed across the entrance. On the plantation there was one of the characters which were almost always found on large plantations — an old darky who was always ready to shirk his duty, and to live, so to speak, by his wits, evading both his work and the other regulations of the plantation. He was generally a wag, and occasionally something of a wit; or, failing this rare possession, he made good his position by a certain assurance which might take the form of grandness of manner or of mere impudence. Uncle Isaac was of the latter class. He had no wit; he was a drunkard, a liar, and a shirker; but he possessed a certain Chesterfieldian manner, copied from that of his old master, and so notably like it that it gave him an air of distinction which no woman on the place seemed able to resist, and which, when re-enforced by constant reference to former companionship with his master, and to a certain blue coat with brass buttons which his master had once given him, impressed even the men. He was, moreover, something of an exhorter; not a preacher exactly, for he was far too fond of drink to enable him to shine in that rôle; but he supported acceptably that of exhorter, and his exhortations were the more impressive in that, whatever his life was, he was a most sincere believer in a personal Satan, with the most realistic accompaniments of fork, fire, and brimstone. Perhaps it was the fact of the former companionship with his old master which gained the old man indulgence from his "young master" (Charlie's father), and made him shut his eyes to infractions of the plantation law which would have got any other person on it into trouble.

Isaac had already had four wives, two of whom had departed in what is known as "the ordinary course of nature," their exit certainly facilitated if not caused by his treatment, and the other two of whom had departed in a different course, having left him because they were unable to stand his whippings, which were said to be tremendous. This did not at all impair Uncle Isaac's popularity with the sex, and his last wife had barely been borne from his cabin when the old man was a declared lover of Rachel, as well as of one or two less popular damsels, urging as his excuse for such promptness that text of Scripture which declares that it is not good for man to be alone. In fact, the old man was notably afraid to be by himself, believing firmly that he was in danger of being carried off bodily by the fiend unless he had some living thing with him. He was accustomed to fortify himself during his periodical terms of widowerhood with a cat. The presence of a cat he believed to bring good luck. "When cat woan' notice rat, den look out," he used to say. Whether it was that the idea of proving successful where four women had already failed, or whether it was the eclipsing of Molly and Betty, whether it was the magnificent airs and grandiloquent speech of old Isaac, or whether it was only the natural perversity of her sex, that decided Rachel, need not be discussed; but the October Sunday that Uncle Isaac appeared at the big baptizing in his old master's blue coat and brass buttons, which

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he wore only when he was "setting up to" his several wives, and held his old umbrella over Rachel, decided the fate of poor Stable Dick; and though Uncle Isaac, after a most impressive exhortation, got so full that he fell down and broke his umbrella, and Rachel had to hold the now damaged article over him instead of his holding it over her, she incontinently accepted him and sent poor Dick adrift. She even went so far as to agree to marry the old fellow without waiting for Christmas, but, fortunately for Dick, their master interposed, and declared he would not permit Isaac to maltreat any more wives, and would not consent to his marrying until he had reformed, and had proved his sincerity by his abstinence for a certain period. This period he at first fixed at six months, but upon the joint application of both Isaac and Rachel he agreed to reduce it to less than three, and set Christmas eve as the final limit.

Perhaps the master thought that in this case two months were as good as six, and that Isaac would no more hold out that time than he would an eternity. At least every one else thought so, except Dick; but Dick surrendered himself to despair. He moped around in the blackness of gloom, dividing his time between consigning the entire female sex of the African race to the lowest depths of perdition, and trying to get the faithless Rachel to give him even the smallest share of her time. Finally he went so far as to apply to his master and ask to be sold in the South. This was serious enough to call for the intervention of authority. The next thing might be a runaway, or even suicide, and Dick was told that if Isaac did not hold out, no further coquetting on Rachel's part would be allowed, and she should become his bride. Rachel also was notified, and simply giggled over this disposal of her freedom. This did not help her unhappy adorer, who was not comforted even by his young master Charlie's sympathetic assurance that Isaac would never hold out. "That ole drunk fool 'll hold out jest out o' pure cussedness," said he. It did, indeed, look as if Dick's apprehension was well-founded, and as week after week went by, Dick's spirits and those of his young master and ally sank. Charlie tried to secure his father's assistance in the cause, but was told that his word had been given to both Rachel and Isaac, and must stand. If Rachel chose to make a



"EF YOU'S A RAT, I'LL KNOW YOU."

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fool of herself, it was her right as a woman. Rachel made the most of her opportunity, and flounced about and flouted poor Dick with the cruelty and arrogance of a much more advanced stage of civilization. Two days before Christmas eve Uncle Isaac got an indulgence. He "had to get ready to be married." He shut himself up in his house, and was, or seemed to be, getting it in readiness for his fifth bride. Rachel, too, occupied herself in getting ready, with her young mistress's assistance, and enjoyed the notoriety of her position as much as the most fashionable bride could have done. Stable Dick confined himself to the stable, and bemoaned his fate into the sympathetic ear of his young master. At length it occurred to that astute ally to go and see what direct intercession with the triumphant rival might avail. He sought Isaac in his cabin and made known his mission, when he was received with so much scorn that he nearly burst into tears. The disappointment was too much.

"Uncle Isaac, you know you are three times as old as Rachel," he asserted, "and Dick is just the right age."

"Dat's so much de better," said the old man, with a guffaw. "I'll know how to manage her; 'oman and chillern needs management; hit's jes like physic to 'em. I got de physic for her." He glanced up at a peg in the wall from which hung a large bunch of hickories, which rumor said he had often used during his earlier periods of matrimony on Rachel's predecessors. Some of the switches looked new enough to suggest recent replenishment.

Charlie's eye caught the direction of his, and he fired up. "I'm going to tell Rachel," he said. "You know you beat your other wives scandalously."

The old fellow looked at him angrily. "Dat's some lie o' dat black trundle-bed-trash nigger, Stable Dick," he said, scornfully. "I'll trick him if he fool wid me. I jes keep dem switches to whip my cat."

Charlie's last arrow was gone. His eyes filled with tears at the failure of his mission. "Uncle Isaac," he said, "if you'll give Rachel up I'll pay you."

He did not see the change in the old man's face, nor the shrewd look which he gave him. "How much you gwine give me?" he asked.

"Well, I've got a dollar and a half, and I'll get another dollar in my stocking Christmas morning." He paused to see if he had any other available assets.

"Is you got any ole umbrella you kin gi' me?" asked the trader for a wife.

"No-o; but I think I could get mamma to give me one. There are several in the house."

"Well, I tell you what I'll do; if you'll go and git me de dollar an' a half right now, and 'll git me de best umbrella you kin, an' 'll promise me to gi' me your dollar Christmas mornin', I'll see 'bout it."

Charlie promised faithfully, and rushed away, too eager to carry out his part of the bargain to notice the other party's shrewd look or hear his gibe: "Yes, I gwine see 'bout it, an' dat's all I is gwine do."

A few minutes later Charlie returned with the dollar and a half, his entire available assets, and having deposited it, with a statement that he thought he could get the umbrella, rushed away to report to Dick the happy result of his mission.

Later that evening Charlie returned to the old man's cabin to learn his decision, but the cabin was locked, and a survey of it through the cat-hole revealed only Uncle Isaac's black cat "Torm" lying on the hearth before the fire, tied to an old plough-point, which was the old man's mode of insuring his presence. A few hours later a figure in the darkness approached the cabin door with curiously unsteady steps. Something in a bag was slung over its shoulder. There was a long fumbling over the lock, and then the figure disappeared inside, and the door was shut.

The next day Uncle Isaac did not appear. Charlie's most earnest appeals outside of the fastened door failed to bring any answer.

The cat-hole was stopped up, so that the interior of the room was beyond inspection. Charlie was rushing off to announce the old man's disappearance, when the smoke from the chimney caught his eye. All during the day he made repeated visits to the cabin, but neither hammering nor calling could elicit any response. At last, about dusk, his impatience became too strong, and he applied himself to making "a chink" through which he could see if Isaac were really inside. After a quarter of an hour he succeeded in making a good hole, and stooping down, he peeped in. In another moment he was speeding breathless towards the place where he knew Dick was, and five minutes later that young Hercules was lying stretched out on the frozen ground, with his eye screwed to the hole Charlie's industry had made. What they saw inside was Uncle Isaac sitting in front of his fire as drunk as a lord, with a large jug between his wabbling knees.

The next minute Charlie was in Stable Dick's arms, being whirled about at the risk of losing his head in the latter's joyful gyrations. There was a hasty and whispered colloquy, interrupted by Charlie's giggles as he unfolded some plan, and then the boy rushed off, followed by Dick, his big white teeth looking like rows of corn. When, a half-hour later, the two returned, Charlie had equipped himself with a long fishing-pole, a powder-horn, and one or two other articles. Dick had a ladder. They peeped in at the hole. Uncle Isaac still sat as they had left him, only drunker than before. He was fast asleep, and his old cat lay dozing nearer to the sinking fire. A noise roused the old fellow, and he sat up. His eye fell on his jug, and he lifted it unsteadily and took a drink from it. It seemed to revive him. "Whiskey taste mighty good when you been dry long time," he said. This

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reflection induced him to take another pull at the jug. Just then there was a sound as of some one climbing at the top of the chimney. "Hi! what dat?" muttered the old fellow, lowering his jug. His eye fell on his cat, and he stretched out his leg and stirred him up. "Heah, wake up, Tormy," he said. "Nem mind; I gwine git mistis for you, and ef she don' treat you well, I gwine gi' her hickory."

The anticipation pleased the old fellow so that he resorted again to his jug, and under its reviving influence be began to sing a snatch from a corn-shucking song:

"I went down to Helltown,
Found de deble chained down,
Oh, Lon John! oh, Lon!
I hitch' him to my horse-cart,
And put him in a long trot,
Oh, Lon John! oh, Lon!"

Just then a large brown rat floated down the chimney, and dropped close to Torm, who pounced upon it, but the next instant settled back to his nap. The rat caught the old man's eye, and he kicked the cat up again.

"Don't you see dat rat, fool?" he said. But Torm was not interested. He never looked, and simply turned over on his other side.

"Well, dat's de curisomest thing I ever see," said Isaac. "Dat's a rat, sho'! but I 'ain' never see Tormy do dat away befo'. I's gwine to see ef dat's a rat." He took up his stick and leaned forward. But as he struck at it the rat disappeared up the chimney, and losing his balance, he fell forward on his face.

"Well, befo' de King!" he exclaimed, picking himself up. Just then the rat appeared again, swinging gently to and fro. "Dat rat look might'ly to me like he was flyin'," said Isaac, picking up the jug. Just then there was a spit of blue flame in the ashes, and Torm jumped to his feet. "Heah, le' me put dis thing down," said the old man. A noise on top of the chimney caught his ear. He started. "What dat? I done heah 'bout folks comin' down chimbley Christmas, but I 'ain' never liked it. Master, please don' come down heah," he called, in supplication, and began to chant a hymn as a sort of spell against the possible visitation. Just then the rat appeared again, and after hovering a few moments above the embers, lit close to the once more drowsy Torm. It was rather blacker than it had been, as if there were something like a black powder on its back. "I's gwine to see ef dat's a rat or a evil sperit," said Isaac, re-emboldened by his religious exercise. He leant over and picked up from the corner a half-extinguished chunk, and bent towards the rat. As he did so he tipped the jug over. "Ef you's a rat, I'll know you," he said, grimly. He put the chunk on his back. The rat burst into blue sputtering flames, which danced up and down its back and sides, jumped into the ashes, and ran in zigzag lines about the hearth, until they reached the mouth of the overturned jug, when they wound up in a dazzling burst of flame, which threw coals and ashes all over the hearth.

Two seconds later Uncle Isaac had smashed out of his door, with his cat close behind him, every hair on its body which had not been singed off standing erect, and the rusty plough-point clattering along like a pursuing demon. He burst into the circle of revellers about the kitchen door like a wild man, swearing that the devil was after him.

The upshot of it all was that Rachel married Dick next night, in the gown that had been given her to wed Isaac, and giggled just as happily. Most people thought at first that Isaac had *delirium tremens*, but the latter always maintained that he saw the devil himself, and he gave a circumstantial description of him, which was quite convincing, and brought him so much renewed credit that Molly shortly afterwards married him, and, be it said, got the physic he had prepared for Rachel.



GOODLY ADVICE AND TIMELY.

LITTLE maidens, young and tender, if you needs must go
Where suspended from the ceiling is a mistletoe,
This remember, this remember: never, never fail
To retire your comely features in the meshes of a veil.

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LOVE IS BLIND.

A STRANGE mistake they chanced to make
Before the yule-log's ruddy glow.
They thought a bunch of cedar was
A spray of berried mistletoe
(At least—they told each other so).

A GREAT INVENTION.

"I HAVE here," began the energetic man as he bundled into the young lawyer's office, "the greatest invention of the age."

It was cases that the lawyer wanted, not inventions, and he said something rather rude; but the energetic man proved to be a philosopher, and merely smiled.

"I call it," pursued the visitor, "The Eternal Kisser, because there is simply no end to the kisses it bestows. It is this." He hauled out a spray of mistletoe covered with white berries. This interested the young lawyer, who raised his eyebrows inquiringly.

"Mistletoe," proclaimed the agent, "is very scarce this year, and a bunch containing a score of berries would bankrupt a poor man. Now this great invention brings happiness within reach of all. Tradition permits you a kiss for each and every berry, you know. You hold this spray above your beloved's head—so. You bend—so—and kiss her. Then you grab a berry—so—and pull it—presto, it flies back again in place. The leaves and berries are India-rubber, sir, and— Two, did you say? Fifty cents. Thank you, sir. Good day."

THE MARINER AND THE BOY.

"CAPTAIN JACK," said Tommy, "do you believe in ghosts?"

"No," returned Jack, after a moment's reflection. "No, Tommy, I can't say as I does. They's a hard lot, them ghosts, an' I wouldn't trust 'em out o' my sight."

"Oh, then there *are* ghosts, really and truly?" Tommy inquired, his eyes getting large and bulging.

"Are there?" returned Jack, contemptuously. "Real ghosts? Well, rather. I guess in my life I've seed a ghost a day on a average. Why, I've seed seven ghosts all to oncet settin' on a dock fishin', when there wasn't not even no dock for 'em to set on. How's that? A ghost dock, mind you. Precious few men has ever seed the like o' that; and they was baitin' ghost fish-hooks with spook worms, an' catchin' gashly spirit fishes by the baskitful—'twasn't a real baskit, neither."

"Dear me!" quoth Tommy, to whom it had never occurred that a basket could have a ghost.

"Yessir; and what was more, them seven ghosts was swappin' yarns—visionary yarns they was, like to which no man livin' could 'a' told, not even if he was the finest yarn-reeler from New York Harbor all the way round the earth an' back to New York Harbor again."

"I'd like to hear some of those tales, captain," said Tommy.

"No doubt on that, my boy, but you never will. They was told in ghost words, them tales was, an' when the ghosts disappeared, kind o' suddent like, them words passed out o' sight with 'em, an' it ain't for me, what has trouble enough with a real vocabberlary, as my old school-teacher used to call it, to try at my time o' life to wrastle with no spook vocabberlary. But my, how I did stare as them stories got bigger an' bigger! I almost had to lay my hands onto my eyes to keep 'em from fallin' out on to the deck, they got bulgin' so."

"They must have been great," said Tommy, with a sigh. "But, captain, why don't you believe in ghosts? Aren't they honest?"

"They're honest enough," said Jack. "They wouldn't steal a man's satchel or pick his pocket; but small credit to 'em for that, I says. Their hands ain't built to hold a bag-handle, nor for fingerin' coins. I don't trust 'em because they're tricky, an' tricky folks, real or spooky, I 'ain't got no use for. An' when Jack Bolivar says spooks is tricky, you can make up your mind that what he says is a real fact, and not no visionary one, as you might think, bein' as we're a-talkin' ghosts. What I says I bases on ex-perience, with a large X, Tommy Jones."

The mariner seemed to be waxing fierce, and Tommy deemed it discreet to express his confidence in what the sailor had said.

"One of 'em played me a trick oncet," growled the mariner, after a pause, "a trick which I'd have broke his head for, if it hadn't a-been that his head was only a visionary head that no man, much less me, could ha' hit. It was back in '79 when he first began to haunt me. I'd just been paid off by the owners of the brig *Seewonnyky*, of Greytown, an' I'd gone ashore to see what I could find to spend my money on. I ain't never happy if I has money in my pocket; but I does like to spend. I was waikin' down the street when all of a suddent like I comes dead on to a bulkhead runnin' out into a bay, which I couldn't place, seein' as I s'posed from studyin' the charts as how there wasn't no bay there. Standin' on the bulkhead was a man, an' as I approached he seemed to get kind o' faint an' toppled over into the water. Waal, it ain't in me to see a man drowndin' without offerin' to help him out. So when I sees the feller topple I runs an' jumps in after him. Where do you s'pose I landed, Tommy Jones?"

Tommy confessed that he hadn't an idea.

"In a great big hole half full o' stones. There wasn't no bay, no bulkhead, nor no man there. They was all ghosts."

"How queer!" said Tommy.

"Not so queer as bloomin' low," said the mariner. "It was a mean trick for a ghost to put up on a law-abidin' man, but that wasn't the end of it. He got after me again oncet in Wenice. I'd stopped into Wenice with a lumber schooner I was in command of. Wenice,

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you know, is a big canal town, an' as I was thereabouts I dropped in, bein' curious like to see how they runs a town like that. I was walkin' along one o' the tow-paths, an' suddently a man in front of me fell into the water. Well, I remembered Greytown, but this time I thought there couldn't be no mistake. Wenice was there, the canal was there, the tow-path was there—so in I jumps, swims to the drowndin' man, makes a grab at him, and what happens? He's a spook; I'm swimmin' in my best clo'es, soaked through, an' nothin' done."

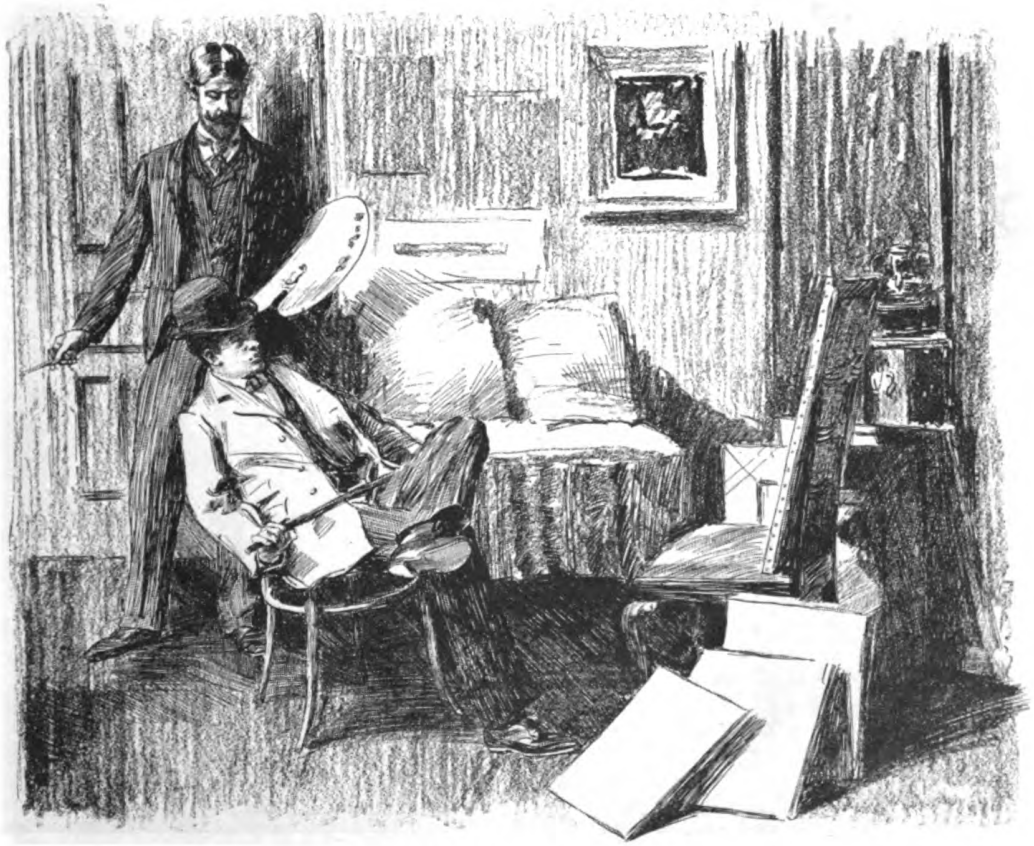
"My," said Tommy, "that was awful mean."

"Mean ain't fittin' langwidge. There ain't no fittin' langwidge for the dastardy of it; but wait for the grand finally, Tommy. Three years passed away, an' one Christmas night I found myself on a lee shore in Egyp'. There was the pyramids on my right hand; there was the Suez Canal runnin' calmly on to the ocean on my left. It was a hot night for Christmas, an' without a penny in my pocket, broke, on a lee shore, as I says, was Jack Bolivar, standin' gazin' on the green waters o' the canal. All of a suddent, splash! A man falls into the water, an' yells for help. But I never lets on. *I* knows a thing or two by this time. 'Help!' yells the feller. I laughs kind o' loud like. 'Better advertise for help in the New York *Blank*'—namin' a well-known newspaper—says I. 'I'm drowndin',' says he. 'You must be used to drowndin' by this time,' says I. 'How's the water? Cool as Wenice, or hot as Greytown?' He didn't make no answer, but gurgled a couple o' times, and went down."

"That was good," said Tommy. "You beat that time."

"No, I didn't, neither," growled the mariner. "It was a real man that time, an' rich as Creesers—a regler human mint. If I'd saved him he'd ha' gave me a fortune. An' that, Tommy Jones, is why I say ghosts is tricky. The first time they nearly breaks my legs, the second time they spoils my best clo'es, an' the third time they does me out o' a fortune, which is why I'm so poor that if you ast your father to give me a five-dollar bill I wouldn't have pride enough left to refuse it."

With which the mariner turned away, and Tommy ran home to see if his father happened to have the five-dollar bill Jack had so touchingly referred to. JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

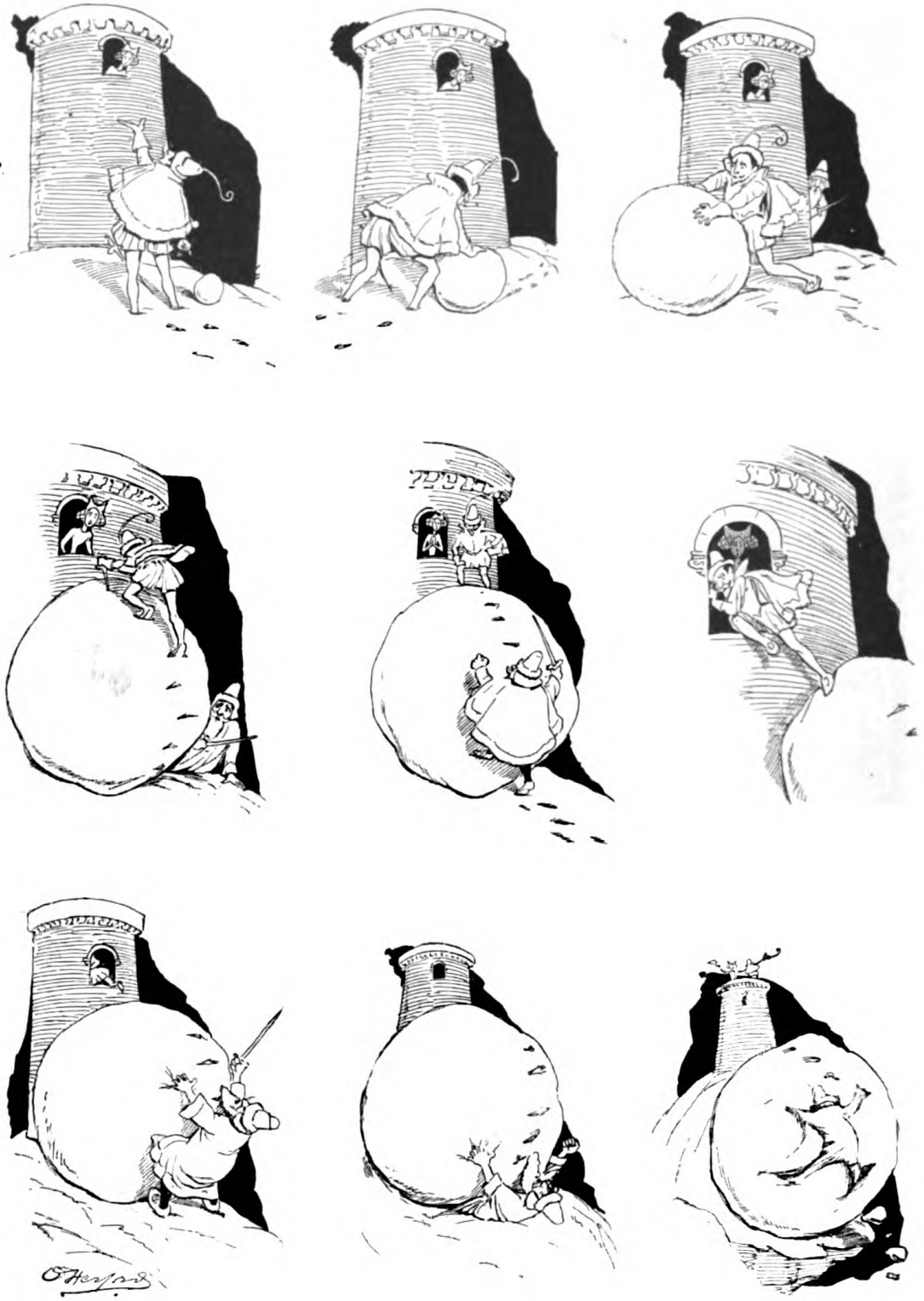


IMPERTINENTLY PERTINENT.

FRIENDLY CRITIC. "They're a beastly lot, Dauber, and no mistake. What isn't disgusting in them is due to Monet. Have you anything else to show me?"

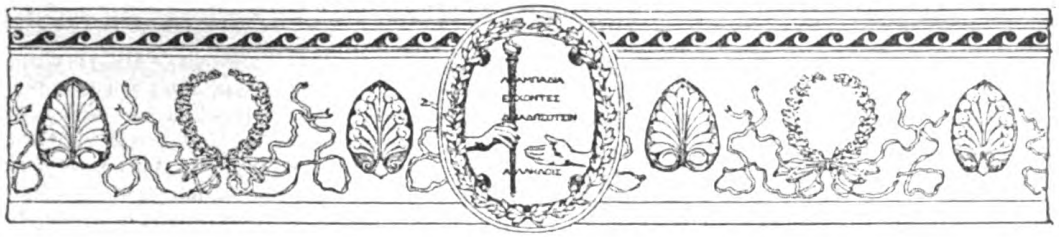
DAUBER. "What's the matter with the door?"

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THE RIVAL KNIGHTS: AN EPISODE OF AN OLDEN-TIME CHRISTMAS DAY.

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LITERARY NOTES.

BY LAURENCE HUTTON.

"IT may be felt by superficial readers of his [Ruskin's] works that his power of diction and unsurpassed command over words and their musical quality has been used at the expense of his power of describing with accuracy." Thus Dr. Charles Waldstein in his scholarly and intellectual essay upon *The Work of John Ruskin: Its Influence upon Modern Thought and Life.*[1] And on another, and preceding, page Dr. Waldstein says that "One must feel that true justice would only be done to the works of Ruskin if, with infinite labor, some sympathetic and congenial spirit, possessed of much sobriety and system, were to rearrange the whole of his works, and to distribute passages taken from them, all under new heads, with a simple, intelligible, and orderly classification." To the superficial reader who conducts this department of the Magazine it is a matter of sincere regret that Dr. Waldstein himself, certainly a spirit sympathetic with, and congenial to, Mr. Ruskin, could not have attempted to do justice to Mr. Ruskin by re-arranging some portion of his work in a manner which is systematic and sober. He distributes throughout his own clear text many passages which illustrate the astonishing and admirable qualities of Mr. Ruskin's style, "with all its alliteration and harmony of sound, showing his most minute and accurate powers of description, and his magnificent use of encircling and penetrating words"; but he neglects to explain how a man whose passages "are too fine in form, too much adorned and bedecked to serve the hard, everyday use of adequate transmission of meaning," can be considered a great model of English prose!

Mr. Ruskin, without question, has, as Dr. Waldstein states, "done much to raise the appreciation of art in general, more especially the art of painting, and most of all in bringing into proper prominence the art of landscape-painting." There can be no doubt that he has impressed powerfully upon many artists the seriousness and responsibility of their life work, besides inciting their enthusiasm: that he has contributed his share in giving to the painters in England the somewhat exceptional social position which they now hold; and that, beyond all, he has opened to many, who would not otherwise have been possessed of it, the appreciation of Turner. But Mr. Ruskin is as vague and poetical, and sometimes as incomprehensible, to the superficial mind, as is the Turner whom he has educated the world to appreciate. Turner is Turner, and Ruskin is Ruskin. They stand alone in art and in letters, and Ruskin undoubtedly needed some one to open to the world what it is not otherwise possessed of—to wit, an appreciation of Ruskin.

This is Dr. Waldstein's object, and in this he has in a measure been successful. His book will be hailed with pleasure and satisfaction by every student and lover of Ruskin; while it will be a valuable aid to those who want to love Ruskin and who desire to study him.

[1] *The Work of John Ruskin: Its Influence upon Modern Thought and Life.* By CHARLES WALDSTEIN. With Portrait of the Author. 16mo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 00. (*Harper's American Essayists.*) New York: Harper and Brothers.

MR. RUSKIN in his "Stones of Venice" touches not upon the poetry of her plants and her flowers; and even Mr. Charles A. Platt in his *Italian Gardens*[2] has nothing to say concerning the acres of private grounds which are washed and watered by the canals, the lagoons, and the Adriatic. Hardly one visitor in a thousand knows that these gardens exist in Venice at all; they are not visible from the gondolas; they are only seen from the back windows and balconies of the old palaces they adorn; but nevertheless each old palace has its own old garden, and each garden is a thing of wild luxuriant beauty and color. "The first steps of one interested in the formal style of landscape architecture," writes Mr. Platt, "should be directed to Italy, where at the time of the Renaissance the great gardens which have since served as models of this method of design came into existence, the form they took being the natural outgrowth of the architecture and art of the period." The gardens of Venice date back to the Renaissance period, and to periods earlier than that; but they are, happily for those who are fortunate enough to look upon them, anything but formal, and they might serve as perfect models of no particular form of design whatever. They are the natural outgrowth, now, of their own sweet wills, unfettered by law or order; and the three hundred varieties of chrysanthemums flourishing and flowering together in the gardens of one particular old palace in the Zattere quar-

[2] *Italian Gardens.* By CHARLES A. PLATT. With a Colored Frontispiece and Many Illustrations. 4to, Cloth, Ornamental, Uncut Edges and Gilt Top, $5 00. (In a Box.) New York: Harper and Brothers.

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ter, and the glorious old gardens of the Palazza Macy, No. 50 Giudecca, with no scroll-work in box, no sharp-cut hedges, no fantastic designs in gravel or sand, no harmony of arrangement, are more beautiful, in their neglected old age, than are all the examples of art and architecture which surround them.

Concerning these humbler private gardens Mr. Platt does not attempt to speak here. He treats of the public gardens of Italy, and of the pretentious gardens of pretentious palaces and villas, in which the intentional harmony of house and grounds is self-evident. The architect of the building being always the architect of the surrounding and adjoining landscape, his design as a whole includes gardens, terraces, groves, and their necessary embellishment. His problem is to take a piece of land and to make it habitable; the Italian lives as much without as within doors, and his garden, therefore, is simply a sky-roofed parlor, his groves and his terraces are his library and his dining-room; and each, as much as his palace, is his home and his castle.

Although Mr. Platt is modest enough to say that his text should be taken merely as a supplement to his illustrations, and that he has no thought of writing a treatise upon landscape-gardening, he has succeeded in showing some of the most salient of the existing features of the formal gardens as they may be seen in Italy to-day. He has enlarged and expanded the articles which were originally published in this Magazine a few months ago, he has added a number of illustrations, all made by himself by means of photography for this especial purpose, and he presents as a frontispiece a drawing of his own, printed in six colors. With the cover and title-page of his own design he has evolved an exceedingly attractive book.

THE West which Mr. Richard Harding Davis saw, a year or two ago, from A Car-Window, is hardly nearer to our own doors, in New York, than is the East which he saw last spring from the back of a camel, and not more interesting. The man of American birth who sits for a fortnight upon the piazza of Shepheard's Hotel, in Cairo, without meeting half an hundred men and women he knows at home will have to argue himself altogether unknown. Cairo as seen from Shepheard's is Saratoga with a background of Arabian Nights; and Shepheard's to-day has become as familiar as the Grand Union was to most of us when the world was just a little younger. Cairo and the Sphinx and the Pyramids have been written up, and written down, by scores of pens. Miss Amelia B. Edwards and Mr. Charles Dudley Warner have said about them everything that could be said; and that Mr. Davis can find about them something new to say is a matter of envy and more than astonishment to one man who tried, and who tried in vain, to express himself lately, with even a shadow of originality, upon the subject. Mr. Davis is equipped with keen observation, a facile pencil, a ready wit, and a fresh mind; and if he has not exhibited to us that particular portion of Egypt in a novel light, he has at least thrown upon it a light which is all his own. He emphasizes, more than do any of his predecessors in the same field, the fact that Egypt will stand where it stood six thousand years ago, until Egyptian women have granted to them something like equal rights with Egyptian men. No country in these days, he says, and very truly, can be really great in which women have no vote, no influence, and no respect. There are worse things in Egypt than bad irrigation, and the harem is the worst of them all. If the Egyptians want to free themselves, he adds, they should first free their daughters and their mothers and their wives. If the next army of occupation will wear petticoats instead of kilts, and will arm itself with spelling-books and sewing-machines instead of claymores and dirks, there will be some chance for Egypt. What Egypt wants, although Mr. Davis is too delicate to express it in that way, is The Other kind of Woman. Mr. Davis does full justice to Cairo; but the true lover of Egypt can only regret that he has not spoken of the Pyramids with more enthusiasm, and of the Sphinx with more respect.

In *The Rulers of the Mediterranean*[2] Mr. Davis carries his readers to the Rock of Gibraltar, to Tangier, to Athens, and to Constantinople, as well as to Cairo. He discourses very entertainingly and even a little instructively about them all; and the Capitals of that part of the World which lies in the Orient are doubly fortunate in having a chronicler who sees them from the outside, and has the power of showing them to themselves as outsiders see them.

London is the capital of all the capitals of the world, the Parisians to the contrary notwithstanding. Dr. Johnson once said that the man who is tired of London is tired of life. The man who is tired of reading all the books about London, from the days of Strype and Stow, will turn to Mr. Henry James's Essay on London for refreshment and for rest. Much in praise of Mr. James's stories and sketches has been written in this department during the last few months; too much in praise can hardly be said of this essay upon London. To one close student of London, and of Mr. James, it seems to be not only the best of Mr. James's writings, but the very best paper upon London which has been written in modern times. As this same student tried in vain to write of Cairo after reading Miss Edwards and Mr. Warner upon the subject, so he refused entirely even to attempt to write of London again, after reading Mr. James's London when

[2] *The Rulers of the Mediterranean.* By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, Author of "The West from a Car-Window," etc. Illustrated. Post 8vo. Cloth, Ornamental. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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it first appeared in the columns of a contemporary periodical a few years ago. It leaves nothing new, and nothing more, of London to be said. It covers, literally, the whole vast area of the great metropolis.

The advertisements state that the paper is a record of Mr. James's first impressions of London, but it is much more than that. He does indeed speak of the city and of its suburbs, with all their rich associations, as they struck him on his arrival in London a quarter of a century ago, but no man who has not known London intimately for five-and-twenty years could write of it as intelligently and as appreciatively as does Mr. James; and perhaps not one Londoner proper, who has lived in London all his long life, knows London so well. Mr. James feels, as Hawthorne felt, that London is the property, and even the home, of the whole human race; he claims it as his own by right of inheritance, and he loves and respects it, and is proud of it, on that account.

In this volume, entitled *Essays in London and Elsewhere*,[4] Mr. James treats of "James Russell Lowell," of "Frances Anne Kemble," of "Gustave Flaubert," of "Pierre Loti," of "The Journal of the Brothers de Goncourt," of "Browning in Westminster Abbey," of "Henrik Ibsen," of "Mrs. Humphry Ward," of "Criticism," and he closes with "An Animated Conversation" which took place once, and accidentally, after a little social dinner in a lodging-house in Sackville Street, Piccadilly. Of these, next to London, that upon the character and genius of Lowell is perhaps the best. To the writer of these lines, London and Lowell are very pleasantly associated with Mr. James. Late in the sixties, or early in the seventies, two young men had the good fortune to be presented together to Mr. Lowell by Christopher Pearse Cranch, in a little front drawing-room in Bloomsbury Square. They will never forget the event, nor the talk to which they were then permitted to listen. They were greatly impressed by the personal charm, the gentleness, and the brilliancy of the guest whom they were invited to meet, and they were more than startled when their host addressed Mr. Lowell as "Jim"! That Mr. Lowell had ever been known familiarly as "Jim," or that he could still be "Jim" to anybody, was more than a surprise to them; it was almost a shock. But Mr. Lowell was never so happy nor so much himself as when he was among the old and intimate friends of his youth, and it is to be regretted that Mr. James does not record here his first impressions of Mr. Lowell, or repeat as much as he can remember of the Animated Conversation of that wonderful afternoon.

In the spring of 1870 Mr. Curtis addressed the American Woman Suffrage Association in the city of New York; and what Mr. Davis asks now for the women of Egypt, Mr. Curtis demanded then for the women of our own country—namely, "Fair Play." He made what he called a plea for simple justice, a petition that the equal rights of women, not as citizens, but as human beings, might be acknowledged in the land of the free; and all those who heard him, no matter what may have been their opinion of the question he discussed, were enormously impressed by the eloquence and grace of his treatment of it, by the rare beauty of his voice, by his earnestness and utter sincerity. The art of the orator, like the art of the actor, can be perpetuated by no art known to the world to-day; as Lawrence Barrett once put it, "he carves his image in snow." We can remember, but we cannot describe, the eloquence of the utterances of Mr. Curtis. His manner we cannot express, but happily we can receive through the eyes that which the ear has lost; and to Mr. Charles Eliot Norton, who gave to us, only a month or two ago, the Letters of Lowell, we owe a debt of gratitude for *George William Curtis's Works*.[5]

These volumes contain the most important of the addresses made by Mr. Curtis, not only upon the all-important subject of the Reform of the Civil Service, but upon countless other topics, all sculptured in the enduring substance of the metal of which printing-types are made, and all as beautiful as they are lasting.

What good Mr. Curtis did for a score of good causes it would take many pages of this Magazine to say. From its Easy Chair—kept now among the sacred relics of a great house, and never more to be occupied—he spoke clearly, and bravely, and in perfect English, for many months and years. The most valuable of his labors, however, were, no doubt, those performed in the editorial columns of *Harper's Weekly*, which for a quarter of a century bear witness, as Mr. Norton so well says, to the constancy of his service, to the abundance of his resources, to his skill, his good temper, and his good sense in the conduct of the great campaign against the forces of official corruption, partisan zeal, and popular indifference.

To Right the Wrong[6] done to Church and State in England when Charles the First was King, is the mission of Joscelyn Heyworth, the hero of Edna Lyall's historical romance. It tells the story of one of the most famous struggles for Civil Service Reform in the annals of the world; and, unlike the great ma-

[4] *Essays in London and Elsewhere.* By Henry James. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[5] *Orations and Addresses of George William Curtis.* Vol. I. On the Principles and Character of American Institutions and the Duties of American Citizens. Vol. II. Addresses and Reports on the Reform of the Civil Service of the United States. Vol. III. Historical, Literary, and Memorial Addresses. Vol. I *ready*. Vols. II. and III. *in press*. 8vo, Cloth, Uncut Edges and Gilt Tops, $3 50 per volume. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[6] *To Right the Wrong.* By Edna Lyall. A Novel. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 50. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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jority of the works of its kind, it is written from the reformer's point of view. It attempts to prove that the original English Puritans were not, as a rule, the sour, cross-grained, melancholy, and ignorant set of beings which the stage-plays, the ballads, and the fiction of the period would have us imagine. It represents a few of them, it is true, as of a fanatical turn of mind; but the principal characters are exhibited as desiring to practise only temperance and godliness, and to secure nothing but a just liberty to their country. The elders wear curls and bright raiment, while the young men even quote Sir Andrew Aguecheek, and the young women even sing *Ariel's* song from the "Tempest," although sombre colors are believed to have been an unfailing political badge, and notwithstanding the fact that the comedies of Shakspere, or his tragedies either, are not generally supposed to have been as familiar as household words, in 1642, in the households of the Cavaliers themselves. John Hampden is a familiar figure in the pages of the book; and behind his dauntless breast is shown a warm heart, full of gentle kindness and genuine sympathy. He had a mellow voice and a cheerful laugh; he urged patience, moderation, and waiting, and he fought on the side which seemed to him to promise most truly the progress and the healthy good of the national growth. Like Mr. Curtis he was a Mugwump in the best sense of that much-abused term, and, like Mr. Curtis, the good he has done lives after him.

The story is well told; it is true to the time and the place it represents, and its interest is never permitted to flag.

A CURIOUS relic of the Stuarts and of the Great Rebellion has, according to Dr. Conan Doyle, lately come to light. In the *Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes*[7] we find that wonderful creature restoring to an old cavalier family the ancient crown of the kings of England, given by Charles the First to Sir Ralph Musgrave for safe-keeping. How this battered and shapeless diadem, of enormous intrinsic, as well as historic, value, was buried, and how it was restored in a most miraculous manner, Mr. Holmes himself describes; but how it happens to remain to this day in the possession of the Musgraves, instead of lying among the Crown-Jewels in the Tower of London, and why the world has never heard of it before, Dr. Doyle does not make clear.

There is always a shadow of the supernatural and of the phenomenal in the deeds of the great English detective; and his latest performances are as marvellous and as entertaining as are any which have preceded them. He becomes reminiscent in the present volume, and tells how he began his brilliant career. That he has a brother equally gifted in the same line, and that he is descended from a sister of Vernet, the French artist, will be a surprise to his old friends. He does not believe that his faculty of observation and his peculiar facility for deduction are due so much to his own systematic training as to his ancestry, And he makes the remarkable observation that "art in the blood is liable to take the strangest forms." That art in the blood is apt to take the form of criminal detection does not seem ever to have occurred to Mr. Ruskin; and it would be interesting to hear the great art critic's views upon this subject. Why the grand-nephew of the painter of bloody battles, of royal murders, and of violent deaths should be possessed of some consequent inherent faculty which enables him to tell at a glance, and often without a glance, who put the ears in the Card-board Box, why the Resident Patient was hanged by his midnight visitors, and how Silver Blaze came to kill his trainer, the superficial reader would very much like to have explained. Although it lies in the province of Mr. Holmes's namesake, the Autocrat, Poet and Philosopher of the Breakfast-Table, to elucidate the peculiarities of heredity, the author of "The Seven Lamps of Architecture" may condescend, some day, to throw a few calcium rays upon this matter, and to illumine the mental architecture of the man who was the architect of his own fortune in the detective art.

THERE is nothing startling or blood-curdling in the little collection of Poems which Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster now presents to the world. They are bound together in one pretty volume, to which she gives the title *On the Road Home*,[8] and a pleasant, cool, and shaded Road will the reader find it. We see as we journey along "Chrysanthemums" in full bloom, and as beautiful as those which flower in the gardens of Italy; we pass "The Child at the Gate," with the healthy, honest blood of the English Puritans in its veins; the sweet refrain of "The Bells of the Desert" sounds in our listening ear as gratefully as it sounded in the ears of the Holy Family which wandered over the sands of Egypt nearly nineteen hundred years ago; and "The Dear Little Wife at Home" is waiting, at the end of the Road, for the good time coming when women shall have that Fair Play for which Mr. Curtis fought so hard.

Mrs. Sangster's is the only Christmas book under review at this Christmas season, and it merits more space than can be devoted to it here. With her the department can only close its year's work by quoting the Christmas greeting of Tiny Tim—"God bless us every one!"

[7] *Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes.* By A. CONAN DOYLE, Author of "Adventures of Sherlock Holmes," "The Refugees," etc. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[8] *On the Road Home.* By MARGARET E. SANGSTER. With Four Illustrations. 16mo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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"MY GOLDEN-HAIRED LADDIE."

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HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXXVIII. JANUARY, 1894. No. DXXIV.

MY GOLDEN-HAIRED LADDIE.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

MY laddie, my laddie, with the mane of tawny gold,
The soft blue eyes, the open brow, the mouth like Cupid's bow—
My laddie, my laddie, you are scarcely six years old,
But the ages have been garnering the wonders you shall know.

For you has Science hoarded her secrets strange and rare;
For you have wise men toiled and delved, for you have brave men fought;
To make your pathway beautiful, have sea and earth and air
Through centuries of waiting in mystic patience wrought.

No battle of the hoary past but had its gage for you;
No rune of solemn Norn or Fate but sends its thrilling strain
To you, for whose glad coming all forces, old and new,
Are blending in concurrent notes, are sounding time's refrain.

My laddie, O my laddie, I am wistful as I clasp
Your little hand within my own, and think how many men,
Gone far from earth and memory, beyond our mortal grasp,
Are living and are breathing, dear child, in you again:—

The line of Flemish weavers, who were stout and tough as steel;
The brave old Holland gentlemen, called "Beggars of the Sea";
The coifed and wimpled Puritans, sweet maids and matrons leal,—
Who poured their weakness and their strength in the blood of you and me.

My laddie of the golden hair, there stand at God's right hand
His saints who went through blood and flame, the yeomen of our line;
And there are seraphs singing in the glorious better land
Whose heart-beats kept, when here on earth, the pace of yours and mine.

Kneel, little laddie, at my side, there's no defence like this,
An evening prayer in childish trust, and let him scoff who may,—
A daily prayer to God above, a gentle mother's kiss,
Will keep my little laddie safe, however long the day.

Those stanch old burghers of the past, these nearer gentlemen,
Sans peur et sans reproche, who look through your sweet eyes of blue,
Were honest men, clean-handed, and they told the truth;—what then?
'Tis all I crave, my laddie, when I pray to God with you.

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TRILBY.

BY GEORGE DU MAURIER.

Part First.

"Mimi Pinson est une blonde,
Une blonde que l'on connait;
Elle n'a qu'une robe au monde,
Landérirette! et qu'un bonnet!"

IT was a fine sunny showery day in April.

The big studio window was open at the top, and let in a pleasant breeze from the northwest. Things were beginning to look shipshape at last. The big piano, a semi-grand by Broadwood, had arrived from England by "the Little Quickness" (*la petite vitesse*), as the goods trains are called in France, and lay, freshly tuned,



THE THIRD HE WAS "LITTLE BILLEE."

alongside the eastern wall; on the wall opposite was a panoply of foils, masks, and boxing-gloves.

A trapeze, a knotted rope, and two parallel cords, supporting each a ring, depended from a huge beam in the ceiling. The walls were of the usual dull red, relieved by plaster casts of arms and legs and hands and feet; and Dante's mask, and Michael Angelo's alto-rilievo of Leda and the swan, and a centaur and Lapith from the Elgin marbles—on none of these had the dust as yet had time to settle.

There were also studies in oil from the nude; copies of Titian, Rembrandt, Velasquez, Rubens, Tintoret, Leonardo da Vinci—none of the school of Botticelli, Mantegna, and Co.—a firm whose merits had not as yet been revealed to the many.

Along the walls, at a great height, ran a broad shelf, on which were other casts in plaster, terra-cotta, imitation bronze: a little Theseus, a little Venus of Milo, a little discobolus; a little flayed man threatening high heaven (an act that seemed almost pardonable under the circumstances!); a lion and a boar by Barye; an anatomical figure of a horse with only one leg left and no ears; a horse's head from the pediment of the Parthenon, earless also; and the bust of Clytie, with her beautiful low brow, her sweet wan gaze, and the ineffable forward shrug of her dear shoulders that makes her bosom a nest, a rest, a pillow, a refuge—to be loved and desired forever by generation after generation of the sons of men.

Near the stove hung a gridiron, a frying-pan, a toasting-fork, and a pair of bellows. In an adjoining glazed corner cupboard were plates and glasses, black-handled knives, pewter spoons, and three-pronged steel forks; a salad-bowl, vinegar-cruets, an oil-flask, two mustard-pots (English and French), and such like things—all scrupulously clean. On the floor, which had been stained and waxed at considerable cost, lay two chetah-skins and a large Persian praying-rug. One-half of it, however (under the trapeze and at the farthest end from the window, beyond the model throne), was covered with coarse matting, that one might fence or box without slipping down and splitting one's self in two, or fall without breaking any bones.

Two other windows of the usual French size and pattern, with shutters to them and heavy curtains of baize, opened east and west, to let in dawn or sunset, as the case might be, or haply keep them out. And there were alcoves, recesses, irregularities, odd little nooks and corners, to be filled up as time wore on with endless personal knickknacks, bibelots, private properties and acquisitions—things that make a place genial, homelike, and good to remember, and sweet to muse upon (with fond regret) in after-years.

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"THE LAIRD OF COCKPEN."

And an immense divan spread itself in width and length and delightful thickness just beneath the big north window, the business window—a divan so immense that three well-fed, well-contented Englishmen could all lie lazily smoking their pipes on it at once without being in each other's way, and very often did!

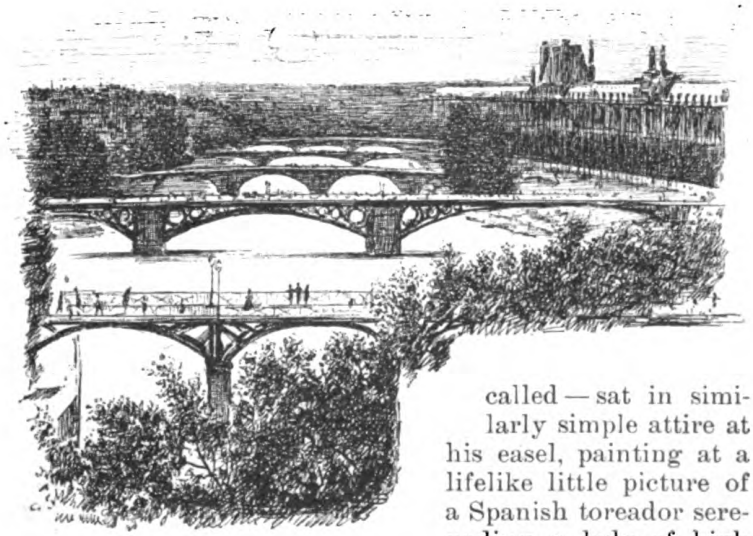
At present one of these Englishmen—a Yorkshireman, by-the-way, called Taffy (and also the man of Blood, because he was supposed to be distantly related to a baronet)—was more energetically engaged. Bare-armed, and in his shirt and trousers, he was twirling a pair of Indian clubs round his head. His face was flushed, and he was perspiring freely and looked fierce. He was a very big young man, fair, with kind but choleric blue eyes, and the muscles of his brawny arm were strong as iron bands.

For three years he had borne her Majesty's commission, and had been through the Crimean campaign without a scratch. He would have been one of the famous six hundred in the famous charge at Balaklava but for a sprained ankle (caught playing leap-frog in the trenches), which kept him in hospital on that momentous day. So that he lost his chance of glory or the grave, and this humiliating misadventure had sickened him of soldiering for life, and he never quite got over it. Then, feeling within himself an irresistible vocation for art, he had sold out; and here he was in Paris, hard at work, as we see.

He was good-looking, with straight features; but I regret to say that, besides his heavy plunger's mustache, he wore an immense pair of drooping auburn whiskers, of the kind that used to be called Piccadilly weepers, and were afterwards affected by Mr. Sothern in Lord Dundreary. It was a fashion to do so then for such of our gilded youth as could afford the time (and the hair); the bigger and fairer the whiskers, the more beautiful was thought the youth! It seems incredible in these days, when even her Majesty's household brigade go about with smooth cheeks and lips, like priests or play-actors.

"What's become of all the gold
Used to hang and brush their bosoms...?"

Another inmate of this blissful abode—Sandy, the Laird of Cockpen, as he was called—sat in similarly simple attire at his easel, painting at a lifelike little picture of a Spanish toreador serenading a lady of high degree (in broad daylight). He had never been to Spain, but he had a complete toreador's kit—a bargain which he had picked up for a mere song in the Boulevard du Temple—and he had hired the guitar. His pipe was in his mouth—reversed; for it had gone out, and the



THE BRIDGE OF ARTS.

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TAFFY, ALIAS TALBOT WYNNE.

ashes were spilt all over his trousers, where holes were often burnt in this way.

Quite gratuitously, and with a pleasing Scotch accent, he began to declaim:

"A street there is in Paris famous
For which no rhyme our language yields;
Roo Nerve day Petty Shong its name is—
The New Street of the Little Fields. . . ."

And then, in his keen appreciation of the immortal stanza, he chuckled audibly, with a face so blithe and merry and well pleased that it did one good to look at him.

He also had entered life by another door. His parents (good pious people in Dundee) had intended that he should be a writer to the signet, as his father and grandfather had been before him. And here he was in Paris famous, painting toreadors, and spouting the "Ballad of the Bouillabaisse," as he would often do out of sheer lightness of heart—much oftener, indeed, than he would say his prayers.

Kneeling on the divan, with his elbow on the window-sill, was a third and much younger youth. The third he was "Little Billee." He had pulled down the green baize blind, and was looking over the roofs and chimney-pots of Paris and all about with all his eyes, munching the while a roll and savory saveloy, in which there was evidence of much garlic. He ate with great relish, for he was very hungry; he had been all the morning at Carrel's studio, drawing from the life.

Little Billee was small and slender, about twenty or twenty-one, and had a straight white forehead veined with blue, large dark blue eyes, delicate regular features, and coal-black hair. He was also very graceful and well built, with very small hands and feet, and much better dressed than his friends, who went out of their way to outdo the denizens of the quartier latin in careless eccentricity of garb, and succeeded. And in his winning and handsome face there was just a faint suggestion of some possible very remote Jewish ancestor—just a tinge of that strong, sturdy, irrepressible, indomitable, indelible blood which is of such priceless value in diluted homœopathic doses, like the dry white Spanish wine called montijo, which is not meant to be taken pure; but without a judicious admixture of which no sherry can go round the world and keep its flavor intact; or like the famous bull-dog strain, which is not beautiful in itself; and yet just for lacking a little of the same no greyhound can ever hope to be a champion. So, at least, I have been told by wine-merchants and dog-fanciers—the most veracious persons that can be. Fortunately for the world, and especially for ourselves, most of us have in our veins at least a minim of that precious fluid, whether we know it or show it or not. *Tant pis pour les autres!*

As Little Billee munched he also gazed at the busy place below—the Place St. Anatole des Arts—at the old houses opposite, some of which were being pulled down, no doubt lest they should fall of their own sweet will. In the gaps between he would see discolored old cracked dingy walls, with mysterious windows and rusty iron balconies of great antiquity—sights that set him dreaming dreams of mediæval French love and wickedness and crime, by-gone mysteries of Paris!

One gap went right through the block, and gave him a glimpse of the river, the "Cité," and the ominous old Morgue; a little to the right rose the gray towers of Notre Dame de Paris into the checkered April sky. Indeed, the top of nearly all Paris lay before him, with a little stretch of the imagination on his part; and he gazed with a sense of novelty, an interest and a pleasure for which he could not

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have found any expression in mere language.

Paris! Paris!! Paris!!!

The very name had always been one to conjure with, whether he thought of it as a mere sound on the lips and in the ear, or as a magical written or printed word for the eye. And here was the thing itself at last, and he, he himself, ipsissimus, in the very midst of it, to live there and learn there as long as he liked, and make himself the great artist he longed to be.

Then, his meal finished, he lit a pipe, and flung himself on the divan and sighed deeply, out of the over-full contentment of his heart.

He felt he had never known happiness like this, never even dreamt its possibility. And yet his life had been a happy one. He was young and tender, was Little Billee; he had never been to any school, and was innocent of the world and its wicked ways; innocent of French especially, and the ways of Paris and its Latin quarter. He had been brought up and educated at home, had spent his boyhood in London with his mother and sister, who now lived in Devonshire on somewhat straitened means. His father, who was dead, had been a clerk in the Treasury.

He and his two friends, Taffy and the Laird, had taken this studio together. The Laird slept there in a small bedroom off the studio. Taffy had a bedroom at the Hôtel de Seine, in the street of that name. Little Billee lodged at the Hôtel Corneille, in the Place de l'Odéon.

He looked at his two friends and wondered if any one, living or dead, had ever had such a glorious pair of chums as these.

Whatever they did, whatever they said, was simply perfect in his eyes; they were his guides and philosophers as well as his chums. On the other hand, Taffy and the Laird were as fond of the boy as they could be.

His absolute belief in all they said and did touched them none the less that they were conscious of its being somewhat in excess of their deserts. His almost girlish purity of mind amused and charmed them, and they did all they could to preserve it, even in the quartier latin, where purity is apt to go bad if it be kept too long.

They loved him for his affectionate disposition, his lively and caressing ways; and they admired him far more than he ever knew, for they recognized in him a quickness, a keenness, a delicacy of perception, in matters of form and color, a mysterious facility and felicity of execution, a sense of all that was sweet and beautiful in nature, and a ready power of expressing it, that had not been vouchsafed to them in any such generous profusion, and which, as they ungrudgingly admitted to themselves and each other, amounted to true genius.

And when one within the immediate circle of our intimates is gifted in this abnormal fashion, we either hate or love him for it, in proportion to the greatness of his gift; according to the way we are built.

So Taffy and the Laird loved Little Billee—loved him very much indeed. Not but what Little Billee had his faults. For instance, he didn't interest himself very warmly in other people's pictures. He didn't seem to care for the Laird's guitar-playing toreador, nor for his serenaded lady—at all events he never said anything about them, either in praise or blame. He looked at Taffy's realisms (for Taffy was a realist) in silence, and



"IT DID ONE GOOD TO LOOK AT HIM."

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nothing tries true friendship so much as silence of this kind.

But, then, to make up for it, when they all three went to the Louvre, he didn't seem to trouble much about Titian either, or Rembrandt, or Velasquez, Rubens, Veronese, or Leonardo. He looked at the people who looked at the pictures, instead of at the pictures themselves; especially at the people who copied them, the sometimes charming young lady painters—and these seemed to him even more charming than they really were—and he looked a great deal out of the Louvre windows, where there was much to be seen: more Paris, for instance—Paris, of which he could never have enough.

But when, surfeited with classical beauty, they all three went and dined together, and Taffy and the Laird said beautiful things about the old masters, and quarrelled about them, he listened with deference and rapt attention, and reverentially agreed with all they said, and afterwards made the most delightfully funny little pen-and-ink sketches of them, saying all these beautiful things (which he sent to his mother and sister at home); so lifelike, so real, that you could almost hear the beautiful things they said; so beautifully drawn that you felt the old masters couldn't have drawn them better themselves; and so irresistibly droll that you felt that the old masters could not have drawn them at all—any more than Milton could have described the quarrel between Sairey Gamp and Betsy Prig; no one, in short, but Little Billee.

Little Billee took up the "Ballad of Bouillabaisse" where the Laird had left it off, and speculated on the future of himself and his friends, when he should have got to forty years—an almost impossibly remote future.

These speculations were interrupted by a loud knock at the door, and two men came in.

First, a tall bony individual of any age between thirty and forty-five, of Jewish aspect, well featured but sinister. He was very shabby and dirty, and wore a red béret and a large velveteen cloak, with a big metal clasp at the collar. His thick, heavy, languid, lustreless black hair fell down behind his ears on to his shoulders, in that musicianlike way that is so offensive to the normal Englishman. He had bold brilliant black eyes with long heavy lids, a thin sallow face, and a beard of burnt-up black which grew almost from his under eyelids; and over it his mustache, a shade lighter, fell in two long spiral twists. He went by the name of Svengali, and spoke fluent French with a German accent, and humorous German twists and idioms, and his voice was very thin and mean and harsh, and often broke into a disagreeable falsetto.

His companion was a little swarthy young man—a gypsy, possibly—much pitted with the smallpox, and also very shabby. He had large soft affectionate brown eyes, like a King Charles spaniel. He had small nervous veiny hands with nails bitten down to the quick, and carried a fiddle and a fiddlestick under his arm, without a case, as though he had been playing in the street.

"Ponchour, mes enfants," said Svengali. "Che vous amène mon ami Checko, qui choue du fiolon gomme un anche!"

Little Billee, who adored all "sweet musicianers," jumped up and made Gecko as warmly welcome as he could in his early French.

"Ha! le biâno!" exclaimed Svengali, flinging his red béret on it, and his cloak on the ground. "Ch'espère qu'il est pon, et pien t'accord!"

And sitting down on the music-stool, he ran up and down the scales with that easy power, that smooth even crispness of touch, which reveal the master.

Then he fell to playing Chopin's impromptu in A flat, so beautifully that Little Billee's heart went nigh to bursting with suppressed emotion and delight. He had never heard any music of Chopin's before, nothing but British provincial home-made music—melodies with variations, "Annie Laurie," "The Last Rose of Summer," "The Blue Bells of Scotland," innocent little motherly and sisterly tinklings, invented to set the company at their ease on festive evenings, and make all-round conversation possible for shy people, who fear the unaccompanied sound of their own voices, and whose genial chatter always leaves off directly the music ceases.

He never forgot that impromptu, which he was destined to hear again one day in strange circumstances.

Then Svengali and Gecko made music together, divinely. Little fragmentary things, sometimes consisting but of a few bars, but these bars of *such* beauty and meaning! Scraps, snatches, short melo-

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dies, meant to fetch, to charm immediately, or to melt or sadden or madden just for a moment, and that knew just when to leave off—czardas, gypsy dances, Hungarian love-plaints, things little known out of eastern Europe in the fifties of this century, till the Laird and Taffy were almost as wild in their enthusiasm as Little Billee—a silent enthusiasm too deep for speech. And when these two great artists left off to smoke, the three Britishers were too much moved even for that, and there was a stillness.

Suddenly there came a loud knuckle-rapping at the outer door, and a portentous voice of great volume, and that might almost have belonged to any sex (even an angel's), uttered the British milkman's yodel, "Milk below!" and before any one could say "Entrez," a strange figure appeared, framed by the gloom of the little antechamber.

It was the figure of a very tall and fully developed young female, clad in the gray overcoat of a French infantry soldier, continued netherwards by a short striped petticoat, beneath which were visible her bare white ankles and insteps, and slim, straight, rosy heels, clean cut and smooth as the back of a razor; her toes lost themselves in a huge pair of male list slippers, which made her drag her feet as she walked.

She bore herself with easy unembarrassed grace, like a person whose nerves and muscles are well in tune, whose spirits are high, who has lived much in the atmosphere of French studios, and feels at home in it.

This strange medley of garments was surmounted by a small bare head with short, thick, wavy brown hair, and a very healthy young face, which could scarcely be called quite beautiful at first sight, since the eyes were too wide apart, the mouth too large, the chin too massive, the complexion a mass of freckles. Besides, you can never tell how beautiful (or how ugly) a face may be till you have tried to draw it.

But a small portion of her neck, down by the collar-bone, which just showed itself between the unbuttoned lapels of her military coat collar, was of a delicate privetlike whiteness that is never to be found on any French neck, and very few



AMONG THE OLD MASTERS.

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English ones. Also, she had a very fine brow, broad and low, with thick level eyebrows much darker than her hair, a broad, bony, high bridge to her short nose, and her full broad cheeks were beautifully modelled. She would have made a singularly handsome boy.

As the creature looked round at the assembled company and flashed her big white teeth at them in an all-embracing smile of uncommon width and quite irresistible sweetness, simplicity, and friendly trust, one saw at a glance that she was out of the common clever, simple, humorous, honest, brave, and kind, and accustomed to be genially welcomed wherever she went. Then suddenly closing the door behind her, dropping her smile, and looking wistful and sweet, with her head on one side and her arms akimbo, "Ye're all English, now, aren't ye?" she exclaimed. "I heard the music, and thought I'd just come in for a bit, and pass the time of day: you don't mind? Trilby, that's my name—Trilby O'Ferrall."

She said this in English, with an accent half Scotch and certain French intonations, and in a voice so rich and deep and full as almost to suggest an incipient tenore robusto; and one felt instinctively that it was a real pity she wasn't a boy, she would have made such a jolly one.

"We're delighted, on the contrary," said Little Billee, and advanced a chair for her.

But she said, "Oh, don't mind me; go on with the music," and sat herself down cross-legged on the model-throne near the piano.

As they still looked at her, curious and half embarrassed, she pulled a paper parcel containing food out of one of the coat pockets, and exclaimed:

"I'll just take a bite, if you don't object; I'm a model, you know, and it's just rung twelve—'the rest.' I'm posing for Durien the sculptor, on the next floor. I pose to him for the altogether."

"The altogether?" asked Little Billee.

"Yes—*l'ensemble*, you know—head, hands, and feet—everything—especially feet. That's my foot," she said, kicking off her big slipper and stretching out the limb. "It's the handsomest foot in all Paris. There's only one in all Paris to match it, and here it is," and she laughed heartily (like a merry peal of bells), and stuck out the other.

And in truth they were astonishingly beautiful feet, such as one only sees in pictures and statues—a true inspiration of shape and color, all made up of delicate lengths and subtly modulated curves and noble straightnesses and happy little dimpled arrangements in innocent young pink and white.

So that Little Billee, who had the quick prehensile æsthetic eye, and knew by the grace of Heaven what the shapes and sizes and colors of almost every bit of man, woman, or child should be (and so seldom are), was quite bewildered to find that a real bare live human foot could be such a charming object to look at, and felt that such a base or pedestal lent quite an antique and Olympian dignity to a figure that seemed just then rather grotesque in its mixed attire of military overcoat and female petticoat, and nothing else!

Poor Trilby!

The shape of those lovely slender feet (that were neither large nor small), facsimiled in dusty pale plaster of Paris, survives on the shelves and walls of many a studio throughout the world, and many a sculptor yet unborn has yet to marvel at their strange perfection, in studious despair.

For when Dame Nature takes it into her head to do her very best, and bestow her minutest attention on a mere detail, as happens now and then—once in a blue moon, perhaps—she makes it uphill work for poor human art to keep pace with her.

It is a wondrous thing, the human foot—like the human hand; even more so, perhaps; but, unlike the hand, with which we are so familiar, it is seldom a thing of beauty in civilized adults who go about in leather boots or shoes.

So that it is hidden away in disgrace, a thing to be thrust out of sight and forgotten. It can sometimes be very ugly, indeed—the ugliest thing there is, even in the fairest and highest and most gifted of her sex; and then it is of an ugliness to chill and kill romance, and scatter young love's dream, and almost break the heart.

And all for the sake of a high heel and a ridiculously pointed toe—mean things at the best!

Conversely, when Mother Nature has taken extra pains in the building of it, and proper care or happy chance has kept it free of lamentable deformations, indurations, and discolorations—all those

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"WISTFUL AND SWEET."

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grewsome boot-begotten abominations which have made it so generally unpopular—the sudden sight of it, uncovered, comes as a very rare and singularly pleasing surprise to the eye that has learnt how to see!

Nothing else that Mother Nature has to show, not even the human face divine, has more subtle power to suggest high physical distinction, happy evolution, and supreme development, the lordship of man over beast, the lordship of man over man, the lordship of woman over all!

En voilà, de l'éloquence—à propos de bottes!

Trilby had respected Mother Nature's special gift to herself—had never worn a leather boot or shoe, had always taken as much care of her feet as many a fine lady takes of her hands. It was her one coquetry, the only real vanity she had.

Gecko, his fiddle in one hand and his bow in the other, stared at her in open-mouthed admiration and delight, as she ate her sandwich of soldier's bread and fromage à la crème quite unconcerned.

When she had finished she licked the tips of her fingers clean of cheese, and produced a small tobacco-pouch from another military pocket, and made herself a cigarette, and lit it and smoked it, inhaling the smoke in large whiffs, filling her lungs with it, and sending it back through her nostrils, with a look of great beatitude.

Svengali played Schubert's "Rosemonde," and flashed a pair of languishing black eyes at her with intent to kill.

But she didn't even look his way. She looked at Little Billee, at big Taffy, at the Laird, at the casts and studies, at the sky, the chimney-pots over the way, the towers of Notre Dame, just visible from where she sat.

Only when he finished she exclaimed: "Maïe, aïe! c'est rudement bien tapé, c'te musique-là! Seulement, c'est pas gai, vous savez! Comment q'ça s'appelle?"

"It is called the 'Rosemonde' of Schubert, matemoiselle," replied Svengali. (I will translate.)

"And what's that, Rosemonde?" said she.

"Rosemonde was a princess of Cyprus, matemoiselle, and Cyprus is an island."

"Ah, and Schubert, then—where's that?"

"Schubert is not an island, matemoiselle. Schubert was a compatriot of mine, and made music, and played the piano, just like me."

"Ah, Schubert was a *monsieur*, then. Don't know him; never heard his name."

"That is a pity, matemoiselle. He had some talent. You like this better, perhaps," and he strummed,

"Messieurs les étudiants,
Montez à la chaumière
Pour y danser le cancan,"

striking wrong notes, and banging out a bass in a different key, a hideously grotesque performance.

"Yes, I like that better. It's gayer, you know. Is that also composed by a compatriot of yours?" asked the lady.

"Heaven forbid, matemoiselle."

And the laugh was against Svengali.

But the real fun of it all (if there was any) lay in the fact that she was perfectly sincere.

"Are you fond of music?" asked Little Billee.

"Oh, ain't I, just!" she replied. "My father sang like a bird. He was a gentleman and a scholar, my father was. His name was Patrick Michael O'Ferrall, fellow of Trinity, Cambridge. He used to sing 'Ben Bolt.' Do you know 'Ben Bolt'?"

"Oh yes, I know it well," said Little Billee. "It's a very pretty song."

"I can sing it," said Miss O'Ferrall. "Shall I?"

"Oh, certainly, if you will be so kind."

Miss O'Ferrall threw away the end of her cigarette, put her hands on her knees as she sat cross-legged on the model-throne, and sticking her elbows well out, she looked up to the ceiling with a tender sentimental smile, and sang the touching song,

"Oh, don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt?
Sweet Alice, with hair so brown?" etc., etc.

As some things are too sad and too deep for tears, so some things are too grotesque and too funny for laughter. Of such a kind was Miss O'Ferrall's performance of "Ben Bolt."

From that capacious mouth and through that high-bridged bony nose there rolled a volume of breathy sound, not loud, but so immense that it seemed to come from all round, to be reverberated from every surface in the studio. She followed more or less the shape of the tune, going up when it rose and down when it fell, but with such immense intervals between the notes as were never dreamed of in any mortal melody. It was as though she could never once have

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deviated into tune, never once have hit upon a true note, even by a fluke — in fact, as though she were absolutely tone-deaf, and without ear, although she stuck to the time correctly enough.

She finished her song amidst an embarrassed silence. The audience didn't quite know whether it was meant for fun or seriously. One wondered if she were not paying out Svengali for his impertinent performance of "Messieurs les étudiants." If so, it was a capital piece of impromptu tit for tat admirably acted, and a very ugly gleam yellowed the tawny black of Svengali's big eyes. He was so fond of making fun of others that he particularly resented being made fun of himself—couldn't endure that any one should ever have the laugh of *him*.

At length Little Billee said: "Thank you so much. It is a capital song."

"Yes," said Miss O'Ferrall. "It's the only song I know, unfortunately. My father used to sing it, just like that, when he felt jolly after hot rum and water. It used to make people cry; he used to cry over it himself. *I* never do. Some people think I can't sing a bit. All I can say is that I've often had to sing it six or seven times running in *lots* of studios. I vary it, you know—not the words, but the tune. You must remember that I've only taken to it lately. Do you know Litolff? Well, he's a great composer, and he came to Durien's the other day, and I sang 'Ben Bolt,' and what do you think he said? Why, he said Madame Alboni couldn't go nearly so high or so low as I did, and that her voice wasn't half so strong. He gave me his word of honor. He said I breathed as natural and straight as a baby, and all I want is to get my voice a little more under control. That's what *he* said."



THE "ROSEMONDE" OF SCHUBERT.

"Qu'est-ce qu'elle dit?" asked Svengali. And she said it all over again to him in French — quite French French — of the most colloquial kind. Her accent was not that of the Comédie Française, nor yet that of the Faubourg St.-Germain, nor yet that of the pavement. It was quaint and expressive — "funny without being vulgar."

"Barpleu! he was right, Litolff," said Svengali. "I assure you, matemoiselle, that I have never heard a voice that can equal yours; you have a talent quite exceptional."

She blushed with pleasure, and the

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others thought him a "beastly cad" for poking fun at the poor girl in such a way. And they thought Monsieur Litolff another.

She then got up and shook the crumbs off her coat, and slipped her feet into Durien's slippers, saying, in English: "Well, I've got to go back. Life ain't all beer and skittles, and more's the pity; but what's the odds, so long as you're happy?"

On her way out she stopped before Taffy's picture—a chiffonnier with his lantern bending over a dust heap. For Taffy was, or thought himself, a passionate realist in those days. He has changed, and now paints nothing but King Arthurs and Guineveres and Lancelots and Elaines and floating Ladies of Shalott.

"That chiffonnier's basket isn't hitched high enough," she remarked. "How could he tap his pick against the rim and make the rag fall into it if it's hitched only halfway up his back? And he's got the wrong sabots, and the wrong lantern; it's *all* wrong."

"Dear me!" said Taffy, turning very red; "you seem to know a lot about it. It's a pity you don't paint, yourself."

"Ah! now you're cross!" said Miss O'Ferrall. "Oh, maïe, aïe!"

She went to the door and paused, looking round benignly. "What nice teeth you've all three got! That's because you're Englishmen, I suppose, and clean them twice a day. I do too. Trilby O'Ferrall, that's my name, 48 Rue des Pousse-Cailloux!—pose pour l'ensemble, quand ça l'amuse! va-t-en ville, et fait tout ce qui concerne son état! Don't forget. Thanks all, and good-by."

"En v'là une orichinale," said Svengali.

"I think she's lovely," said Little Billee, the young and tender. "Oh, heavens, what angel's feet! It makes me sick to think she sits for the figure. I'm sure she's quite a lady."

And in five minutes or so, with the point of an old compass, he scratched in white on the dark red wall a three-quarter profile outline of Trilby's left foot, which was perhaps the more perfect poem of the two.

Slight as it was, this little piece of impromptu etching, in its sense of beauty, in its quick seizing of a peculiar individuality, its subtle rendering of a strongly received impression, was already the work of a master. It was Trilby's foot, and nobody else's, nor could have been, and nobody else but Little Billee could have drawn it in just that inspired way.

"Qu'est-ce que c'est, 'Ben Bolt'?" inquired Gecko.

Upon which Little Billee was made by Taffy to sit down to the piano and sing it. He sang it very nicely with his pleasant little throaty English barytone.

It was solely in order that Little Billee should have opportunities of practising this graceful accomplishment of his, for his own and his friends' delectation, that the piano had been sent over from London, at great cost to Taffy and the Laird. It had belonged to Taffy's mother, who was dead.

Before he had finished the second verse, Svengali exclaimed:

"Mais c'est tout-à-fait chentil! Allons, Gecko, chouez-nous ça!"

And he put his big hands on the piano, over Little Billee's, pushed him off the music-stool with his great gaunt body, and sitting on it himself, he played a masterly prelude. It was impressive to hear the complicated richness and volume of the sounds he evoked after Little Billee's gentle "tink-a-tink."

And Gecko, cuddling lovingly his violin and closing his upturned eyes, played that simple melody as it had probably never been played before—such passion, such pathos, such a tone!—and they turned it and twisted it, and went from one key to another, playing into each other's hands, Svengali taking the lead; and fugued and canoned and counterpointed and battledoored and shuttlecocked it, high and low, soft and loud, in minor, in pizzicato, and in sordino—adagio, andante, allegretto, scherzo—and exhausted all its possibilities of beauty; till their susceptible audience of three was all but crazed with delight and wonder; and the masterful Ben Bolt, and his over-tender Alice, and his too submissive friend, and his old school-master so kind and so true, and his long-dead schoolmates, and the rustic porch and the mill, and the slab of granite so gray,

> "And the dear little nook
> By the clear running brook,"

were all magnified into a strange, almost holy poetic dignity and splendor quite undreamt of by whoever wrote the words and music of that unsophisticated little song, which has touched so many simple British hearts that don't know any

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better—and among them, once, that of the present scribe—long, long ago!

"Sacrepleu! il choue pien, le Checko, hein?" said Svengali, when they had brought this wonderful double improvisation to a climax and a close. "C'est mon élève! che le fais chanter sur son fiolon, c'est comme si c'était *moi* qui chantais! ach! si ch'afais pour teux sous de voix, che serais le bremier chanteur du monte! I cannot sing!" he continued. (I will translate him into English, without attempting to translate his accent, which is a mere matter of judiciously transposing p's and b's, and t's and d's, and f's and v's, and g's and k's, and turning the soft French j into sch, and a pretty language into an ugly one.)

"I cannot sing myself, I cannot play the violin, but I can teach—hein, Gecko? And I have a pupil—hein, Gecko?—la betite Honorine;" and here he leered all round with a leer that was not engaging. "The world shall hear of la betite Honorine some day—hein, Gecko? Listen all—this is how I teach la betite Honorine! Gecko, play me a little accompaniment in pizzicato."



TRILBY'S LEFT FOOT.

And he pulled out of his pocket a kind of little flexible flageolet, (of his own invention, it seems), which he screwed together and put to his lips, and on this humble instrument he played "Ben Bolt," while Gecko accompanied him, using his fiddle as a guitar, his adoring eyes fixed in reverence on his master.

And it would be impossible to render in any words the deftness, the distinction, the grace, power, pathos, and passion with which this truly phenomenal artist executed the poor old twopenny tune on his elastic penny whistle—for it was little more—such thrilling, vibrating, piercing tenderness, now loud and full, a shrill scream of anguish, now soft as a whisper, a mere melodic breath, more human almost than the human voice itself, a perfection unattainable even by Gecko, a master, on an instrument which is the acknowledged king of all!

So that the tear which had been so close to the brink of Little Billee's eye while Gecko was playing, now rose and trembled under his eyelid and spilled itself down his nose; and he had to dissemble and surreptitiously mop it up with his little finger as he leant his chin on

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his hand, and cough a little husky unnatural cough—*pour se donner une contenance!*

He had never heard such music as this, never dreamt such music was possible. He was conscious, while it lasted, that he saw deeper into the beauty, the sadness of things, the very heart of them, and their pathetic evanescence, as with a new inner eye—even into eternity itself, beyond the veil—a vague cosmic vision that faded when the music was over, but left an unfading reminiscence of its having been, and a passionate desire to express the like some day through the plastic medium of his own beautiful art.

When Svengali ended, he leered again on his dumb-struck audience, and said:

"That is how I teach la betite Honorine to sing; that is how I teach Gecko to play; that is how I teach '*il bel canto*'! It was lost, the bel canto—but I found it, in a dream—I, and nobody else—I—Svengali—I—I—*I!* But that is enough of music; let us play at something else—let us play at this!" he cried, jumping up and seizing a foil and bending it against the wall.... "Come along, Little Pillee, and I will show you something more you don't know...."

So Little Billee took off the coat and waistcoat, donned mask and glove and fencing-shoes, and they had an "assault of arms," as it is nobly called in French, and in which poor Little Billee came off very badly. The German Pole fenced wildly, but well.

Then it was the Laird's turn, and he came off badly too; so then Taffy took up the foil, and redeemed the honor of Great Britain, as became a British hussar and a Man of Blood. For Taffy, by long and assiduous practice in the best school in Paris (and also by virtue of his native aptitudes), was a match for any maître d'armes in the whole French army, and Svengali got "what for."

And when it was time to give up play and settle down to work, others dropped in—French, English, Swiss, German, American, Greek; curtains were drawn and shutters opened; the studio was flooded with light,—and the afternoon was healthily spent in athletic and gymnastic exercises, till dinner-time.

But Little Billee, who had had enough of fencing and gymnastics for the day, amused himself by filling up with black and white and red chalk strokes the outline of Trilby's foot on the wall, lest he should forget his fresh vision of it, which was still to him as the thing itself—an absolute reality, born of a mere glance, a mere chance.

Durien came in and looked over his shoulder, and exclaimed,

"Tiens! le pied de Trilby! vous avez fait ça d'après nature?"

"Nong!"

"De mémoire, alors?"

"Wee!"

"Je vous en fais mon compliment! Vous avez eu la main heureuse. Je voudrais bien avoir fait ça, moi! C'est un petit chef-d'œuvre que vous avez fait là—tout bonnement, mon cher! Mais vous élaborez trop. De grâce, n'y touchez plus!"

And Little Billee was pleased, and touched it no more; for Durien was a great sculptor, and sincerity itself.

And then—well, I happen to forget what sort of day this particular day turned into at about six of the clock.

If it was decently fine, the most of them went off to dine at the "Restaurant de la Couronne," kept by the Père Trin, in the Rue de Monsieur, who gave you of his best to eat and drink for twenty sols Parisis, or one franc in the coin of the empire. Good distending soups, omelets that were only too savory, lentils, red and white beans, meat so dressed and sauced and seasoned that you didn't know whether it was beef or mutton—flesh, fowl, or good red herring—or even bad, for that matter—nor very greatly care.

And just the same lettuce, radishes, and cheese of Gruyère or Brie as you got at the "Trois Frères Provençaux" (but not the same butter!).

And to wash it all down, generous wine in wooden "brocs"—that stained a lovely æsthetic blue everything it was spilt over.

And you hobnobbed with models, male and female, students of law and medicine, painters and sculptors, workmen and blanchisseuses and grisettes, and found them very good company, and most improving to your French, if your French was of the usual British kind, and even to some of your manners, if these were very British indeed. And the evening was innocently wound up with billiards, cards, or dominoes at the Café du

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THE FLEXIBLE FLAGEOLET.

Luxembourg opposite; or at the Théâtre du Luxembourg in the Rue de Madame, to see funny farces with screamingly droll Englishmen in them; or, still better, at the Jardin Bullier (la Closerie des Lilas), to see the students dance the cancan, or try and dance it yourself, which is not so easy as it seems; or, best of all, at the Théâtre de l'Odéon, to see Fechter and Madame Doche in the *Dame aux Camélias*.

Or, if it were not only fine, but a Saturday afternoon into the bargain, the Laird would put on a necktie and a few other necessary things, and the three friends would walk arm in arm to Taffy's hotel in the Rue de Seine, and wait outside till he had made himself as presentable as the Laird, which did not take very long. And then (Little Billee was always presentable) they would, arm in arm, the huge Taffy in the middle, descend the Rue de Seine and cross a bridge to the Cité, and have a look in at the Morgue. Then back again to the quays on the rive gauche by the Pont Neuf, to wend their way westward; now on one side to look at the print and picture shops and the magasins of bric-à-brac, and haply sometimes buy thereof, now on the other to finger and cheapen the second-hand books for sale on the parapet, and even pick up one or two utterly unwanted bargains, never to be read or opened again.

When they reached the Pont des Arts they would cross it, stopping in the middle to look up the river towards the old Cité and Notre Dame, eastward, and dream unutterable things, and try to utter them. Then, turning westward, they would gaze at the glowing sky and all it glowed upon—the corner of the Tuileries and the Louvre, the many bridges, the Chamber of Deputies, the golden river narrowing its perspective and broadening its bed as it went flowing and winding on its way between Passy and Grenelle to St.-Cloud, to Rouen, to the Havre, to England perhaps—where *they* didn't want to be just then; and they would try and express themselves to the effect that life was uncommonly well worth living in that particular city at that particular time of the day and year and century, at that particular epoch of their own mortal and uncertain lives.

Then, still arm in arm and chatting gayly, across the court-yard of the Louvre, through gilded gates well guarded by reckless imperial Zouaves, up the arcaded Rue de Rivoli as far as the Rue Castiglione, where they would stare with greedy eyes at the window of the great corner

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THREE MUSKETEERS OF THE BRUSH.

pastry-cook, and marvel at the beautiful assortment of bonbons, pralines, dragées, marrons glacés — saccharine, crystalline substances of all kinds and colors, as charming to look at as an illumination; precious stones, delicately frosted sweets, pearls and diamonds so arranged as to melt in the mouth; especially, at this particular time of the year, the monstrous Easter-eggs of enchanting hue, enshrined like costly jewels in caskets of satin and gold; and the Laird, who was well read in his English classics and liked to show it, would opine that "they managed these things better in France."

Then across the street by a great gate into the Allée des Feuillants, and up to the Place de la Concorde—to gaze, but quite without base envy, at the smart people coming back from the Bois de Boulogne. For even in Paris "carriage people" have a way of looking bored, of taking their pleasure sadly, of having nothing to say to each other, as though the vibration of so many wheels all rolling home the same way every afternoon had hypnotized them into silence, idiotcy, and melancholia.

And our three musketeers of the brush would speculate on the vanity of wealth and rank and fashion; on the satiety that follows in the wake of self-indulgence and overtakes it; on the weariness of the pleasures that become a toil,—as if they knew all about it, had found it all out for themselves, and nobody else had ever found it out before!

Then they found out something else, namely, that the sting of healthy appetite was becoming intolerable; so they would betake themselves to an English eating-house in the Rue de la Madeleine (on the left-hand side near the top), where they would renovate their strength and their patriotism on British beef and beer, and household bread, and bracing, biting, stinging yellow mustard, and horseradish, and noble apple pie, and Cheshire cheese; and get through as much of these in an hour or so as they could for talking, talking, talking, such happy talk, as full of sanguine hope and enthusiasm, of cocksure commendation or condemnation of all painters, dead or alive, of modest but firm belief in themselves and each other, as a Paris Easter-egg is full of sweets and pleasantness (for the young).

And then a stroll on the crowded, well-lighted boulevards, and a bock at a café there, at a little three-legged marble table right out on the genial asphalt pavement, still talking nineteen to the dozen.

Then home by dark old silent streets and some deserted bridge to their beloved Latin quarter, the Morgue gleaming cold and still and fatal in the pale lamp-light, and Notre Dame pricking up its watchful twin towers, which have looked down for so many centuries on so many happy, sanguine, expansive youths walking arm

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in arm by twos and threes, and forever talking, talking, talking. . . .

The Laird and Little Billee would see Taffy safe to the door of his hôtel garni in the Rue de Seine, where they would find much to say to each other before they said good-night—so much that Taffy and Little Billee would see the Laird safe to *his* door, in the Place St. Anatole des Arts. And then a discussion would arise between Taffy and the Laird on the immortality of the soul, let us say, or the exact meaning of the word "gentleman," or the relative merits of Dickens and Thackeray, or some such recondite and quite unhackneyed theme, and Taffy and the Laird would escort Little Billee to *his* door, in the Place de l'Odéon, and he would re-escort them both back again, and so on till any hour you please.

Or again, if it rained, and Paris through the studio window loomed lead-colored, with its shiny slate roofs under skies that were ashen and sober, and the wild west wind made woful music among the chimney-pots, and little gray waves ran up the river the wrong way, and the Morgue looked chill and dark and wet, and almost uninviting (even to three healthy-minded young Britons), they would resolve to dine and spend a happy evening at home.

Little Billee, taking with him three francs (or even four), would dive into back streets and buy a yard or so of crusty new bread, well burnt on the flat side, a fillet of beef, a litre of wine, potatoes and onions, butter, a little cylindrical cheese called "bondon de Neufchâtel," tender curly lettuce, with chervil, parsley, spring onions, and other fine herbs, and a pod of garlic, which would be rubbed on a crust of bread to flavor things with.

Taffy would lay the cloth Englishwise, and also make the salad, for which, like everybody else I ever met, he had a special receipt of his own (putting in the oil first and the vinegar after); and indeed his salads were quite as good as everybody else's.

The Laird, bending over the stove, would cook the onions and beef into a savory Scotch mess so cunningly that you could not taste the beef for the onions—nor always the onions for the garlic!

And they would dine far better than at le Père Trin's, far better than at the English Restaurant in the Rue de la Madeleine—better than anywhere else on earth!

And after dinner, what coffee, roasted and ground on the spot, what pipes and cigarettes of "caporal," by the light of the three shaded lamps, while the rain beat against the big north window, and the wind went howling round the quaint old mediæval tower at the corner of the Rue Vieille des Mauvais Ladres (the old street of the bad lepers), and the damp logs hissed and crackled in the stove!

What jolly talk into the small hours! Thackeray and Dickens again, and Tennyson and Byron (who was "not dead yet" in those days); and Titian and Velasquez, and young Millais and Holman Hunt (just out); and Monsieur Ingres and Monsieur Delacroix, and Balzac and Stendahl and George Sand; and the good Dumas! and Edgar Allan Poe; and the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome. . . .



TAFFY MAKES THE SALAD.

Good, honest, innocent, artless prattle—not of the wisest perhaps, nor redolent of the very highest culture (which, by-the-way, can mar as well as make), nor lead-

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ing to any very practical result; but quite pathetically sweet from the sincerity and fervor of its convictions, a profound belief in their importance, and a proud confidence in their life-long immutability.

Oh, happy days, and happy nights, sacred to art and friendship! oh, happy times of careless impecuniosity, and youth and hope and health and strength and freedom—with all Paris for a play-ground, and its dear old unregenerate Latin quarter for a workshop and a home!

And, up to then, no kill-joy complications of love!

No, decidedly no! Little Billee had never known such happiness as this—never even dreamt of its possibility.

A day or two after this, our opening day, but in the afternoon, when the fencing and boxing had begun and the trapeze was in full swing, Trilby's "milk below" was sounded at the door, and she appeared—clothed this time in her right mind, as it seemed: a tall, straight, flat-backed, square-shouldered, deep-chested, full-bosomed young grisette, in a snowy frilled cap, a neat black gown and white apron, pretty faded well-darned brown stockings, and well-worn soft gray square-toed slippers of list, without heels and originally shapeless, but which her feet, uncompromising and inexorable as boot-trees, had ennobled into everlasting classic shapeliness, and stamped with an unforgettable individuality, as does a beautiful hand its well-worn glove—a fact Little Billee was not slow to perceive, with a curious conscious thrill that was only half æsthetic.

Then he looked into her freckled face and met the kind and tender mirthfulness of her gaze and the plucky frankness of her fine wide smile with a thrill that was not æsthetic at all (nor the reverse), but all of the heart. And in one of his quick flashes of intuitive insight he divined far down beneath the shining surface of those eyes (which seemed for a moment to reflect only a little image of himself against the sky beyond the big north window) a well of sweetness; and floating somewhere in the midst of it the very heart of compassion, generosity, and warm sisterly love; and under that—alas! at the bottom of all—a thin slimy layer of sorrow and shame. And just as long as it takes for a tear to rise and gather and choke itself back again, this sudden revelation shook his nervous little frame with a pang of pity, and the knightly wish to help. But he had no time to indulge in such soft emotions. Trilby was met on her entrance by friendly greetings on all sides.

"Tiens! c'est la grande Trilby!" exclaimed Jules Guinot through his fencing-mask. "Comment! t'es déjà debout après hier soir? Avons-nous assez rigolé chez Mathieu, hein? Crénom d'un nom, quelle noce! V'là une crémaillère qui peut se vanter d'être diantrement bien pendue, j'espère! Et la petite santé, c' matin?"

"Hé, hé! mon vieux," answered Trilby. "Ça boulotte, apparemment! Et toi? et Victorine? Comment qu'a s' porte à c't'-heure? Elle avait un fier coup d'chasselas! c'est-y jobard, hein? de s' fich 'paf comme ça d'vant l' monde! Tiens, v'là, Gontran! ça marche-t-y, Gontran, Zouzou d' mon cœur?"

"Comme sur des roulettes, ma biche!" said Gontran, *alias* l' Zouzou—a corporal in the Zouaves. "Mais tu t'es donc mise chiffonnière, à présent? T'as fait banqueroute?"

(For Trilby had a chiffonnier's basket strapped on her back, and carried a pick and lantern.)

"Mais-z-oui, mon bon!" she said. "Dame! pas d' veine hier soir! t'as bien vu! Dans la dêche jusqu'aux omoplates, mon pauv' caporal-sous-off! nom d'un canon—faut bien vivre, s' pas?"

Little Billee's heart sluices had closed during this interchange of courtesies. He felt it to be of a very slangy kind, because he couldn't understand a word of it, and he hated slang. All he could make out was the free use of the "tu" and the "toi," and he knew enough French to know that this implied a great familiarity, which he misunderstood.

So that Jules Guinot's polite inquiries whether Trilby were none the worse after Mathieu's house-warming (which was so jolly), Trilby's kind solicitude about the health of Victorine, who had very foolishly taken a drop too much on that occasion, Trilby's mock regrets that her own bad luck at cards had made it necessary that she should retrieve her fallen fortunes by rag-picking—all these innocent, playful little amenities (which I have tried to write down just as they were spoken) were couched in a language that was as Greek to him—and he felt out of it, jealous and indignant.

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"THE GLORY THAT WAS GREECE."

"Good afternoon to you, Mr. Taffy," said Trilby, in English. "I've brought you these objects of art and virtu to make the peace with you. They're the real thing, you know. I borrowed 'em from le Père Martin, chiffonnier en gros et en détail, grand officier de la Légion d'Honneur, membre de l'Institut, et cetera, treize bis, Rue du Puits d'Amour, rez-de-chaussée, au fond de la cour à gauche, vis-à-vis le mont-de-piété! He's one of my intimate friends, and—"

"You don't mean to say you're the intimate friend of a *rag-picker?*" exclaimed the good Taffy.

"Oh yes! Pourquoi pas? I never brag; besides, there ain't any beastly pride about le Père Martin," said Trilby, with a wink. "You'd soon find that out if *you* were an intimate friend of his. This is how it's put on. Do you see? If *you*'ll put it on I'll fasten it for you, and show you how to hold the lantern and handle the pick. You may come to it yourself some day, you know. Il ne faut jurer de rien! Père Martin will pose for you in person, if you like. He's generally disengaged in the afternoon. He's poor but honest, you know, and very nice and clean; quite the gentleman. He likes artists, especially English — they pay. His wife sells bric-à-brac and old masters: Rembrandts from two francs fifty upwards. They've got a little grandson—a love of a child. I'm his godmother. You know French, I suppose?"

"Oh yes," said Taffy, much abashed. "I'm very much obliged to you—very much indeed—a—I—a—"

"Y a pas d' quoi!" said Trilby, divesting herself of her basket and putting it, with the pick and lantern, in a corner. "Et maintenant, le temps d'absorber une fine de fin sec (a cigarette) et je m' la brise (I'm off). On m'attend à l'Ambassade d'Autriche. Et puis zut! Allez-toujours, mes enfants. En avant la boxe!"

She sat herself down cross-legged on the model-throne, and made herself a cigarette, and watched the fencing and boxing. Little Billee brought her a chair, which she refused; so he sat down on it himself by her side, and talked to her, just as he would have talked to any young lady at home—about the weather, about Verdi's new opera (which she had never heard), the impressiveness of Notre Dame, and Victor Hugo's beautiful romance (which she had never read), the mysterious charm of Leonardo da Vinci's

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Lisa Gioconda's smile (which she had never seen)—by all of which she was no doubt rather tickled and a little embarrassed, perhaps also a little touched.

Taffy brought her a cup of coffee, and conversed with her in polite formal French, very well and carefully pronounced: and the Laird tried to do likewise. *His* French was of that honest English kind that breaks up the stiffness of even an English party; and his jolly manners were such as to put an end to all shyness and constraint, and make self-consciousness impossible.

Others dropped in from neighboring studios—the usual cosmopolite crew. It was a perpetual come and go in this particular studio between four and six of the afternoon.

There were ladies too, *en cheveux*, in caps and bonnets, some of whom knew Trilby, and thee'd and thou'd with familiar and friendly affection, while others mademoiselle'd her with distant politeness, and were mademoiselle'd and madame'd back again. "Absolument comme à l'ambassade d'Autriche," as Trilby observed to the Laird, with a British wink that was by no means ambassadorial.

Then Svengali came and made some of his grandest music, which was as completely thrown away on Trilby as fireworks on a blind beggar, for all she held her tongue so piously.

Fencing and boxing and trapezing seemed to be more in her line; and indeed, to a tone-deaf person, Taffy lunging his full spread with a foil, in all the splendor of his long lithe youthful strength, was a far gainlier sight than Svengali at the key-board flashing his languid bold eyes with a sickly smile from one listener to another, as if to say:

"N'est-ce pas que che suis peau! N'est-ce pas que ch'ai tu chénie? N'est-ce pas que che suis suplime, enfin?"

Then enter Durien the sculptor, who had been presented with a baignoire at the Odéon to see *La Dame aux Camélias*, and he invited Trilby and another lady to dine with him "au cabaret" and share his box.

So Trilby didn't go to the Austrian embassy after all, as the Laird observed to Little Billee, with such a good imitation of her wink that Little Billee was bound to laugh.

But Little Billee was not inclined for fun; a dulness, a sense of disenchantment, had come over him; as he expressed it to himself, with pathetic self-pity:

> "A feeling of sadness and longing
> That is not akin to pain,
> And resembles sorrow only
> As the mist resembles the rain."

And the sadness, if he had known, was that all beautiful young women with kind sweet faces and noble figures and goddess-like extremities should not be good and pure as they were beautiful; and the longing was a longing that Trilby could be turned into a young lady—say the vicar's daughter in a little Devonshire village—his sister's friend and co-teacher at the Sunday-school; a simple, pure, and pious maiden of gentle birth.

For he adored piety in woman, although he was not pious by any means. His inarticulate intuitive perceptions were not of form and color secrets only, but strove to pierce the veil of deeper mysteries in impetuous and dogmatic boyish scorn of all received interpretations. For he flattered himself that he possessed the philosophical and scientific mind, and piqued himself on thinking clearly, and was intolerant of human inconsistency.

That small reserve portion of his ever-active brain which should have lain fallow while the rest of it was at work or play, perpetually plagued itself about the mysteries of life and death, and was forever propounding unanswerable arguments against the Christian belief, through a kind of inverted sympathy with the believer. Fortunately for his friends, Little Billee was both shy and discreet, and very tender of other people's feelings; so he kept all this immature juvenile agnosticism to himself.

To atone for such ungainly strong-mindedness in one so young and tender, he was the slave of many little traditional observances which have no very solid foundation in either science or philosophy. For instance, he wouldn't walk under a ladder for worlds, nor sit down thirteen to dinner, nor have his hair cut on a Friday, and was quite upset if he happened to see the new moon through glass. And he believed in lucky and unlucky numbers, and dearly loved the sights and scents and sounds of high mass in some dim old French cathedral, and found them secretly comforting.

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Let us hope that he sometimes laughed at himself, if only in his sleeve!

And with all his keenness of insight into life he had a well-brought-up, middle-class young Englishman's belief in the infallible efficacy of gentle birth—for gentle he considered his own and Taffy's and the Laird's, and that of most of the good people he had lived among in England—all people, in short, whose two parents and four grandparents had received a liberal education and belonged to the professional class. And with this belief he combined (or thought he did) a proper democratic scorn for bloated dukes and lords, and even poor inoffensive baronets, and all the landed gentry—everybody who was born an inch higher up than himself.

It is a fairly good middle-class social creed, if you can only stick to it through life in despite of life's experience. It fosters independence and self-respect, and not a few stodgy practical virtues as well. At all events, it keeps you out of bad company, which is to be found above and below.

And all this melancholy preoccupation, on Little Billee's part, from the momentary gleam and dazzle of a pair of over-perfect feet in an over-æsthetic eye, too much enamored of mere form!

Reversing the usual process, he had idealized from the base upwards!

Many of us, older and wiser than Little Billee, have seen in lovely female shapes the outer garment of a lovely female soul. The instinct which guides us to do this is, perhaps, a right one, more often than not. But more often than not, also, lovely female shapes are terrible complicators of the difficulties and dangers of this earthly life, especially for their owner, and more especially if she be a humble daughter of the people, poor and ignorant, of a yielding nature, too quick to love and trust. This is all so true as to be trite—so trite as to be a common platitude!

A modern teller of tales, most widely (and most justly) popular, tells us of heroes and heroines who, like Lord Byron's corsair, were linked with one virtue and a thousand crimes. And so dexterously does he weave his story that the young person may read it and learn nothing but good.

My poor heroine was the converse of these engaging criminals; she had all the virtues but one; but the virtue she lacked (the very one of all that plays the title-rôle, and gives its generic name to all the rest of that goodly company) was of such a kind that I have found it impossible so to tell her history as to make it quite fit and proper reading for the ubiquitous young person so dear to us all.

Most deeply to my regret. For I had fondly hoped it might one day be said of me that whatever my other literary shortcomings might be, I at least had never penned a line which a pure-minded young British mother might not read aloud to her little blue-eyed babe as it lies sucking its little bottle in its little bassinet.

Fate has willed it otherwise.

Would indeed that I could duly express poor Trilby's one shortcoming in some not too familiar medium—in Latin or Greek, let us say—lest the young person (in this ubiquitousness of hers, for which Heaven be praised), should happen to pry into these pages when her mother is looking another way.

Latin and Greek are languages the young person should not be taught to understand—seeing that they are highly improper languages, deservedly dead—in which pagan bards who should have known better have sung the filthy loves of their gods and goddesses.

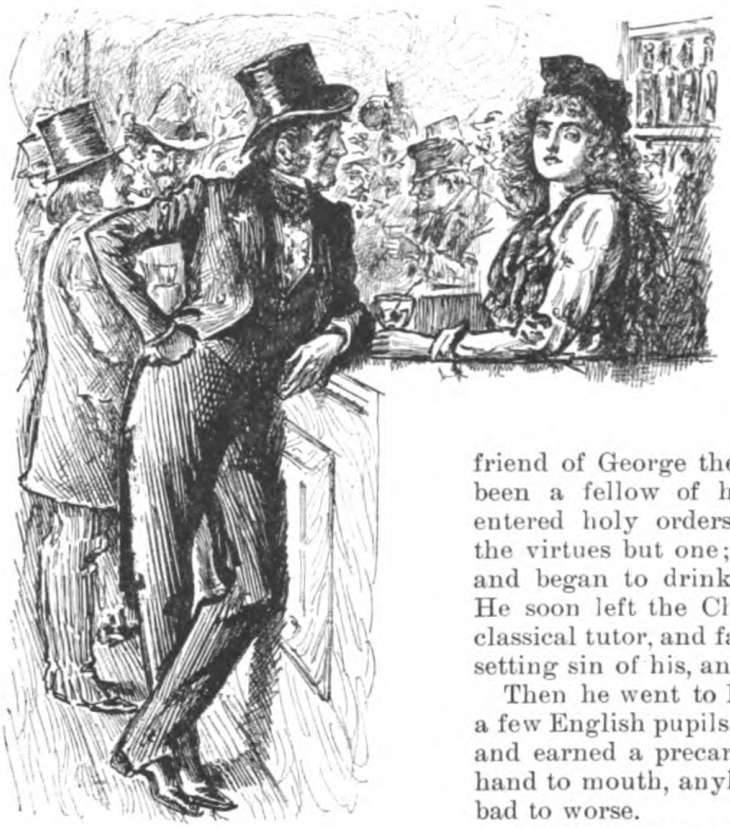
But at least am I scholar enough to enter one little Latin plea on Trilby's behalf—the shortest, best, and most beautiful plea I can think of. It was once used in extenuation and condonation of the frailties of another poor weak woman, presumably beautiful, and a far worse offender than Trilby, but who, like Trilby, repented of her ways, and was most justly forgiven—

"Quia multum amavit!"

Whether it be an aggravation of her misdeeds or an extenuating circumstance, no pressure of want, no temptations of greed or vanity, had ever been factors in urging Trilby on her downward career after her first false step in that direction—the result of ignorance, bad advice (from her mother, of all people in the world), and base betrayal. She might have lived in guilty splendor had she chosen, but her wants were few. She had no vanity, and her tastes were of the simplest, and she earned enough to gratify them all, and to spare.

So she followed love for love's sake only, now and then, as she would have

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TRILBY'S FOREBEARS.

followed art if she had been a man—capriciously, desultorily, more in a frolicsome spirit of camaraderie than anything else. Like an amateur, in short—a distinguished amateur who is too proud to sell his pictures, but willingly gives one away now and then to some highly valued and much admiring friend.

Sheer gayety of heart and genial good-fellowship, the difficulty of saying nay to earnest pleading. She was "bonne camarade et bonne fille" before everything. Though her heart was not large enough to harbor more than one light love at a time (even in that Latin quarter of genially capacious hearts), it had room for many warm friendships; and she was the warmest, most helpful, and most compassionate of friends, far more serious and faithful in friendship than in love.

Indeed, she might almost be said to possess a virginal heart, so little did she know of love's heartaches and raptures and torments and clingings and jealousies.

With her it was lightly come and lightly go, and never come back again; as one or two, or perhaps three, picturesque bohemians of the brush or chisel had found, at some cost to their vanity and self-esteem; perhaps even to a deeper feeling—who knows?

Trilby's father, as she had said, had been a gentleman, the son of a famous Dublin physician and friend of George the Fourth's. He had been a fellow of his college, and had entered holy orders. He also had all the virtues but one; he was a drunkard, and began to drink quite early in life. He soon left the Church, and became a classical tutor, and failed through this besetting sin of his, and fell into disgrace.

Then he went to Paris, and picked up a few English pupils there, and lost them, and earned a precarious livelihood from hand to mouth, anyhow; and sank from bad to worse.

And when his worst was about reached, he married the famous tartaned and tamoshantered barmaid at the "Montagnards Écossais," in the Rue du Paradis Poissonnière (a very fishy paradise indeed); she was a most beautiful Highland lassie of low degree, and she managed to support him, or helped him to support himself, for ten or fifteen years. Trilby was born to them, and was dragged up in some way—*à la grâce de Dieu!*

Patrick O'Ferrall soon taught his wife to drown all care and responsibility in his own simple way, and opportunities for doing so were never lacking to her.

Then he died, and left a posthumous child—born ten months after his death, alas! and whose birth cost its mother her life.

Then Trilby became a *blanchisseuse de fin*, and in two or three years came to grief through her trust in a friend of her mother's. Then she became a model besides, and was able to support her little brother, whom she dearly loved.

At the time this story begins, this small waif and stray was "en pension" with le père Martin, the rag-picker, and his wife, the dealer in bric-à-brac and inexpensive old masters. They were very

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good people, and had grown fond of the child, who was beautiful to look at, and full of pretty tricks and pluck and cleverness—a popular favorite in the Rue du Puits d'Amour and its humble neighborhood.

Trilby, for some freak, always chose to speak of him as her godson, and as the grandchild of le père et la mère Martin, so that these good people had almost grown to believe he really belonged to them.

And almost every one else believed that he was the child of Trilby (in spite of her youth), and she was so fond of him that she didn't mind in the least.

He might have had a worse home.

La mère Martin was pious, or pretended to be; la père Martin was the reverse. But they were equally good for their kind, and though coarse and ignorant and unscrupulous in many ways (as was natural enough), they were gifted in a very full measure with the saving graces of love and charity, especially he. And if people are to be judged by their works, this worthy pair are no doubt both equally well compensated by now for the trials and struggles of their sordid earthly life.

So much for Trilby's parentage.

And as she sat and wept at Madame Doche's impersonation of la Dame aux Camélias (with her hand in Durien's) she vaguely remembered, as in a waking dream, now the noble presence of Taffy as he towered cool and erect, foil in hand, gallantly waiting for his adversary to breathe, now the beautiful sensitive face of Little Billee and his deferential courtesy.

And during the *entr'actes* her heart went out in friendship to the jolly Scotch Laird of Cockpen, who came out now and then with such terrible French oaths and abominable expletives (and in the presence of ladies too!), without the slightest notion of what they meant.

For the Laird had a quick ear, and a craving to be colloquial and idiomatic before everything else, and made many awkward and embarrassing mistakes.

It would be with him as though a polite Frenchman should say to a fair daughter of Albion, "D—— my eyes, mees, your tea is getting —— cold; let me tell that good old —— of a Jules to bring you another cup."

And so forth, till time and experience taught him better. It is perhaps well for him that his first experiments in conversational French were made in the unconventional circle of the Place St. Anatole des Arts.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



BUTTERFLIES.

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

ONCE, in a garden, when the thrush's song,
Pealing at morn, made holy all the air,
Till earth was healed of many an ancient wrong,
And life appeared another name for prayer,

Rose suddenly a swarm of butterflies
On wings of white and gold and azure fire;
And one said, "These are flowers that seek the skies,
Loosed by the spell of their supreme desire."

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EGYPT AND CHALDEA

IN THE LIGHT OF RECENT DISCOVERIES.

BY W. ST. CHAD BOSCAWEN.



"THEY took me and in a far distant place at the mouth of the rivers they caused us to dwell." Thus the Chaldean Noah, Shamus-Napisti, describes to the hero of the Babylonian epic his translation—"to dwell like one of the gods," in the abode of immortality. The phrase is a most important one when viewed in the light of recent archæological discoveries in the land of Chaldea. To the writers of the hymns and poems of the land of Nimrod, the southernmost portion of the Tigro-Euphrates Valley, where the two great life-giving rivers discharged themselves into the waters of the Persian Gulf, was the land of forefathers—the land where gods and men had communed together—the land of immortality. Apart from its religious symbolism, the south of Babylonia—the regions now but dreary marsh and desert—was undoubtedly the field of the first beginnings of Chaldean civilizations. The Hebrew records tell us that out of that land, Shinar or Sumir, the region of South Chaldea, Nimrod went forth to found the kingdom of Assur, and of the truth of this statement every clay tablet in the royal library at Nineveh was a proof. The study of the Assyrian literature brought to light by the labors of Layard, Smith, and others, established at the very outset the fact that all the essential features of Assyrian culture were derived, with but slight alteration, from the older learning and wisdom of Chaldea. Scholars soon recognized the fact that the clay tomes from the library of Assurbanipal were but late—and one might almost say pirated—editions of older works in the libraries of the mother-land of Chaldea. To these, then, they must turn if they would study, as all true students desire to do, the "ground texts" of the literature of the nation or creed. The explorations of Hormuza Rassam at Aboo Hubba, the ancient Sippara or Sepharvaim, the Pantabiblos of Berossus—and in the ruins of the great temple of Nebo at Borsippa—have restored to us a vast mass of literature containing older and variant editions of the texts in the Assyrian "King's Library." Still, our quest for the first editions is not ended, for these documents reveal to us the existence of older texts in the primitive cities, older than Great Babylon itself. From them we learn of libraries of schools of scribes in Eridu, "the holy city," in Larsa, in Erech, the capital of Nimrod, and in Ur, the home of Abram—cities of the South. It was on the shores of the land of Sumir or Shinar, the region washed by the waves of the Persian Gulf, that Oannes "the fishman" came to teach the beginnings of "letters, sciences, and arts" of every kind to the fathers of Chaldea. To this region, then, scholars looked eagerly for the buried treasures which should help us to solve the problem of the beginning of "this first of empires."

Layard and Loftus had penetrated into this land of promise, and had by the results of their labors still further whetted the appetites of scholars, but no systematic exploration of any one site had been carried out. The site of the primitive capital, Erech, the Uruki, or "city of the land," had been identified at Warka. Mughier had been shown to be the ruins of Ur of the Chaldees, and the two bricks brought from Aboo Sharin by Mr. Taylor in 1856 had enabled us to identify these vast ruins as the site of Eridu or Eridugga, the oldest and holiest of the cities of Chaldea. These ruins, the site of the oldest city and the dwelling-place of the greatest theological college in a land of priests and scribes, still remain, nearly a century after the decipherment of the cuneiform inscriptions, unexplored. Who can tell how many problems of world-wide importance might be solved by its buried treasures?

Long delayed as the work has been, it has at last been begun, and the results of the first systematic exploration of the ancient cities of Chaldea have far surpassed our hopes. The honor of first bringing to light the buried treasures of one of the oldest cities of this ancient land, and of proving to us in the most unmistakable manner how truly Chaldea is the mother-land of the arts and sciences, belongs to M. Ernest de Sarzec, French consul to Baghdad.

For many years fragments of sculp-

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tures, bronze figures, bricks, and cones, all bearing evidence of great antiquity, and said by natives to come from mounds in South Chaldea, had been offered for sale in the bazars of Baghdad, Busra, and other towns. How early this pillaging of the mounds had begun may be judged by the fact that there were recently found in the cellars of a house in Knight Riders Street in the city of London, destroyed in the great fire of 1666, several fragments of inscribed stones and bricks now identified as coming from the site since explored by M. de Sarzec. They appeared to have been brought over by some Dutch merchants trading with the Persian Gulf, no doubt partly as curios and partly as ballast. Inquiries were made, and it was ascertained that the antiquities came from the group of mounds known as Telloh (the mound of the idol), situated on the Shat-el-Hie. The Shat-el-Hie, or river of Hie, is a meandering stream, partially navigable, which winds its way in a southwesterly direction from Kut-el-Amarah on the Tigris to El-Kut on the Euphrates, a short distance south of the ruins of Ur. The name of the stream—the river of Hie, or Hay—is of particular interest, for, as M. de Sarzec points out, it means, no doubt, the "river of the snake," deriving its name from its winding course. This name is beyond doubt a survival of ancient times. In a list of rivers in the inscriptions "the river of the snake" is sacred to the goddess Nina, or Nini, who was one of the principal divinities worshipped at Telloh. Indeed, in a very archaic inscription of King Urkagina, at least B.C. 4000, we have a passage which seems certainly to refer to this river, now represented by the Shat-el-Hie: "For the goddess Nina her favorite river—the channel *Nina-ki-tuma* [the Nina makes the land]—he has made." So that there is little doubt of the survival of the old Snake River in the Shat-el-Hie.



EXCAVATIONS OF THE PALACE OF GUDEA.

The mounds of Telloh are situated not far from the point of junction with the Tigris.

The group of mounds of which Telloh was the principal all formed parts or quarters of an important city. The numerous bricks, inscribed stones, cylinders, and statues brought to light by the explorer revealed to us very clearly the name and topography of this ancient town. The rulers of the city all call themselves princes of the city of Sippara or Sirpurra—a word which, I think, means the city of the "great flame," the reason for which I shall explain later on. From the same sources we learn the royal quarter, and apparently the oldest portion, was called by the name of Girsu Ki, or "the land of Girsio." Inscriptions were found here of monarchs already known to us—Urbahu, whose records were found at Ur, Erech, and other sites; Gudea and Dungi, monarchs whose reigns had been approximately placed between B.C. 3000 and 2800—so that it was evident that the explorers had struck upon a city of great antiquity. The careful and systematically conducted explora-

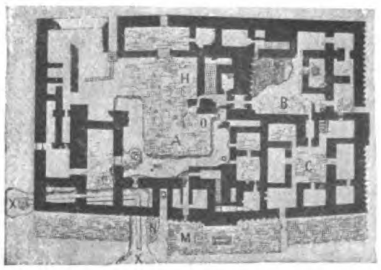
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GATEWAY OF THE PALACE OF GUDEA.

tions of the French explorer and his workmen soon laid bare the ruins of a large and massively built edifice, including evidently the functions of temple and palace.

The building was of the massive style of construction, such as we were familiar with in the Wuswas ruin at Warka, the ancient Erech, or the temple of the sun-god at Sippara, since discovered by Mr. Rassam. Although raised on a platform of unbaked bricks, rising to a height of nearly forty feet, the edifice at Telloh does not at first strike us either by its size or its arrangement, especially when compared with the vast palaces of Sargon at Khorsabad, or those of Sennacherib and Assurbanipal at Nineveh. It forms a parallelogram covering an area of about 172 feet (53 metres) in length, with a depth of 101 feet (31 metres), while all the groups of the building are arranged at right angles to the enclosing walls. These walls are of great thickness, being no doubt so constructed to exclude the intense heat of the sun, having a normal thickness of nearly eight feet, and are constructed of large square bricks cemented together by bitumen. Each of these bricks bears upon it the inscription of Gudea, who calls himself *patesi* or "priest-king" of Sippara, and consecrates the edifice to the god of the city Nin-Girsu. Thus from these bricks we learn at once the main facts relating to the city, and the edifice which formed its acropolis.



PLAN OF THE PALACE OF GUDEA.

It requires but a slight examination of the details of this plan to see that it is one with which we have been long familiar. Its internal arrangement is exactly that of the palace of Sargon II. (B.C. 722) at Khorsabad, and which survives to the present day in the modern Oriental noble's house of Cairo or Baghdad. It consists of three distinct portions: first, the large open court (A), with the storehouses, guard-room, and offices on the left; on the right the royal apartments, reception-rooms, etc. (B); and behind these, secluded and guarded by corridors protected by double doors, the most private portions, where the queen and her attendants dwelt (C). These three divisions correspond to the *dur* or fortress, the *hekal* or palace, and the *parakku* or harem in the Assyrian palaces;

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STATUE OF URBAHU.



STATUE OF GUDEA AS ARCHITECT.

and to the offices, selamlik, and harem of the modern Oriental house. The antiquity of this arrangement is but another example of the wonderful conservatism of Oriental life. There is another portion which deserves special notice; this is the massive tower (H), approached by a broad staircase, which was the siggurat, or watch-tower and observatory, attached no doubt to the temple of the god Nin-Girsu, and which corresponds to the private mosque of wealthy Orientals. It will be seen, then, that the building has both a sacred and a secular character. It does not appear to have partaken much of the nature of a fortress, still it was not unguarded. The principal entrance was at M, where we see a wide passage flanked by guard-rooms. The main gateway, it will be seen, is flanked on either side by a series of pilasters or tores, which impart an appearance of great strength to the walls. Similar work is found in the Wuswas mound at Warka, and in the ruins of the sun temple at Sippara.

To the left of this opening, at N, is a long passage terminating in a cul-de-sac. This was probably, as M. de Henzey suggests, a shelter for the guard of the main gateway, such as are found to this day in the palaces of Persia. Such was the abode of royalty of the great "priest-king" Gudea, who over four thousand years ago exercised dominion and judgment over the people of Chaldea. In the ruins of this edifice and in the adjacent mounds the explorer found an astonishing number of memorials of this great ruler, and of the kings who preceded him, showing by them most clearly the power and culture of the empire, and affording undisputable proof of the vast antiquity we must assign to the beginnings of Chaldean civilization. Among the objects found were ten statues, some of them a little less than life size, others smaller, nine inscribed with memorials of Gudea, and one of an earlier monarch—Urbahu.

These figures are beyond doubt the

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SHELLS ENGRAVED.

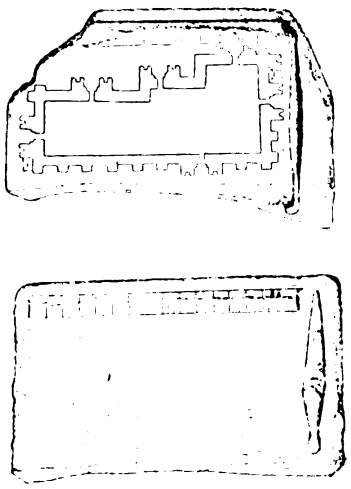
most astonishing examples of Asiatic art yet discovered. They are carved out of green diorite, one of the hardest of stones, and every detail of dress or decoration is cut with the most minute care, and the characters of the long inscriptions are as carefully engraved, and as free from primitive or archaic forms, as if they had been cut in the days of Nebuchadnezzar the Great, B.C. 606.

I have placed these two figures together because of the difference in attitude, which, though it may seem a matter of little importance at first, is now known to be of great archæological and historical interest. It will be seen that in his statue Urbahu is represented as standing with hands across the breast, while in the second statue Gudea is represented seated, with folded hands holding a broad board or tablet on his knees. The period between these two statues cannot be accurately stated, but it is probably not so much as a century. In the first the workmanship is by no means inferior, while in the second it exhibits a most astonishing degree of finish. To understand the difference between the two statues we must examine the inscriptions cut upon each. The first figure has an inscription in six columns, relating to the building of the temples of Nin-Kharsag—"the lady of the mountain"—and Nin-Girsu and other gods in the city of Girsu or Telloh, by Urbahu, the priest-king of Sippara. The first column gives the name and titles of the king. "To the god Nin-Girsu, the powerful warrior of the god Ellila, Urbahu, the priest-king of Sippara, the offspring begotten of the god Ninagal, chosen by the immutable will of the goddess Nina, endowed with power by the god Nin-Girsu, named with a favorite name by the goddess Bau, endowed with intelligence by the god En Ki" (Ea, the god of wisdom). The inscription then describes the building of the edifice with bricks and earth, but makes no mention of stone or other material; and it is evident, then, that the buildings were of the ordinary Chaldean brick temple type.

The second inscription is one of great length, containing three hundred and thirty-six lines of writing, divided into nine columns. The opening lines of the inscription read as follows: "In the temple of Nin-Girsu, his king Gudea, the

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priest-king of Sippara, who the temple of Eninnu has built." The prince then calls himself the "shepherd chosen by the unchangeable will of the god Nin-Girsu, who had chosen him as the faithful shepherd of the land, and among the tribes of men had established his power." We now come to the most important portion of the inscription, that which describes the sources from which the royal builder obtained the material for his great work. He states that for this work "the god Nin-Girsu had opened the ways for him from the sea of the highlands," that is, the Persian Gulf, "as far as the mountains of Amanum," that is, Mount Amanus, in North Syria. The commercial horizon which the inscription shows is a very wide one for so early a period. On the south the Persian Gulf; on the east the land of Ansan--the plain of Mal-Amir—afterwards the kingdom of Cyrus, in southwestern Persia; on the north the land of Menua, or western Armenia, and the Amanus range, Syria, or the land of Martu, the Amurri, or Amorites, of Tel-el-Amarna tablets; on the west, however, the regions laid under contribution by the pious king are even more interesting. In the inscription we read, "From the mountains of the land of Magan, a hard stone he has imported; for his statue he has caused it to be cut." The land of Magan is proved clearly by many inscriptions to be the Sinaitic peninsula--the Mafka or "turquoise land" of the Egyptians. In the Assyrian geographical lists it is called "the land of copper and the blue stone" (turquoise). Here, then, we have a trade intercourse between the land of Chaldea and the peninsula of Sinai as early as B.C. 2800. By what means was it carried out? A still further astonishing fact is recorded by another statue inscription: "To the country of Magan [Sinai], Mahaghahah, and the country of Gubi, and the country of Nituk, which possesses every kind of tree, vessels to be laden with all sorts of trees for Sippara I have sent." Here, then, we see at once that there was a sea trade between Chaldea and the peninsula of Sinai—by way of the Persian Gulf and the circumnavigation of Arabia. If we examine the route as indicated by these names, we can see at once its importance. Nituk was the Dilmun of the Assyrians, perhaps Bundir Delim, now part of the Delta, but more probably, I think, as suggested by Sir Henry Rawlinson, the island of Bahrein in the Persian Gulf. Gubi or Gubin is the place from which hard woods were obtained. It is impossible not to see here the Egyptian Qebti or Coptos on the Nile, easily approached from the Red Sea by the short route from Kosseir. This route through the Wady Hammamat is one of the oldest trade routes in the world, and used to the present day. Coptos was the



PLANS OF THE KNEES OF THE SITTING STATUE OF GUDEA.

starting-point of the route, and the emporium where the upper Nile products of African goods, etc., were gathered, as shown by the inscriptions of Una (Dyn. VI.) and Hannu (Dyn. VII.?) which describe expeditions in these regions. To the Chaldean traders, Qebti or Gubi on the Nile would be the source of the products, rather than the small port on the Red Sea where they embarked them. From the terminus of the route on the sea-shore to Magan or Sinai was a short sail, and here the vessels would be loaded with the famous hard stones diorite and porphyry. The land of Mahaghahah is a little difficult to identify, and was in all probability, as it was the land from which gold dust was obtained, the region to the northeast and east of Syria, afterwards the kingdom of Midian. At a later period it seems to have embraced much of the country between Sinai and the south of Palestine as far as the Wady-el-Areesh, the River of Egypt. The inscription very clearly proves not only the existence of a trade, but also shows the route by which it was carried on. It is evident, as the statue of

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ANOTHER STATUE OF GUDEA.

Urbahu was executed in diorite, that the trade was open in his time, but it had not apparently attained to so high a development as in the time of his successor. Of its establishment there can be now no doubt.* The mention of the cutting of the stone, apparently for statues in large quantities, indicates that the Chaldeans were in possession of the mines in the peninsula of Sinai which had been worked for many centuries by the Egyptians—indeed, since their conquest in the early pyramid age by Senefru, the father of Khufu (Cheops), who claims in his inscription in the Wady Magharah, the title of "the vanquisher of the foreign people," from whom he had taken the mines.

The expeditions of Gudea, it is important to notice, coincide with the dark period, and therefore probably an epoch of weakness, which exists in Egypt's story between the sixth and twelfth dynasties (B.C. 3166–2466, Brugsch).*

It is not a mere conjecture that Egypt and Chaldea were in connection at this period, or that the meeting-place was Sinai, for there are other instances of this curious interchange of balance of power. To consider these in detail would be beyond the scope of this article. Yet they may be briefly described. In B.C. 3800 Naram Sin and Sargon claim to have conquered Sinai; and apparently, as the tablets of the Woolf expedition, now in the museum at Philadelphia, indicate, also to have invaded Lower Egypt. In about B.C. 3700 Senefru claims to have driven away "the foreign people" in possession of the mines of Sinai. Between the sixth and twelfth dynasties there is a period of weakness in Egypt, a period of prosperity in Chaldea, and Gudea works the mines of Sinai. In B.C. 2280 Chaldea is invaded by the Elamites; shortly after this southern Palestine is in the possession of the Elamite and Chaldean allies (Gen. xiv.), and Lower Egypt in the possession of the Hyksos princes. Indeed, all through ancient Oriental history we may trace this constant oscillating of the balance of power between Egypt and the dominant kingdom of Mesopotamia.

Having now obtained an undoubted historical connection between Egypt and Chaldea, I return to the comparison of the two statues.

The first, I have already described. In the second we have the same costume, but a new attitude. The figure is seated on a throne, with folded hands, the usual Chaldean conception of rest and satisfaction. The attitude at once calls to mind the famous statue of Kephren in the museum of Gizeh, as well as the statues of Menkara and Userenra, also pyramid kings. It

* Additional proof of this is afforded by the number of engraved shells found at Telloh, most of which are of species found in the Arabian and Ur sea. Shell engraving and the importation of Arabian and Indian shells into Egypt began very early, for Professor Lazec has an engraved shell of Indian or South Arabian type with the cartouch of Usertesen I., of the XIIth Dynasty, engraved upon it.

* In this article I have adopted for Egyptian history the chronology of D. Brugsch, as it seems to me at least to have a scientific basis, though at present it is difficult to decide on any fixed system.

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BRICK PILLARS, PALACE OF GUDEA.

is interesting to note that all are carved out of the same material, taken from the quarries of Sinai. This circumstance, it may be thought at first, is a mere accident, but there are stronger reasons for ascribing a direct influence to the teaching of Egyptian sculptors, probably those of the school of Sinai.

On the knees of the statue is a plan of a building, of which King Gudea here represents himself as the architect. This plan, as will be seen, represents, apparently, a small temple or fortified building. Beside the tablet is the trier or graver with which the plan was drawn, and on the edge of it a bevelled and graduated scale. This scale is most important for my argument. It has been carefully measured by the most accurate of mathematicians, Professor Flinders Petrie, and it works out to a cubit of 20.63, the Egyptian cubit, and not the Babylonian cubit of 21.6, and the statue itself is found to be worked to this scale—a manifest proof of the influence of Egyptian teachers.

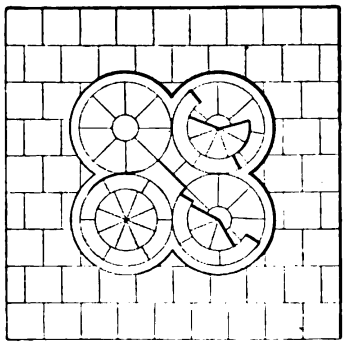
The placing of the plan on the knees of the statue is again remarkable, and seems to me to show undoubted Egyptian influence. The name of Gudea means, in Semitic Assyrio-Babylonian, the prophet, or "the deliverer of judgment." The god Nabu, or Nebo, from whom the king derives his name, corresponded to the Egyptian Tehuti, or Thoth, "the measurer," the scribe of the gods. Although Thoth was the measurer or weigher, he was not the god of mathematics and science; these duties fell to the god I-em-hotep, or Imonthis, the son of Ptah, who was identified by the Greeks with Æsculapius, who is always represented as seated with a papyrus spread out on his knees, in exactly the attitude given to Gudea in this statue. And it is as the architect, the mathematician, that he appears in this group. The attitude, the scale, the source of material, seem to me undoubtedly the result of a close contact with the artistic schools of Egypt.

The lack of stone in Chaldea, and the limitation thus to constructions capable of execution in brick, rendered the use of columns very rare, and, even when employed, either of wood or of small size. Nevertheless, to our astonishment, in one of the mounds within the enclosure of Telloh, M. de Sarzec discovered the remains of two massive columns constructed entirely of brick-work. These columns have a thickness of 1.80 metres (about

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5 ft. 6 in.) in thickness at the base, and must, therefore, have been of considerable height.

The system of construction is one which shows great technical skill and mathematical accuracy. The mode of building is in two courses: 1. One round brick forming the core, round which radiate eight triangular bricks hollowed out at the points. 2. Eight triangular bricks of which the points join in the centre of the column, surrounded by a band of curved bricks. By the alternation of



SECTION OF BRICK PILLARS, PALACE OF GUDEA.

courses and the combination of the four columns in one, a massive structure is obtained. Here, I think, we may see the very successful attempt of a people not acquainted with columns to reproduce that which they had seen in another land, where this style of architecture was largely employed. In what other land could they have seen it in a higher development than Egypt?

It would seem to me that four-membered papyrus columns were the model which they were attempting to reproduce.

Having considered the main points of the history and architecture of this ancient Chaldean city, it may be well to study some of the features of the religion, and especially that of the local god, Nin-Girsu.

Almost every object on which Gudea inscribes his name contains a dedication to Nin-Girsu. He is called "the king of weapons, the great warrior of Ellila." He is therefore, as the son of Ellila—the lord of ghost-land—"the older Bel" of the Assyrio-Babylonian creed, identified with Adar or Ninip or Uras, the war-god. But when the older creed of the Sumirian population of Babylonia was reformed on the basis of a solar creed, many curious identifications were made. The inscriptions and monuments from Telloh enable us, however, to ascertain beyond doubt the nature of this god. The name Nin-Girsu means simply "the piercer of the mass," or flesh, and to him the curious cones, so many of which are found on the site, were dedicated. I have already said that the name of the city Sippara means the city of the "bright flame," and in a mythological tablet in the British Museum one of the sons of Ellila is "the lord of the bright flame." In many of the inscriptions from Telloh the god Nin-Girsu is associated with "the lord of the wood of life." Taking all these points together, there is no difficulty in identifying, as I did many years ago, Nin-Girsu with "the fire-god," and "the god of the fire-stick"—in fact, the Prometheus of Chaldea—and therefore Sippara becomes the Pyropolis or fire-city of Chaldea. I would here make a suggestion (it is but a suggestion) that Nin-Girsu was the upper or revolving fire-stick—the piercer of the flesh, or robber—the Arani of the Vedas—who draws the hidden fire from the gis-zida, or "wood of life"—the lower stick in which it lies hidden. To see this process, compare the fire-stick found by Mr. Petrie at Medum.

The figures given on the opposite page afford ample proof of this. The attitude of the god holding in his hand the cone is exactly that assumed by a person using the fire-stick. Beside this is a figure of the fire-god found at Khorsabad, the palace of Sargon II. (B.C. 722); no further demonstration is needed.

The association of the fire-god with the city of Gudea is of great importance from an archæological point of view. To explain this, I will quote a hymn to the fire-god from a ballad in the British Museum:

"The fire-god, the prince who is mighty in the land.
The warrior, the son of the deep who is high in the land.
O fire-god, by thy pure fire,
In the house of darkness thou makest light;
Thou determinest the destiny of all that is called by name;
Of bronze and lead thou art the weigher;
Of silver and gold thou art the benefactor;
Thou art he that turnest away the breast of the evil man at night."

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GOD OF THE FIRE-STICK

This hymn, it will be seen, associates the fire-god with the working of metals, and it is therefore not surprising that we find some fine specimens of metal-work in the excavations at Telloh. These examples show the skill which the Babylonians had attained at so early an age. The knowledge of bronze-casting must have been attained very early, as we find it referred to in the hymns, where the man purified of sin is said to shine like "bronze poured out of the crucible." The work of the age of Gudea shows considerable advance on primitive work, for it is chased, and has been inlaid with gold in the decorations of the dress, as shown by two statues of Nin-Girsu in the British Museum. The little figures here given belong to an age very much more remote, and were found in the lowest strata of the ruins, with monuments of so archaic a character as to necessitate their being placed at a period as remote as at least B.C. 4000. With these discoveries I shall deal later on. The early metal-working here is most interesting, as throwing so much light upon the Hebrew legend of civilization as contained in Genesis iv., where the working of bronze and iron-working are attributed to Tubal-Cain (iv. 22). Iron is not mentioned in these early inscriptions, or gold, except in the form of gold dust.



FIGURE OF NIN-GIRSU, THE FIRE-GOD.



ARCHAIC FIGURES.

There is a very valuable passage relating to the metals in the inscription upon the large statue. Here the king, speaking of his statue, says, "Of this statue, neither in silver, nor in copper, nor in tin, nor in bronze, let any one undertake the execution." The separate mention of bronze, tin, and copper indicates clearly the knowledge of the combination of the latter two to make the first. The statue is only to be made of hard stone, and is to be placed in the place of libations.

It is now time to deal with the question as to who were the people who carried out these great works, and spread the learning and wisdom of Chaldea from the Tigris to the borders of Egypt, and to learn something of the social life of the period.

Language is not to be taken as a test of race; although, as Professor Sayce re-

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RACIAL TYPES.

marks, it separates man by a great barrier from the lower animals, it does not serve to separate one race of mankind from another. The confusion between racial similarity and linguistic affinity has been one of the most fruitful causes of error. They may coincide, and often do, and where such a coincidence does occur, it is of the highest value; but their agreement is not a thing of necessity.

In the case of the inhabitants of Sippara, it will be well to begin with the linguistic affinities. The language of the cuneiform inscriptions on the statues and bricks from the city is an agglutinative one, allied to the language of the early Elamite population and the proto-Median dialect of the people of Ansan, its modern affinities being found in the Agro-Finnic and Tartar dialects, while, as Drs. Terrien de Laconferie and Ball have shown, there is a distinct linguistic relationship between these primitive tongues and the language of early China: that introduced by the Bak tribes—the so-called Hundred Families. Linguistically, their position is not difficult to define, as belonging to the Tartar branch of the Turanian family.

We will now examine such racial types as the monuments afford us, and endeavor to see to what extent they agree with the evidence of language. The type of the first face shown above would be at once classed as of the Turanian branch, and resembles exactly the type of the Elamites of the monuments and the Tartars of Central Asia. Above all, we have the turban, a most characteristic feature. The second head is more difficult to class, owing to its being shaved. It is manifestly that of a gallic or priest, and should, I think, be classed also as belonging to the same family; it is certainly not Semitic. In the older monuments, such as the stela of the vultures, we get, as far as the archaic work will admit an identification, a Turanian and very Chinese or Mongol type, and even faint traces of the pigtail.

There is therefore an undoubted agreement between the ethnographical and linguistic evidence in classing this primitive population of Chaldea as belonging to the Tartar or Mongol branch of the great Turanian family.

The social details of the life of the community as described in the inscriptions are of the greatest value, as they indicate a primitive organization such as monuments have not before afforded us access to. The Babylonian and Assyrian religious texts had made us familiar with the fact that the creed of Turanian primitive Chaldea was a religio-magic similar to that of Shamans of Tartary, but no historical or contemporary evidences of the actual existence of such a creed were forth-coming. The inscriptions of Telloh show, however, that this weird religion still held its position in the days of Gudea, although the spirits had become gods, and the temple replaced the tent of the medicine-man. When Gudea ascended the

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throne, he says, "then the city he made pure, he cleansed it." When he laid the foundation of the temple and deposited the record, "the callers of demons, the seers of spirits, the charmers, the wives of muttering [witches] from the city he drove out. Whoever went not willingly, by the soldiers was expelled." This shows us clearly the primitive age we have to deal with. The solemn act of the king must be interfered with by no muttered charm or magician's spell. No evil eye must be cast upon the work. The king then describes the great period of peace which he had chosen for the work of building the temple. "No malevolent influences existed, no death had taken place, no female mourner had caused her lamentation to be heard, the plaintiff to place of the oath had not gone, no robber to the house of a man had entered." It was a time of peace; "a fortunate day at the commencement of the year." A calendar which I published some years ago showed how this superstition as to lucky and unlucky days affected every detail of primitive Babylonian life, and no doubt Gudea had examined every sign and omen before undertaking his pious work.

We have now the record of a most curious custom—a species of public holiday. "Penalties I have remitted, gifts I have given. For seven days service was not exacted. The female slave has been made the equal of her mistress, the male slave the equal of his master. The chief of his vassal has been made the equal." This curious week of communal life is of great interest, as it must be the survival of a very primitive age indeed. It is, however, manifestly the same as the festival of the Sakœa, mentioned by Berossus, "when for five days the masters should obey their servants." It is to be noted here that the female slave is mentioned along with her mistress, and before the male slave and his master. One of the most interesting and characteristic features of this early civilization of the Babylonians was the high position of women. The mother here is always represented by a sign which means "the goddess of the house"; any sin against the mother, any repudiation of the mother, was punished by banishment from the community. These are facts which are evidently indicative of a people who had at one time held the law of matriarchal descent. In the hymns we find in the Sumirian version "female and male" the order, while in the Semitic texts it is "male and female." Another example of the equality of women of a most interesting character is afforded by this passage. Speaking of the offerings to his statue, the king says, "The house where there is no son the *daughter* with new (?) offerings has entered, before the face of the statue she has placed them." This freedom once accorded to women in the primitive times was never withdrawn entirely, and thus in the later Babylonian times we find women exercising almost equal rights with the men. This high position of woman in the community is another very distinct mark of the Turanian character of this early people, and has been noticed as still surviving among the tribes of Central Asia by Professor Vámbéry.

The whole characteristic of this early community as revealed in the inscriptions of Gudea is one of peace and plodding, self-improvement with no aggressive elements. Only one war is recorded, and that is against the national foe, the land of Ansan, afterwards the Elamite kingdom. From the earliest times, earlier even than the days of Gudea, the Elamite was the born foe of the people of Chaldea, and between them there was a never-ceasing border feud. How truly a hereditary antipathy this was may be seen when the old native war becomes the national epic. Khumbaba, the old storm-god—the everlasting enemy of the solar hero—is transformed into Khumbaba the Elamite. The one war of Gudea is described as "By arms the city of Ansan in the land of Elam he has conquered, its sports to the god Nin-Girsu he has consecrated."

The statues of Gudea, besides their artistic value, had a curious religious position. They were placed in the temple as an everlasting representation of the king, always to be before the god and remembered by him. Certain offerings were instituted, "of food, beer, oil, and meal," and under a severe penalty these were not to be revoked. In another place we read Gudea unto the statue has given a command, "to the statue of my king speak thou." The statue was really an embodiment of the king, even in the temple; it was like the Egyptian *Ka* statue inhabited by the spirit of the king, and fed by the *Ka* offerings made to it. The statue was a most sacred object, to be pro-

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tected by all the laws of ancestor-worship, for thus the king speaks regarding it: "Whoever shall transgress my judgments, revoke my gifts, or in the recitation of my prayers shall suppress my name and insert his own," then shall he be cursed with a bitter curse.

"Like an ox shall he be slain in the midst of his prosperity.

"Like a wild bull shall he be felled in the fulness of his strength.

"As for his throne, may those even whom he has bound captive overthrow it in the dust!

"His name in the temple of his god may they erase from the tablets!

"May his god upon the ruin of his country not look!

"May he ravage it with the rains from heaven!

"May he ravage it with the waters of the earth!

"May he become a man without a name!

"May his princely race be reduced to slavery!

"May this man, as every man who acted evilly to his chief under the vault of heaven, in no city find a resting-place!"

Such was the great excommunication pronounced against any who injured the royal statue. It is interesting to find this curse already formulated as early as B.C. 2800, for it is the same as the curse which appears on all the kudurri or boundary stones until quite late. For in Chaldea cursed indeed was he who removed his neighbor's landmark.

I have now described the principal features of the art and civilization of the age of Gudea. Its high standard is beyond doubt, and far distant, as it is nearly forty-eight centuries ago; its progress indicates long centuries of previous development—centuries of toiling, plodding human beings, each adding its quota to build up this stage of the great learning and wisdom of Chaldea. Have we no trace of this far-distant, primitive age?

First, we must consider the few inscriptions of an age immediately preceding that of Gudea. Of these we have already mentioned the inscriptions of Urbahu. In addition to these are the inscriptions of Dungi, his successor; these are chiefly confined to small amulet tablets of black stone which bear the inscription, "For the lord Nin-Girsu, the powerful warrior of Ellila, for his king Dungi, the powerful hero-king of Ur, king of Sumir and Akkad, the temple of Eninnu, his favourite temple, has built." The importance of this inscription is in the statement of the fact that about a century or so before this time, the kings of Ur, about thirty miles distant, held sway over Sippara, and that at this early period Babylonia was divided into the two provinces of Sumir and Akkad, or North and South Babylonia.

It is now time to describe some discoveries which carry us back to a very remote antiquity. In one angle of the palace (X), at a considerable depth, the explorer came upon the remains of an older palace, the walls of which ran some considerable distance beyond the building of Gudea, and were manifestly the remains of a much older edifice. The bricks were larger than those of Gudea, and are inscribed with the names of Urbahu. So this was the older palace. Still more astonishing was the discovery that this wall terminated in a small stepped brick *pyramid*, a form of construction hardly expected in Babylonia.

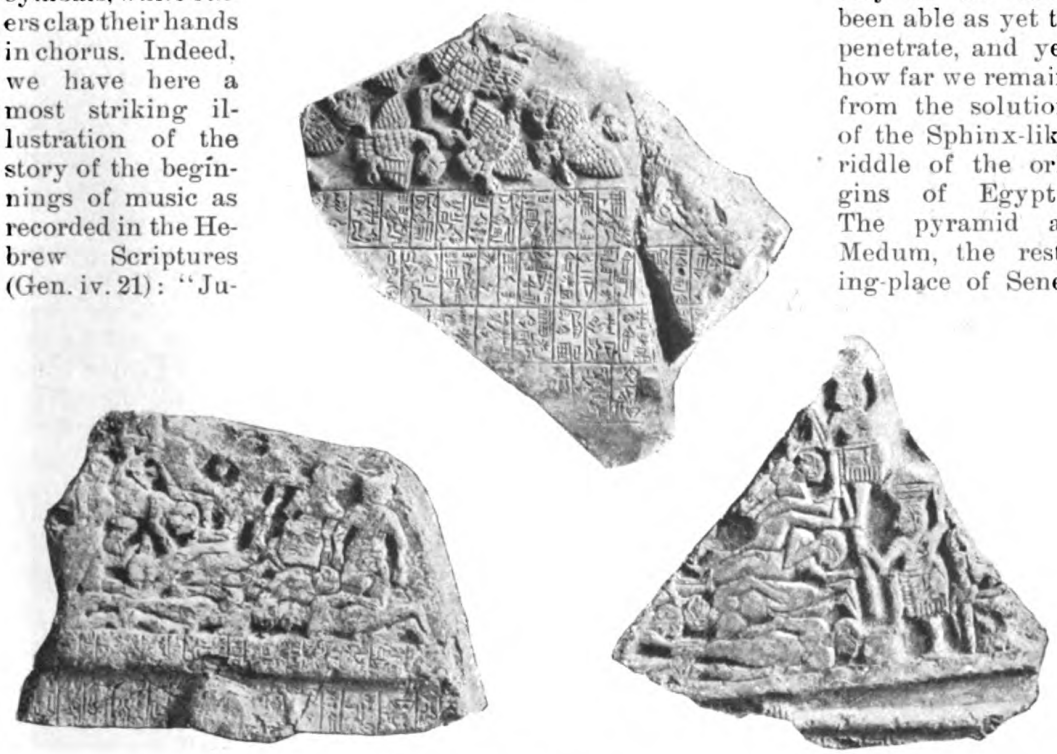
In other portions of the mounds discoveries were made of monuments of a far more archaic type, indicating an occupation of the site at a very early period. The most important of these is the stela of the vultures. Here we see the battle-field with the slain, the burial of the dead in a huge tumulus, and the vultures tearing limb from limb the carcasses of the slain. The work is of the most strangely archaic type, differing greatly from the work of the age of Gudea.

It is on paleographical grounds that we are best able to ascertain approximately the date of these remarkable monuments. The earliest records of which we know the date are the mace-head and seals of Sargon of Agade, B.C. 3800. In these remarkable antiquities we have the writing already assuming the wedge shape, whereas in these inscriptions it is distinctly linear, and the art of the seals is far in advance of that of the sculptures. There is little doubt that we must assign these monuments to an age prior to that of the great Semitic hero, King Sargon, therefore certainly to a period of some four thousand years before our era.

Yet even at that remote age civilization was not in its childhood. We have already seen how, in the age of Gudea, the arts of utility, metal-working, sculpture,

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weaving, etc., had attained considerable development, so these earlier monuments show us that the arts of pleasure, at least music, had been introduced. In the sculpture shown on page 204, belonging to the archaic age, we have the earliest representation known of the harp, more archaic than those of Egypt, yet in no way to be mistaken. In the upper tier we have men with pipes and cymbals, while others clap their hands in chorus. Indeed, we have here a most striking illustration of the story of the beginnings of music as recorded in the Hebrew Scriptures (Gen. iv. 21): "Jubal was the father of all such as handle the harp and pipe." In the inscriptions of Gudea, the flute-player who took part in the magic incantations is frequently mentioned.



FRAGMENTS OF THE STELA OF THE VULTURES.

Such is the art, the civilization, we encounter in the earliest stages of Chaldean history, a civilization primitive, archaic, but still representing the growth of centuries. More rude in its art and its writing than those of the land of Egypt, it is nevertheless, like them, an unsolved problem.

We read in the inscriptions of Chaldea on the border-lands of Egypt, possibly even in possession of Lower Egypt, prior to the age of Senefru. The question naturally arises, is there any trace of a primitive relationship, perchance common source, for these old-world civilizations?

The problem of the origin of Egyptian civilization is one which has exercised the minds of the greatest scholars; and yet, to quote the words of Professor Petrie, all that has been done only tends to show us "how vastly our information must be increased before the problems are solved." The explorations of Professor Petrie at Medum carried us as near the threshold of Egyptian history as we have been able as yet to penetrate, and yet how far we remain from the solution of the Sphinx-like riddle of the origins of Egypt! The pyramid at Medum, the resting-place of Senefru, the father of Khufu, differs, however, from the later or greater works in that it is clearly but an elaboration of the older *Mastaba* tomb, and, like the stepped pyramid at Sakkarah, belongs to the beginning of the pyramid age. At the foot of the Medum pyramid was found the small perfect temple erected for the worship of the *Ka* of the "thrice blessed Homs Senefru," possibly the oldest temple in the world.

The most important discoveries, however, were in the tombs of the great necropolis around the pyramid of Medum. These tombs of Ra-hotep and his wife Nefert, and of Nefer-mat and his wife, by their richly painted walls, picture to us with vivid detail the life of the age of Senefru. The arts are far advanced. Painting, sculpture, weaving, pottery-mak-

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FRAGMENT OF A BASS-RELIEF.

ing, had all been long known and developed. Everything indicated that Egyptian civilization had been long in the land, and there is scarcely a trace of a primitive age. And yet we were not wholly without a glimpse of such an age.

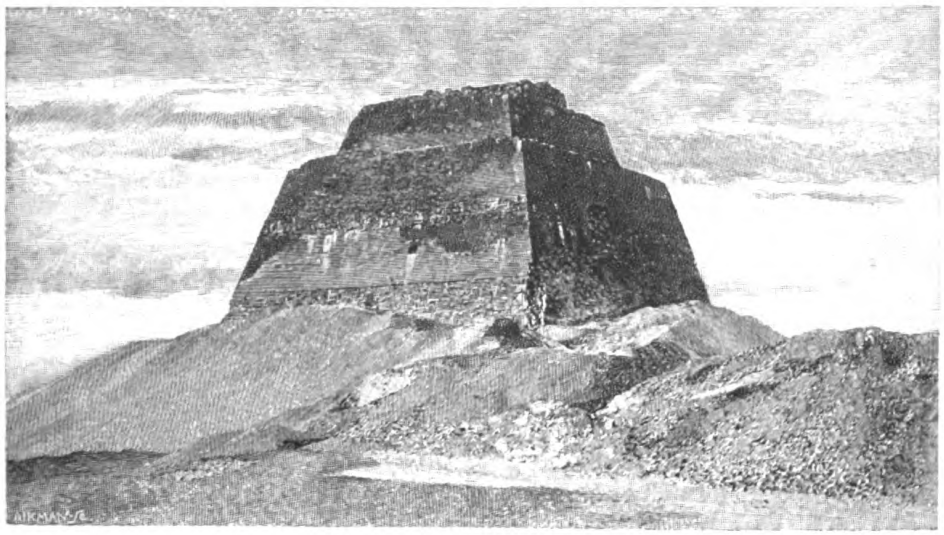
The studies of Virchow and other ethnologists have proved that the dynastic Egyptian was a member of the white race, the reddish tint given to the males being merely attributed to sunburn. He may be said to be of the type of the Europo-Asian whites. In the tombs of dynastic Egyptians at Medum, buried along with them and not in a lower strata, Professor Petrie found burials of a totally distinct type from that of the mummified Egyptians, with every indication of a lower and savage type. The interments were without any trace of mummification—the bodies placed in the tombs without any covering, and with the knees crouched up to the chin, and only some coarse earthenware vessels placed in the tombs instead of the funeral furniture. These evidently represented the older aboriginal race, which was rapidly being obliterated or absorbed by the higher-type ruling Egyptian. These skeletons, now in the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, have been examined by Dr. Garston, who shows them to be of a distinctly negro type. So this was the race whom the Egyptians replaced. Ancient tradition pointed to the "divine land" of Punt, or Arabia Felix, as the home from which the gods Hathor and Ra had migrated to Egypt. In the coming of the gods we must see the advent of their worshippers. The region of Punt, the southwest point of Arabia and the opposite coast of Somali Land, was the land of the sacred incense and the persea trees, which Dr. Schweinfurth has shown were not indigenous to Egypt, but to South Arabia.

The tradition is most strikingly confirmed by the close resemblance in type between the inhabitants of Punt and the dynastic Egyptian.

An examination of the ancient hieroglyphics in the tombs at Medum, those beautiful miniatures of contemporary life, revealed two interesting facts. First, the wavy sign for water is always colored blue or black, evidently as indicating an acquaintance with the sea. Second, the sign for chancellor or high official is a cylinder seal attached by a cord, which, Professor Petrie thinks, indicates a connection with Chaldea.

We have seen how in the age of Gudea there was a connection by sea between Egypt and Chaldea. In a still earlier age the centre of culture in Babylonia was the holy city of Eridugga—the Eridu of the Semites, the seat of the worship of Ea—the god of the sea, of ships and sailors. From Eridu at that remote age ships went forth on the Persian Gulf, and no doubt coasted the shores of Arabia.

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PYRAMID OF MEDUM.

One of the most remarkable features of the worship of Eridu was that of the son of Ea, called the "protector of good men." Here he had his sacred tree in the temenos (sacred land) of Eridu, and from beneath which flowed the river of life, and here he was worshipped under the name of Asari. The earliest settlement of Egyptians in the Nile Valley was at Teni, in the immediate neighborhood of Abydos. Abydos was the tomb of Osiris; here was his sacred grove and spring, and his divine name was Ausar. The Egyptian name is written with two signs, eye and chair, and the Chaldean name Asari is written exactly the same. Such a similarity cannot be the result of a mere chance coincidence.

Dr. Fritz Hourmel, in an important paper before the last Oriental Congress in London, boldly proclaimed the Chaldean origin of Egyptian civilization. The evidence accessible does not seem to me to admit as yet of so sweeping an assertion. Rather, for the present, we must be content to say that in the remote period, before the pyramid age, in the fifth millennium before our era, there was a sea communication between Chaldea, Punt, Egypt, and Sinai, an interchange of the elements of civilization. There is a convergence of the lines of origin of the two great civilizations of antiquity, but as yet their point of meeting is lost in the haze of the past.

There remains but one other remark to make. The problem is unsolved, but its solution is not without hope. In the mounds of Chaldea, in the ruins of southern Arabia, the shores and islands of the Persian Gulf, in the primitive settlements of Egypt, are to be found the buried pages of the opening chapters of the history of civilization.

"A THOUSAND YEARS IN THY SIGHT."

BY ANNIE FIELDS.

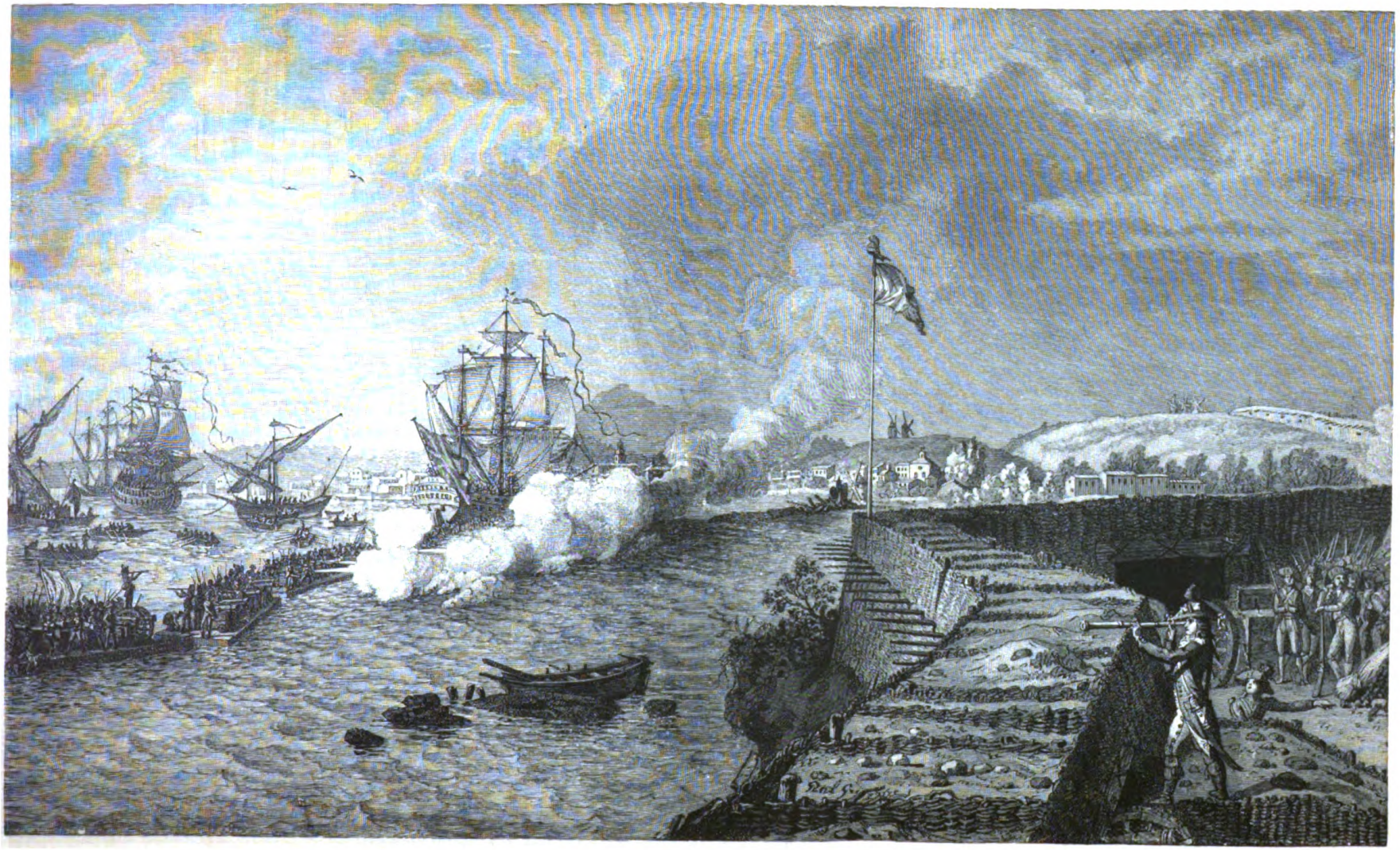
NEITHER joy nor sorrow move
The figure at the feet of Love;
Light of breathing life is she,
Spirit of immortality.

Lead me up thy stony stair,
O spirit, into thy great air!
For his day of pain and tears
Is to man a thousand years.

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NAPOLEON AT TOULON.

From a hitherto unpublished drawing by Paul Grégoire, in the possession of the French government.

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CAPTAIN NAPOLEON BONAPARTE AT TOULON.

BY GERMAIN BAPST.

IN the early days of September, 1793, France was attacked on every side, and a third of her provinces had rebelled against the government established at Paris, which enforced its supremacy by a *régime* carried on under a reign of terror. Among the provinces in open insurrection were all those of the south. An army corps invested Lyons, while another, after subduing Marseilles, marched against Toulon. This unfortunate city had risen in revolt against the Convention at the same time as Lyons and Marseilles; when the authorities saw the Republican army, after taking Marseilles, direct its steps towards their walls, conscious of their guilt, and dreading the stern, inflexible vengeance of the government commissaries, they gave themselves up to the foreigner.

Rear-Admiral Trogoff and the municipal officers signed, in conjunction with Admiral Hood, commanding the English squadron in the Mediterranean, a treaty by which the town of Toulon, its arsenals, forts, and the French fleet, surrendered to his Britannic Majesty, who took possession of it. Once the English were inside Toulon, the town with its detached forts and continuous belt of bulwarks offered a formidable position to attack, and one of the most difficult to reduce. The invading army was far from being as large as the one which defended it.

The French forces were commanded by a chance general named Carteaux, who, after being a soldier, had, during a seven years' absence from the army, become in civil life a portrait-painter. His portraits, however, were indifferent works of art.

As a general, Carteaux was even worse than as a painter. He was ignorant of all strategy, and very narrow-minded; the whole of his talent consisted in possessing a physique which might have served as a model for a painter; with his well-adjusted white hair, his regular features, and pale complexion, his well-delineated eyebrows and long black mustaches, which contrasted with the whiteness of his skin, none better than he in the mythological fêtes of the day was able to impersonate the warrior-god Mars.

In marching upon Toulon his army came in collision with the British forces at a village called Ollioules. After a slight skirmish the Republicans were repulsed, and beat a hasty retreat. On learning of this defeat, Carteaux hastened to the assistance of his troops with fresh re-enforcements, and assuming the offensive, this time drove back the English and carried the village. In this action the officer at the head of the artillery was so seriously wounded that he was unable to continue his service for a long time. The accident proved a sad loss to the besieging army, which was thus deprived of the man commanding its principal arm on the very eve of constructing the batteries. Carteaux's ignorance was such that he was little affected by this mishap; but the two representatives of the people commissioned to follow the army were deeply concerned as to the consequences. On the same day they despatched Adjutant-General Cervoni to Marseilles to ascertain if he could not find in that town some artillery officer of distinction to whom might be intrusted the chief command of the siege batteries before Toulon. Cervoni, while strolling through the streets of the town, met with a captain of artillery who was, like himself perambulating the same thoroughfares. This captain was a Corsican and a compatriot; his name was Napoleon Bonaparte. He was a short, well-proportioned man, with extremely thin dark hair, who wore a long cocked hat, not *en bataille*, or frontwise, as represented in the pictures, but lengthwise (*i. e.*, one corner forward and the other behind), and, what was most peculiar, it had two black ribbons which, while the tips floated in the wind, were adjusted in a knot so as to hold the two rims of the corners together. His coat was blue with velvet facings; his trousers were broad, and buttoned on each side of the leg from waist to ankle, a kind of garment then called a charivari or a sur-culotte; he had on small boots with yellow leather tops, and was covered all over with the dust of the road along which he had been walking; for he had just arrived from Avignon, whither he had escorted a convoy of ammunition, and was on his way to Nice. Cervoni thought that Bonaparte would be just the man so much wanted by the members

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of the National Convention delegated to watch over the movements of the army before Toulon. Bonaparte appeared very young; he was only twenty-four years of age; but it was stated that, a month before, the Republican army was on the point of beating a retreat in front of Avignon, when he with two field pieces and eighty men bombarded the town in the rear so effectively that the inhabitants and Federal troops were overcome with fright, and, convinced that they had been betrayed, abandoned the place to the Republicans, who entered victorious, thanks to the boldness and foresight of Captain Bonaparte.

Cervoni invited the captain to enter a café; Bonaparte accepted, and the two men had a chat over a bowl of punch. The young captain doffed his hat, so that his features were lighted up by the blue flame of the liquor; his complexion was sallow and his head large, measuring as it did twenty-three inches round. If the size of the skull was large, the space between the two cheek-bones was enormous. The hair grew low on the forehead; the well-arched brows disclosed large eyes, sharp as steel, cold, clear, and piercing; the aquiline nose was of the most delicate shape, the lower lip strong and receding, while the chin and the jaws were as well developed as the skull. Later on Bonaparte lost his front hair, and at the age of thirty had a "giant brow which thought bowed down." At that time his looks half recalled Cæsar, and half the head of an eagle. There was another noteworthy characteristic in his person: his hands were of the most dainty and aristocratic shape, and almost transparent; but he took little care of them then.

Cervoni proposed to Bonaparte that he should assume command of the guns belonging to the army investing Toulon, but the young captain declined, on account of the poor opinion he entertained respecting Carteaux. Bonaparte was of a superior intelligence, and he knew it. He had, in a measure, long ago secluded himself from everybody in order to give himself up wholly to study; by that means he had acquired considerable knowledge, and was even learned, and in his view of things this knowledge which he had gained must be turned to good account as soon as the opportunity should offer. Nor would such an opportunity be likely to fail him in a time of revolution such as then prevailed; but he chose rather to select the right occasion, when success and glory would reward the venture. He was therefore inclined at first to reject Cervoni's offer as not squaring exactly with the propitious opening he had so eagerly sought; but Cervoni returned to the charge, and insisted in such warm terms that Bonaparte finally consented, and the following day they started off together.

The first visit of the new commandant on reaching Ollioules, where the general headquarters were established, was to the representatives of the people, Salicetti and Gasparin, when they at once handed Bonaparte his commission as chief officer of the siege train. He then called on General Carteaux, a giant six feet high, all begilt and beplumed, who looked down on the little captain of artillery, with his sombre dress devoid of trappings and all threadbare. The general, however, invited Bonaparte to dine with him, and to be present afterwards at the conflagration of the entire British fleet. As soon as they had got through the meal, Carteaux sallied forth in great pomp with the two representatives, and led Bonaparte to a half-thrown-up battery where a few gunners were preparing some red-hot cannon-balls on a gridiron borrowed from a neighboring pothouse kitchen.

"Is that the battery with which you are going to burn the enemy's ships?" inquired Bonaparte.

"Yes, young man; wait a bit, and you'll see."

Bonaparte at once realized that anything he might say to demonstrate the absurdity of the attempt would fall short of the result itself, so he held his peace and awaited the first shot. The cannon-ball was fired, but instead of lodging among the shipping, it did not go half-way from the battery to the sea, and came down in a sandy soil, scattering a mound of dust. The representatives then saw that the battery, which might carry a projectile 400 fathoms, was firing by Carteaux's order at an object upwards of 1200 fathoms away. It was not by such means that the opposing forces could be destroyed, and the English might continue a long time to hold the sea and the roadstead of Toulon without any uneasiness.

Carteaux was himself convinced that something better might possibly be at-

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tempted. He thereupon summoned a council of war. Bonaparte, unfolding the maps, explained that Toulon having an extensive roadstead which communicated with the sea, the strength of the place lay in the support it received from the fleet occupying the roadstead, and able to introduce from the main all sorts of supplies in men, victuals, and ammunition; that in consequence the first aim of the besiegers should be to prevent those communications; Toulon, reduced to its own unaided efforts, and cut off from the open sea, would soon be forced to capitulate. Bending over the chart, and pointing out the culminating brow of a promontory which commanded the roadstead and the town, he insisted that that was the spot whereon a gigantic battery should be erected, with the double object of rendering the roadstead untenable and sweeping the front of the port and the outworks. Then raising his voice, he exclaimed, "C'est là qu'est Toulon!"—an elliptical phrase which literally signifies "Toulon is on that spot," while metaphorically it implied that Toulon would fall into the hands of those who held that commanding position. Carteaux, who had not understood a word in Bonaparte's chain of reasoning, said, in a low voice, to his neighbor, "That's a smart chap who doesn't know much about geography; he mistakes a mountain for a city." Carteaux had taken Bonaparte's exclamation in its literal sense. Fortunately, Gasparin and Salicetti had more lucidity of mind, and they at once asked Bonaparte to draw up a report, which they transmitted to Carnot in Paris, while they demanded the recall of Carteaux. Meanwhile the latter remained at the head of the army, which numbered little over 12,000 fighting men, with some ten large-sized pieces, to attack one of the most formidable strongholds of Europe. As on the following day Bonaparte eagerly pressed Carteaux to have the infantry occupy the position he had pointed out the previous evening for setting up the first battery, the general rejoined, "You may rest assured that when I think fit to dislodge the enemy, they will go." Do what he could, Bonaparte was unable to persuade his superior; and unfortunately the importance of occupying this point, which he had seen at a glance, became also apparent to the English, so that they took up a position on the height, and not being molested, were enabled in a very short time to erect a formidable fortress there, armed with masses of cannon. The place might have been carried by surprise before the existence of those works; now it was necessary to make a regular siege of the redoubt, a thing Bonaparte set about doing, as he received from Marseilles and Nice the large-sized guns he had demanded. The English at that time considered the position impregnable, so lavish had they been in accumulating the means of defence; they called it "Little Gibraltar," and said their general, Lord Wood, "If the French take my Little Gibraltar, well — I'll become a Jacobin like them."

Bonaparte's batteries soon attacked Little Gibraltar, which did not fail to reply, the advantage of position, numbers, and guns belonging to the English. One day the firing became terribly sharp. There were scarcely enough hands to work the pieces. Bonaparte was there. He took the sponge dropped by one of the gunners, whose legs had been shot away, and until dusk replaced the wounded man. The soldier whom he replaced had the itch, and the sponge Bonaparte handled gave him that disease, which he had a long time, and from which he still suffered when he was First Consul.

But Little Gibraltar was not the only point he assailed. Bonaparte threw up other batteries to reduce other forts. During the attacks and in the discussions at the council of war he did not fail to win such great authority that Carteaux one day grew jealous, and even complained of him to his wife. Madame Carteaux, who was fairly pretty, and more astute than her husband, replied: "Let that young man do his work; he knows more than you, asks for nothing, renders an account of everything to you. The glory remains for you. If he makes any mistakes, they will be imputed to himself." Carteaux turned the advice to good account, for every time Bonaparte opened a new battery the general wrote to the Convention that he alone had constructed these works, and in none of his reports is the name of the officer who planned and executed everything even once mentioned. Nor was Carteaux satisfied in leaving Bonaparte's name out of his reports. He sometimes destroyed by some blunder the whole effect of the work and combinations of the

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young officer. One day Bonaparte went to Marseilles for the purpose of choosing in the arsenal some large-sized pieces which he required for several new batteries. Carteaux availed himself of this temporary absence to disarm and abandon a position whence the artillery did the greatest harm to the enemy's fleet and prevented its vessels from leaving the basins of the fort. He alleged that the English floating-batteries and gun-boats were coming in great masses to storm this redoubt, and that too many lives were being sacrificed. In the evening Bonaparte learned the fact; he at once hastened round to see Gasparin the representative, convinced him, and certain of being sustained, caused all the guns and mortars to be replaced in position, and brought back the gunners to their post. Within forty-eight hours after, Bonaparte had the satisfaction of seeing those very guns disable or sink two English vessels. It is this battery, which was built on the edge of the harbor, that figures in the drawing accompanying this article. Commandant Bonaparte is represented in the act of estimating the strength of the attacking gun-boats and floating-batteries. This yet unpublished drawing was made during the siege of Toulon, by a young deaf-mute artist of the name of Paul Grégoire, who afterwards acquired a certain reputation at Lyons. To him should be ascribed the invention of a peculiar kind of velvet, which has since borne his name.

The demand that Carteaux should be recalled, which Gasparin renewed almost regularly at the same time that he transmitted to the famous Committee of Public Safety the reports and projects of Bonaparte, was finally well received. Unfortunately the committee sent another commander in his place, General Doppet, who was not a painter, like his predecessor, but a doctor. He had practised in the mountains of Savoy for many years, and earned the esteem of the inhabitants by his care and ministrations, so that when the national guards of Savoy had to elect their chief, they chose Doppet, and this was his first appearance as a soldier. If better instructed than Carteaux, he was no better acquainted with military matters. One day, without any one knowing why, a fight took place between the French outposts and the enemy's skirmishers. Re-enforcements arrived, and the action became general. Doppet, being apprised of the fact, ordered Bonaparte to direct the attack. The gunners had already driven back the foe, and were following up their advantage, when, just as they were about to storm Little Gibraltar and make themselves masters of the position, Doppet, at sight of one of his aides-de-camp who was killed near him, ordered the retreat. For the second time Little Gibraltar was lost by incompetency. Bonaparte, who was wounded, hastened, with his face covered with blood, towards the general-in-chief, and in a fit of anger exclaimed, in the presence of his whole staff, "The fool who ordered the retreat has lost us Toulon!"

Finally Doppet was in turn recalled, and the brave Dugommier sent to take command of the army, while a certain number of troops were told off to re-enforce the besiegers, whose battalions were thus doubled in a short time. In sending a new general-in-chief, a general of division, Jean Dutheil, was appointed commander of the artillery; he was an old man, in active service since 1747, a prey to the gout, but was not devoid of judgment. As he found nothing to gainsay in anything Bonaparte had done, he had the young officer appointed second in command to himself, and relied on him for all the services, so that Bonaparte retained the direction of the batteries. He caused fresh ones to be constructed, in order to divert the attention of the English, and even threw up one at pistol-shot from one of the most important forts, that of Malbousquet. The day this battery was unmasked it was swept by a dreadful fire from the enemy, and more than half the gunners had to be carried off dead or wounded. The following morning it was difficult to find men of good will to man the pieces. Bonaparte, noticing their hesitation, exclaimed, "Henceforth that raised work shall be called *la batterie des hommes sans peur*—the battery of the fearless ones. At once all the gunners rushed forward to be sent there; they had to be picked out. Bonaparte led them to their post, regulated the firing, and remained while the first shots were tried; then, having an order to dictate, he called for some one to act as secretary. A sergeant of infantry, who was in attendance with his picket, came forward; Bonaparte bid him

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sit down on the ground and write. The man had scarcely begun when a cannon-ball came along, casting up a heap of gravel over officer, sergeant, and paper; the sergeant shook himself, and laughing, said, "So much the better; we shall need no blotting-paper." Bonaparte asked the man his name: it was Junot, the future Duc d'Abrantès.

This battery proved a source of much annoyance to the English, who one morning rushed out upon it in large numbers, took it by storm, drove back the French, and spiked the guns. They were preparing to modify the épaulements so as to turn the works upon the Republicans, but the gunners in their flight raised the alarm on every side. Soon a column led on by Cervoni rushed forward to the attack in front, while Dugommier hastened to the rescue on the right flank; Bonaparte, who was more to the south, at a battery directed against Little Gibraltar, was no sooner made aware of the turn things had taken than he rallied all the men he could spare around him, and at once advanced on his side so as to take the English in the rear. The enemy were soon surrounded, and 1500 of them, among whom was General O'Hara, had to lay down their arms.

Night and day the work of investment went on, and the cannon did not cease an instant. But the young commander was exhausted; he scarcely found time to sleep. In the early days of the siege he was both commander of the artillery and chief engineer of the works of investment, personally attending to everything. Luckily within the fortnight Marescot had arrived and directed the miners; but the service of the guns remained exceedingly hard, for Bonaparte was not seconded.

At the back of the report on the service of the artillery drawn up by Bonaparte, under date of December 7 and 8, 1793, Division General Dutheil wrote the following:

"Citizen Minister, I cannot too often reiterate the need we have of superior officers. My comrade Bonaparte and myself will all the more easily succumb as I cannot mount a horse nor walk. My only resource now is to be carried into the batteries. So far all goes on well."

This letter has never been published. The original is preserved with the report in the archives of the War Office at Paris, in Bonaparte's own *dossier*, or file of papers, which is communicated to no one. It is a most significant document, inasmuch as it shows to those who have denied the important part taken by Bonaparte at the siege of Toulon, and that he directed the artillery all the time. Nor were Dutheil and Bonaparte alone overcome with fatigue. The representatives of the people also fell ill, and Gasparin died of prostration. Fréron, Barras, and the younger Robespierre were sent to replace him. The younger Robespierre soon realized that the success of the siege rested almost entirely with Bonaparte; henceforth he protected and upheld him against the envious and the ignorant, as Gasparin had done.

But it is time that we should finish with Toulon. On the 15th and 16th Bonaparte opened an uninterrupted fire from all the batteries surrounding Little Gibraltar upon that position, and on the morning of the 17th the French troops rushed to the assault, with Dugommier and Bonaparte at their head. The defence was a stubborn one. The English shot mowed down whole files of the French soldiery, but after three-quarters of an hour the Republicans entered on every side, and the garrison surrendered. During the fight Bonaparte was wounded by an English gunner, who drove a lance through his thigh, and he retained the mark of the wound all his life. When the post-mortem examination of his body was made at St. Helena, the traces of the wound received in his younger days were clearly visible. Bonaparte, who made sure that Little Gibraltar would be taken by storm, at once set about turning this advantage against the English. In the parallel surrounding that fort he accumulated sacks of earth, fascines, and gabions in large quantity, and in the reserve park of his batteries carefully stored thirty large-sized mortars with their charges and projectiles. He hoped in a few hours by means of his fascines and gabions to be able to convert Little Gibraltar from a battery of defence into a most terrible battery of mortars directed against the British squadron, which was still anchored at Toulon. The east wind blew violently, preventing the ships from leaving port and reaching the open sea. If the wind continued to blow for a few hours his platforms and parapets would be achieved, the mortars placed in

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position, and the enemy's vessels sunk by his incendiary bombs. He pressed on the work with impatient eagerness; but, alas, in less than an hour the wind changed, and the English clapped their hands. The sea was open to them; they could escape; and Bonaparte viewed with rage in his heart the vessels he hoped to destroy sail out of port before his eyes. As soon as the British generals and admirals at Toulon learned that Little Gibraltar was taken they decided to abandon the city.

On the 17th they withdrew their troops from all the forts and advanced works, and embarked on board their own vessels and on part of those in the port.

About five o'clock on the morning of the 19th the French battered down the gates of Toulon with axes and entered the town. A deathlike stillness had replaced the unwonted animation of the previous evening, with its crowds and harrowing scenes; so still, in fact, was the place that the Republicans thought they were invading a deserted city—a sort of Pompeii taken by storm. But soon the representatives of the people reached the town-hall, and their first care was to institute domiciliary visits and to begin the executions; these were numerous and horrible. Marshal Marmont, then a lieutenant of artillery, who witnessed the blood-curdling scenes, relates that Bonaparte was happy enough to wrest from death several of the wretches dragged before the military platoons.

On the morning of the 19th General Dutheil wrote the following letter* to the Minister of War:

"Toulon is in the hands of the Republic. The public voice will inform you what I must refrain from saying respecting the artillery, but I must tell you that there was not a soldier but was a hero, the officers setting them an example. I fail in expressions to depict the merit of Bonaparte. A great deal of science, as much intelligence, and too much bravery; such is a faint sketch of the virtues of this rare officer. It rests with you, Minister, to retain them for the glory of the Republic.

"THE GENERAL OF DIVISION."

The following day Napoleon Bonaparte was appointed General; but three years were yet to elapse before his genius found a field sufficiently ample to bring forth what was eventually known as Lodi, Castiglione, Arcola, and Rivoli.

After a lapse of twenty-five years, Napoleon, a prisoner on the rock of St. Helena, was at the point of death, and before leaving this world was fain to afford by his last will and testament a proof of gratitude, if not to those who patronized him in his youthful days, at least to their children or grandchildren.

On April 24, 1821, he dictated to the great Marshal Bertrand a codicil to his will, wherein it is said that he "bequeathed to the Lieutenant of Artillery Dutheil, great-nephew of his general at Toulon, a sum of 100,000 francs.

"2. To the son of General Dugommier, 100,000 francs. Under his orders we directed that siege, and commanded the artillery; it is a token of remembrance in return for the marks of esteem and affection which were shown us by that intrepid general.

"3. To the son of Deputy Gasparin, 100,000 francs, for having protected and sanctioned by his authority the plan we gave, and which resulted in the capture of that town. Gasparin by his influence sheltered us from the persecutions incident to the ignorance of the military staffs that commanded the army prior to Dugommier's arrival.

"4. One hundred thousand francs to the widow and grandson of Muiron" (one of the artillery officers he had had under his orders at Toulon, of whom he was very fond, and who was killed by his side at the bridge of Arcola).

Already when he was Emperor, without retaining any spite against Carteaux for his stupidity, at the death of the latter he had granted a pension of 6000 francs to his widow, and a like annuity to Robespierre's sister.

It is useless to state that all those who served beside him in that siege received, like Marmont and Junot, the title of duke, or a marshal's baton, or at least the stars of a division general.

This is interesting to recall, as it tends to prove, contrary to what has been written by certain authors—especially M. Taine, who failed to understand Napoleon's character and the nature of his genius—that Bonaparte knew how to remember, and that he never once forgot the services which others had rendered to him.

* This letter, like the preceding one, has never appeared in print; it is preserved in the archives at the War Department, which are not accessible to the public.

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THE DUTCH INFLUENCE IN NEW ENGLAND.

BY WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS.

FOUR years ago it was proposed by a cosmopolitan New-Englander, the Hon. S. R. Thayer, American Minister at the Hague, to erect at Delfshaven some durable memorial in recognition of Dutch hospitality to the Pilgrims while in Holland. In the ungracious criticism of a denominational newspaper it was intimated that the sons of the Pilgrims had no call to erect such a memorial anywhere in Holland. Such "hospitality" was unsuspected at the time, and it "has taken near two centuries and three-quarters to discover it."

The *condition* of a majority of the English refugees for conscience' sake in the Dutch land of liberty was one of poverty and obscurity. In England most of them had been farm laborers or mechanics. In Leyden the rank and file of John Robinson's congregation probably had little or nothing to do socially with the hundreds of other Englishmen—university students, merchants, military men—then dwelling also in "ye goodly and pleasante citie." Their settlement and church in Robinson's house along Clock Alley were modest enough, but one hundred and thirty-five English families were gathered in the other English church, Rev. Robert Durie pastor, whose house of worship was next door to their own. We have read well the records in the city archives of Leyden, and along with the names in Dutch spelling of these future beginners of New England there is a pathetic monotony of *saaiwerker*, *baeywerker*, *brouwersknecht*, *handschoenmaker*, *bombasijnwerker*, *wolcammer*, *hoedenmaker*, etc. That is, they were workers in or makers of serge, baize, gloves, hats, clocks, kegs, stockings, pumps; or they were dyers, coopers, brewers, servants, etc., with whom the richer folks belonging to the English and Scottish church in the great city of Leyden had little in common. The Separatists were therefore thrown all the more closely with their Dutch fellow-Calvinists of like social rank. Not only were their leaders facile in speaking and reading the Dutch vernacular, but probably one-half of the Plymouth settlers were born in Leyden, and picked up Dutch just as the offspring of aliens among us imbibe American English.

Despite their occasional poverty from lack of employment, the Separatists were treated well, and richly enjoyed the vital freedom they lacked in England. It is to their *condition* that every one of the plaintive references to their life in the republic, and found in the writings of Winslow, Bradford, and others, refer. Always in speaking of "ye Low-Cuntries in which they had lived," their words are those of praise. Hear what Bradford, in the name of the Governor and Council, says in his letter (dated in old style) of March 19, 1627, to the Dutch at New Amsterdam:

"Now, forasmuch as this [alliance between England and Holland against Spain, their common foe] is sufficient to unite us together in love and good neighborhood in all our dealings; yet are many of us tied by the good and courteous entreaty [treatment] which we have found in your country, having lived there many years with freedom and good content, as many of our friends do to this day; for which we are bound to be thankful and our children after us, and shall never forget the same, but shall heartily desire your good and prosperity as our own forever." Still again Bradford wrote from Plymouth, October 1, 1627: "Acknowledging ourselves tied in a strict obligation unto your country and state for the good entertainment and free liberty which we had, and our brethren and countrymen yet there have and do enjoy, under your most honorable Lords and States."

The unmistakable feelings of the Pilgrims themselves are here expressed at a time when Plymouth had many reminders of the land and the city, "which had been," as Bradford still later wrote, "their resting place near 12 years," "fair and bewtifull," "of a sweete situation." Nowhere on the map of the United States does one find the name of Scrooby, Bawtry, or Austerfield, but at Plymouth the oldest thoroughfare in New England is appropriately named Leyden Street. Here in 1630, when the Pilgrim rill of immigration--almost wholly from Leyden—had ceased, while the Puritan flood had begun, were many proofs that the first settlers of New England, like those of New Netherland, had come directly, not from Great Britain, but from Holland. Some of the

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tangible evidences were Dutch seeds, books, provisions—food for body and mind—Dutch ovens, cradles, furniture, tools, and hardware of all sorts, especially of the Delft sort (such as saved the *Mayflower* from going to pieces during a storm at sea, as Bradford tells), military gear and equipment, clothing, books printed on Dutch presses, spinning-wheels, and kitchen implements. These were things seen and temporal, capable of preservation in a museum. In addition there were realities not tangible, but as traceable as water-marks in paper. Distinctively Dutch influences in the primal basic life of New England are clear to the unprejudiced student.

In this paper we shall pass over the political influences, of which we have elsewhere written,* and glance at the procedure of these men of "distinctive America" in things social.

There are good reasons, other than religious, why these Englishmen who had lived or had been born in the Dutch Republic departed at so many points from ancestral precedents, and followed lines of development distinct from those of their countrymen in every part of the world, not excepting those south of Delaware Bay.

Coming from the land of feudal holdings, manors, primogeniture, and entail, they at once abolished these and other features and relics of feudal society, and distributed property, when no will had been made, equally among the intestate owner's children. In this radical procedure were they acting, as Bradford in his history, quoting a Dutch law-book, says they did in their marriage customs, "according to ye laudable custome of ye Low-Cuntries"? Or were they "reverting," like academic students, to the primitive Germanic system of towns (*tuin, ton*) and common lands? Bradford, who was the chief statesman of the Plymouth men, as Brewster was the theological and ecclesiastical guide, remarks with practical wisdom on marriage as being that upon which "many questions aboute inheritances doe depende." Whom did they follow, the ancient farmers in the "mark" of Tacitus' time, or those of the seventeenth century whom they saw before their eyes in the various United States of Netherland? If the founders of New England were acquainted with the primitive Teutonic social order, they have most skilfully concealed their erudition.

Rather, is it not more reasonable to suppose that they followed the precedent they had seen in "ye Low-Cuntries," in which were the common acres, pastures, forests, to which daily issued, out of the town or dorp, boers or farmers, shepherds, swine and cattle, for work and food? These things in the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries were not matters of antiquity or archæology. They were right before the eyes of the tens of thousands of English folk dwelling in the Dutch Republic.

Wherever the Dutch farmers in America who refused to live under the semi-feudal patroons made their settlements they discarded the artificial un-Netherlandish system of patroons and manors, and followed their ancestral and familiar methods of commonage in land, representation in government, and democratic ideas and instincts of freedom inherited for ages. What they would not allow kings or clerics at home to do, they refused to patroon or West India Company. In New Netherland the history of the monopolies of the West India Company and the patroons is one thing; the history of the Dutch people is something wholly different. The first has been written; the second has not. Washington Irving's caricature still stands among the "authorities" in too many histories, so called. What the two hundred thousand Englishmen or their descendants east of the Hudson River in 1675 accomplished has been celebrated in song, story, poem, history, painting, and statue, and Forefathers' day was instituted as early as 1769. What the fewer than ten thousand people of Netherlandish blood in the Middle States achieved awaits the competent narrator.

There was published in Leyden in 1616, the composition and press-work having possibly been partly done by some of the Pilgrim printers, Ubbo Emmius' *History of Friesland*, in which the details of local organization and government of the town of this ultra-democratic Dutch province are given at length. Page after page of this book, with its account of the elections after prayer, and with written ballots, of magistrates and select-men, reads

* *The Influence of the Netherlands in the making of the English Commonwealth and the American Republic.* Boston: 1891.

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like descriptions of early New England town meetings.

Not only did Massachusetts Pilgrims and Puritans and the Connecticut settlers—whose leaders, Davenport and Hooker, had been living several years in Holland—lay out the land in the old Teutonic manner prevalent in Friesland, but they also built their houses with stockades, gates, "a trench of six foote long and two foote broad," with common forest, pasture, and arable land, with "common fence," common herd or swine, daily assembled and led out at sound of horn, tended by day and led back by night.

After houses, land, food, and social order, the colonists' first necessity for prosperous continuance was a medium of exchange in trade. It was from the Dutch that the New-Englanders learned how to get wealthy by trading with the Indians. As they had seen their Dutch hosts excel in statesmanship, combining states in a federal republic with a written constitution under the red, white, and blue flag, with the toleration of religion, free speech, a free press, with judiciary independent of the executive, public schools, freedom of the press and of commerce, so they knew the financial abilities of the Hollanders.

In America these Dutchmen discovered Indian money, and at once turned the shell heaps of Long Island into mints. The Dutch Midas was slow but sure in making four blue and eight white beads equal to a penny. Fort Orange and Manhattan became bustling marts of trade, whence were despatched fleets of fur-laden ships to Europe; and later shingles, sawed lumber, and ginseng were exported. The Pilgrims first secured a supply of strings of wampum, blue and white, made of drilled shells, and then borrowed the process of manufacture. At first the circulation was slow, but when the red men found at Plymouth and in Connecticut a sufficient volume of currency for business, the demand was great and constant. The Pilgrims were soon able to send home cargoes more valuable than sassafras. They paid off their debts contracted in England on hard terms and undertook commendable ventures of trade. The maiden voyage of the first ship built in New England, by Winthrop in 1630, and named the *Blessing of the Bay*, was to the Dutch on Long Island to obtain a stock of Indian money. Later on, the English settlers in the whole "Region of the Savages," Woesten-hoek or Housatonic (the aborigines talking good ordinary Dutch when they uttered this "Indian" name), got food and clothing in times of need and made money in selling ginseng to the Dutch, who opened the market in Corea, Japan, and China (after the Jesuit had discovered it in Vermont) for this once abundant American plant. It was with this ginseng, first exported to Chinese Asia and sold there by the Dutch, that the first American ships that sailed from Boston and Salem, and which carried the American flag round the world, were loaded, to be exchanged for tea, silk, and the fire-crackers without which the Fourth of July cannot be celebrated by Young America.

The Hollanders were the first to knock in the head the "bullion theory," by which Spain ruined herself in America, becoming poor and losing her colonies. The Spanish political economists taught that all wealth lay in the precious metals—gold and silver. Hence her slavery of the Indians, her greed and cruelty, and her silver fleets on the Atlantic—so often the prey of English buccaneer and Dutch *vrijbuiter*, or, as the Spaniards corrupted the term, filibuster. The Old and New Netherlanders taught both Spaniards and Englishmen that the true mines were, as Lord Bacon said, "aboveground." In soil and sea were the true lodes, and farmers, traders, fishermen, were the best miners. One never reads in American colonial history of the Dutch seeking gold like the Spaniards or Englishmen. His head was too level, and his eye too clear. Excelling as farmers, yet even more as traders, the Dutch laid the foundations of the commercial supremacy of New York by inherited instincts re-enforced by wise policy and large ideas. They gave points not only as to fish, fur, and wampum to their neighbors down East. Quickest to catch customers, they sent out their agents among the Indians, forestalling the fur and other crops. Incomparable as is the modern Boston "drummer," he is but the evolution of the Dutch *bos-loper*, or wood-ranger, who scoured the forests for trade. With perfection of dress and manners, irresistible in tongue, brainy and resourceful always, as is our commercial tourist in this Columbian year, he probably does not proportionately excel the skilful *bos-loper* who in the seventeenth

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century scoured the Indian villages along the Mohawk, and even to Duluth.

It was Captain John Smith—who, like all the military men in the early colonies—Gorgas, Dudley, Miles Standish, Lyon Gardiner, Leisler, Argall, Wingfield, Raleigh, had served in the Dutch armies—who first pointed out the gold mines in the ocean. Smith, who had first discovered and named both Plymouth and New England, prophesied that their main staple of wealth would be fish. So it proved. For over a century a golden codfish has hung in the legislative halls of Massachusetts as the symbol of her wealth drawn from the sea. It was Smith's prophecy that has gilded the flashing dome on Beacon Hill. He saw how the Dutch had "built Amsterdam on herring bones," had become the best fed, clothed, housed, and educated people in Europe, and handled easily the Spaniard on land and sea because of their skill in boats, hooks, and nets. "Never would Spaniard pay his debts, his friends, and his army half so truly as the Hollanders still have done by this contemptible trade in fish." The Dutch had not only taught the British the science of hunting in the deeps, how to catch whales and herring, but also how to cure food-fish, and to transmute the poorer sorts into manure for agriculture. The immigrants to America were quick to imitate, and also to improve. Those who gave the promise and potency of the later "codfish aristocracy" had qualities of mind and body equal to those of any race on earth, and a rich civilization was possible. At first, as Bradford complained and explained, their fishing did not pay, but in due time the Yankee made the "contemptible trade of fish" not only a lucrative business, but a school of heroes. They enriched their own inventive brains, furnished Friday food for all southern Europe, traded at the ends of the earth, and maintained what proved to be a permanent nursery of the United States navy. As some of them have declared, the chief motive of the settlers of the Massachusetts Bay Colony was not only the worship and glory of God, but also the catching of fish and the making of money. In both their aims they finally succeeded. The vocabulary of the deep-sea fisherman, with, for example, its "dipsy," its Dutch pronunciation of a shoal (school) of fish, bears witness to these first teachers.

It was because the English of the seventeenth century were far inferior in the knowledge and methods of agriculture to the Dutch that the first-comers to Massachusetts took so largely to the sea. In farming, gardening, floriculture, stock-raising, and breeding, the Dutch of the seventeenth century were without superiors. They were the first to introduce and acclimate the Oriental fruits, flowers, grains, and plants that are now commonplace in our parks and gardens. They invented the enclosed and covered forcing-bed, the hot-house, the winnowing fan, and the plough in its modern form. Most of the early books in English on scientific husbandry are by Dutch authors, or are translations from the land of bulbs. The Dutch first acclimated and then introduced most of the garden vegetables into England and into Atlantic colonies. They taught the use of artificial grasses and the rotation of crops. The fen country and the eastern counties of England, from which five-eighths of the settlers of New England came, were for the most part drained, reclaimed, and converted into a garden, and the chief seat of English manufacturing industry. And as in Holland and eastern England the Dutchmen changed swamps and morasses breathing malaria and fevers into dry land rich in mutton, turnips, and healthy men and women, so in America they excelled with grain, flowers, cattle, spade, and hoe. The best dikes, drainage, reclamation of land, gardens, and farms in colonial days were along the Hudson River and in the Mohawk Valley. From the first the Dutchman, though selecting the best land, at once manured the soil, and had little of that propensity to waste the resources of nature which is so characteristic of the hurried Yankee. The Dutch farmer in New York used the best tools. From these slow but sure folks the Eastern settlers learned to improve their land (having usually taken up the worst first), beautify their gardens, enrich their tables with vegetables, salads, and grains; plant the best white and carnation roses, tulips, gillyflowers, white lilies, violets, and marigolds, and those flowers that now seem so old-fashioned to us. Some of the best fruits domesticated among us came directly from the agricultural experiment stations and botanical gardens in Leyden and Amsterdam. During the century or more in which all kinds of airily fanciful and economically impossible schemes for

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raising silk, coffee, tea, madder, quinine, were being insisted on by the English government and proprietors, the Dutchman kept quietly improving his acres and live-stock. From the first he understood the climate and economic conditions of his new home, and relied upon the reports and experiences of the Vaderland. In this way he saved himself many a disaster and bitter disappointment, while continually improving both ground and animals. Of the latter he was almost as careful as of his children.

The Dutchman's farming tools and methods, as well as his amusements and luxuries, were later borrowed by the folks living east of the Hudson. The Yankee, though slow to imitate the painstaking of the boer, in due time learned that his root crops, vegetables, buckwheat cakes, flowers, sleds, sleighs, skates, light ploughs, winnowing-fans, axes, saw-mills, and hot-houses were better than his own. As Dr. Eggleston says, "New England cattle in early times survived the long winters rather as outlines than as oxen." The Easterners were slower than the Dutch in learning how different the climate of their new home was from that of the old country. While the Dutch thought little of travelling all the way from Albany to New York on sleighs, and of doing their hauling in midwinter, making of snow and ice a highway, while their milk, butter, and juicy steaks were plentiful even in February, their neighbors eastward had to cut and haul their firewood in clumsy carts in autumn, live on salt meat, make long journeys only with the greatest difficulty, and invent various ways of sustaining the life of man and beast during the prolonged and tedious winters. From the opening of the eighteenth century the adoption of the New York farmers' ways of farming and quick transportation and stock-raising made life more agreeable, and aided powerfully in the evolution of that most agreeable of all persons, the modern New-Englander. It was on a Dutch sleigh that the Rhode-Islander of English Quaker and Scotch-Irish descent, Oliver H. Perry, made rapid transit to Lake Erie. It was by means of the Dutch invention called a "camel" that he floated his green-timber ships over the bar and out to victory, under the same red and white stripes that floated from the masts of Piet Hein, Von Tromp, and De Ruyter. In the mastery of the great forests, in the interest of agriculture, house-erection, and that ship-building in which the Massachusetts men ultimately led the world, they made slow progress with axe and old-fashioned saw-pit. After they had borrowed the Dutch saw-mill they were able to make such progress that at the opening of the Revolution probably one-half of British ships were colony-built. The saw-mill operated by water was a new thing in England even in 1635, was not common until after 1700, and its introduction caused strikes, a riot, and the smashing of the machinery by the angry and jealous saw-pit men. In Holland, the lumber market of Europe, wherever there was water-power, or, failing this, wind-power, there was a saw-mill, and in Germany these saws moved by power other than human had been known for many centuries. The Dutch in the Hudson River region introduced them on their first coming, and before the end of the seventeenth century had nearly forty in operation. New Amsterdam was built with sawed lumber. They even exported boards and shingles to Europe. The hardy men of Massachusetts soon imitated the Dutch, and utilized the abundant power all around them, and in due time New England was dotted over with these promoters of civilization.

That the New-Englander, landed by Providence on a soil mostly barren and consisting chiefly of glacial drift, and later kept off the sea by embargoes laid chiefly by Southern politicians, was driven to invention so as to surpass the world, is an old story. At first, however, both he and his kinsmen of like speech and blood beyond sea borrowed long and often from the brainy men behind the dikes. The Hollanders in their heroic age were foremost in mental initiative, and their name and fame as quick-witted inventors, handicraftsmen, and makers of comforts lie embedded in many an English phrase, nickname, and proverb. The sixteenth and seventeenth century literature and folk-speech is especially full of compliments to the refugees who laid the foundations of England's manufacturing and commercial supremacy. None the less, even in Connecticut, was the skill of the Knickerbockers admired. A new invention or improvement was said to "beat the Dutch." The sure proof that the Yankees, even more than the British, were impressed, and that they acknowledged

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the fact, is that Bartlett, the authority on Americanisms, finds this phrase first in a song composed at the siege of Boston. The things in the kitchen, bedroom, parlor, and woman's apparel reveal by their telltale etymology their Dutch origin as surely as does buckwheat. The Delft tiles on the hearth, the crockery on the dresser, the blue tiles lining the front of the fireplaces in the best houses, show how the Dutch had a part in the evolution of the New England house. It is wholly proper that at the World's Fair in Chicago, in the "John Hancock house"—itself a proof of how the Haarlem architectural decoration was copied in America—there should be one room generously walled with Delft tiles. This is not only the tribute paid to the potent Dutch influence in the Housatonic Valley, but to the important domestic influence of the blue and white crockery of Delft. Hundreds of open fireplaces in New England were decorated with these tiles after the Dutch fashion, and contained not only "proverbs in porcelain," but abundant Biblical illustration. From the evidences of relics, nearly as much of the imported fine furniture in the northern colonies came from Holland as from England. Not a few of the old teapots and other table service, which followed upon the introduction of those Oriental hot drinks which drove out the beer and tankards, did indeed come over from Holland, though not on the *Mayflower*, as so often anachronistically alleged. When, too, the open fireplace gradually gave way to supposed improvement, it was to a Dutch thing with a Dutch name—the stove. Not only in Plymouth, but elsewhere, numerous houses had what can be occasionally seen throughout New England to-day (nor by this do we mean the later substitute of tin)—a Dutch oven. It was under this spacious dome of brick and clay that those famous articles of Yankee diet, the pumpkin pie, brown bread, baked beans, and fishballs, had their evolution. No smoker of tobacco in the snow-white meerschaum rejoiced more in his coloring of the sea-foam clay than did the rosy housewives of Massachusetts Bay in the rich hues of bean, bread, and fish. The *browning* clubs of early days met in the kitchen rather than in the parlor or vendôme. The doughnut may have been too cosmopolitan an article to claim invention at the hands of any one people; yet what Yankee "fried cake" or doughnut ever equalled an *olekoek*? Was not cruller, whose derivation confounds the dictionary-makers, who call it "a kind of" doughnut, first brought to perfection by Captain Kroll (pronounced and sometimes spelled crull), the whilom commander and Dutch church elder at Fort Orange? To this day the "cookey" (koekje), noodles, hodgepodge, smearcase, rullichies, cold-slaw, and other dishes that survive in New England farmhouses, are, despite their changed pronunciation and spelling, proofs that the Yankees enriched their monotonous menu of early colonial days by borrowing the more varied fare of their Dutch neighbors in the West and South. As for the popular American winter breakfast luxury, the buckwheat cake, it was introduced from Central Asia by the Hollanders, acclimated, cultivated, named "beech-mast" (*boekweit*), and in the form associated with heat, sweets, aroma, and good cheer is a Dutch invention.

The Dutch, like the Puritans, were Calvinists, and Calvinism always breeds cleanliness and democracy, as surely as it never breeds poverty or arbitrary government. The Dutch invented linen underclothing, besides starch and its application to ornamental dress. They believed in plenty of soap, starch, and linen for bed and body, and they knew how to make both cheap. In the making of soap from wood-ashes they led the way. In the evolution of the post and frame, enclosed and canopied bed, bolster, the modern pillow covered with removable case, and the bolster cased and not merely tucked under the sheet, in the invention of the thimble, in the perfection and multiplication of spinning-wheels for the domestic treatment of yarn, and of home machinery for the preparation of flax into linen, and of the blending of the two into linsey-woolsey, the Dutch were the inventors, and the English, on either side of the Atlantic, the borrowers. The parlor with picture ornaments and bric-à-brac, and the "best room" kept ever ready for hospitality, were institutions among New-Netherlanders from the first.

Need we pursue the subject further, and show how American speech betrays our indebtedness to the Dutchmen? Whenever we utter the anglicized words anchor, caboose, ballast, school (of fishes), sloop, stoker, stove, doily, brandy, duffel, cambric, easel, landscape, boss, stoop, forlorn

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hope, body-guard, boodle, scow, Santa Claus, blickey (tin), and a host of words in art, music, seamanship, handicraft, war, exploration, and the lines of human achievement most followed in the seventeenth century, we are but mispronouncing, more or less fluently, Dutch words. These words are the labels of things borrowed from the little country which, after England, had most to do with the making of the American republic.

From the first fight and flight of the Indians before the prowess of Miles Standish to this day of ours the military spirit has never waned among the brave New-Englanders. Yet, apart from the ancestral fighting spirit of these English colonists, it must not be forgotten that the school in which they were trained was the Dutch army and the republican War of Independence in the Low Countries. In the development of legal science we have heard some of the brilliant lawyers of Massachusetts confess the great indebtedness of the law that rules us to Grotius and the great Dutch jurists whose names are more famous than familiar. The ancestral drops of "Nederlandsche bloet" in Oliver Wendell Holmes, Washington Allston, and a host of the bluest-blooded New-Englanders, whose names, as the records in the Nederlands show, *were Dutch before they were English*, hint at a force in letters and art still unspent.

Thanksgiving day in its original and precedents was a Dutch institution. Our national "Sunday in the middle of the week" began with the Pilgrims, who, whether consciously imitating or not, were following out what they had previously often enjoyed in their home of freedom behind the dikes. A day of thanksgiving and prayer was frequent after victory or good harvests in the Dutch states. The severe Sabbath laws of both Pilgrim and Puritan in style and verbal form are curiously like those of Zealand. Within the "meeting-house" (neither Pilgrim nor Puritan, any more than the Anabaptist, would ever call brick or stone walls a "church," though they might figuratively think of Christians as "living stones") the close imitation of Dutch ways was not confined to foot-stoves, plain or whitewashed walls, baptismal quilts, collection-bags like scoop-nets on fishing-poles, and "tithing-men" who rapped or tickled sleepy male or female, and kept the boys in order. The likeness in more serious things was even closer. The majority of university-bred clergymen from Europe (as well as physicians and lawyers) who immigrated to the American colonies after the English universities had closed to non-conformists were educated at Leyden or Utrecht, the rolls of the former still showing over four thousand seven hundred names of English-speaking students between 1573 and 1873, the majority living in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Not only was the first "printery" at Cambridge from Amsterdam, but Harvard even invited to her presidency from the same city the Bohemian bishop Comenius, who had found a home in the republic of seven states. Dutch theology fed not only John Robinson and Elder Brewster as they testify, but the Puritan writers and thinkers of old and New England were mightily moulded by the federal theology of the Dutch professor Coccejus. There are some also who declare Coccejus to be the true founder of Biblical theology, before which the old dogmatic or systematic theology is trembling, and out of which "New England theology" has so largely grown.

All know and gladly recognize the moral earnestness and insistence on reform which characterize the children of the American Puritans. The abolition of slavery is probably by a majority credited to the agitation alleged to have begun north of Long Island Sound. Yet the first ecclesiastical protest in America against human slavery was raised, not, as internal evidence shows, by Quakers, but by the Dutch Mennonites, successors to the Anabaptists, at Germantown, Pennsylvania, April 18, 1688. Wendell Phillips gladly acknowledged the fact, and hung a photograph of the original document in the Boston Public Library. The first book against slavery came from the same sect and quarter in Pennsylvania. It was later that the Quakers of English descent roused themselves and circulated their own writings and those of the Pennsylvania Dutchmen—we use the term correctly—in New England. The influence of these writings was powerful in the land where manacles for the slavers, sent to Africa from New England ports, were made by the deacons and church members down to the Revolution, and where West India molasses produced by slave labor was turned into New England rum.

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As the English Bible and the first English sacred poetry of the Reformation, hymns and psalms, reflect the color and rhythm of the richer German models of Luther, so in the development of popular music in New England there is a distinctively Dutch influence. In Holland, where for fifty years the British army had its chief history and the Puritans found their base of supplies, the voorzanger and the singing-school, in which the children were taught hymns and patriotic songs, were commonplace. In New Netherland and western Massachusetts this old custom of the Vaderland was immediately instituted and tenaciously held. Every Dutch church of any importance in New Netherland had its precentor, who taught the young folks and led the congregation's singing. The voorzanger was as active as the catechist or the *krank-bezoeker*, or visitor of the sick — religious men who performed their functions before Plymouth Rock was stepped upon — and he continued in vigorous life long after New Netherland became New York. This Dutch idea, borrowed and improved upon in New England, early in the eighteenth century became a powerful factor in the evolution of Yankee civilization. Those singing-schools which on winter evenings gathered the rosy youth of New England together softened the rigor of a harsh climate, and made Lowell Mason and Thomas Hastings possible. Yet long before the monotony of the night life of the young folks of New England was broken by the sleigh-ride and the singing-school, the jingle of the merry bells, the swift glide of the runners on the frosty starry nights, and the singing-school were the commonplace enjoyments of the Dutch youth on Long Island and in the Raritan, Hudson, and Mohawk regions. It is probable that the singing-school, when once established in Yankee land, accompanied by the Dutch sleighing and skating, did more to drive out the custom of "bundling," against which so many of the parsons fulminated, of which the old records are rather full, than all the sermons or legal devices, real or alleged. Beyond the names of native instrument players or makers of eminence in Massachusetts is that of the Van Hagens, mother and son, who brought from the Netherlands both voice and instruments, and for a half-century prepared the way of musical Boston.

The beginnings and development of the free public-school system which is now the glory of our country, and which New England, without originating, did so much to develop, have not yet been fully told by the special historical student. The archives of Leyden and other Dutch cities and the history of the Brethren of the Common Life — out of whose schools came forth Thomas à Kempis and Erasmus — show that there were in Holland from the fourteenth century onwards three sorts of schools. Besides the monastery or church and private educational enterprises there were public schools sustained by taxation, absolutely free to the children of the poor, and open, with only a small charge, to all those of the burghers or citizens able to pay. In England, as we know, the "public" school is a private school, only in recent days the "board" schools being public in the American sense. In Holland the revenues from the confiscation of abbey lands were applied to the foundation of five universities and public schools. The first founders of Massachusetts and Connecticut certainly saw the free public schools of Holland in operation, and in them not a few were educated. As Mr. Motley suggests, the impulses to popular education were from the republic, and not from England. "Distinctive America" would not be what she has been without the public schools. However much in this, as in other lines of enterprise, the New-Englanders improved upon their models, we must not forget the original impulses and influences.

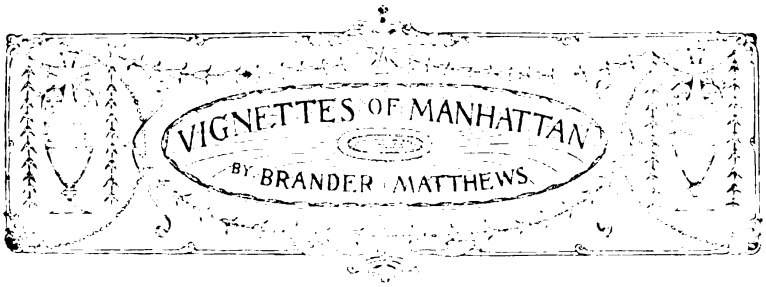
Just as where one American studies critically Dutch history and civilization there are a thousand who devote themselves to French or German, and ten thousand to English historic literature, so where one private person reads Bradford or Winslow there are a thousand who depend on poets or romancers for their facts about early New England. Whether or not Miles Standish was a Roman Catholic and John Alden an Irishman, as experts insist, we all know how Priscilla was married by the magistrate, after "the laudable custom of Holland." Mr. Longfellow bases his poetry on Bradford, who quotes by chapter and verse from the Dutch laws. Happily it is no longer true, what Bradford's editor declared forty years ago, that "no copy of this work [quoted from] exists in any of

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the public libraries in this neighborhood." Few marriages were solemnized in Massachusetts by clergymen until near the end of the seventeenth century, the Dutch influence in this respect persisting in some slight degree even to-day.

Indeed, "ye laudable custome of ye Low-Cuntries" was followed not only in marriage, but also by confederacy of states, by revolutionary war, by declaration of independence, written constitution, and red, white, and blue flag. The fifty or more Dutch books or pamphlets published in Holland between 1775 and 1783, and now in the Athenæum Library in Boston, show that the Dutchman understood then, as he to-day more clearly than any other European does, the American spirit and procedure. Hence the first foreign salute ever fired to the American flag, even before it had stars on its field, but was still a copy of that of the United States of the Netherlands, was by the Dutch Governor at St. Eustatius, November 16, 1776. In a word, the procedure not only of the men of Plymouth, but of Lexington and Concord, was a wonderful close copy of that of the Dutch. The latter technically founded their union and declared that they took up arms in the name of Philip II. of Spain; and this because they were good lawyers. The Parliamentarians in 1664, who issued their commissions in the name of King Charles I., and the Lexington men who fired their guns at British redcoats for abridging and interfering with their "right to proceed unmolested along the King's highway," did but imitate those Dutch lawyers, without whose writings neither the laws of New England nor of the United States would be what they are to-day.

In the evolution of that noble type of man and very agreeable person, the modern New-Englander, there have been many potent influences. Not the least of the factors moulding him has been the influence of Dutch precedent, contact, and example. This influence has been exerted on both sides of the Atlantic, politically, socially, and religiously. Though "without observation," it has been real. The counter influence of the New-Englanders upon the New-Netherlanders may have been vastly greater. Nevertheless, of the energies which have made and are making the typical composite American, those contributed by the Dutch were among the first and most lasting. Arising at Holland's heroic age, they acted upon a people in their formative period. If Faith, Morality, Freedom, Law, and Education, as symbolized in the granite statues of the national monument at Plymouth, be the leading characteristics of New England civilization, then there is equal debt to their exemplars on both sides of the North Sea.



II.—A MIDSUMMER MIDNIGHT.

AFTER three years' service at sea on the flag-ship of the White Squadron, Lieutenant John Stone had a long leave of absence. It was late in the afternoon of one of the hottest days of August when he left the Navy-yard and took the ferry to New York. The street car in which he rode across town crawled along, the horses seeming to be exhausted by the wearing weather of the preceding fortnight, and the driver had no energy to keep them up to their work.

It mattered little to John Stone how slowly they went; he was in no hurry; he had nothing to do; he had nobody waiting for him. At forty he was alone in the world, without a blood-relation anywhere or any nearer than a second cousin, without a home, without an address, except "Care of the Navy Department, Washington, D. C." He was almost without ambition even in the ser-

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vice now, for he had not yet had a command, and he would not get his step for three or four years more. He was fond of his profession, and of late he had been working lovingly at its early history. He had come to New York now to look up in the libraries a few missing links in an account of the rise and fall of Carthage as a sea power. To be near the books he had to consult, he was going to stay at a hotel within two or three blocks of Washington Square.

When he had registered at the hotel, the clerk, reading his name upside down, said, courteously: "I'm sorry we can't do better for you, Mr. Stone, but I shall have to put you on the sixth floor. You see, we are overrun with our Southern and Western trade now; they have found out that New York is the finest summer resort in the country. The best I can do for you is to give you a room on the Avenue, with a bath-room attached."

"That will do very well," Stone answered.

"Front!" called the clerk. "Show Mr. Stone up to 313."

When the naval officer reached room 313 it was nearly six o'clock. He threw open the window and looked down at the street below. Even at that height the heat swelled up from the stone sidewalks and from the brick walls opposite. To his ear it seemed almost as though the mighty roar of the metropolis rose to him muffled and made more remote by the heat. He lighted a cigar and leaned out of the window, and wondered how many people there were in all the city whom he knew by sight, and how very few there were who could call him by name.

A sweltering wind from the west swayed the thick and dusty branches of the trees which lined the curb far down below him. He threw his cigar away half smoked. Then he took a cold bath, and went down to the dining-room somewhat refreshed.

At the table to which the head waiter waved him there was already one man sitting, a tall handsome young fellow of twenty-five, perhaps. Stone liked the man's face, and he liked the way the flannel shirt was cut so as to leave the full throat free. The manner in which the simple scarf was knotted and its ends tucked into the shirt he noticed also; and he saw that the young fellow had insisted on bringing his black slouch hat with him into the dining-room, having hung it on the back of the next chair. When this seat was given to Stone, the hat was promptly transferred to the chair on the other side of the owner. Stone made up his mind that his neighbor was a ranchman of some sort who had come East on business.

It does not take long for two lonely men to get acquainted; and before he had eaten his green corn, Stone knew all about his neighbor at table, and the neighbor knew something about him.

"I sized you up when you come in," the young fellow said, "an' I took stock in you from the start. Somehow I kind o' thought you was one of Uncle Sam's boys, though o' course I didn't 'low you was a sailor. I never see a sailor till this mornin', when I went down on the dock to get news of this *Touraine* steamer, an' the sailor down there was a Frenchman, an' not like you, not by a jugful. I suppose, now, Uncle Sam's sailors are like his other boys I've seen at home often. There's Dutchmen that ain't bad men, an' I've seen Dagoes you could tie to, and sometimes a greaser, now and then —not but what they's powerful skase, greasers you can trust—but Uncle Sam's boys are white men every time."

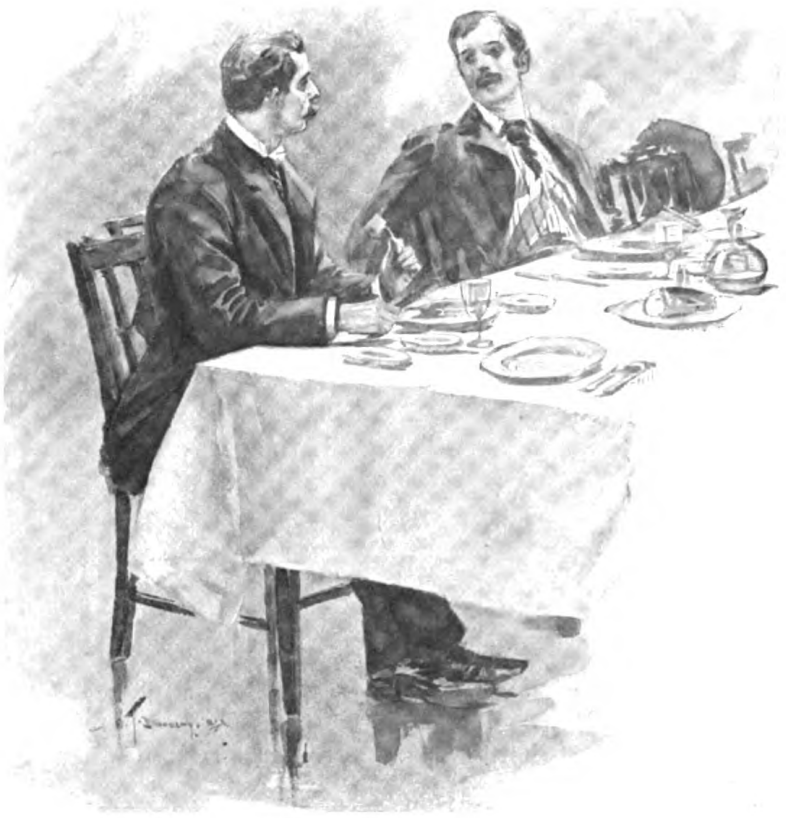
The young fellow was Clay Magruder. He was a cowboy, as Stone had supposed, and he was in New York on a mission of the highest importance to himself. He was waiting for the girl he wanted to marry, and she was expected to arrive the next morning on the French steamer.

"The grub here ain't so bad, is it?" Magruder said, as the repast drew to an end. "O' course it ain't like what we get at home. I don't find nowhere no beef that's equal to the beef we've been gettin' right along now for two years, ever since I've been with Old Man Pettigrew. The Hash-knife Outfit always has the best cookin' on the trail. It's jest notorious for it. Things here in New York is good enough, but the flavor don't take hold of you like it does at home; an' their coffee East is poor stuff, ain't it? It don't bite you like coffee should."

After dinner they went into the smoking-room of the hotel, and Stone offered a cigar to his new friend.

"No, thank you," he responded, taking a small brier-wood pipe out of his trousers pocket. "I don't go much on cigars; I can git more solid comfort out of

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"I SIZED YOU UP WHEN YOU COME IN."

a pipe, I reckon." After he had filled his pipe and pulled at it half a dozen times, he said to Stone, suddenly: "Say! is there any show in town to-night? I've got a night off, you know, and I've allus heerd that for shows New York could lay over everything in sight. You've been to this town before, haven't you?"

Stone admitted that this was not his first visit to New York.

"I reckoned so," was Clay Magruder's comment. "An' so you know your way here, an' I don't; there's too many trails crossin' for me to keep to the road. Suppose we go to the show together—ef there is a show in town?"

Stone bought an evening paper, and looked over the list of amusements. He wondered what would best suit the tastes of his new friend.

"There's Deadwood Dick's Wild Western Exhibition at Niblo's—" he began.

"Deadwood Dick?" interrupted the cowboy, in great contempt; "he's a holy show, he is. He's a fraud; that's what he is. An' is he the only thing we can take in to-night?"

"Oh no," the sailor replied. "There are half a dozen other things to see. There's a comic opera at the Garden Theatre, with a variety show up in the roof garden afterwards."

"A comic opera—singing, and funny business, and pretty girls, I suppose?" said the Westerner. "I 'low we go there—unless you'd rather go somewhere else."

"The comic opera and the roof garden will just suit me," Stone responded.

They were fortunate in getting good seats at the theatre, where they arrived

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"I DON'T GO MUCH ON CIGARS."

as the curtain was rising on the first act of *Patience*. Even in midsummer the attire of Stone's new friend attracted some attention, and a group of pretty girls in the row behind them nudged each other as he came in and giggled. In their hearts they were glad to look at so handsome a man.

During the first act Magruder's face was a study for Stone. It was evident that the cowboy failed wholly to understand the narrow and insular satire of *Patience*. When the curtain fell at last, he could contain himself no longer.

"I never see such a fool play," he said. "There ain't no sense in makin' believe that one fellow could round up a bunch of girls that way. It's the plumb-stupidest show I've seen for years and years. It's bad as Deadwood Dick 'most. '*Patience*' they call it? Well, I 'ain't got none to see no more of it. What's this roof garden you told me about?"

So Stone took him up to the roof garden, and they were glad to get again into the open air, baked as the atmosphere was even at the top of the building. They had a drink and a smoke while they listened to the music.

When the variety show began on the little stage, Stone went forward in time to secure advantageous positions for Ma-

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gruder and himself. Early on the programme was a French song by a highly colored young lady wearing an enormous hat.

"That's a good enough song," the cowboy declared, "but what sort of a lingo is it she's singin' it in? Why isn't plain United States good enough for songs? Not but what she's a pretty girl, too, and lively on her feet."

The part of the performance which excited Clay Magruder's warmest appreciation was the serpentine dance of Mademoiselle Éloise. When he beheld the coiling draperies of that graceful young woman curving about in picturesque and unexpected convolutions, and heightened in effect by the changing colors of the lime-lights directed upon the stage, his enthusiasm rose to a height.

"That's bully!" he cried. "It reminds me of an Eyetalian gal I saw dance once in Cheyenne. She was a daisy, too; but this is bigger. They's no doubt about it, this is a heap bigger."

Magruder joined in accomplishing the inevitable recall and the repetition of a part of the dance. Perhaps this was the reason why the next two or three numbers of the programme seemed to him to be less interesting. At all events, both the cowboy and the sailor tired of the entertainment. So they made their way through the crowd and down to the street.

As they walked back to the hotel Magruder told Stone what had brought him to New York. It was to meet the *Touraine* on her expected arrival in the morning, and to persuade one of the passengers to marry him.

"She's jest got to marry me," he said, earnestly. "I can't get along without her any longer. She's a sort of governess to Old Man Pettigrew's sister's kids—learns them to read and play the pianner.



"'THAT'S BULLY,' HE CRIED."

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They was all in Miles City last winter, and that was when I first see her. I made up my mind right off on the spot that there was Mrs. Clay Magruder if I could get her. And I'm here now to get her if I can. She's as pretty as a picture—better'n that, too, for I never see no chromo half as good-lookin' as her. Once last winter they was 'most a blizzard; leastways the wind set back on its hind legs and howled. You ought to have seen her then, with the color in her cheeks! An' everything was froze stiff, and she was skeered of fallin'. Why, she teetered along jest like a chicken with a jag." And he laughed out loud at the recollection. "She'll be here in the mornin', and you shall see her. I'm goin' to be down on that dock good an' early to-morrow, and no French sailor ain't goin' to stand me off."

As they drew near to the hotel, Magruder remarked: "Say! ain't they a jag-factory somewheres round here? Come in and have one with me."

Stone went with him, and they drank the young lady's health, Magruder expatiating on her charms and on the happiness that awaited him when he should marry her. Then they crossed the street to the hotel and went up to their rooms.

As it happened, the room of Clay Magruder was exactly opposite John Stone's, so it was at their own doors that they parted for the night with a hearty grasp of the hand.

The sailor found the air of his room stifling. He threw wide the window and stood for a while looking out over the heated city as it lay around him in the darkness. He wondered what the girl was like whom Magruder had come East to meet, and he caught himself almost envying the cowboy. Then he sighed unconsciously and made ready for bed. As he wound up his watch he saw that it was nearly half past eleven. Five minutes afterward he was asleep.

He had been asleep but five minutes, as it seemed to him, when he was waked slowly with a slight difficulty in breathing and with the feeling that all was not well. While he was still drowsy, he was conscious of a crackling sound like the snapping of dry twigs. When he opened his eyes he found that they smarted. The first long breath that he drew filled his lungs with thin smoke. In an instant he was wide awake. The meaning of the crackling and the snapping was not doubtful. The hotel was on fire.

He sprang out of bed and opened the door of his room. The corridor was full of smoke, and the sound of the flames was louder. At the bend in the hall where the stairs were, sharp tongues of flame were licking around the corner. Stone saw that his retreat that way was cut off, and that he must rely on the windows for escape. He crossed to the door opposite, pounded at it heavily, and cried "Fire! Fire! Get up at once!" till Clay Magruder answered. The floor of the corridor was hot beneath his feet as he went back to his own room, closed the door, and dressed himself as swiftly as he could, the murmur of the fire growing nearer and nearer.

When he was still in his shirt sleeves he stepped again to the corridor and called across to Magruder.

The door opposite opened and the cowboy appeared in it, half dressed.

"The stairs are on fire," cried Stone; "we can't get out that way. We must try the windows. Take your sheets and your blankets and come in here."

"I wish I'd a couple of lariats here," said Magruder, as he went back for the bed-linen.

The air in the hall was now thick and suffocating, and the stairs at the corner were a furnace of fierce flames. Here and there thin threads of smoke were rising from the floor of the corridor.

The cowboy reappeared in his doorway, with his arms full of bedclothes.

"Come in here quick, so that I can get this door shut and keep out the smoke," said the sailor, standing back to leave the doorway open.

As Magruder stepped out of his room, the floor of the corridor gave way with a crash, and a red-hot gulf yawned between the two rooms. Stone leaned far forward to try and save his new friend. But the falling of the floor was too sudden, and Magruder went down into the roaring furnace below, from which the flames sprang up fiercely. In a moment he was lost to sight in the seething fire. Stone stood stock-still for a second, bent over the blazing opening, with his arm outstretched until the heat scorched it. Then he rose to his feet swiftly and shut the door behind him.

His own room was now full of smoke, and he knew that the door would be on

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fire in less than a minute. He threw open the window and looked down, seeing at once that his bedding alone would be useless, as it would take him down two stories at the most, while the fire had already broken out at the front of the building. He discovered that there was a ledge or narrow cornice running around the house just on the end of his floor. He stepped out upon this and closed the window behind him. As he did so, the flames burst through from the corridor into his room.

Standing outside of his window on the narrow ledge, which gave him a scant foothold, he saw in front of him on his right what he had not before observed—a tall tower with an illuminated clock face. The hands pointed to four minutes past midnight. From the street below there arose a confused murmur of noises—shouts and cries of command, the rattle of heavy wheels as the engines rushed up, the regular rhythmic beat of the pumps as they got into play, the hissing of steam as a dozen streams of water curved upward and smote the burning building. The foliage of the trees which lined the curb was so thick that Stone could not see the sidewalk just below him, and apparently those in charge of operations had not seen him.

The sailor had faced death before—he had weathered many a fierce gale at sea; he had been at Samoa during the hurricane; he had been overboard for an hour once in the Bay of Biscay—and he was not afraid to die. He recalled his sensations when he believed himself to be drowning, and he remembered that his dominant thought had been that such a death then and there was needless and served no purpose. On that occasion he was more or less passive, being spent with the struggle against the waves; at present he was strong and ready to make a fight for his life. Then he had to contend with water, and now he knew that water was his chief hope.

At that moment there came a louder roar from far down in the street below: the water-tower had arrived. It was speedily erected and in service, and from its long trunk a thick stream of water was forced into the blazing hotel perhaps fifty feet from where Stone was standing. He watched it at work, and then he raised his eyes and again caught sight of the illuminated dial, whereon the hands now pointed to seven minutes after midnight.

Stone wondered whether the firemen would be able to get the better of the flames. He doubted it, but he wished that he could take part in the fight. It was rather the helplessness of his position than its fearfulness that he felt most keenly. He was in danger, and the danger was deepening with every minute of delay, but he could do nothing. The ledge on which he was standing was barely a foot wide, and it was perhaps ten feet long. Its length measured the width of his room, which projected a yard or more beyond the main line of the building. Stone moved cautiously to the right till he came to the end of the ledge, in the hope that it continued around the side, and that by following it he might pass along the whole front of the hotel, and perhaps find some way to escape to the roof of the house next door.

But the hope was futile, for the slight cornice shrank away as it turned back till it was barely an inch wide. The sailor was used to an insecure footing at a great height, and his nerves were steady; but he knew that it was certain destruction for him to try to advance in that direction. With his back pressed tight to the wall, he glided along to the window, now lighted up by the flames which filled his room. He pushed past it to the left until he came to the end of the ledge on that side, finding that the projection ceased on the one hand as it had on the other. He felt himself a prisoner, held fast, with little hope of rescue; neither to the right nor to the left could he move; behind him was the wall of the blazing hotel, and before him was a sheer drop of sixty feet to the street below. He glanced down for an instant, and then raised his head again. To the right, in the distance, was the clock tower, and it was now nine minutes past twelve. He wondered if the clock had stopped suddenly, for it seemed to him nearly an hour since he had awaked to find himself in peril of his life.

He thought of Magruder, and he wondered why the man who had hopes and joys before him should be cut off, while the man who had little to live for should be given a chance for his life. That the cowboy had perished in the flames he had no doubt; and in a flash his imagination bore him outside of the exigencies of the moment, and he had a vision of the

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Touraine making her way past Sandy Hook, and drawing near to Staten Island and anchoring there, too far from the city for its passengers to see the glare of the conflagration. Yet the fire was one to be seen from afar, for there was a sullen roar, and the roof of a wing of the hotel fell in. A myriad of sparks was blasted upward, and the crowd in the street raised a loud shout of warning. Stone looked down, and he saw a woman at a window of the floor below him; she was shrieking with terror, and at last she gave a wild spring forward. He beheld her crash through the branches of the trees, and he heard her body strike the sidewalk. There was a yell of horror from the crowd, and then silence. A few seconds later Stone caught the quick clang of an ambulance bell in the side street. He counted the strokes automatically until they died away in the distance. His ear was so strained to catch this sound that he heard the rattle of a train stopping at the station of the elevated railroad only a block away, and he seized even the shrill squeak of the brakes as they grated against the wheels. Then he aroused himself, and wondered why he had noted such trifles. Turning his head, he found the single eye of the clock tower still beaming at him. He blinked stupidly before he saw that it was now thirteen minutes after twelve.

More engines had arrived in the street below, and another hook-and-ladder truck. Several small ladders had been put up to the lower windows, and women and children had been carried down in safety. Stone watched while the firemen tried to raise one of the taller ladders which might reach to the third or fourth floor. The branches of the trees were so close that the men found it impossible to get this longer ladder into position. A man was sent up into the tree, and he was cutting away the branches, when flames burst out of the nearest window. A torrent of water was at once directed into the window, while a second stream splashed down upon the tree and made a watery shield for the fireman, who went on lopping off the limbs. He labored swiftly, but the fire was swifter still. At almost the same time the flames burst forth from three or four others of the lower windows.

Stone had been noting every effort of the men below. At first he had not been seen. But after the man had cut away a few of the branches of the tree, two or three of the firemen caught sight of the sailor. They shouted to him, but in the roar of the fire behind him and below him he could not make out their words. A captain gave a sudden command, and two men sprang forward with short scaling-ladders, which they succeeded in hooking to the second-story window immediately below the ledge on which he was standing. Looking down, he could see the heads of these men as they climbed the ladders, their bodies being foreshortened into invisibility. The men could not get above the second story, for the fire was gushing forth as though the window were the mouth of hell. The smoke rose black and dense, enshrouding Stone.

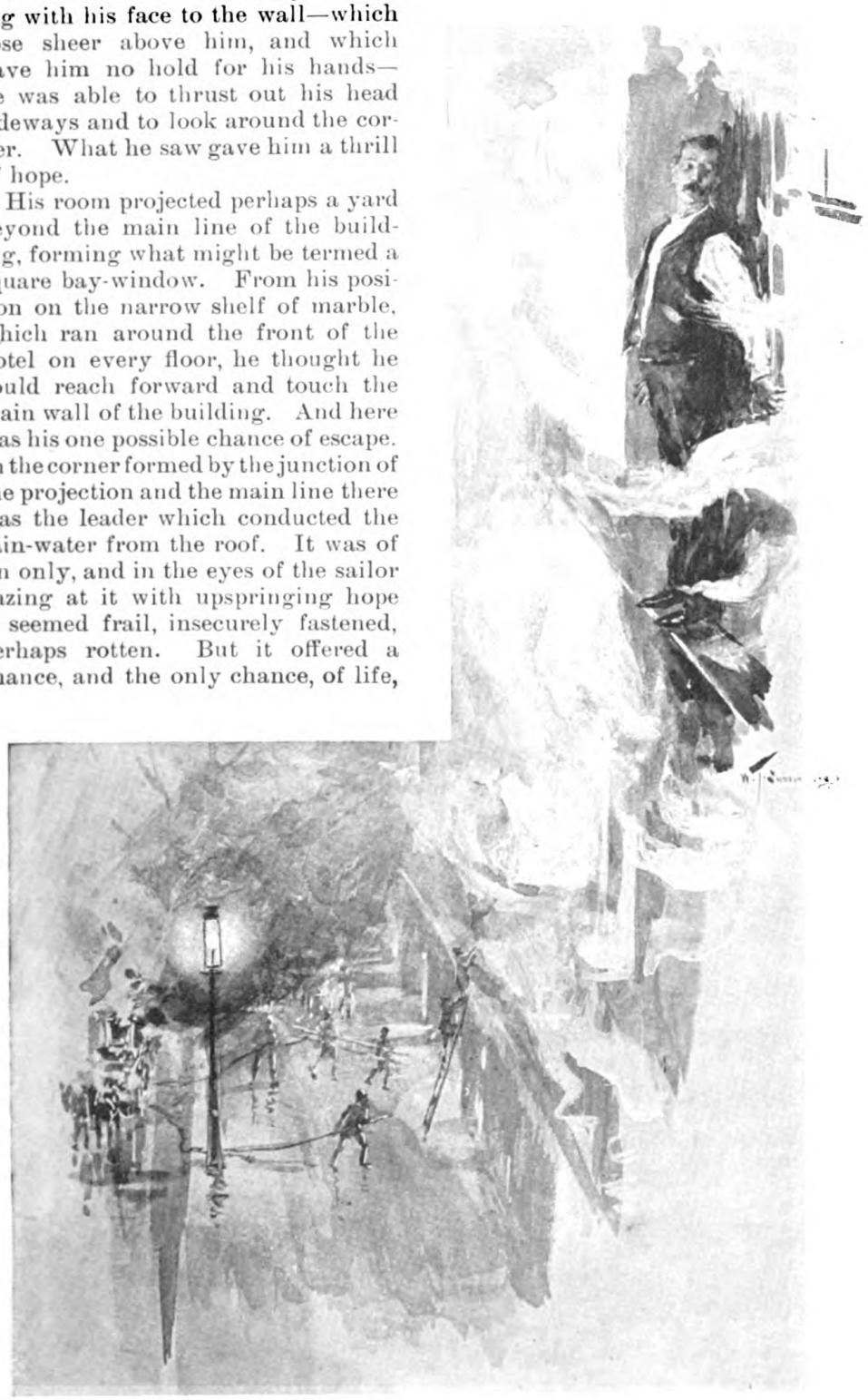
He saw that it was useless to hope that they could now get a ladder up to him; the flames would not give them time. The wall behind him was becoming hotter, and the heat had broken the glass of the window of his room. The fire was creeping along the roof above his head, and every now and again it peered over the edge at him, as though seeing how far it had still to go before it could grasp him. The smoke from below was thickening, and threatened to choke him. Through its haze he could see the cyclops eye of the clock tower gloating over his inevitable fate. The hands on the illuminated dial had slowly crept forward, and it was now nearly twenty minutes past twelve.

Stone knew that his position was untenable for many seconds longer. At any moment the wall might fall back and bury him in the blazing ruins. To remain was impossible; and there seemed no way of escape. A crash shook the building, and then another; and he guessed that two of the floors had fallen in. He slid along again to the end of the narrow ledge and tried to peer around the corner, in the vague hope that there might be some possible means of escape. He found that he could not twist his head far enough to see anything while his back was flat against the wall. To turn was to risk a fall to the pavement below. He looked down fearlessly, and calculated his chances if he missed his footing. Immediately beneath him the tree was taller than its fellows, and its foliage was thicker; it was barely possible that the branches might break his fall; but the chance was slim. The smoke poured heavily from the window three feet from him. He hesitated no longer,

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but turned slowly and steadily. His nerves were unshaken, and he executed the manœuvre in safety. Standing with his face to the wall—which rose sheer above him, and which gave him no hold for his hands—he was able to thrust out his head sideways and to look around the corner. What he saw gave him a thrill of hope.

His room projected perhaps a yard beyond the main line of the building, forming what might be termed a square bay-window. From his position on the narrow shelf of marble, which ran around the front of the hotel on every floor, he thought he could reach forward and touch the main wall of the building. And here was his one possible chance of escape. In the corner formed by the junction of the projection and the main line there was the leader which conducted the rain-water from the roof. It was of tin only, and in the eyes of the sailor gazing at it with upspringing hope it seemed frail, insecurely fastened, perhaps rotten. But it offered a chance, and the only chance, of life,



"THE WALL BEHIND HIM WAS BECOMING HOTTER, AND THE HEAT HAD BROKEN THE GLASS OF THE WINDOW OF HIS ROOM."

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and therefore it was welcome. Stone prepared to make the best of it.

He gave a final glance around before he made the irrevocable move. He caught sight of the clock, and he saw that it was twenty-two minutes after midnight. He reached forward, and he found that the space was wider than he had thought. It was with the tips of his fingers only that he could touch the tin pipe; it was beyond the reach of his grasp. Yet to seize it was the one way to the street below. He did not hesitate. He stood on his left foot on the very end of the ledge, with his right foot dangling in space. He made a carefully measured plunge forward, and he gripped the leader with his left hand and then instantly with his right. It yielded under the sudden strain, but it did not part. With the habit of a sailor, he clasped his legs about it, and so eased the pressure. Then he began slowly to slide down, gaining velocity as he descended.

At every floor there was a shelf of stone like that on which he had stood outside his window, and through which the tin tube passed. Stone had therefore to release his feet, and by his hands alone to cling to the pipe, which spread from the wall with the weight of his body. Then he clasped his legs again below the ledge and let go one hand after the other. The tin was broken and jagged here and there, and Stone's flesh was cut to the bone. But he did not notice this in the tension of his swift descent.

When he came to the first floor and tried to take a fresh grip with his legs, he found nothing to clasp with his knees. From there to its connection with the gutter the pipe went inside the building. Stone hung from the ledge by his hands, not knowing how far he was above the sidewalk. The smoke was pouring up from the cellar grating beneath him, and in a minute he would have suffocated. So he let go.

The drop was ten feet or more, and he came down on a trunk which had been thrown out of a window. From this he pitched to the sidewalk with a broken leg and a dislocated shoulder. He was dimly conscious of being lifted gently, and of a brief but painful ride. The sharp clang of the ambulance bell he felt as though it were a physical blow.

When he came to himself again it was morning, and he was in bed in a long room with a row of cots on both sides of it, under the slanting sunbeams.

He lay still, wondering.

The occupant of the next bed was unfolding a newspaper, and Stone heard him say to the nurse, with an Alsacian accent: "Ve're goin' have nodder hot day; I vonder how dhose people yust back from Paris on dhe *Douraine* vill like dot?"



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FROM ISPAHAN TO KURRACHEE.

BY EDWIN LORD WEEKS.



EDWIN LORD WEEKS.

I.

THE kindly and sympathetic welcome which I found at the mission did much to render more endurable the painful circumstances attending my return to Julfa. Had I brought the cholera itself with me it would have made no shade of difference in the warmth of my reception, either by Dr. Bruce* or by the ladies of his household. Whatever arguments may be brought forward, justly or unjustly, against the utility of foreign missions in general, there can be no shadow of doubt as to the beneficent results of their work in Persia. During the recent epidemic at Tabreez, the medical department of the American mission, then under the direction of Miss Bradford, did noble work; and it was to her constant care and untiring energy, as well as to the devotion of our Armenian friend, that two of our party owed their recovery from Asiatic cholera. And after hearing so many sensational histories of Kurdish atrocities from Europeans along our route, a new light was thrown on that subject when we met at least two American ladies connected with the mission who had travelled about among Kurdish villages, regardless of exposure, healing their sick, and striving to better the condition of their women. Whatever sect they may belong to, the men and women who have devoted their lives to this cause have shown themselves to be absolutely fearless in the discharge of duty; their record is one of self-sacrifice and pluck, and they represent most worthily the church-militant.

Mr. Rabino, the active head of the Imperial Bank of Persia, says, in a letter from Teheran: "I enclose you various letters and reports from the American Presbyterian missionaries, for whose courageous and devoted labors I, an Englishman and a Catholic, can find no words to express my admiration. Their hospital was positively the only organization for the help of this terribly visited city."*

* I feel that I may, without committing any indiscretion, mention Dr. Bruce by name, since he has been so long identified with Julfa, and every recent work on Persia has added something to his fame. Curzon says: "This mission is under the control of the well-known and greatly respected Dr. Bruce, of whom it may be said that he is as good a type as can anywhere be seen of the nineteenth-century crusader. In an earlier age the red cross would have been upon his shoulder, and he would have been hewing infidels in conflict for the Holy Sepulchre, instead of translating the Bible and teaching in schools at Julfa."

* In the same letter Mr. Rabino says: "It may interest your readers to learn that Sir Joseph D. Tholozan, K.C.M.G., who has been the Shah's physician for over thirty years, and a student of cholera for nearly fifty years (he is a Frenchman, and formerly an army surgeon), has, after long reflection and study, come to the conclusion that the real centre or focus of cholera is not India, but Central Asia, *i. e.*, Samarcand and Bokhara. The epidemic from which we suffered first appeared at Meshed; coming from Afghanistan, it crossed the Caspian to Baku, and also came to Teheran about the same time. Tabreez received the infection from the Caucasus a few days before us. There were practically but two European doctors in town to attend to the community: Dr. Oolling, C.M.G., of the British Legation, who rode in from the country almost every day, and sometimes at midnight; and Dr. Basil. We of the bank had a hard time of it: of some one hundred persons, including thirty soldiers, we lost ten (two Europeans). Our young fellows behaved splendidly, nursing our sick day and night; attending to them un-

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Julfa, November 5th.—Julfa is a suburb of Ispahan, distant about three miles from that city. Originally an Armenian settlement, it is still the headquarters of that Christian sect, and it is also the residence of the European colony of Ispahan. Although the Julfa Armenians are accredited by some travellers with most of the vices appertaining to Christians, and with but few of their virtues, yet the faces one meets in the lanes of that leafy retreat have an intelligent and friendly character which one does not often encounter in the bazars of other cities, and the fact that so many of the villagers speak excellent English or French shows the influence of the missions. It was now advisable, for many reasons, to make an early start for Shiraz. The leading physician of Julfa had marked on my pocket-map a number of villages where cholera had broken out along the "chapar route."* There were rumors of quarantine, more to be dreaded, perhaps, than the remote chances of infection. It had become too cold at night to sleep in the tents, which were left behind, and we were to "put up" at the chapar khanehs or at the caravansaries along the road. In order to avoid the infected villages, and consequently the danger of quarantine in the desert, it was advisable to follow a somewhat unfrequented route, which in this country sometimes entails unexpected adventures. It would be quite incorrect to convey the impression that a journey across Persia is attended by any unusual risk or exposure. In ordinary times, and in the cool bracing weather of spring or autumn, few trips could be more agreeable, and one may carry along an unlimited quantity of portable comforts. But in this case the circumstances were exceptional: the attitude of the people had not been particularly friendly to Europeans since the fall of the "tobacco monopoly." Added to this, cold weather was approaching, and there was some chance of being snowed up in the passes, should one be delayed by quarantine. And, above all, after the loss of my companion, which had fallen so heavily upon me, I could not, alone, look forward with that keen interest and happy anticipation to the life on the road with which we had set out together, but must carry with me instead an unending regret that he could not have lived to reach India, and accomplish what would have been beyond a doubt his crowning work.

II.

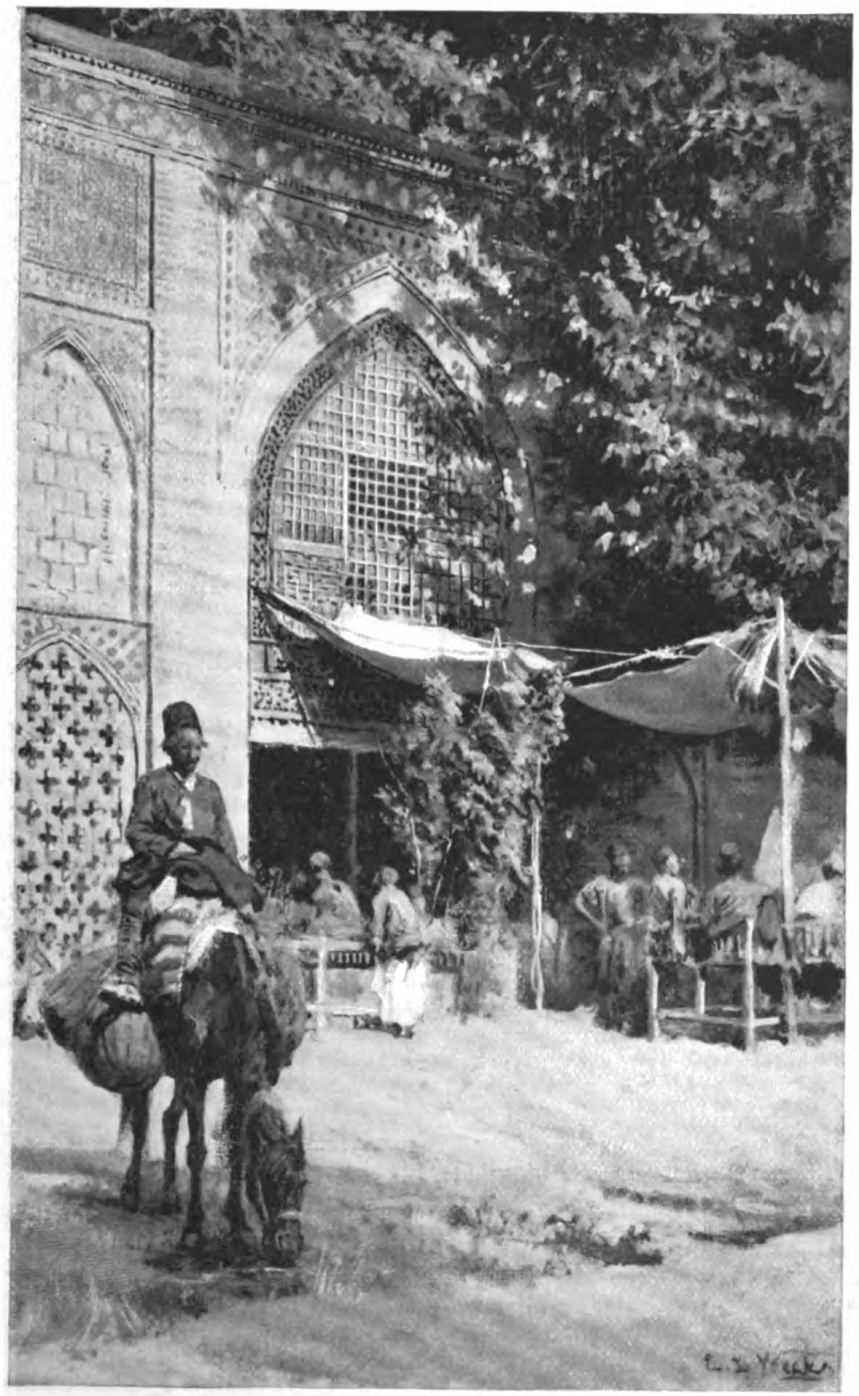
Mayar, November 6th.—The caravan now consisted of seven animals only, three mules and four horses, not counting the donkey which the chavadar brought for his own personal use. This new chavadar, Hadj Ali, had contracted to take me to Bushire in twenty-one days, exclusive of the brief halt at Shiraz or other delays on the road. He was not prepossessing, being wall-eyed and of hang-dog aspect, as well as slovenly and ragged in his attire. Although he seemed quiet and tractable enough at Julfa, where the contract was made, it soon appeared that he was the possessor of a most disagreeable temper. Carapet, a young Armenian of good family, who had started with us when we first left Ispahan, and had shown himself to be thoroughly trustworthy in any emergency, had also undertaken to cook, since no one of good repute had presented himself to perform that function. We pressed on in order to sleep at Mayar the first night. After passing Marg we had the light of a full moon for the rest of the way, and finding the chapar station occupied by the other caravan, we went on to the great ruinous caravansary of Mayar, near our old camping-ground. The baggage was heaped pell-mell on the stone ledge within the gateway, and as it was too late to think of dinner, we mounted the winding stairway to a prisonlike cell above, swept by the cold night wind which blew through the narrow embra-

der the most painful circumstances, closing their eyes, burying them, and reading the prayers for the dead. One of our staff, a young Parsee, was all over the town attending natives, for which he received a gold medal from the Shah and the title of Khan."

Rev. Lewis F. Esselstyn says, in his official report: "Some twenty or more Europeans died in Teheran. Some independent estimates place the total number of deaths in Teheran at 13,000, while equally good authority places the number at 20,000; perhaps something between the two would be nearer right. Following cholera, there was considerable typhoid of a mild form and dysentery. Cholera has been very severe. Some cases have been fatal in two hours from the start, and many in twelve. On August 25th [1892] I made the following statement: 'There have been 5000 deaths in Meshed and 12,000 in Tabreez.'"

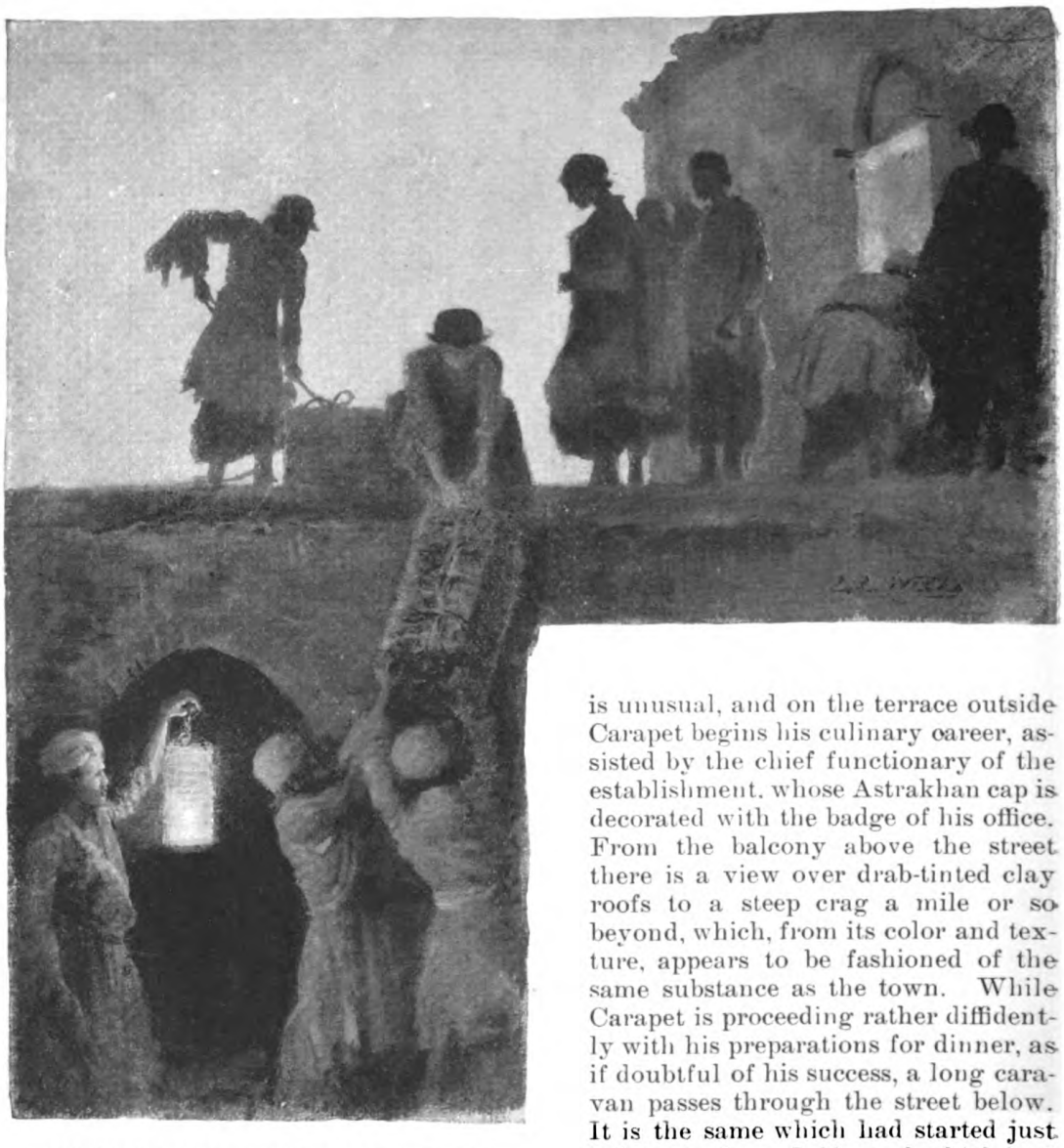
* Chapar route, the main line, provided with "chapark hanehs," or government post-houses, and with roomy caravansaries for travellers. This is also the line of the Indo-European Telegraph, where shelter or assistance can always be obtained at the stations.

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ON THE "CHEHAR BAGH," ISPAHAN.

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LOWERING LUGGAGE FROM THE HOUSE-TOP AT DAWN.

sures; but, wrapped in blankets, we were soon sound asleep.

Kumisheh, November 7th.—The chapar khaneh which we reach early in the afternoon is worthy of a description as a type of its class. A smaller and more cozy edition of a caravansary, it promises greater comfort. Around the clay wall of the court-yard is a row of lozenge-shaped openings, where the horses can put their heads in and reach their fodder; an inclined plane leads to the roof, where two small rooms, opening into each other, are built over the gateway. In this instance the doors can be closed, which is unusual, and on the terrace outside Carapet begins his culinary career, assisted by the chief functionary of the establishment, whose Astrakhan cap is decorated with the badge of his office. From the balcony above the street there is a view over drab-tinted clay roofs to a steep crag a mile or so beyond, which, from its color and texture, appears to be fashioned of the same substance as the town. While Carapet is proceeding rather diffidently with his preparations for dinner, as if doubtful of his success, a long caravan passes through the street below. It is the same which had started just before me from Julfa, and which had occupied the chapar khaneh at Mayar last night. Behind this caravan rides Hussein the cook on a donkey. He is the man whom we had refused to engage when we first left Ispahan, and seeing us on the terrace above, he steers his donkey into the gateway. It seems that he has lost his place with the other caravan, and having hired his steed of our chavadar, he hopes to follow us to Bushire.

Maksud-Beggi, November 8th.—In order not to stop at Yezdikhast, the first on the list of infected villages, and marked on the map with two stars, doubly to be avoided, I had intended to pass by Maksud-Beggi to Aminabad, some hours further on, and so get by Yezdikhast on the following day.

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But not being as yet on my guard against the machinations of the new chavadar, he managed by various delays and pretexts to arrive here rather late in the day. In the discussion which follows he first exhibits his unamiable temper. But the chief of the village and the man in charge of the caravansary, who both seem to be of respectable standing, intervene, and as they all assure us that it would be impossible to reach the next station before night, we conclude to make the best of it here. We select a cell a shade less begrimed and sooty than the majority, and are soon comfortably installed, while the chief, who has consented to sit for his portrait, settles himself just outside the door. As a model he does not prove a success, for his attention is constantly distracted with counting out copper coins, writing letters or receipts, and transacting the business of scribe in general to the community. The other caravan now comes in, and instead of dining alone, as I had anticipated, I have the joy of sharing their good cheer in a cell which has been quickly converted into a civilized dining-room by the magic means of a well-set table, carpets, and gay hangings which hide the blackened stone, folding arm-chairs placed in front of the blazing fire, and, most important of all, the charm of congenial society.

Yezdikhast, November 9th.—Hadj Ali smooths matters over by promising to take a short-cut to Shiraz, by which we hope to avoid the other cholera villages and the dreaded quarantine.

The approach to this place is a succession of surprises. The town, a compact and yellow mass of crowded dwellings, appears to rise abruptly and close at hand above the level plain which we are crossing. All at once a profound ravine opens in front of us, and perched high up on the summit of the yellow cliffs on the other side are the houses which we saw from the plain. Descending steeply to the pebbly floor of this ravine, which is an ancient river-bed, we turn to the left and ride along under the perpendicular ledge. There are filthy pools along the bottom of it, and black slimy stains descend the rocky wall from the rickety wooden balconies and projecting windows of the town above us. If the people overhead are dying of cholera, they are surely very quiet about it, and there is no sign of life at any of the windows. We come to the chapar khaneh on the other side of the ravine. It is locked up, and a little further on the ravine opens on to a broad river, which we cross by a bridge, and enter an imposing caravansary of the time of Shah Abbas.*

In this way we avoid entering the town. The river is bordered on both sides by vertical cliffs, and from the gate of the caravansary, looking back across the bridge, we get the most striking view of Yezdikhast. The long ledge on which it stands is pierced by many caves and openings along the top, and from a distance it is difficult to make out just where the town begins, where the caves become windows and doors. They are accentuated in many places by jutting windows and crazy-looking balconies propped by sticks, at a great height above the stream below. This long rock ends in a thin wedge where the ravine on the other side enters the river-bed. Separated at the other end from the main range of cliffs by a species of drawbridge, it can easily be made as inaccessible as a vulture's nest perched on a crag, and the dark streaks which stain the cliffs below heighten the resemblance to a roosting-place of those scavengers of the desert.

It was at this caravansary that Hussein first became incorporated into our caravan, in the capacity of cook, and made his début with a remarkably successful curry.

Dehgadu, November 10th.—Hadj Ali's chief assistant is a grotesque, bandy-legged negro, whose buffoonery makes him the joy of the caravan. When we are on the march, and he is perched on the top of a pack-mule, crowning like a Gothic gargoyle the very apex of the piled up baggage, he sings by the hour, and with more trills and falsetto quavers than Yvette Guilbert. When he is tired of singing he tells stories with monkeylike grimaces and pantomimic action. Nobody understands his dialect, but all laugh, for his gayety is irresistibly contagious. Then he falls asleep, and lags behind, swaying violently, till he is awakened by a fall, from which he always picks himself up unhurt. At daylight we leave the caravansary, and crossing a field where peasants are gleaning, follow along the base-line of the great cliffs which wall in the valley. Ravens are wheeling and croaking above, and as

* Shah Abbas the Great reigned [illegible] century.

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we begin to ascend the cliffs, coveys of partridges rise whirring from the path. Another table-land, crossed by a range of bleak hills, stretches before us when we have mounted the cliffs, and looking back, the river valley seems to have sunk out of sight, and Yezdikhast appears to be on the same unbroken plain. We are at an elevation of nearly seven thousand feet, and the air, though invigorating, is cold and chilly. The only objects of interest during the long day's march are the glimmering snow-fields of Kuh Alijuk, another seven thousand feet above us. We meet no sign of life on the road, but late in the afternoon we sight a herd of antelopes or gazelles scampering away in the distance and showing their white tails. The village of Dehgadu, where we expect to pass the night, finally appears in the distance, scarcely distinguishable from the stony hill-side on which it stands. Outside the walls and near the gate there is a long yellow patch dotted with dark figures, from which we infer that the inhabitants are winnowing their grain. As we approach, the dark figures begin to run towards us, agitating their arms and implements of labor, and some of them are shouting. Although it is not usual for Persian rustics to take such unnecessary exercise, we pay no attention to them, being wrapt in vague speculation as to what manner of lodging we shall find here. In a moment they have surrounded Carapet, who is riding some rods in advance, and have begun to belabor his horse with their wooden pitchforks. My first impulse is to draw a revolver; and Carapet, in his wrath, slips off the cover of my rifle and reaches it out for me. Carapet is a boy who might be "quick with the trigger" on slight provocation, and by the time I have got the thing safely under my arm our assailants have turned their attention to my horse, abstaining, however, from attacking our persons. My situation on this curveting and frightened beast, who was too tired to run, and had not the nerve to stand still, began to be somewhat unsafe as well as embarrassing. It is needless to say that these gentlemen constituted the "sanitary committee" of Dehgadu, and that we were quarantined for having passed by Yezdikhast. Since Western civilization has set the example, Europeans have no right to [illegible] these people see fit to enact [illegible] quarantine in a village of mud huts. We managed, by backing our horses, to keep clear of the crowd until the arrival of the chief, who explained with formal politeness that these people were brutes, and had exceeded his orders. By this time the baggage animals had arrived, and the villagers led the way to a barren field about half a mile from the walls. Here the chief and his assistants hastily scraped away the straw and débris from a hole in the ground, uncovering a spring of filthy yellow water; and while beasts and men drank copiously, they brought armfuls of sticks and built a bonfire. During all this time I had never ceased to threaten and remonstrate, egging on Carapet to put it into forcible and profane Persian, and fortifying my position with the fact that they had actually attacked the caravan. We swore that if they did not take us in we should ride across to Dehbid, on the main road, and wire to the legation at Teheran. Under ordinary circumstances diplomatic interference would have been tardy and ineffective, but in this case I felt confident that our cause would be taken up at once. Our situation while the issue was pending was not enviable: there was no other shelter within eight farsakhs (over thirty miles); we could not find the road at night, and the hills on this side of the main route were said to be somewhat unsafe after dark. Added to this, it was becoming bitterly cold in the waning daylight. We unloaded the horses and opened a tin of beef and a bottle of whiskey. After a brief consultation among themselves, the chief and some of the others went off to the village to have another conference, leaving us squatting over the fire. They presently came back and offered us the freedom of the town, only begging for a written certificate of good conduct, and a little whiskey for the chief's father, who was sick unto death. I chose for my quarters the room over the town gate, and while the baggage was being hoisted and dragged up a broken and ruinous stairway by these knights of the pitchfork, others brought firewood and provisions, limited as usual to bread, chickens, and eggs. Our aggressors now showed themselves as zealous in promoting our comfort as they had been before in driving us off, and it was with some little difficulty that we finally prevailed on them to leave us alone for the night.

Dehgadu, November 11*th*, 6 A.M.—All

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the masculine part of the population, and some veiled women as well, have turned out to see the start, and while we are on the roof packing the baggage and inciting Hadj Ali to action, we look down on a long line of upturned faces. The owners of these faces are propped lazily against the opposite wall, watching our every movement, and paying but slight attention to the discourse of a ragged and paralytic old fanatic seated on a dungheap, who is alternately haranguing the crowd and cursing us with uplifted hands.



QUARANTINE GUARD AT DEHGADU.

November 12th.—The long stretch of country which now lies before us proves to be the most desolate on the road to Shiraz. The lateness of the hour indicates that we must be approaching the end of the seven long "farsakhs," and the yellow walls and castles rising from the plain show that we cannot be far from the haven promised by Hadj Ali. But all these architectural wonders are but deserted ruins. A lonely and isolated pile near the foot of a steep ridge which seems to bar our further progress is pointed out as the caravansary. Carapet has galloped on to see what sort of quarters Hadj Ali had chosen for us; by the time I reach the building Carapet has concluded his inspection, and returns with an air of hopeless dejection. The caravansary proves to be but a crumbling shell, tenanted by a tribe of nomadic Kurds, who are camping out in its ruins; every cell is occupied by their families. Men, women, and children, cattle, goats, and chickens, are huddled promiscuously together in the dirty cells behind the tattered remnants of black tents which cover the arched openings, and the air is filled with the choking fumes of dung fires. One or two caravans are encamped outside. The only place where we could by any possibility sleep is a diminutive cell on the roof, open on three of its six sides to the wind. This time Hadj Ali had overstepped the mark; he had reached the "end of his tether," and I waited for him to come up, intending to remonstrate so effectually that he would be more careful in the future. Feeling confident that he was master of the situation, he received our mild remonstrances with aggressive insolence, and even went to the length of threatening Carapet with his stick. This led to the sudden downfall of Hadj Ali, and although he called loudly upon his two assistants for help against the infidel, they paid no attention to his outcries. Our situation, for which Hadj Ali was in a measure responsible, could not be called a dilemma, for there was no alternative, no other shelter for many miles, only the little cell on the roof. The appearance of the crowd which now poured out of every nook and corner of the ruin was not reassuring, particularly as my baggage contained considerable coin and plunder of various kinds; and the cold was increasing, as the wind blew straight down from the snow not far above us. As the stairway which led to our eyry became a ragged cliff half-way up, the baggage was hoisted on to the roof by means of the cords used for tying it on the pack-saddles, and with the aid of all the able-bodied men available. When it had been deposited in the cell, and the gaps blockaded with boxes and closed up with rugs, there was barely space enough for my camp-bed and Carapet's mattresses. It was impossible to have a fire there, as there was no outlet for the smoke. Hus-

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sein installed his kitchen just outside the arch opening into the stone niche overlooking the court of the caravansary, and built a fire of brushwood at the threshold.

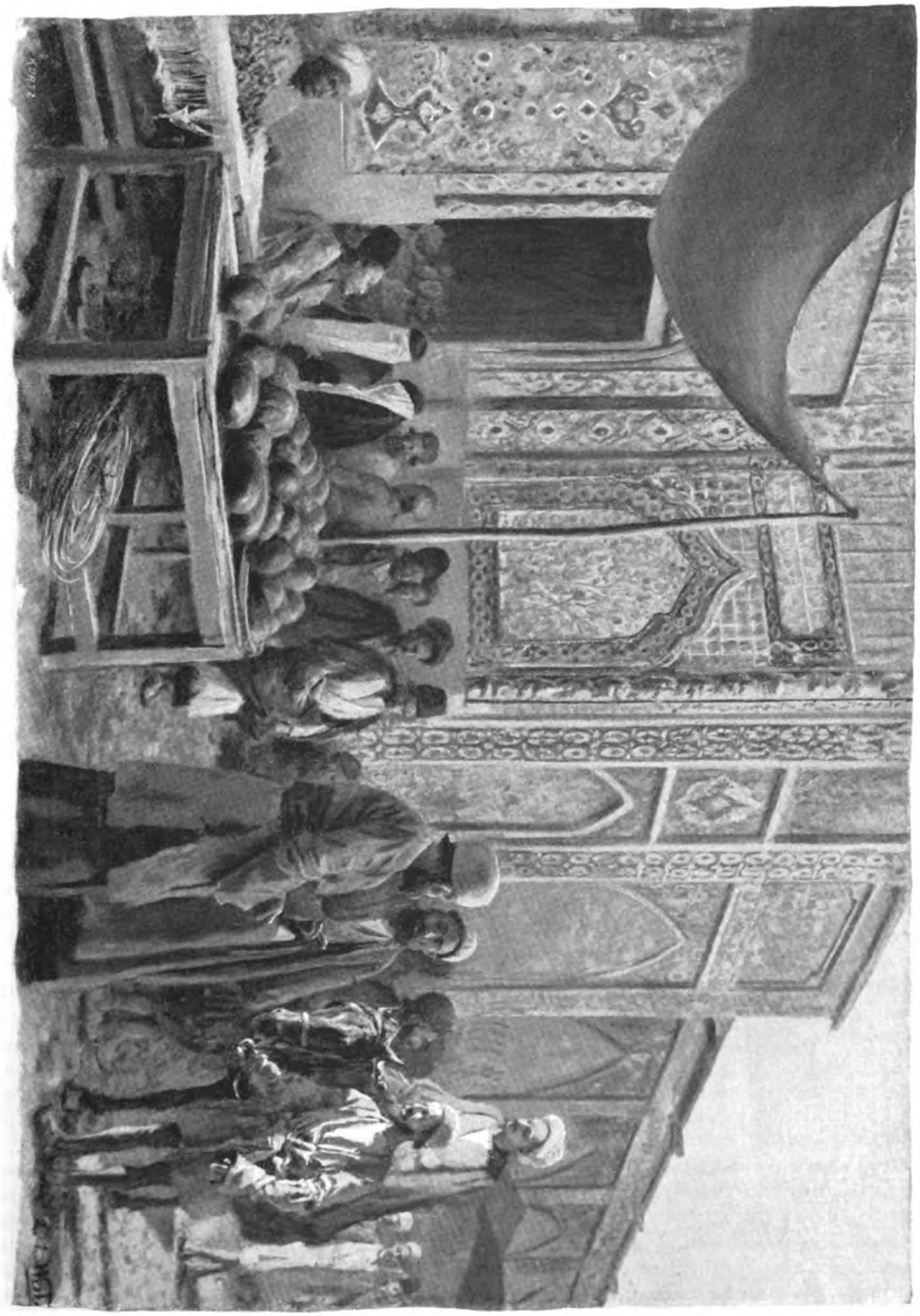
Asupas, November 13th.—The route today descended by a steep pass into a warmer zone. The village, seen from above, appeared to be grouped about a citadel, and surrounded by trees near the margin of a river. Persia is the home of illusions, and the citadel proved to be but a mud house a little higher than the others. In order to reach the chief's house we descend from our horses at a low gateway, and after traversing a maze of barn-yards, and ascending steps to a higher level of flat roofs, whence we can look down into the other huts of the village, where the women are working at their looms weaving "kelims," or striped carpets, we cross by a shaky bridge of sticks and clay to the chief's house. The baggage is carried all this distance by porters. A large room, quite open to the sky at one end and at the adjoining corner, is swept out and placed at our disposal. The chief is a handsome, genial man of forty or thereabouts, clad, like the other villagers, in a faded blue blouse. There is but little prospect of privacy, as both he and the other members of the family, including the children and the family dog, a small greyhound wearing a frayed and embroidered blanket, make continual incursions to ask what we need, prompted in part by curiosity, and also by genuine hospitality. At our appeal he provides blankets and mats to serve as portières at the openings.

Shiraz, November 19th.—Most of the famous panoramas of cities, extolled by travellers, are said to "burst upon the eye," and Shiraz proves a shining illustration of this well-worn expression. As in an artistically arranged diorama, where one is led on through dark passages to the dazzling climax, so here, after winding for long hours through gloomy mountain corridors, between walls of ever-increasing height, one comes suddenly upon a gap, a notch, in the seemingly endless series of cliffs. Following the course of the torrent, the road descends abruptly to the notch, where the stream is walled across by a great dam of masonry, and Shiraz lies far below us in an emerald-green plain, illuminated for a moment by a long track of light from the west. The road passes under a high gateway built against the cliff on one side, communicating with various arcaded structures higher up, amongst slender cypresses, recalling the wayside chapels of Italy. A steep paved causeway, littered with bowlders, descends to the plain, where a broad avenue, flanked by orange gardens and bordered by venerable cypresses, with a shining blue dome at the end of the vista, leads into the city. Across the plain rise the purple mountain barriers which lie between Shiraz and the sea. At the gate I found the negro who had been sent on the day before with a letter announcing our arrival, and at the bottom of the hill the two gentlemen who had charitably offered entertainment to the men and beasts of this dusty and weather-beaten procession. A short walk takes us to the gate in the long garden wall enclosing our host's residence, a low bungalowlike structure, with a broad white-pillared veranda. A tank in front reflects the lurid November sunset, the dark cypress spires, and the white columns, as well as the brilliant masses of autumn flowers; among them are many-hued chrysanthemums, and such late roses as have been spared by the frost. Men in white flannels are playing in the tennis-courts. At the dinner which follows, the famous wine of Shiraz is on the table. From the conflicting opinions of different travellers, I had been led to expect something like a heavy and cloying liquor, but my verdict would be that it is more akin to old port, with a suspicion of marsala.

III.

Shiraz, November 20th.—The most characteristic features of this city, which has been in a way the Florence of Persia, as Ispahan was its Rome, are the old and neglected gardens surrounding the decaying pavilions and garden-houses of its ancient rulers. Persia explains both Mogul India and Moorish Spain, for in both countries the landscape-gardening seems to have followed the canons of Persian taste. Many who have not been in Persia are familiar with the gardens of the Generalife in Granada, or, better still, the palace gardens of Agra and Lahore, where one may find the same stone-curbed canals, bordered with flowering shrubs or by avenues of cypresses, where even the designs of the inlaid tiles and of the arched colonnades differ from those of Persia only in some minute details. One of the

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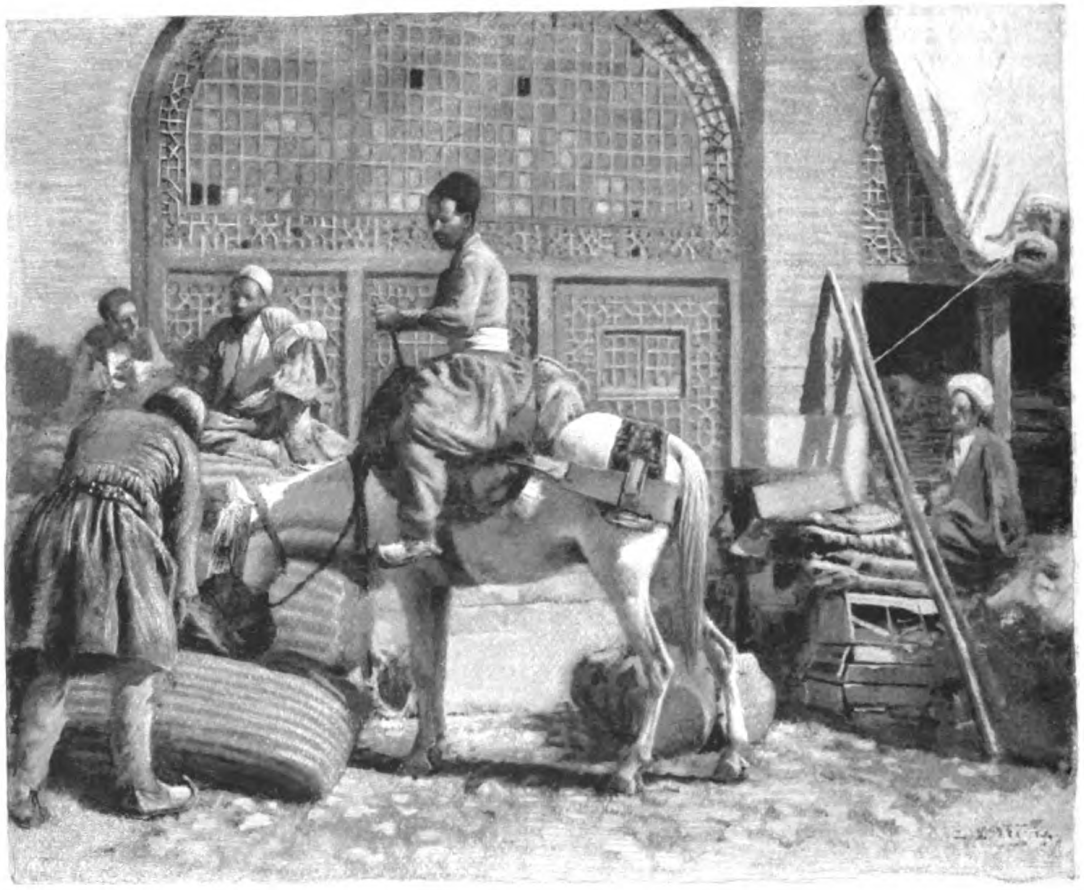


MOSQUE DOOR AT SHIRAZ.

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CARAVANSARY AT SHIRAZ.

most attractive of these old pleasure resorts is situated on the slope of the mountain behind the house. Dark masses of foliage rise above the wall and the gate by which we enter, and just inside is a great tank, now dry and dusty, which once reflected the ranks of tall cypresses, together with the successive terraced platforms, all decorated with mosaic tiles, which lead up, like long flights of steps, to the principal pavilion standing high on the hill-side. A stream of water once fell in rippling cascades over slabs of fretted marble into this lowest reservoir. But all is now in ruins: the watercourses are dried up; the supporting walls of the terraces have crumbled away in many places, leaving only heaps of bricks, among which gleams here and there the vivid blue glaze of a tile. One or two slender minarets still retain their glittering surfaces of porcelain. It may have been in this very spot that Hafiz borrowed much of the imagery which gives such color to his verses that they seem still fresh and living to us moderns. Both he and the poet Sadi, his great rival in fame, lie buried in garden tombs not far off. As Emerson says, "the cedar, the cypress, the palm, the olive, and fig-tree, the birds that inhabit them, and the garden flowers, are never wanting in these musky verses, and are always named with effect." This garden, like those nearer the city, is still the resort of the fashionable youth of Shiraz, who delight in displaying their superb horsemanship on the roads which lead to it, and one often encounters picnicking parties of veiled ladies in some secluded nook, where their rugs are laid on the russet carpet of fallen leaves. There are always groups of young men looking down from the higher galleries above, over the ruined terraces and the tree-tops below, and many of them have scrawled their names in the Persian characters on the mouldering stucco of the alcoves. They seem to ride

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out here for exercise, and to enjoy the view, as their Italian brethren climb the terraces of San Giusto at Verona. Many of these young fellows, who probably represent the *jeunesse dorée* of Shiraz, have an air of greater refinement than is usual in the northern cities; their handsome horses are carefully groomed, and their trappings and saddle-cloths, often of immaculate white felt stitched in arabesque designs, although quiet in effect, are faultlessly correct.

In the city there are many picturesque nooks and corners, and a few elaborately built and imposing bazars. One cannot convey in words an idea of the beauty, both in color and "motif," of the crumbling panels of tiled mosaic which adorn the outer walls of the old "Madrasseh" and of some of the mosques. The offices of the Indo-European Telegraph Company occupy a fine old palace; the garden in front is entered through an arched portal, from which a narrow canal, bordered by flagged walks, leads to the entrance of the building; the gardener, probably for his own domestic needs, had ornamented one of these walks by a border of cabbages, with highly decorative effect. A dado of marble, with lions sculptured in low relief, runs along the front, above which are old latticed windows of rich and intricate design. Here let me say a word in regard to the interior decoration, not particularly of this palace, although it applies to it as well, but of several, of which I remember one at Tabreez occupied by this same company. I refer to the artistic value of the fireplaces in the general scheme of decoration. The low and graceful pointed arch has a sort of penthouse projection half filling it above, to favor the escape of smoke, and the panel of wall surrounding it, as well as the dado on each side, is delicately painted in arabesque of dark blue and gold. I could think of no more apt simile than the brilliantly illuminated frontispiece of an old missal.

The last night of our brief halt at Shiraz was made memorable by a dinner, at which most of the gentlemen connected with the telegraph service were guests, and one of the youngest of them had the gift of song, both grave and gay, sufficient to move a far larger audience than was formed by his appreciative colleagues. He had just volunteered to fill the vacant post of Dehbid, and this was the eve of his departure. Dehbid is the highest and coldest station of the Indo-European line, and the last incumbent had died from ex-



GARDEN AT SHIRAZ—SUNSET.

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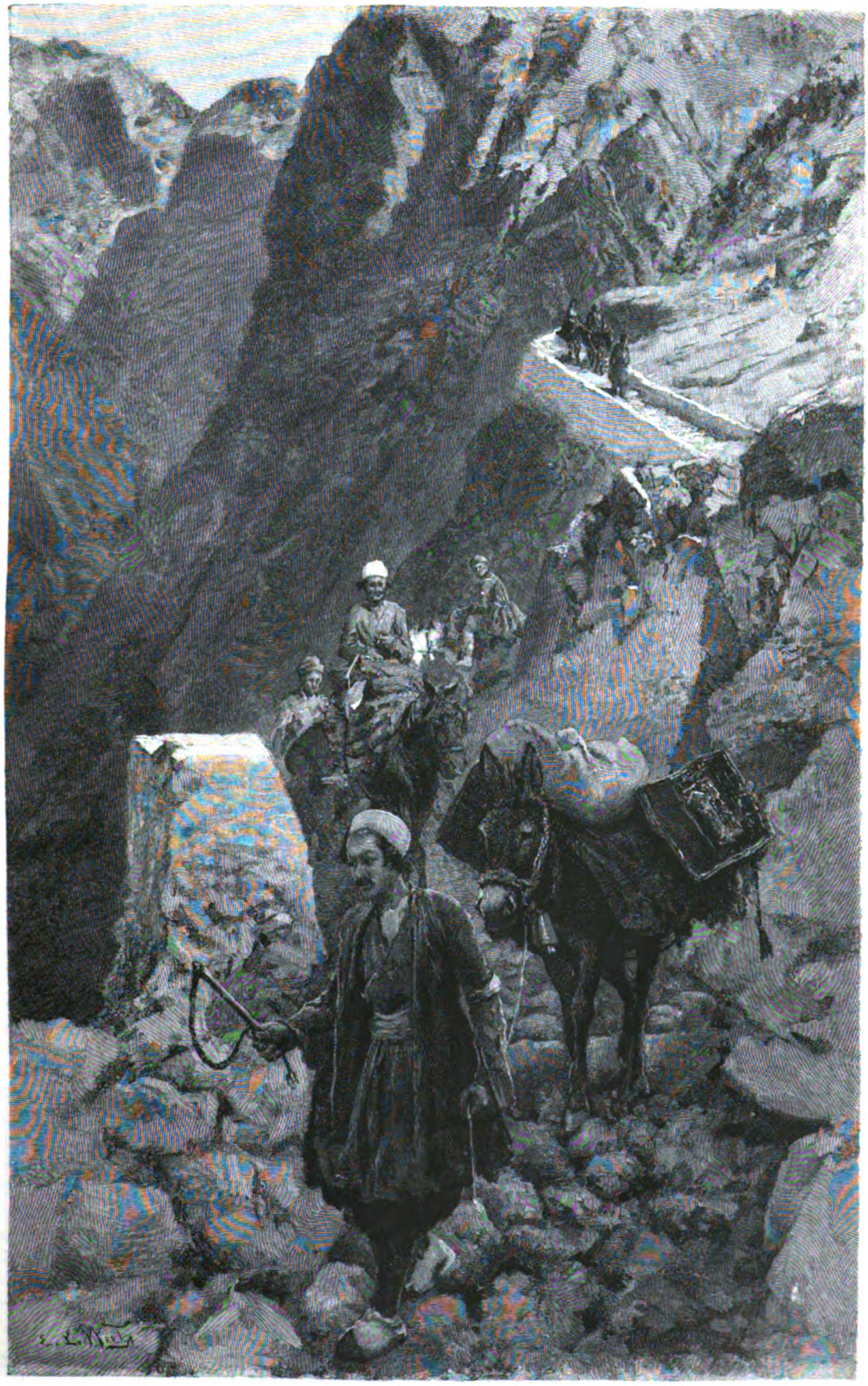
posure while on duty in the snow. My neighbor at the table had been summoned up there in the depth of winter, and had helped to dig his grave with his own hands under the drifts. From this it may be inferred that the lives of these men are not altogether free from risk and hardship.

Khan-i-Zinian, November 21st.—The morning sky is black and threatening when we leave Shiraz and begin the ascent of the hills. Rain begins to fall, driven in our faces by a cold wind, as we enter a barren valley among the hills. High above the dark slopes which rise on all sides gleams of snow appear through the rifts in the clouds. The road soon becomes too muddy for walking, and it is not easy to hold the reins with stiffened fingers. Late in the afternoon we reach the great caravansary to which we had been looking forward as a refuge from the wet and cold, but, to our dismay, every cell is occupied, and only after a period of long waiting in the sleety rain Carapet finds a dirty cell, which is nearly filled with bales of cotton. With great difficulty two men are found to remove a few of the bags from the top of the pile, and so make room for the baggage. Under the circumstances cleanliness must wait, and without sweeping out the accumulated dust of ages wet sticks are brought and a fire is soon roaring in the chimney. The dust which surrounds us is forgotten in the joy which follows the successful process of thawing, and the reaction produced by hot whiskey accompanied by the appetizing fumes of Hussein's curry. Out in the darkness a muleteer is singing in a full rich voice, and the plaintive cadences of his song are strangely suggestive of the Malaguenas of Spain.

November 22d.—It is foggy when we leave our quarters in the morning, but there is a mellow glow behind the fog which presages a fine day. A clear sunrise follows, and the passing figures of men and animals are outlined with orange against the violet mist, which hides all of the mountains excepting their dazzling white crests, which tell sharply against the exquisite pale green of the sky. A long descent into a valley brings us at noon to the telegraph station of Dasht-i-Arzen, which seems to be locked up and deserted. Now we climb the first and highest ridge of the "Kotals," at least the highest point of our route, which is some 7400 feet above the sea. The newly made road which we follow to the top winds through a forest of low and spreading oaks, with considerable undergrowth; the dry brown leaves still cling to the trees, the sunshine is hot, but the mud in the road is frozen hard. From the summit a view opens downward through the branches of the trees over what may be called, with regard to its climate, tropical Persia. Long parallel ridges, with some oblique spurs, hide the gulf, which is really but a few miles distant as the crow flies. A corner of a lake, half hidden by a shoulder of rock, lies below us, and the forest which clothes the mountain on which we stand begins to look fresh and green again. In a few hours we shall overtake the summer. Here the famous descent begins known as the "Pass of the Old Woman," and it is certainly steep. Of course it is far easier to walk, as the ground is completely covered with rolling pebbles and bowlders, except where the path crosses a slope of rock, and there the feet of countless animals have worn deep furrows in the stone. From a convenient resting-place, half-way down, there is a bird's-eye view of the great caravansary of Mian-Kotal, standing on a rocky slope dotted with groups of horses, mules, and merchandise, and one may look down into the crowded courtyard within. Here, while strolling about a few yards from the walls, I came suddenly upon a wolf trotting carelessly up the hill with his tongue lolling out, dog-fashion, but he turned and bolted at sight of a European costume.

November 23d.—There is no longer any chill in the night air. The road downward continues through the forest, now dense and green, over loose stones and débris, to the plain, which has a parklike appearance, with scattered groups of great trees. In the long ridge parallel with that which we have just descended there is a gap, through which we approach another descent called "Kotal-i-Dokhter," the Pass of the Daughter. Here the road is paved with great blocks of slippery stone, and there are in places deep furrows or troughs filled with mire, which have been cut by the laden animals in their endeavors to avoid the slippery pavement. I had begun to think that the height and steepness of these famous stairways of stone had been exaggerated, when all at once the narrow

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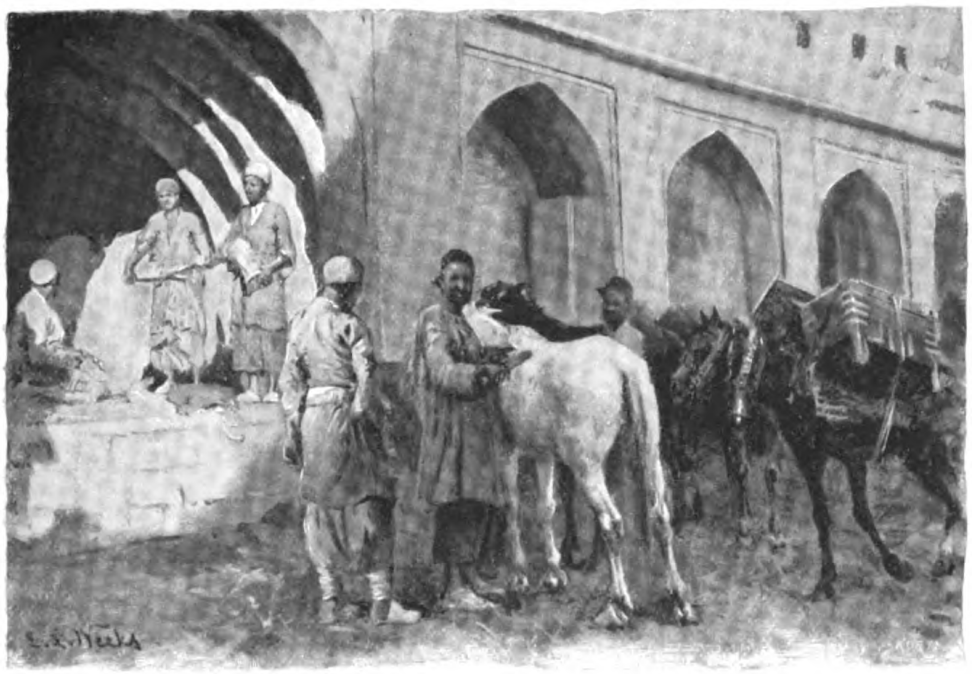
DESCENDING THE KOTALS—THE PASS OF THE DAUGHTER.

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causeway turns a sharp angle and plunges seemingly down a precipice. It is a giddy depth into which we look down from the low parapet, and beyond rises with almost perpendicular lines a mighty black wall of rock. The paved causeway winds down with short sharp turns, corkscrew-like, floored with irregular, pointed, and polished bowlders, on which it is not easy to walk, with slabs of stone crossing it at intervals, after the fashion of Roman roads. To keep one's balance without holding on to something is difficult, and yet Carapet had the "gall" (to use a Western word adopted in Persia) to ride my horse down to the very bottom of the descent. Compared to this pass, the "Gemmi," down which no one is allowed to ride at the present time, is as an avenue floored with asphalt. But to those familiar with the glacier passes of the Alps, or the higher rock peaks, I must admit, at the risk of weakening the force of my statement, that this would seem but an easy promenade. Once down in the valley, under a sun which burns with ever-increasing force as we descend, the road becomes irksome to the last degree, strewn with bowlders and pebbles like the bed of a mountain torrent. Gnarled and ancient rose-trees shade the path in places, and the stunted thickets are alive with song-birds. We pass the end of the lake which we had seen from above, leaving on the right some modern bass-reliefs sculptured on the face of the rocks, and crossing a marshy river, we enter upon the plain of Kazerun — a long, narrow plain of clay, diversified only by a few thickets of stunted thorn-bushes, bounded by the two parallel walls of the Kotals; that on the south, already in shadow as we approach Kazerun, is serrated or notched along the top with strange regularity as far as the eye can follow it. Vertical fissures, beginning near the top and apparently of great depth, descend to the plain. Every one has seen by the road-side a clay bank cracked and split open by the sun, and nature seems to have duplicated this process here on a grander scale. Kazerun, with low red walls and a fringe of date-palms rising from its gardens, resembles an Egyptian village. We are directed to a garden villa, and entering an archway under the house, we pass at once from the blinding glare of the road into the cool green gloom of an orange garden. The trees are of such size and their foliage is so dense that only a few slender rays of sunlight filter through and sparkle like gold coins on the black soil. We are free to camp out where we will, and select for a dormitory one of the upper rooms, with a door opening on to the flat roof, commanding a wide view of the plain. When the windows are thrown open the leaves almost shut out the sky, and one might pick the oranges from their stems.

Daliki, November 25th.—From Kamarij, after a slight rise, we descended 1200 feet in most precipitous fashion by winding stairways worn in the rock, but fortunately unpaved, to the plain of Konar Takhteh, where we arrive in the midday heat. It was only too evident from the subterfuges of Hadj Ali to insure delay that he had laid his plans to pass the afternoon in slumber, but my intention was to sleep at Daliki, and after a short halt to rest the animals, we move on. I had now made nearly all the journey from Shiraz, as well as from Ispahan, on foot, excepting only those portions of the route which traversed dusty and monotonous levels. In this way it was easy to gain time by running down the "short-cuts," and thereby earn the leisure to smoke and meditate and marvel at the surrounding desolation. Down the last of the Kotals to Daliki was, if not the steepest, certainly the hottest and dustiest stage of the journey. The tea in my felt-covered flask had become tepid in the sun, and being made with brackish water, it was doubly nauseous, so that the sight and sound of a roaring blue river racing through the gorges below was uncommonly welcome. But the river proved mockingly elusive and difficult of access, as the dusty grooves of the road followed along the heights, and at times quite away from the course of the stream. Choked with the limestone dust and parched with thirst, I can hardly believe in my own good fortune when the road turns suddenly downward through a shady glen to the very margin of the water. It proves to be as salt as the Dead Sea itself, but happily not too salt to bathe in, and from this point on the heat of the sun is tempered by clouds. Following the gorge made by the river, over a great paved bridge guarded by a ruinous castle, along high cliffs of blue slate, across marshes, and winding upward through another ravine, we halt in the

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CARAVANSARY AT MANKOTAL.

topmost notch, and look westward into a sunset of purple and gold across a vast plain dark with palm groves; long streaks of water behind the thickly planted stems reflect the orange of the sky. There are no more Kotals, the sea lies beyond, and only a short descent leads down to Daliki. The landscape surrounding the post-house, which stands amid thickets of low and spreading date-palms, watered by rivulets threading among their stems, seems doubly attractive after the arid and treeless ravines above; and the deep-toned after-glow, now fading into twilight, adds the fascination of mystery. Here at last it is warm; we shall burn no more wood, and the very sight of quilted coverlets and blankets is oppressive.

Borasjun, November 26th.—From Daliki we follow the edge of the plain, and on our left rise the fissured walls of the Kotals. The road is crossed by rivulets which spread out into miry pools bordered with black and iridescent mud, from which a strange, fetid odor exhales. Near the foot of the hills are a few rusty derricks, sheds, and other appurtenances of the petroleum industry. Carapet has gone on, as he has friends in the camp, and presently I find him seated at table among a group of Russian engineers, in the chief tent. They had been prospecting for oil for three years, but without success. There are channels of warm water crossing our route from hot sulphur springs and other mineral sources. Many of the people we meet on the road are Arabians from the opposite coast, wearing wide turbans of some striped material. The enormous caravansary at Borasjun is certainly the finest I have seen in Persia. Built within a few years, it was evidently designed for security, and is a fortress as well as a hostelry. Within is a splendid suite of rooms for the governor or other travelling officials of high rank. A stone's-throw off is the telegraph station, where I am again to enjoy the ever-ready hospitality of the "Indo-Europeans." A telegram from Bushire has just been received announcing that a steam-launch will be sent to Schiff at a few hours' notice. This means that owing to the forethought and courtesy of the British Resident, as well as the kindness of our consular representative, I shall be spared a journey of twenty miles across a steaming salt marsh, and so be able to catch the British India steamer now due at Bushire. The official in charge at the telegraph house tells me,

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as we dine by candle-light on the broad veranda, that this is the hottest station on the line; although an Armenian and a native of the country, he does not speak of its summer climate with pleasure. The apparatus is in the adjoining room, which is so constructed that although open to the wind, the sun can never reach it, and the operator sits in grateful obscurity. But for nine months the climate is most trying; the mercury often stands at 120° Fahr.; the walls of the room are so hot that he can scarcely bear to touch them; and while at work he has the floor flooded with water to the depth of several inches. And yet it is only a few days from Dehbid!

A hard white plain lies beyond Borasjun, and after a time the serried ranks of date-palms cease, and only a few plumed sentinels rise here and there among dark clusters of tamarisk-trees. Since leaving the mountains a new shrub, like a species of gigantic milkweed, has appeared along the road-side.

Bushire, November 27th.—The last vestige of vegetation disappeared some hours beyond Borasjun, and there was not even a fringe of grass along the borders of the salt pools, but still no sign of the sea appeared in front of us. Within the limits of vision there was nothing but the far-extending level of dried mud, darkened in places by cloud shadows. But by way of variety this desert of crusted mud soon became an equally infinite extent of wet mud. First crossing a few pools of mire, the horses were soon splashing along ankle-deep in black slime, and the road disappeared. We were obliged to hail a passing peasant to guide us to Schiff. The prospect was not encouraging. If the influence of the tide was felt so far inland, what was there to prevent a tidal wave from washing us back to the hills? But the salt flavor of the breeze showed that we could not be far from the shore, and soon a line of low sand hills tufted with waving grass rose above the horizon; and then Schiff itself, only a roofless stone ruin, with a few masts of boats rising behind it, and a group of fishermen silhouetted against the sky. The steamer is lying far out from the beach, as the water is shallow, but the crew are already on shore and waiting for us. It is but a few minutes' work to transfer the baggage to a fishing-boat, while we ourselves get out on the shoulders of the men. The lateen-sail is hoisted, and leaving the caravan to continue round the bay, we run alongside the launch. Comfortably ensconced among the cushions under the awning, while the boat is steaming rapidly across a rough green sea, I have leisure to enjoy the last view of the Kotals, rising above the horizon behind like a far-reaching fortress wall; and there is not a shadow of bitterness or regret in the reflection that I have no longer any use for them. Bushire has no harbor, but only an open roadstead, where a few steamers are pitching about in the rough water; but it is still the chief port of the south, as all the freight from India and much of that from England is carried up into the interior by the road which we had descended. The high closely packed houses of the town, with latticed windows and often with projecting upper stories, give it something of an Arabic character, which is borne out by its floating population of gulf Arabs. There is already a flavor of India in the air, and at the entrance of the British Residency, which stands on the sea-front, a group of tall and martial-looking Sikhs, handsomely uniformed, are mounting guard.

IV.

Steamer "Occidental," November 29th.—We are leaving Bushire, and steaming slowly out into the gulf. Hussein and Carapet came down to the pier with me, and the baggage, increased by a number of small packages, strapped up in the great carpet sacks, just as it had travelled from Tabreez, is pitched into a lateen-sailed lugger, or "buggalow." Two custom-house officers, two "hamals," or porters, some small vagabonds, and a white-bearded old beggar who trades on his indistinct articulation, are all clamoring for more "krans," while the boat waits for the mail-bag and the first officer. When this functionary is on board, sail is hoisted, and we run three miles out to the steamer, under a lowering sky and through rough water. A white Angora cat tied to a bench among the baggage seems to be in the throes of seasickness. As we approach the ship, steering through a swarm of boats and lighters crowded with vociferating Arabs and Persians shouting at the mob on deck, who are howling back at them, we have great difficulty in forcing a way through, and there seems to be no room on the quarter-deck for one more passenger, and none on the forward

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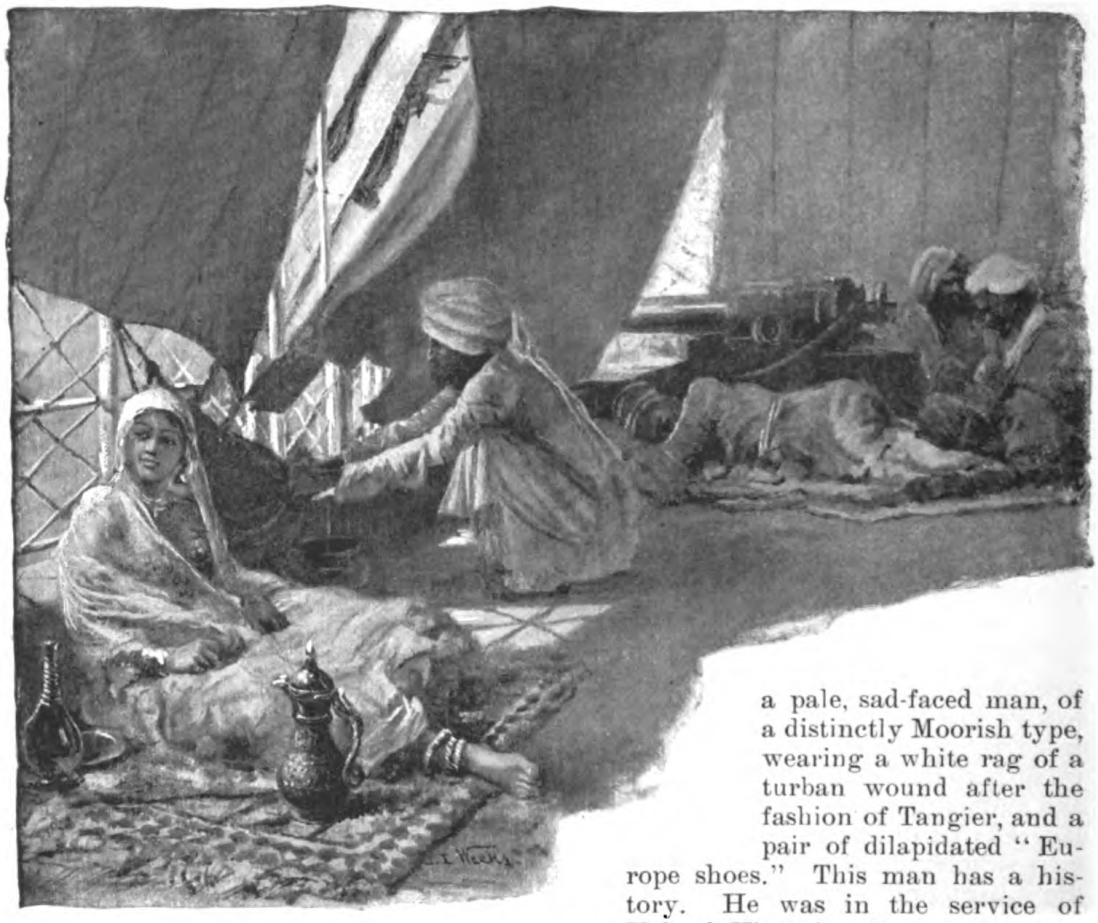


ON THE BEACH AT LINGAH.

part of the ship, crowded with a double row of horses. After vain attempts to reach the gangway on the leeward side, we drift round the stern into the seething and bumping jam of boats, and a rope-ladder is let down for us, while the luggage is hoisted and pushed up the side of the ship and over the rail. There is not a European on board save the officers. Canvas screens shut off the small quarter-deck from the forward part monopolized by the horses. As the exportation of Persian and Arab horses is the principal business of the gulf ports, and the boats of the British India Line being the only regular steamers on the coast, their decks are like floating stables. Most of these horses are landed at Bombay, and transferred to the Arab stables in the quarter known as Byculla, where they supply the demand for polo ponies and for the cavalry service. Double awnings and canvas walls make a dim twilight on the after-deck, crowded, like the rest of the ship, with Indians, Beloochees, and Arabians. A part of the deck is taken up by an Indian Nawab, chief of a frontier stronghold in Beloochistan, and his retainers. His Highness, a grizzled and weather-beaten old warrior, and blind of one eye, which is quite hidden by a fold of his loosely wound turban, draped in a striped mantle, or "abya," such as one sees in Palestine, is squatting over his hookah, and one of his hirsute followers is busily engaged in keeping the coals aglow in a small furnace from which the pipes are lighted. The chief's interpreter, a handsome black-bearded native of Scinde, arrayed in a stunning coat made from an imitation leopard-skin rug, now comes forward, and in formal and precise English explains that the Nawab wishes to know whence I come, whither I am going, and what is my mission in India. His Highness is not much wiser than before when these things are explained to him, but he asks many questions about America, whether the caste system is in vogue there, and whether it is as large as Britain. . . .

5.30 P.M.—While I am busy in my cabin opening valises and hand-bags, the hubbub and uproar increases among the boats, which are swinging and bumping together under the round window; men are running wildly down the gangway, and descending by ropes past the open port; the screw begins to revolve, the boats and lighters drop astern, their crews wildly struggling to keep clear of the ship, and we are off for Kurrachee. Here on the ship, Persia ends and India begins, with the Portuguese stewards from Goa, the Indian cooks, the Nawab on deck with his hirsute staff, the swinging punkas down in the saloon, and the perpetual curry. At dinner the captain and the officers, all young men, fill up the table, and one might travel far without meeting

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UNDER THE AWNINGS.

more genial company; the captain, an enthusiastic "aquarelliste" and amateur photographer, understands instinctively the necessities of the artistic vocation, and proves to be a most faithful ally. While we lie smoking after dinner in deck chairs on the only vacant space, which is between two of the cabin skylights, we are conscious of a persistent and monotonous tapping, which at first seems to come from the machinery, but is traced to the mahogany roof of the skylight, where the Nawab, enveloped in a pink check shroud, is peacefully dropping off to sleep. Two of his attendants are rapping his extended joints, thereby promoting slumber: this is the percussion system of massage treatment practised in Beloochistan, where it has been known for ages. Verily there is nothing new, but when this discovery was proclaimed by the wise heads of Paris, all the world flocked thither to swell their coffers. One of the Nawab's followers is a pale, sad-faced man, of a distinctly Moorish type, wearing a white rag of a turban wound after the fashion of Tangier, and a pair of dilapidated "Europe shoes." This man has a history. He was in the service of Yakoob Khan, late Emir of Afghanistan, and now a state prisoner at Rawul Pindee (India). After the political events which led to the downfall of Yakoob he remained some time in India, but finally returned to Cabool, disguised as a begging dervish, to see his wife and child. He was discovered, and sentenced to be blown from the mouth of a gun. He dug his way out of prison and escaped to Beloochistan, and here he is again, a pensioner of the Nawab.

Lingah, *December* 1*st*.—The landing at the chief port of Laristan is not devoid of interest. There is a heavy surf, and the small harbor or basin has a narrow entrance. But in the chief officer's boat, which is lowered the moment we come to anchor, one cannot but feel perfectly safe. We land at a crowded beach, for the bazar of the town extends quite to the basin, where a line of quaintly built boats is drawn up on shore, and the remaining space to the breakwater is filled with larger vessels—Arab dhows, or buggalows, like those in which Sindbad the Sailor made his historic voyages and dis-

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covered strange things. Such high-sterned galleys have never sailed in Western waters since the days of Columbus, and, what is stranger still, turbaned Arabs are still building these antiquated but seaworthy vessels on the beach, where hammers ring, and there is a smell of rosin and of shark's oil, with which they smear the timbers. They are the "plunging boats which beat from Zanzibar," in the Salsette boat-song interpreted by Kipling.

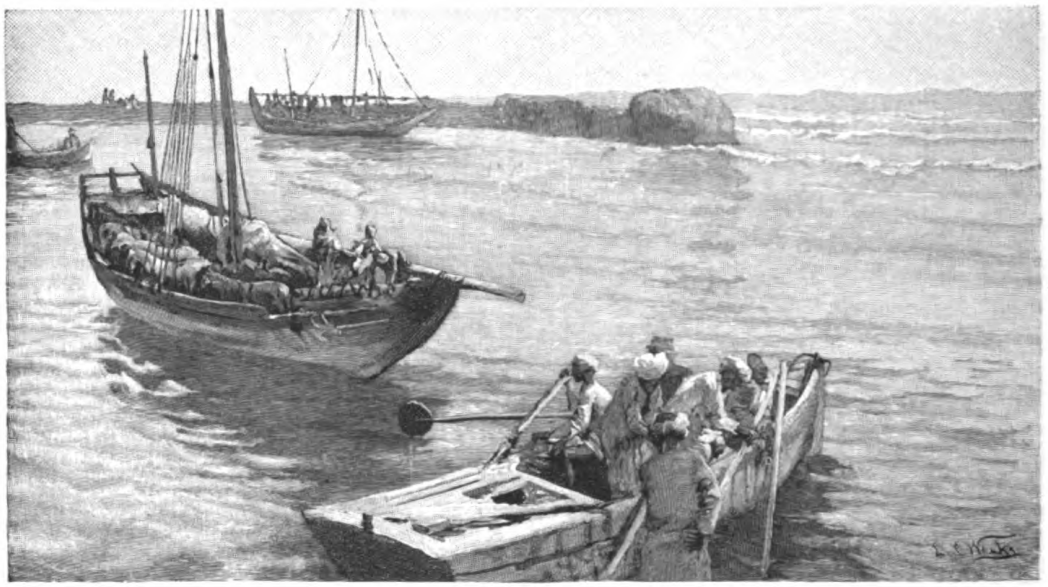
Leaving the low yellow walls of the town and the dark palm groves behind, and threading a way among the crowd of Arab sailors and "'longshoremen" which throngs the beach strewn with baskets and vegetable débris, with bags and coils of rope and bundles of bamboo, we reach the boat, and waiting for a favorable moment, shoot through the narrow opening of the breakwater out into the roaring surf, which is now running high, and but for the timely aid of our commander, the first officer, we should have been swamped, or washed back on the beach.

Bunder Abbas, December 2d.—A day of rain, of tropical downpour, and the awnings are weighted with water. The Nawab and his little court are suffering much discomfort. Their charcoal furnace on the quarter-deck cannot be kept alight, and there are no more hot coals for the "hookahs." All day long we are surrounded by a crowd of boats and barges. A quaint, high-pooped pinnace, a survival of ancient days, is drifting aimlessly about, unable to discharge its cargo of eight horses, all busily eating from their nose-bags, with intervals of squealing and fighting. This ship has a high stern cabin open on all sides, and filled with coffee-bags and nameless rubbish, well water-soaked, like the crew. Late in the afternoon the sky clears, and a lofty purple range of rocks becomes visible beyond the town. Long wreaths of vapor still hang on the lower slopes, and there are momentary glimpses of snow-topped heights beyond. Other ranges appear to the east and west, and against the sunset is outlined the low and craggy island of Ormus, the once famous mart of Eastern commerce. Rays of orange-tinted light shine through the openings between the awnings and their pendent canvas screens. There is a rattle of dice; his Highness, squatting on a clean straw mat, is playing a queer little game with some new-comer. In the middle of his carpet is placed a square-armed cross made of red cloth, and the arms are divided into squares by white lines, on which are placed a few little cones of red and white ivory. The rattling is done



HORSES ON DECK.

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BOATS SEEN FROM THE DECK.

with four or five long boxes of yellow ivory. On either side of the Nawab squats a line of his long-haired and loose-turbaned followers, intent on the game. No one seemed able to explain the object and end of their game, which will remain forever a mystery. Many new passengers have come on board, the horses threaten to invade the quarter-deck, and the Nawab is obliged, in order to maintain the integrity of his domain, to place a guard at each end of the space, with orders to resist all attempts at invasion. Most of the new-comers are Hindoos and Indians of varied castes. The cabin next mine has sheltered a constantly changing population of yellow people. A few hours ago it was occupied by a semi-European, or Eurasian, with two Indian servants. He has gone, and among the new occupants is a rather handsome young Indian girl, with a baby ; she wears a sort of transparent half-mask of some gilded and glittering material, after the fashion of Scinde, and never shows her face in public. My cabin opens into the dimly lighted saloon, where the punkas hang motionless over the tables, for the weather has changed since last night, when the mercury stood at 84° Fahr. in the captain's cabin on deck. Swarthy Portuguese stewards are laying the cloth; a dim gray twilight shows through the ports of the rounded stern, and two shrouded Mussulmans are saying their prayers on the only vacant space between the two tables, fenced in by my surplus baggage. Down the stairway leading to the deck blows the west wind, laden with a pungent odor of stable, and with flying straw and chaff. Above, on deck, the crowded horses are all blanketed, and eating comfortably from their bags; great haunches of meat hang from the awning-poles overhead. Somewhere in the bow the cry of a muezzin is heard, and in the clear space astern a group of Moslems are praying in unison, while an occasional red ray from the stormy sunset gilds the kneeling figures.

Jask, December 3*d.* — Only a long sandy point is visible from the deck across the bay, which curves to the left, following the line of a distant mountain ridge. We cross the surf, and land on the beach near the group of low buildings surrounding the telegraph station. The town itself is seven miles away. As we walk up to the settlement the air is hot and close, although there is a light sea-breeze. A few low bungalows, inhabited by the telegraph staff, are grouped about the offices, and there are several plantations of stunted young trees, which do not appear to thrive in the sandy soil. A number of deserted bungalows were once occupied by soldiers sent by the Indian government, but they are now ruinous, and their compounds overgrown with weeds. The place looks like a for-

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saken cantonment in India, and the bungalows themselves might have been brought from that country. Jask owes its present importance to the Indo-European Telegraph Company. There are two submarine cables, one of rubber and one of gutta-percha, from Jask to Bushire, and one cable from Jask to Kurrachee. There is a station at Charbar, 200 miles from Jask, and another at Guadur, 112 miles beyond Charbar. From Jask two land wires run, each a complete circuit, to Kurrachee, carried by one set of iron poles, made by Siemen. The cable formerly went from Jask to Guadur, but now goes straight to Kurrachee. There is also a station at Ormarah, and one at Sonmeanee, near the Indian frontier, but now dismantled.

Muscat, December 4th.—Having been sole occupant of a two-berthed cabin, hardly large enough to hold my baggage, and littered with wet sketches, it was with something like dismay that I saw the arrival of a European who was to share it with me; but he proved to be excellent company, and I was the gainer in the end. He had been making a scientific invasion of some remote province, and was now on his way to Simla, in order to report.

The landlocked harbor of Muscat, shut in by dark-hued and richly colored volcanic crags, rising precipitously from the purple and glassy water, in which their long reflections waver, seems almost unreal in its pictorial and scenic arrangement. Like a vision of Claude Lorraine, each bold promontory and ragged peak is crowned with a little castle or watch-tower—a gleaming white or yellow note in the dark landscape—dark, although flooded with the warm light of a tropical sunrise; and even at this early hour the air is hot and steamy. Behind the town rises a still higher pinnacle of splintered rock, and a larger castle of Portuguese origin seems to have climbed up from the massive white houses below. High up on a cliff at the entrance are perpetuated in white letters the names of several famous vessels which have visited the port, and among them the United States steamship *Brooklyn* is conspicuous. The long, square façade of the Sultan's palace, with a line of balconied and latticed windows,



THE BLACK SIRENS OF MUSCAT.

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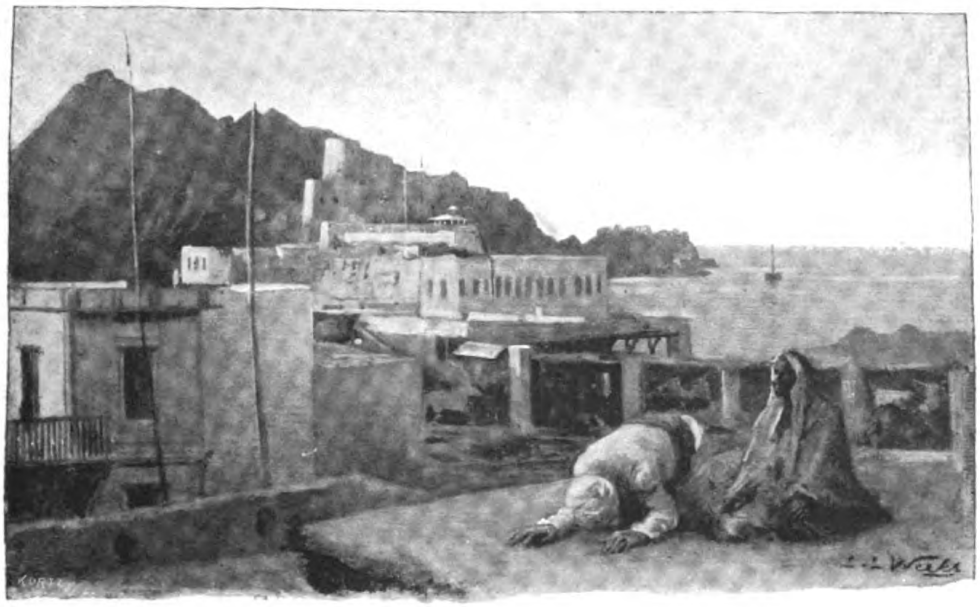
overlooks the placid basin where his rusty steam-yachts lie at anchor.

We descend with infinite care into a narrow and crank canoe floored with straw matting, and are sculled to the landing. A black guide offers his services, and we wander out of the town, passing through the grateful shadow of a deep gateway, where the soldiers of the Arabian guard, wearing wide, loose turbans of some striped material, lounge on the benches. Their ponderous matchlocks are hung on the walls behind them. We have no concerted plan, and care not which way we turn, for all is new to us, but hardly changed since the days of the great Caliphate of Bagdad. A sandy road through a suburb of huts built of canes, palm leaves, and matting leads into a deep ravine with perpendicular cliffs on each side. There is a sound of music, and further on a dance is just beginning. The floor of this open-air ballroom is like a tennis-court, and the low wall surrounding it is crowded, like the rising ground beyond, with gay and laughing spectators. All are Africans or Arabians*—"Sidis," they are called—and the dancers are mostly women. Many of these ebony sirens are not uncomely, and look excessively good-natured. They are richly and daintily costumed; many wear transparent masks of gold lace like the women of Scinde, which half conceal their faces, and heavy clinking anklets, with other ornaments of gold. The dance begins like a sort of promenade, accompanied by much clapping of hands. My shipmate's knowledge of Eastern tongues enables him to chaff with these ladies, and insures a welcome. We are even invited to take part in the festivities. When we return, by another path, to the city, under the straw awnings of the bustling fruit market, we stroll through the spice-scented gloom of the narrow streets shaded by the projecting latticed windows, and along open arcades where weavers are manipulating threads of scarlet and gold at their looms, to the little shop of the postmaster.

The ponderous gates of the Sultan's palace across the street now swing open, and a guard of soldiers preceding a group of richly dressed courtiers comes forth. It would not have surprised us had the Grand Vizier Mesrour suddenly stepped into this ninth-century foreground with a message from the Caliph, and just then our guide says that the Sultan's brother, who is the centre of the group, wishes to speak with us. He is under the impression that we have come to pay our respects to the Sultan, and only too willing to embrace the opportunity, we send up our cards. After a brief delay we are ushered into the court-yard, accompanied by the postmaster, who kindly offers his services as interpreter, and mount the great outer staircase to a long and narrow white-washed room. A range of arm-chairs standing on a ledge raised above the floor extends entirely around the room. Both of the longer walls are quite taken up by the open windows, through which blows the soft tropical sea-breeze, and the glare of intense light reflected from the orange cliffs which rise just beyond a strip of deep blue water under the windows of the seaward side fills the room with a strange glow. The sole ornaments are a few old European and American clocks. The Sultan enters with a throng of gray-bearded ministers and a little boy richly costumed. His Highness seats himself at one end of the room, and his followers sit down in the long row of chairs at his left. He is a handsome young fellow, with a clear *café au lait* complexion and curling black beard; quietly dressed, his sole ornament is a gold-mounted and jewelled dagger. He is a brother of the Sultan of Zanzibar. This Sultan is a "camera fiend"; he knows all about the Eastman Company, and wants the address of the best maker in Paris. One of his dreams is to visit that city, renowned for its hospitality to Eastern potentates, and from the evident gayety of his nature one might infer that he would not suffer from *ennui;* but he explained that the state of his little kingdom would not permit a long absence at present. The interview was now concluded, and after drinking in prudent measure the sweetened liquid proffered in tall glasses, we took leave of his Highness and went to the British Residency. Here tall Indian servants, with regimental badges on their turbans, stand at the doorway. The sea-breeze sweeps through the open rooms, across a balcony of great depth, furnished also with divans and arm-chairs. As at the Sultan's palace, the balcony looks down

* I have used the term Arabians to denote the inhabitants of the peninsula of Arabia and its adjoining islands, as the word Arab is so often applied to all races from India to Morocco.

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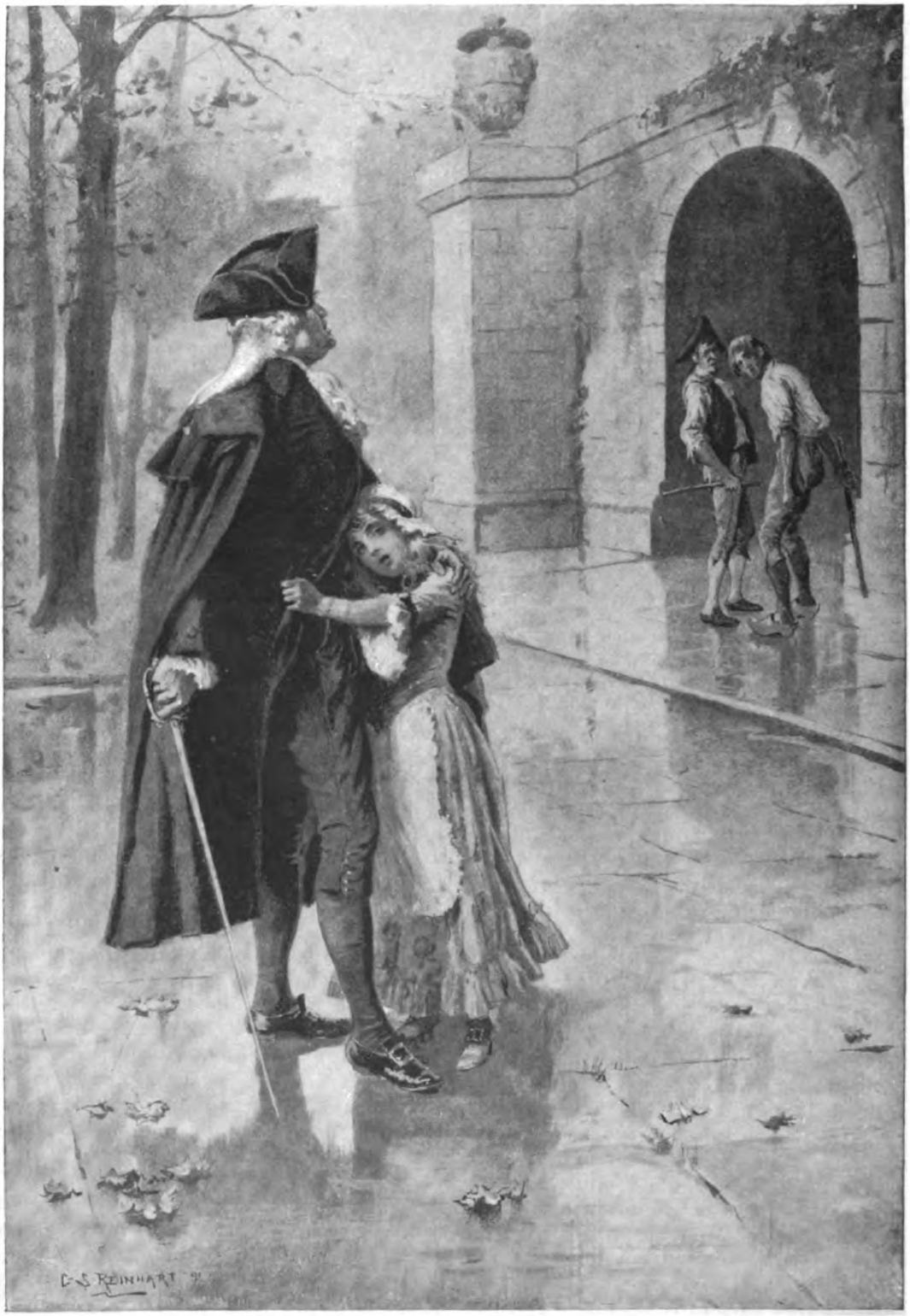
MUSCAT FROM THE HOUSE-TOPS—SUNSET.

into the water, which mirrors a great wall of dazzling and glaring rock, with a castle clinging to its face, and so near that we can feel the heat thrown back from its surface. Through a narrow triangular gap the deep dark blue of the outer sea is visible. In summer this place is a furnace, situated as it is almost on the northern tropic, and even now the temperature recalls that of Bombay in April. The captain joins us at lunch, and we all go out to call on our consular representative. As the tide had ebbed when we reached the captain's boat, we rode out to it on the backs of the Lascar sailors.

Those who have seen the "barren rocks of Aden" rise from the glassy bay when there is no wind at sunset can readily understand how Muscat looked in the intense color of its setting as we pulled out to the ship. The deck now has a decided list to one side with its increased human and equine freight; there is no room to walk without stepping on the outstretched toes of the reclining multitude or the fingers of children sprawling among them. What was before open space is now packed with a dense mass of brown and yellow humanity, in which almost every race of India might seem to be represented. They lie on the benches, on their piles of bedding, boxes, bundles, and crates, while the interstices are closely packed with smaller articles, baskets of highly scented fruit, guavas and bananas, water-pipes, "chatties" and coffee-pots. A strange and musky odor, like the smell of a Bombay street, intermingled with whiffs of smoke from the hookahs and a faint aroma of attar of roses, now pervades the ship; and beautiful are the effects of light under the awnings and canvas screens when the afternoon sunshine lies in long patches, cross-hatched with the violet shadows of the netting, on the deck, and brown faces alternately reflect the golden light of the west and the cold blue tones from the water.

It was almost with regret that we sighted the low sand hills of Kurrachee, and steamed up the narrow canal among the uncouth iron monsters of progress—towering cranes, rattling steam-dredges, and shunting trains of freight cars. In the deafening uproar from the mob of Indians and Parsees which now invades the deck it is almost impossible to take leave of our friends the officers. There is a momentary glimpse of the Beloochees rallying round their chief, now armed with their guns and "tulwars," which had been restored to them, and we descend into a lateen-sailed boat, which takes us to the iron sheds of the custom-house. We presently emerge, and are swallowed up in the roaring and struggling throng of cab-drivers, hitherto kept at a distance by the clubs of the police.

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"WITH A NATURAL INSTINCT, HE CAUGHT THE CHILD TO HIM."

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AS TOLD TO HIS GRACE.

BY WILLIAM McLENNAN.

II.—MONSIEUR LE COMTE.

IT will probably never be definitely known what responsibility Mirabeau had touching the riots at Versailles, said M. Guilloux, a few evenings later, but I can at least account for some of his time during those two days and nights. The afternoon before the outbreak he and Dumont dined with M. de Servan in his apartments in Les Petites Écuries. Host and guests were anxious and preoccupied, Mirabeau particularly so, and when he slipped away before dinner was over, muttering some excuse, his absence called forth no comment.

When the evening session of the Assembly opened, the hall was crowded with the members and their friends, and the galleries overflowed with the scum of Paris, interrupting the proceedings and insulting the speakers with the unrestrained flow of their filthy approbation or anger. There M. Dumont looked and waited in vain for Mirabeau, and at last went to his lodgings, where, to his astonishment, he found him in bed, though the hour was still early.

They returned together, and Mirabeau's presence through that stormy sitting undoubtedly added to his popularity.

At half past two in the morning the Assembly adjourned, and Mirabeau and his friend walked in the direction of their lodgings at the Hôtel Charost. The mob was everywhere; carrying on their drunken and obscene orgies in the Church of St. Louis, filling the avenues and gardens, and prowling restlessly about the palace.

Mirabeau could not rest after the events of the night; a crisis was imminent, and sleep impossible. At daybreak, when the first sounds of the attack on the palace were heard, he took his cloak and sword and made his way towards the scene of disturbance.

As he passed through the garden where the Body-guard so narrowly escaped slaughter the day before, he heard a shrill scream of terror, and turning into the alley from whence it came, received into his arms a flying child.

With a natural instinct, he caught the child to him, and, sword in hand, faced two drunken ruffians who were close behind her. They gave up their prey at once, and slunk away in the darkness before the indignant epithets hurled at them by this unexpected champion.

The child had ceased her cries the moment she felt the safety of his powerful arm, and now clung sobbing to her protector. She was too frightened to look up or answer any questions. He was puzzled for a moment what to do. But the generous sense of protection was still too strong within him to care to lose the confidence of the little being whose fluttering breath was warm on his face.

It was Romance once more! For Romance he had quarrelled with his family, ruined his prospects, disappointed his friends, and brought misery upon himself; but at its magic call was still as ready to yield up the future as on the day he eloped with Sophie Monnier, and won his three years in Vincennes as a reward.

"*Vive Henri Quatre!*
Vive ce roi galant!"

roared the mob across the gray of the morning, in invitation to every lawless vagabond within ear-shot.

Mirabeau laughed as the song reached him, "You must get on with your devil's work without me, my loyal citizens," and turning his back on the palace, walked slowly to his lodgings, where he handed the half-sleeping child to his valet, Teutch, who received his orders without astonishment or curiosity. Within half an hour she was quietly sleeping in the Count's own bed, and by eight o'clock Mirabeau was again in his place in the Assembly.

The morning had well advanced when the child awakened and sat up, looking wonderingly at the unfamiliar surroundings. Presently the door opened softly, and a big good-natured face, surmounted by a mass of yellow hair, peered cautiously in. The child stared gravely at the intruder, but when she caught the welcome beamed from the kindly blue eyes she smiled back her welcome in turn, and confidence was established before the huge body in blue livery followed the yellow head and blue eyes into the room. How quickly and noiselessly he moved, and what a funny way he said, "*Pon jour, mamzelle; fous avez bien dormi?*" By the time the little thing thanked him and demanded his name, greeting his answer, "*Teutch, mamzelle, à vot' service,*" with

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a burst of merry laughter, confidence had become friendship.

"Teutch," she said, and laughed again at the odd name—"Teutch, who sleeps here?"

"M'sieu' le Comte, mamzelle."

"Who brought me here last night, when those bad men came?" and her eyes deepened at the remembrance of her terror.

"Yes, mamzelle."

Then, assuming the "grand air," "Well, you must thank him for me, and now I will dress and go home; but"—and here she became the child once more—"you will come with me?"

"Pardon, mamzelle; M'sieu' le Comte said I was to give you breakfast when you wakened, and take care of you until he came back."

"Does he know my papa, in the Guard?"

"M'sieu' le Comte knows every one, mamzelle."

"Good! Now—breakfast. Can I have chocolate?"

"Whatever mamzelle wishes."

Before he left his lodgings that morning, Mirabeau, with his vanity of doing things in his own way, had said, "Teutch, when the little one awakens, get her what she wants, and keep her safely till I give other orders"; and Teutch, whose only idea of right was strict obedience to his master's commands, was prepared to follow them to the letter.

Accordingly the child was dressed, and spent a joyous day under the care of the faithful Teutch. Evening came without any message from Mirabeau; so Teutch carefully undressed her, and sat beside her until she fell asleep, prepared to renew his charge on the following day. But morning came and went, and Mirabeau neither returned to his lodgings nor sent any instructions, so that Teutch did not consider himself bound to make any inquiry regarding the child. Indeed, such an attempt would have been useless. Her father was evidently a member of the *Garde-du-corps:* the court was deserted; some of the Guard had been murdered, and the others had followed in the train of the hapless King and Queen. His instructions were to see the child wanted nothing, and as he was sufficiently provided with money to supply her wants, he did so without consulting any one. It was no business of his to question the child as to her history, or even as to her name; to him she was simply "Mamzelle," and "Mamzelle" showed no disposition to question the reason for her new surroundings.

Mirabeau was too much occupied with his duties to give even a passing thought to the little one, whom he had never seen since the morning she lay sleeping in his bed, and gone off to Paris when the Assembly moved thither, forgetting even her existence.

Teutch waited on at his post, fulfilling his duties as he conceived them, without questioning or mistrust. As for the child, she had accepted him from their first meeting as a companion, for he had a child's heart to meet her under his gigantic frame. Then, too, if Teutch was devoted to Mirabeau, his charge was equally devoted to the Queen, and this common sentiment of loyalty still further bound them together.

The removal of the royal family to Paris had greatly disturbed her, and Teutch's account of their ominous departure did not tend to reassurance.

"Did you see my papa there? He would be near the carriage; quite, quite close."

"No, mamzelle; there were so many. But I saw an officer of the Guard walking with his hand on the carriage."

"Perhaps that was my papa; perhaps it was," she repeated, softly, and then inquired, anxiously, "Will those people hurt the Queen?"

"We hope not, mamzelle."

"Not in Paris?"

"No, mamzelle; M'sieu' le Comte is there!"—a statement made with such confidence that it was sufficient for both.

It was a joyous day for Teutch and his charge when he received orders to pack up and proceed to Paris to join his master in his lodgings near the Manége.

The preparation was a merry one, and the journey a constant excitement, of which the incidents did not interest the child so much as this mysterious "Monsieur le Comte," whom she was to see somewhere at her journey's end.

At last the long day was over; and the child, wearied out, was safely asleep in a hastily contrived bed in her new home.

The following afternoon Mirabeau, on entering his lodgings, was surprised into a sudden remembrance of his thoughtless action by a clear childish voice singing,

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"Oh Richard! oh mon roi!
L'univers t'abandonne!"

"Ah! ah! my little Royalist," he laughed; and opening the door of his study, saw the little waif seated in his own chair, thoughtfully building a house of cards as she slowly sang the forbidden song.

He called to her in that rich soft voice of his, which could be as tender as a woman's, "*Eh, eh, la petite!*"

At the words the child slipped to the floor and turned towards him. Instantly her eyes brightened, her face flushed with a glad surprise, and with a joyous intonation she exclaimed, "*Ah! Monsieur le Comte!*"

Nothing in the world could have pleased him so much.

"Yes, *chérie!* Monsieur le Comte always, let others be what they will!" and he knelt to embrace the child, whose arms for the second time were close about his neck.

He happened to dine alone that day; but his dinner was as long drawn out as if a dozen guests sat round the table. Close beside him was his "Little Royalist," for whom every charm of his manner and voice was as carefully studied as if she were an enemy to be won over, or a friend to be drawn still closer.

"Did you see my papa?" she asked, suddenly. "But of course you did, because he was in the Guard. Teutch saw him when they left, with his hand on the carriage. I'm sure that was papa! He would stay near the Queen. And that poor Queen? Did they hurt her?"

"No, my child. She is safe."

"I was sure of that. Teutch said you would take care of her."

"Teutch takes a good deal on himself at times."

"Eh?" she queried, wonderingly, and then ran on explaining: "When we knew you were here we were so glad. We knew then nothing would happen."

"So you've converted Teutch, the impassive Teutch!" and Mirabeau laughed long and heartily. The child stared at him in surprise, until she caught the infection, and her merry treble mingled with the joyous roll of his laughter.

When Teutch set the dessert and retired, the "Little Royalist" climbed to Mirabeau's lap, and stood there lightly caressing that black crown of hair of which he was so proud.

So far, in his selfish enjoyment of the present, he had stirred no chord of the past, but with the child's touch a feeling deeper than mere enjoyment was awakened, and he asked, "And your name, my little one?"

She laughed merrily at an imaginary Teutch. "How funny! He doesn't know my name!" Then, with a second happy intuition, the child knelt, and taking his great scarred face between her little hands, kissed him on the lips before she answered, "Sophie."

His sudden start and pallor half frightened her. But his arms were about her, and in an instant her courage returned as she lay on that bosom, torn by conflicting emotions.

Had it been any other name—but Sophie! All his reckless, stormy youth and passion returned at that once loved name.

No! he would ask no more questions! A Mirabeau was not to be governed as other men. The child had opened up all his past again. She had come into his life without his seeking her, and now he would hold her for the future.

So from that day forward the little Sophie entered fully into her new life. A *bonne* was engaged for her special service, but it was Teutch who filled up her waking existence in the absence of his master.

It was a strange, unnatural life the child led. Her world was made up of Mirabeau and her two attendants; there might be other people in the house, but she saw nothing of them, and Teutch kept a jealous eye over her whenever they moved abroad.

Mirabeau was usually so occupied during the day that he seldom saw her then; but at night, no matter at what hour he returned from the Assembly, no matter how disturbed or weary he was, as soon as he had changed his dress, Teutch carried the child down to him, and there he would sit with her on his knees, listening to her prattle, silent under the magic of her touch, until the excitement within died down, the irritation was soothed, the weariness had passed. Then, awakening to the enjoyment of the hour, he laughed with her, and talked as only he could talk to woman, old or young.

He was only "Monsieur le Comte" to her; of his other life she knew nothing, and questioned him about the Queen and Madame Royale and the little Dauphin

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without rebuke or the slightest knowledge of the emotions her simple faith was awakening.

"Is the Queen happy in your big Paris?" she asked one night.

"No, *chérie*, I'm afraid not," he answered, frankly.

"But she is not afraid?"

"No, my little Royalist. I don't think your Queen could ever be afraid."

"Not my Queen alone; *your* Queen too, monsieur. Say *your* Queen!"

"Pardon, mademoiselle; a thousand pardons. *My* Queen, certainly!" and he laughed.

"Are the Tuileries like Versailles?" she continued.

"You shall see for yourself, *petite*. Teutch shall take you there to-morrow."

And on the morrow the ardent little Royalist was brought by Teutch into the gardens of the palace, and there, to her great delight, she saw the Queen laughing with Madame Royale, as the little Dauphin fed his ducks in the pond, while the King strolled about, his hands behind his back, without noticing any one.

She returned home fully satisfied and greatly comforted. She had not seen her father, but that was only natural; he had his duties, and as a gentleman of the Guard must not leave the palace.

Mirabeau agreed with her explanation, and as time went on he brought her daily news and stories of her beloved Queen and the royal children, until he grew to share something of the pleasure and enthusiasm of his "Little Royalist."

It would be fanciful to suppose that the child in any way influenced his public action. But her implicit faith in his nobleness awakened a sense of the degradation into which he had wilfully descended; the purity of her soul at times recalled him to a recognition of the life he might have lived; at times he caught a glimpse of the quiet and repose of mind such a life might have won.

When he decidedly took up the Royal Cause there was an almost triumphant sense of relief and freedom in his intercourse with the child, as if he had broken down some invisible barrier between them.

"Did you say something for the Queen to-night?"

"Yes, *ma mie*, yes, I said something to-night, if never before."

"I knew it," she cried, confidently raising her smiling face to kiss him.

Such returns were always triumphs to them both.

In the morning, if he were alone, she would beg to be allowed to tie his hair, and was delighted when his dress was richer than usual.

"Oh, I hope you will have to speak for her to-day," and she arranged his lace and patted his brooch, and spread out the wide skirts of his coat, while Teutch looked on with admiration, and the "King of the People" smiled with pride.

When the old lodgings were abandoned and Mirabeau took up his luxurious apartments in the Rue Chaussée d'Antin, the change did not in any way alter the daily life of little Sophie. He never allowed her to appear before the brilliant gatherings at his suppers, and although he was surely killing himself with overwork and reckless living, his strong affection for the child never wavered. She could still calm down the burning passion of his life into something like repose, and she alone could rouse him from the bitter despondency into which he was thrown by his recurring storms of remorse.

He was dying on his feet—"at the stake," as he described it—and the end came quickly. He was only confined to bed for four or five days, and whenever he could arouse himself from the almost intolerable tortures he endured, turned with all his energy to public affairs. But his "Little Royalist" was not forgotten even then.

Each night when the house was still she was carried down to sit for a few moments beside the mighty frame outlined on the white bed, to lay her little face beside his, to lightly touch his waving hair, and to receive once more his caress, and the loving farewell, "*Dors bien, ma Sophie*," from the heart which so longed for rest.

Early one April morning she awakened to find Teutch standing beside her cot. Without a word, he picked her up and carried her as she was into the room now filled with people whom she had never seen before.

They gave way before Teutch as he advanced toward the bed with his little white burden; some one held the curtain over, and there was a sob from the heart of the faithful servant as the lips of the innocent Sophie for the last time touched those of his beloved "M'sieu' le Comte."

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THE MISSION OF THE JEWS.

IN the first half of the first century A.D. there lived in Alexandria the philosopher Philo. He was born about the year 20 B.C., and died about the year 55 A.D. He belonged to one of the wealthiest and most distinguished families in the East, being brother to Arabarch Alexander, of Alexandria — that is, the ruler over the Arabic and Jewish portion of the inhabitants of that district. He was also connected with influential people in the Roman Empire, and with the family of the King of Judah, whose beautiful daughter Berenice was at first betrothed to his brother's son Marcus. But his distinction did not rest upon the brilliant social conditions into which he was born, nor even upon the prominent political position he held, though he was selected as one of the ambassadors who were sent to Rome to shake the resolution of the Emperor Caligula in his desecration of the Temple of Jerusalem by the erection of his own statue within the holy precincts. The respect in which Philo was held in his own time, and the admiration which the whole of posterity has for him, are based upon the lofty purity of his character, and upon the depth and beauty of his numerous writings. He had, as had many of the Hellenic Jews of that period, been thoroughly trained in all the arts and sciences which then found their home in Alexandria. He was well versed in grammar, rhetoric, music; he had not only entered deeply into all the treasures of Greek literature, into the physical and mathematical sciences, but he had mastered the works of all the great philosophers and their schools, among whom Plato became so thoroughly his favorite that a later authority, Suidas, in an exaggerated epigram, speaks of Philo as platonizing, or Plato as philonizing. He also felt himself closely related to the Stoic school of philosophy, because of the lofty moral tone which pervaded their ethical system; as, for the same reason, he felt himself strongly opposed to the Epicurean philosophy, which seemed to him to favor more the sensual life of the Greeks he saw about him. He thus was one of the most prominent representatives of the Neo-Platonic school of Greek philosophy, and one of the ornaments of the Greek literature of that period.

But besides these elements in this rich nature there was another side to the great man, the most prominent one, namely, the Hebrew side. He was in his heart and in his life a true Jew, ever loyal to his people, ready to sacrifice his blood for them, while the chief inspiration of his intellectual and moral existence he derived from the Mosaic laws and the writings of the prophets. In all his philosophical and metaphysical disquisitions, the pure monotheism revealed to the world by his people struck the predominant chord, and underlay the mystery of the world's creation and preservation. And in all his lofty speculations upon the ideals of a pure and noble life he found the moral laws governing the Jewish people to be the ultimate and safest guides.

These two elements in the man, who was at once Greek and Jew, are also the two marked features in all his writings—Hellenism and Hebraism. And as in his life and in his character he endeavored to reconcile and to fuse into one these two contending forces, which, like the parties in his own city of Alexandria, were at enmity with one another, so in his writings we see a perhaps futile attempt at reconciling these two leading currents of life. Towards the harmonizing of Hellenism and Hebraism the greatest men of these many succeeding centuries have been working, until perhaps only in our time a final fusion may be hoped for. For, as Heine has said:

"The contrasts here discordantly are paired,
The Greeks delight, Judæa's thought of God.
. . . . . .
Oh, nevermore will ended be this strife,
And truth will war with beauty evermore."

With all the Hellenic beauty and depth of thought which are to be found in Philo's numerous writings, we constantly feel that the Mosaic teachings gave the first impulse, as their confirmation seems to be the ultimate result. He is chiefly moved by the practical effects of this teaching upon the formation of his own soul in its appreciation of right and wrong, and upon the manifest effect they appear to have had upon the Jewish people when contrasted with the moral dissoluteness of the Greeks he saw about him.

The documents of Judaism, according to him, contain the deepest wisdom; what the greatest philosophers among the

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Greeks only taught to their select disciples, the whole of the Judaic people draw out of the laws and customs known to them all, especially the knowledge of the one Eternal God (casting aside all the vain and deceptive gods), and kindness and humanity towards all creatures. "Are not these laws," he says, in one of his books (*De Septenario XII.*), "worthy of being revered by all? They teach the rich to give part of their riches to the poor, to console the unfortunate; they ordain that a time should come in which the poor need not knock at the doors of the rich, but will receive their possession again; for in every seventh year the widows and orphans, and all who are disowned, shall once again come into wealth."

The highest virtue, according to him, contains two main duties: the worship of God; and love and justice to all men. In the Mosaic laws he sees five chief points: first, that there is but one God; then, the unity of that Godhead (as opposed to those philosophers who assumed a dualism in the contending forces); then, that the world was created by God; further, that there is but one world; and finally, that this world is directed in its course by the providence of God. In answer to the attacks of the pagans, he compares the written and unwritten laws of Judaism with the moral standards that govern the heathens. At the head of all these unwritten laws he places Rabbi Hillel's golden words, "What thou dislikest, that do not unto others." Judaism, he says, does not only condemn the refusal of fire and water to those who want it, but it lays positive injunctions upon all to give to the poor and the weak what they require for life; it distinctly forbids the use of false measures and false money; it forbids the separation of children from their parents, of the wife from her husband, even if they are rightfully bought as slaves; it also enjoins the law of compassion towards animals. He then defends the Sabbath against the attacks of such writers as Lysimachus and Apion. The Jews, he says, are able during one day in seven to become acquainted with their laws through reading and interpretation, and they are all saved from ignorance. The husband can teach the wife, the father the child, and the master the slave, so that all are capable of giving an account of the laws.

But of the mission of the Jews themselves, and of their position in the world, Philo has the loftiest and most ideal conception. Although heaven and earth belong to God, He has elected the Jewish people as His chosen people, and destined them to His service as the eternal source of all virtues. The Israelites have, in his opinion, laid upon them the great task to serve for the whole race of men as priests and prophets; to open out to them the truth, and, more especially, the pure knowledge of God. And therefore the Jewish people would enjoy the special grace of God, who will never withdraw His hand from them. Compared to other nations, he continues, the Jewish nation appears like an orphan. Other nations assist one another; while they, isolated by their own laws, can never count upon such assistance. For this very severity of the Judaic laws, which are necessary to attain the highest degree of virtue, repels the other nations, chiefly addicted to a life of pleasure-seeking. But just because of the orphanage of these people can they hope for the mercy of God. Philo was thoroughly imbued with the belief that the dispersed and suffering Israelites would once, through the intervention of the Messiah, be collected together and led home, where the grace of God would again turn upon them and shine upon them, and they would be rewarded for their endless suffering and their long steadfastness. The symbol of this nation of priests he held to be the flowering almond staff of Aaron, which indicates that they will always retain budding vitality and will enjoy eternal spring-tide.

Just about a thousand years after Philo was born in Alexandria—that is, about the year 1086—there was born in Castile, in Spain, where the Jews formed a great centre of a prosperous and highly cultivated life, a youth whose name was Abulhassan Yehuda Ben Samuel Halevi, commonly known to posterity under the name of Yehuda Ben Halevi. He became one of a succession of great poets, two of the chief names among which were his predecessors, Ibn Esra (Abu Harun Mose, born about 1070, and died about 1139) and, of a still earlier date, Ibn Gebirol, of Malaga (born about 1021, died 1050). He attended the School of Alfassi, at Lucena, because in Castile and the north of Spain there were not celebrated authorities in Talmudic teaching. While still a boy

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the poetic Muse seems to have visited him, and though he devoted much time to his Hebrew, rabbinic studies, and to the science which subsequently made him a skilled physician, he widened the sphere of his learning in becoming a thorough master also of the Arabic and Castilian tongues, and entered deeply into the study of ancient philosophy. But it was the lyric Muse which chiefly held his heart and mind; and from his earliest years he began to write verses in Hebrew, Arabic, and Spanish. His earliest poems, those of youth, strike a lighter strain. In the most beautiful form they deal with the joys of life and love and wine. Above all, it was the beauty of nature which inspired him to burst forth into melodious verse.

But in his full development he betook unto himself one bride, and remained true to her through all hardships and sufferings to the end of his days. This bride was Jerusalem. So strongly did he feel the attraction which this local embodiment of his own people exerted upon him, that in misfortune and weak in health he undertook the pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and ended his eventful life in the East, never returning to his own native home.

Heine, who has devoted to him a long poem, and was capable of appreciating the beauty of those Hebrew verses, gives a most adequate account of this noble singer:

"Ah! he was the greatest poet,
Torch and starlight to his age,
Beacon-light unto his people;—
Such a mighty and a wondrous

"Pillar of poetic fire,
Led the caravan of sorrow
Of his people Israel
Through the desert of their exile.

"Pure and truthful, fair and blameless,
Was his song, and thus his soul was.
When the Lord that soul created,
With great joy His work beheld He,

"And He kissed that soul of beauty.
Of His kiss the fair faint echo
Thrills through each song of Halevi,
By the Lord's grace sanctified.

"As in life so in our singing,
Highest gift of all is grace—
Holding this, he never falters,
Not in prose nor yet in verses.

"Such we call a genius,
By the grace of God a poet:
Irresponsible his kingdom,
O'er the thought-world ruling, reigning,
Gives account but to the Godhead,
Not the people; for in art
As in life the people can but
Slay, yet never can they judge us.

. . . . . .

"And the hero whom we sing of,
He Yehuda Ben Halevi,
Had of all one lady chosen—
Yet she was of different moulding.

"She was not a favored Laura,
Whose fair eyes, mere mortal starlight,
In the duomo on Good Friday
Spread the famous conflagration.

"Nor was she a *châtelaine*
Who presided at the tourneys
In her flower of youth and beauty,
And distributed the laurel.

"No fair barrister of kiss right
Was she, not a wise professor
Who did lecture in the college
Of a court of love right wisely—

"She, the fair love of the rabbi,
Was a poor and saddened sweetheart,
Was destruction's woful image,
And was named Jerusalem."

While at Granada he practised the profession of medicine to provide for his livelihood; yet all his spare time was devoted to the writing of masterpieces of poetry in the three languages to which his work has added jewels. But his longest and greatest poems, dealing with the subject that was ever nearest to his heart—his own belief and his own people—were written in Hebrew. Among these there is one called "Chozari," which marks the climax of his poetic production. In the form of this poem he seems to have been inspired chiefly by the author of the Book of Job and by the Platonic Dialogues; for it is in the more dramatic form of a dialogue that he gives expression to these his loftiest views. He takes the pagan prince who feels a great thirst for religious knowledge, and before slaking it at one of the three great sources—Judaism, Christianity, or Mohammedanism—wishes to examine the three severally. Then the essential features of these three beliefs are subjected to the pagan prince, who chooses Judaism. The poem is throughout a glorification of the Hebrew faith, but it also contains a lofty conception of the mission of the Jewish people.

The degraded form of slavery which Israel has assumed in its exile among the peoples is, to his mind, no proof of its degeneration and hopelessness for the future. Poverty and misery, which are the cause of contempt in the eyes of man, stand higher in the eyes of God

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than greatness and pride. While the Christians are not proud of those who hold worldly power among them, they do glory in the martyrs, Christ above all, who enjoined upon His followers that they should offer the left cheek to him who strikes the right, and they are proud of their apostles who, humbled and despised, suffered martyrdom. So, also, the Mohammedans pride themselves upon the assistants of their prophet, who suffered much sorrow on his account.

But the greatest of all sufferers is Israel, because it is to mankind what the heart is to the human organism. As the heart is affected by all ailments of the body, so the Jewish nation is at once smitten by every misfortune which designedly or unwittingly emanates from the people. To Israel the word of the prophet applies when he makes the people of the earth say: "Surely He has borne our griefs and carried our sorrows." But in spite of its unspeakable misery, the Jewish people has not died away, but is rather like unto one who is dangerously ill, on whom the art of the physician has lost its effect, but who expects his recovery from a miracle.

It was by the wondrous design of Providence that the people of Israel was dispersed over the world, in order that it might penetrate with its spirit the whole of humanity. The race of Israel is like unto a seed-corn that is laid into the earth and for a time vanishes from the sight of man, appears dissolved into the elements of its surroundings, and has retained no trace of its original essence; but then, when it begins to sprout and grow, it again assumes its original nature, the disfiguring shells are thrown off, and it purifies the elements, transforming them according to its own essence, until step by step it leads them to higher growth.

Eight hundred years after Yehuda Ben Halevi lived, suffered, and sang, there arose another man into whose soul the heavenly light of poetic fire had also been blown. It was Heinrich Heine, born at Düsseldorf in 1799, died in Paris, 1856. He was endowed with poetic genius as only few have ever been. Both with regard to his poetry and his prose writings he must be classed among the very first names of Germany. But in the manifestations of character in his life he does not represent the purity and grandeur of the two great Jews whose conception of the Jewish mission we have just mentioned. Yet, in judging this great man, one will always have to consider how far his own morbid sense of self-depreciation and the paradoxical obtrusion of his own faults give a true picture for the estimation of his life and character; and one will also have to bear in mind the general tone and fashion of frivolity or dissoluteness which characterized the romantic period in which he lived, as it attaches to the personality of most of the poets of that age. He did not remain true to Judaism, and in the year 1825, with some protest, he was converted to Christianity. But towards the close of his life there came a glowing penetration into the depths of his native belief. For once he seems to have banished entirely the satirical faun's mask with which he was wont to cover and hide his true features. There is a truth and depth in the tone of his confession with regard to Judaism which one never meets with in all his other writings, and he thus bursts into a thrilling panegyric on the Old Testament. "The Jews," he says, "ought to console themselves that they have lost Jerusalem and the Ark; such a loss is but trifling in comparison with the Bible, the indestructible treasure which they have saved. The regeneration of my religious feeling I owe to this Holy Book, and it became to me as well a source of salvation as an object of the most glowing admiration. I had not been particularly fond of Moses formerly, perhaps because the Hellenic spirit was predominant in me, and I could not forgive the legislator of the Jews his hatred towards all sensuous form. I did not see that Moses, in spite of his attacks upon art, was still himself a great artist. Only his artist's spirit, as with his Egyptian countrymen, was turned towards the colossal and indestructible. He builded pyramids of humanity (*Menschen-Pyramiden*), blocked out obelisks of humanity (*Menschen-Obelisken*): he took a poor shepherd tribe and fashioned it into a great people which should also brave centuries, a great, eternal, holy people, a people of God, which could serve all other nations as a model, nay, as a prototype for the whole of humanity. He created Israel. As I have not always spoken with due reverence of this master, so have I slighted his work. Yes, to the Jews, to whom the world owes its God, it also owes

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His word, the Bible. They have saved it out of the bankruptcy of the Roman Empire, and, in the wild ruffianism of the mediæval migration of the peoples, they preserved the dear book, until Protestantism sought for it among them and translated the discovered book into the modern languages, and distributed it over all the world."

Heine has here justly valued the eternal influence which the Jewish teachings and traditions in the Bible have had, and will have in all times and climes. He, with all historians and moralists, has recognized the force of Hebraism, in whatever garb, in whatever sect, it makes itself felt, as one of the religious currents in civilized morality. And it is ever to be wondered at how the Church, which in every respect arose out of ancient Judaism; how the Protestant sects, which owe their first light to it and to the Talmud; how the Puritans, who drew from it not only their religious but even their political inspiration—should have any but the kindliest feeling of reverence and piety for the people whose whole essence as a people is based upon the preservation of these immortal documents. The Jews have been and are the Old Testament transfused into flesh and blood, capable of life and of death and of suffering that lies between the two. And whoever has hurt them by word or deed, as Jews, has besmirched and torn the leaves of this great document, adding to it the crime of cruelty in wounding the soul or body of a fellow-man. And woe to him who has the face to do this, in claiming for his justification the spirit of love and charity which inspires the writings of the New Testament!

But besides this mission of the Hebrews, which may lie in them as the original bearers of Hebraism, they may have a more direct mission as a people in themselves. Hebraism, in the current sense, has filtered into modern life through numerous channels that may have diverged, or flown in separate courses, from the main current of Judaism. But the main current remains. And here the poetic inspirations of Yehuda Ben Halevi may even point to a sober and practical mission which the Jews have hitherto fulfilled, and which may remain for them in the future. Their one great lesson as a people is taught in their continuous martyrdom through so many centuries; the other may have the essence of its effectiveness in the very fact of their dispersion, which even the unbeliever may look upon as a wonderful, if not miraculous, dispensation of Providence.

Their martyrdom is the most colossal instance of the steadfastness in a belief, in a great spiritual idea, to which all elements of life and all instincts for pleasure, and even of self-preservation, are sacrificed. To degrade this steadfastness by calling it obstinacy is as disingenuous as it is ungenerous. Even if the object of this great spiritual idea is considered by many as untrue and unworthy of such sacrifice, the fact of the sacrifice must remain undisputed; and wherever moral efforts are in themselves considered worthy of admiration and respect, there admiration and respect can never be denied to the Jews. On the plains of human suffering, throughout the whole of human history, theirs will be the highest pyramid of suffering, a great monument of idealism, the battling with the material to realize an idea.

Yet in order to make the mission of teaching their spiritual lesson to the world at large really effective, their dispersion becomes itself a necessity. And we thus come upon a curious contradiction in this history of a people: their insulation on the one hand, and their dispersion on the other. Their insulation was necessary in order that the teachings of the moral principles which they embodied should remain undefiled and uncontaminated throughout the surging waves of history during the last two thousand years; their dispersion all over the world, on the other hand, makes it physically possible that the means of communicating their message are at hand; and when they meet with willing ears into which to pour what good they have to impart, the moral need for this isolation no longer remains. It is then that the phœnix in glowing colors will be called upon to make the last and greatest effort of self-sacrifice to a noble idea: to bury himself and see himself born anew in a more beautiful and resplendent form.

Now to turn to the actual present and the state of affairs we have before us. The Jews are dispersed all over the civilized world, and they have become living portions of the countries in which they live. They are yet recognized as Jews,

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but it is only the form which still separates them from their fellow-citizens. Morally and intellectually there is no appreciable difference between them. Before they thus, phœnixlike, bury their own separate existence it will be right for them to ask, whether there is any destiny which at this moment it still remains for them to bear in mind, and, seeing it, conscientiously to live up to. We shall then have to attempt to recognize what practical part the Jews have within the past fifty years played in modern civilization, and what results of their past history as a race it will be best for them in modern times to attempt to perpetuate and to infuse into the general life in which they ought to dissolve. Now, in their practical life also, I look upon the Jews as the chief bearers of what I should like to call spirituality.

It was this spirituality which caused their opposition to the Greeks and to Hellenism with the heathen sensuousness or sensuality. This to a certain degree caused their opposition to the Church of Rome, and made their teachings and principles the arms used by the Puritans against the sensuous side of the Christian Church; and it is this which may lie at bottom of a certain antagonism which exists between the pronounced types of the Jews in Europe and the pronounced representatives of the Northern peoples, especially of the Saxon race.

I do not believe in generalization based upon ethnological distinctions, and I deny that there is any fixed unity of race among the inhabitants of the northwest of Europe, such as the Germans and the English, and of the Jews among each other, when considering any question or measure of practical politics. Still, we may recognize theoretically, if we venture upon a bold generalization, the ideal type of the pure Saxon race, and of the pure Jewish race in modern life. And in these exaggerated types we may, it is true, discover an almost essential antagonism. The Jew, then, stands as the representative of intellectual and emotional sensibility. The direct opposite to this form of Hebraism is not Hellenism, but the pure Germanism which represents the more physical aspect of the soul, namely, character. The Hebrew and the Saxon, in this broadest form of rough generalization, would thus represent, the one the intellectual and emotional side of man, and the other the substratum to the working of this intellect and emotion, that which remains as a solid basis, the character. To be perfect each organism must possess the proper balance of both these elements, and the abnormal and diseased forms of life are caused by the undue growth of the one at the cost of the other. The spiritual and intellectual element without the substratum of solidifying character degenerates into subtlety and trickiness, and even cowardice. Character without the infusion of intellectual and emotional sensibility produces stubbornness and brutality. Either of these diseases leads to the caricature of the Jew and of the Teuton. But, fortunately, normal life, with its variety and the interpenetration of different influences, has rectified the possibility of such one-sided developments. The modern Jew who has lived in unhampered intercourse with the Saxon has had this more physical side of his nature developed, and has had moral sturdiness infused; in its spiritual refinement his nature has received more body and substance from it. While I maintain emphatically that the Saxon, notably the German, has derived great benefit from the infusion of that subtler, more active, more refined, and more sensitive element which the Jew has brought into the German communities. It is not a mere matter of chance that with Lessing begins the real German period of enlightenment and of literary taste; that he and Mendelssohn complemented and supplemented one another. I venture to say that it was the infusion of this element, inherent in the Jew, into the German mind and character which to a great extent accounts for the fairest fruits of German culture which the world has reaped within the last hundred years; as the German element, when it did not repress and crush, was needed by the Jew in order to produce such noble, clever, delicately and still strongly organized flowers of humanity as now grace all the intellectual walks of German life in literature, science, and art.

It is, however, true that in cases of social disease, when the social machinery is not properly regulated in itself, and the contending forces are not kept within proper bounds, the one may feast upon the other; they may grow at each other's expense. It is the nature of modern civilized life to favor moral and intellectual

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forces in their struggle with the physical elements that may contend with them. But this is a matter of historical and social evolution, the result of general causes, with which the Jews have nothing to do. Whether it be deplored or not, it lies so deeply at the foundation of civilized life that we must alter the whole nature of this life if we wish to change any of its manifestations. Yet in so far the Jews need not feel too much offended if they are called parasitic in their function; for it is hardly supposed to mark a lower stage when the mind feasts upon the body. Yet I maintain that wherever the Jewish ingenuity has undermined the economical welfare of the peasantry or other classes of modern communities, it was either a passing state for which they cannot be held to account, inasmuch as they were forced to call exclusively upon those faculties, being shut out from all other occupations, or it is simply the outcome of general currents of modern economical life for which the Jews are in no way to be held accountable. Yet the fact remains that in this capacity, as an intellectual and emotional force in contradistinction to more physical forces, the so-called Jew is opposed to the so-called German, and has always been.

But such *Germanenthum* and such Judaism are not accurate terms now. The type of the coarse German is the natural enemy of the more refined German, as he is of the refined Jew; and the shifting, tricky, characterless Jew is as much the enemy of the Jewish man of honor as he is of the honorable German. Still, recognizing the dangers to which the exaggerations of his spiritual virtues may lead him, the Jew must learn his lesson and try to guard against any possible disease within his soul's forces, in emphasizing in his education the physical side of his soul, which he can best do by means of a proper culture of his own physique, and of all the habits which such culture leads to. Still, let him cling to the good that has come from the predominance of the spiritual over the sensuous elements in his life and teaching, especially in his opposition to the sensual vices, which (in spite of any individual instance which may be adduced to the contrary) he has kept up in all periods of his history. Let him hand on the torch of purity and temperance, which have been two of the chief causes of his wonderful survival during all this period of adversity, and of his great success in the walks of life, as well as the ultimate cause of much of the hatred and envy which are showered upon him. This spirituality, strengthened by a continuous persecution from without, has also caused him to turn his affections in an intensified form towards the inner life of his family; and this piety and devotion of the members of a family to one another, which has clung to the Jew to whatever depths of degradation circumstances may have dragged him, is one of the features which, with the dissolution of his formal exclusiveness, he must ever keep alive, hand down, and be the means of diffusing among the community into which his racial life will dissolve itself.

This is the mission of the Jews in so far as each Jew can act individually upon his surroundings. But there is a mission which, to use a paradoxical phrase, the Jews have collectively as a dispersed race. It is the vocation of the Jews to facilitate international humanitarianism; and this they will do and are doing, not by any doctrinaire effort of individual theorists or preachers, but by their position of a dispersed people, which has, and is bound to have, influence.

The present foreign policy of European states shows a disastrous confusion which marks a transition. It is the death-struggle of nationalism, and the transition to a more active and real form of general international federation. In this death-struggle we have the swan-song of the past dynastic traditions in monarchy giving form, and often heat and intensity, to the contest upheld in certain customs of diplomatic machinery, with, on the other hand, the birth-struggle toward the organization of international life, the needs of which are at present only felt practically in the sphere of commerce. This birth-struggle at present manifests itself chiefly in narrow and undignified jealousy and envy for commercial advantages; and this, unfortunately, is growing the supreme ultimate aim of all international emulation. We can trace nearly all the diplomatic rivalry ultimately to the interests of commerce and the greed for money. One often hears it said that Jewish bankers make and unmake wars. This is not true. Money makes and unmakes wars; and if there were not this greed of money among the

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contending people, the bankers would not be called upon at all. There are, of course, further complications favoring the older spirit of national envy, which is dying, though far from being dead. Such are the influences of the huge military organizations, definite wounds unhealed (such as the feeling of reprisal on the part of France), and, finally, the last phases of the artificial bolstering up of the idea of the *Nationalstaat* in Germany and Italy. But the whole of this conception of nationalism, in so far as it implies an initial hatred and enmity towards other national bodies, is doomed. A few generations, perhaps, of disaster and misery accompanying this death-struggle will see the new era.

Now there are several practical factors which are paving the way indirectly towards the broader national life of this coming era. They are, strange to say, the two main opposite forces of the economical life of the day: Capital and Labor. Each of these, separately following the inherent impulse of its great forces, which constantly run counter to one another, tends towards the same goal, especially in its pronounced forms. Capital does this in the great international houses and in the stock exchanges; Labor, since the first International Convention of 1867, in its great labor organizations. The highly developed system of modern banking business and of the stock exchange, favored by the rapid and easy means of intercommunication without regard to distance, has made all countries, however far apart, sensitive to the fate which befalls each; and this tends more and more to make capital an international unit, which can be and is being used whatever its origin, in all the different quarters where there seems to be a promising demand for it.

On the other hand, the growth of organization among the representatives of labor is fast stepping beyond the narrow limits of national boundaries, and the common interests tend to increase the directness of this wider institution. I am not adducing these facts in order to suggest any solution of the numerous problems which they involve, nor to direct observation to the interesting historical, economical, and political questions to which they may give rise, but simply to draw attention to the one fact—that in this aspect both capital and labor are effectively paving the way, perhaps unknown to the extreme representatives of either interest, towards the increase of a strong and active cosmopolitan spirit of humanitarianism. And this spirit, at least as an ideal, is certainly dominant in the minds of the best and wisest people of our generation.

Now there will have to be men who in their nature—as it were their predestination—correspond to this ultimate aim of humanity, and are adapted to this international cosmopolitanism; and by their sad history and their international relationship the Jews will be the fittest bearers of this destiny. As far as outer conditions are concerned, the Jews are nearest to realizing the future ideal of man: the greatest scope of individual freedom with the most intense social feeling and organization. He has, on the one hand, the intense love of family, and, on the other, the history of his people presents to him the feeling of a dispersion over the earth. Joining the spirit of these two facts together, he can thus solve the problem which vexes many a thoughtful and conscientious citizen in our days—the difficulty of bringing into harmony the dictates of patriotism and the love of humanity. Now the fusing force which binds these two ideal factors together, which makes cosmopolitanism more and more a necessity, and which at the same time can direct the course of patriotism, is the Hellenic idea of culture and civilization. In making each home and each state the most civilized and cultured, we necessarily, *de facto*, approach cosmopolitanism. This idea, whether the practical politician is conscious of it or not, is at present the highest touchstone—the ideal foundation of all our national and international policy. Whatever adds to the growth of this civilization is good for the separate state, and, at the same time, tends to the ultimate ideal of cosmopolitanism, which ideal is not furthered by the denial of national ties and the coquetting with premature figments of unsound cosmopolitanism. And, on the other hand, whatever tends to oppose this growth of civilization in all its forms is bad for the separate state, for national and international life. It is thus that Hebraism and Hellenism, contending with one another in Philo, declared by Heine to be divorced, will ultimately be fused together in a modern life.

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A ROYAL MARRIAGE.

BY GERALDINE BONNER.

IN the block where Donald Hunt lived there stood one small cottage. The other houses were not pretentious, with their cheap trimmings of wood cut in fancy filigrees, and bow-windows rounding out to the afternoon sun, but the cottage was a poor little dwelling even among these modest structures. It was weather-worn and dingy, with limp scrim curtains in the windows, and the tiniest scrap of garden. A Madeira vine was trained up on a string round the ground-floor window, and nailed to the upper half of the front door was a sign in gold letters—"Professor John Elwin, Teacher of Languages."

When Donald first knew the professor he wondered why he kept house. Why did he not board, like the other men in his position? It was more especially odd as the professor, whose teaching did not bring in a large income, practised a rigid economy in his diminutive household. Yet he kept the cottage with a sort of meagre trimness, and had an aged colored woman, who came every morning and went home every evening, to act as his servant.

It was on his fourth visit to the cottage that Donald learnt why the professor preferred house-keeping to boarding.

The sun was red in its decline, hanging just above the great gaunt hills at the mouth of the bay, and yet the professor had already dined. It was a warm evening, and he wore a coat of nankeen open over his collarless shirt.

At this rosy evening hour the professor allowed himself the extravagance and solace of a pipe, which he held lightly between his teeth, talking through them with a slightly changed utterance, and meditatively cracking the joints of his clasped fingers. Tilting backward in his wicker chair, he unbosomed himself to Donald Hunt, who sat opposite in the shadow by the small dining-table.

He told him of his marriage, and his wife's death years ago. He spoke softly of her, as of one long since remotely glorified, taken hence to splendors which he could only dimly descry. Then he spoke of his daughter, his beautiful daughter. He paused and looked out of the window with the light of wistful reminiscence in his faded eyes, and for a moment cracked his joints in silence.

She was not dead. She lived in New York with her aunt—a great lady, rich and fashionable. She had given Ray—that was his daughter's name—every advantage, educated her, brought her up, brought her out in society. Now the elder woman's care and kindness were rewarded. The girl was beautiful, superb, talented, irresistible. She was a reigning belle. But she held herself high. She condescended to no man.

"She is a princess," said the old man, with calm slow pride—"a princess. No one compares with her."

Donald was silent for a moment; then he asked, "How long is it since you have seen her?"

The professor looked again out of the window at the gaunt purple hills, and the bay lying about their bases like a piece of flat burnished copper.

"Six years," he said. "Her aunt took her when she was fifteen. She writes to me often. I keep this house, thinking that some day perhaps she may want to come back to me. My princess may grow tired of this gay world and all her grand doings, and want a home away from it all, alone with her father. So I keep the cottage, not knowing when she may come knocking at the door."

He looked at Donald with eyes in which the young man read the ever-present hope of the princess's return. For his part, he thought it very unlikely. And when he went home that evening he meditated on the professor's story—on the old man, lonely, poor, plodding doggedly on in his dreary routine; and the daughter, beautiful, admired, splendid, in the midst of wealth and adulation. He wondered, with a sensation of irritated dislike, if any of the men whom she treated with such a regal disdain really knew that she was the daughter of an obscure teacher of languages in San Francisco.

Some weeks passed, during which Donald saw the professor now and then, and heard more of the princess. He felt that he disliked and yet admired her. With her father he was proud of her beauty, but, unlike the old man, he bitterly blamed her for her lack of feeling, and

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in his heart felt a sort of angry resentment against her for her cold aloofness. He decided that he would never like her, but the spell of her beauty was already upon him.

The professor, his reserve broken, confided all his hopes and anxieties about her to the young man. He harped on her return with what seemed to Donald a pitiful persistence. Once, in speculating on this longed-for possibility, he had gone so far as to worry over the thought of her marriage.

"Who is there worthy to be the prince?" he had queried, as if the princess sat beside him and the suitors thronged the gates.

He was so earnest that Donald caught a reflection of his anxiety, and found himself suggesting suitable mates for the absent and unknown goddess, and then apologetically withdrawing them as the professor disdainfully denied their eligibility. That evening, after he had gone home, the pity of it all struck the young man to the heart, for he was sure the princess would never come.

But late one afternoon, some three weeks after this conversation, he met the professor on the corner of the street where they lived. The old man's face shone with a strange light; he was irradiated with happiness. In one hand he held a brown paper bag full of some round bulging bodies, in the other a small bunch of violets. Donald paused as he approached, feeling a singular premonitory agitation.

"She's coming!" cried the old man, as he drew near.

"Your daughter?" said Donald. "The princess?"

The old man nodded with tremulous triumph. "I knew she would come some day. I felt it. I heard from her yesterday. She is coming back to me. She is tired of it all—of that gay, fashionable life. She wants to come to me and be with me. She is a princess, but my girl too."

Donald, feeling an oppression at his heart, said, "Do—do—you think she'll be homesick—a little, perhaps?"

The old man tried not to show that this tactless suggestion cast a momentary shadow on his joy. "No, no," he said, hurriedly; "you don't understand; she wants to see me. She is leaving everything for me. She has not forgotten her old father in the midst of riches and splendor. I knew she would come some day."

Donald said he was glad.

"I am making some preparations," said the old man, holding out the paper bag. "These are some oranges to put on the table, and these violets I am going to set on her bureau, in a glass. Come as soon as you can and see her."

Donald did not go for some days. He was afraid to meet the princess. He had heard so much of her beauty and magnificence that they had assumed a goddess-like majesty in his mind. He dreaded, too, to see her homesickness and her father's pain. What had a brilliant creature such as she to do in that dim and poverty-pinched cottage?

It was his usual time, the hour between seven and eight in the evening, when he finally summoned courage to pay his respects to the father and daughter. The sun had gone down behind the hills, leaving a gradually paling glory in the west. The dinner, as usual, was over, and the old colored woman was straightening the brown woollen cloth across the cleared dining-table. The professor sat in his rocking-chair in the window, with the lingering light from without shining on his high sloping forehead, the silvered hair brushed up from his narrow temples, and the droop of his white mustache. He had a pipe between his teeth, but this evening he wore a collar. As Donald advanced through the dimness of the parlor he saw him, and called:

"She isn't here, Donald, but she'll be down in a minute. She's arranging my room. Don't light the lamp, Sally; Miss Ray will."

The colored woman withdrew, and as Donald pulled a chair to the edge of the table, the soft frou-frou of a woman's skirt on the stair made his heart leap and then seem to contract in his breast. He felt as a mortal may to whom a goddess is about to be revealed, beautiful in the radiant perfection of the flesh.

The door behind him opened. The step of the princess was noiseless as the step of one who had always trod deep carpets and close-clipped velvet lawns. She was almost at his side before he was aware of her presence. The brushing of her dress against the table warned him, and he rose and faced her. Then, for a second, he stood lost, gazing at her in silent wonder.

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She was a small, thin young woman, with a slight shapeless figure and a pale face. She had dark hair and brown eyes, that were like the eyes of a dog in their patient pensive wistfulness. He saw these eyes more distinctly than anything else, dark and gentle in her thin shallow face, with a glimpse of brown hair pulled back from her forehead, and the slight roundness of her white throat below. The mouth was sweet in expression, and had a touch of color on the lips like a creole's. There was a pathetic sensitive delicacy about the face of this young girl, but of beauty there was nothing. In the first rush of his surprise, Donald thought her ugly.

Then his thoughts flew to her father, and in order not to witness his chagrin, the young man kept his glance on the girl, and by an effort swept the surprise from his face. But the professor rose quickly, and taking his daughter's hand in his, led her forward toward the visitor, and said, with the air of a king presenting a loyal subject to the crown-princess, "My daughter Ray, Mr. Hunt."

The young girl bowed shyly, as if embarrassed by the pompousness of the introduction. Donald looked at the professor, and saw the old man's face aglow with pride and an exaltation of triumph. There was no deprecation in his eyes now. The girl he held by the hand, shy, plain, insignificant, ill dressed, was still the princess whose beauty had been the wonder of the metropolis.

They sat down, Donald in his old place by the table, with his elbow on the brown woollen cloth. The girl drew from a basket a roll of crochet-work and bent her head over it in busy silence. The professor, in the wicker rocking-chair facing them, his feet just off the floor, his pipe between his teeth, the fading red light on his whitened hair, talked volubly through the ascending smoke wreaths, which he now and then dispelled with a wave of his small, finely shaped hand.

He spoke a good deal of Ray and of New York, of changes she had told him about. Sometimes he appealed to her, and she answered in a low voice. When he alluded with calm pride to the lofty people she had known, mentioning well-known names with a casual sweep of his hand, and referred to her about them, her quiet answers, while always acknowledging these high acquaintances, showed not a touch of the old man's dignified vanity.

Donald stole curious looks across the table at her. The dark head, on which the hair was brushed so smoothly back, was rarely raised, and the watcher saw on the down-drooped eyelids lashes that were long. The hand that moved the needle so swiftly was small, fine, and white. Her work-basket, full of neat little rolls of work, stood beside her. A bunch of nasturtiums in a Japanese bowl was set on the table at her elbow, and in her dress she wore a red rose, against which her chin brushed lightly as she bent over her crochet.

Presently she rose and lit the lamp. Her footfall was as soft as the fall of snow, and the young man would not have known she was behind him if he had not seen from the corner of his eye the lines of her dark skirt. Then she crossed the room, and standing back of her father's chair, stretched a hand to draw down the blind. The light had died; only a faint glassy reflection still lay on the water like the gleam on a mirror. A large white star or two had bloomed and shone in solemn loneliness over the darkling hills. She uttered a suppressed exclamation, and stood looking out, gravely admiring. The professor, leaning back in his chair, gazed up at her with all his satisfied soul in his eyes. There was no disappointment here. To him she was every inch a princess.

Donald spent this evening hour with them at least once a week. The princess was always quiet, but by degrees her first shyness wore off, and she met the young man with a frank smile and uplifted eyes, bright with a light of welcome. One evening, the fourth time that he had seen her, the professor was called away into the parlor to discuss terms with a new pupil, and Donald and the princess were left alone. He asked her about New York, which he had never seen. She gave him her opinion, her head musingly tilted, the crochet-needle tip pressed on her faintly red under-lip. "I prefer San Francisco," she ended by saying.

"But aren't you lonely here? You had so many friends there."

She looked at him with curious eyes. "No; I had very few. I was too busy to make them."

"Too busy going to balls and dances," he said, laughing.

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"Balls!" she said, rather bewildered. "I have never been to a ball in my life."

Donald looked at her silently, not knowing what to make of her remarks.

"I was my aunt's governess," she said, in explanation. "She had two little girls, and as she entertained a great deal, I took almost entire charge of them, and that occupied all my time. She did not like them to be left with the nurses."

"I thought you went out a good deal," murmured the young man.

"My aunt did. She was fond of society, and gave beautiful dances and dinners, especially to all sorts of celebrated people. Sometimes I used to meet them, and it was very interesting. But I spent almost all my time with the children. My aunt liked the way I managed them."

"This must be an agreeable rest, then," said Donald, looking out of the corners of his eyes at the professor in the parlor, and mentally thanking Heaven that he was out of ear-shot.

"Yes—very. I was worn out. I wanted to see my father, but my aunt was at first unwilling to let me go. She educated me, and was kind to me, and I felt as if I ought to stay. Besides"—she made an almost imperceptible pause, and then added—"it was a good salary. But when I grew so thin she consented."

The professor, having come to terms with the new pupil, here came back. He entered the dining-room, rubbing his withered hands, and seeing the young people talking together, cried, gayly, "Now what are you two plotting there?"

The girl answered, "I was telling Mr. Hunt about Aunt Cornelia."

She looked up at him fondly, and as he passed, slipped her hand out, and curling it round his, drew him to her side.

"We're glad Aunt Cornelia let me come, aren't we?" she asked, rubbing his knuckles against her cheek.

A few days after this Donald met the professor on the way to one of his lessons, a French exercise book and *L'Abbé Constantin* under his arm. His clothes were neatly brushed, but shabby as ever, his worn-out hat, a good deal too large for him, pressed on the tops of his ears till they curled over. The old man greeted his friend joyously, and diverged from his course to walk a block with him. The conversation immediately turned on the princess; in fact, the professor could talk of nothing else.

"I am troubled," he said, "about what I spoke to you of before she came—the prospects of her marrying. Of course there will be suitors. I cannot expect to keep her always; and the thought that the man she chooses may be unworthy of her is a nightmare to me."

"You must take care that she only knows those who are worthy," said Donald, baldly, hitting with his cane at the heads of flowers growing out between the fence rails.

"That's it; but how can I keep her so secluded? A woman with such beauty and such talents cannot be hidden like a candle under a bushel. You cannot prevent a star from shining. Her beauty will attract admirers, and some day one of them will win her."

"Is—is—there any one yet?" said Donald, holding his cane suspended.

"No—no, not yet;" returned the professor; "but it's only a question of time. So far I have kept her in very strict retirement. Only you and a few of my pupils know that she has come. But when people have seen her, and begun to talk of her, they will come like moths round a light."

"Yes—yes, of course," murmured the young man, cutting off a red geranium blossom with a well-directed blow.

"And then," continued the professor, dreamily, "how shall I find one worthy of her? Where shall I find a prince equal to my princess?"

The look of far-seeing reminiscence crept into his watery blue eyes, and he said again, half to himself:

"A prince equal to my princess! She who is so talented, so beautiful—almost as beautiful as her mother."

When they parted at the corner the old man was in the clouds, dreaming of the only two women who had ever been real to him. Under his rusty hat brim he looked out vacantly at his companion, seeing beyond him the blended faces of mother and daughter.

Some weeks later Donald Hunt received an advantageous offer from the firm in which he was a clerk. He was to travel to the East for them for the purpose of sounding the market, with a view to the placing of their goods in the following spring. It was a flattering offer, and, Donald felt, the turning-point in his business career. Only lately he had chafed against his poverty, and now the

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chance was given him to show his mettle and prove his value. He would be absent from San Francisco for some six weeks. There was dreariness in this thought, but the home-coming would be all the sweeter.

The evening before his departure he dropped into the cottage up the block and told them. There was a little outburst of pleasure at the news of his good luck, and a shadow of regret at the temporary loss of their friend. The old man, in his wicker chair, talked wisely of his opening future, and the princess sat silent with her sewing. When he came to go, Donald had not the courage to suggest that she should write to him. She smiled her good-byes with her customary shy gentleness that was so lacking in the majesty to be looked for in a princess.

The trip was a success, but business complications lengthened it a full month over the original limits. During this time Donald wrote once to the professor, and received no answer. He did not dare to write to the princess herself, though he could hardly have given the reason why.

On the day of his return delays of various kinds detained him, and he was not able to pay his visit to the father and daughter till some time after his usual hour. It was past eight when he rang the bell, very dark, and within the cottage a light was lit, which shone out in a long yellow slit from between the parlor curtains. As he advanced through this little room into the dining-room beyond, he saw the professor sitting in his rocking-chair, his feet in the old attitude, his pipe smoked out on the table beside him, his hands clasped lightly, musingly cracking his joints. Near the dining-table were the two chairs, and on its centre stood the one large lamp, lit now, and shedding a warm amber radiance that had its limits just at the professor's knees. But the princess was not in her usual place.

As the professor caught sight of his friend's approaching figure, he uttered an exclamation of joy and started up, his hand extended. The young man took it eagerly, let his glance rest lightly on the old face before him, and then uneasily sweep the shadowed corners of the room. The next moment they had both subsided into their chairs, and Donald, his elbows on the table, said,

"Where is the princess to-night?"

"Ah, Donald,"—the old man, with his head in the shadow, and rocking back till his toes were off the floor, looked at his young friend with a sparkling glance—"she's not here," he said, softly. "She won't be back for some time."

Donald eyed him narrowly, recognizing an unusual quality in his glance.

"She's well?" he interrogated.

"Well? Perfect! A picture, Donald—a picture of beauty and happiness." He clasped his hands again, and in the silence his joints cracked dryly. "She's very happy, and I'm happy too, I suppose," he said.

"Where is she?" asked the young man, pulling an end of his mustache into his mouth with a shielding hand.

"She's gone to a concert," said the professor; and then, mysteriously, "gone with a friend."

"A friend?" echoed Donald. "Who?"

"His name is Sullivan," said the professor, slowly—"Milton J. Sullivan."

Donald, gnawing the end of his mustache, that he had pulled into his mouth, fixed the professor with an unwavering glance. "Well?" he said.

"Well," answered the professor, looking over his clasped hands; "well."

There was a longer pause. The professor cracked his joints and smiled.

"Don't you understand, Donald?" he asked at length.

"Not exactly," said the younger man, in a lowered voice.

"You remember the conversation we had one day when we walked together a short time before you left? Yes? Well, I told you what would happen. It has happened."

There was another silence. This time Donald dropped his eyes, but his hand, hiding his mouth, still pulled at his bitten mustache.

"I have lost my princess," said the old man, softly. "The prince has found her."

"What sort of a prince?" asked the listener, looking down.

"That's the good point, Donald," said the old man, his triumph bursting forth. "A prince fit for her; a man worthy of my princess. All the world over I could not have found such another. A splendid fellow—handsome, manly, intelligent. A man of talent and business ability. I doubt whether there is his match in the country."

"I am glad," said the listener.

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"He's desperately in love, of course," went on the professor, lost in the complacence of his pride. "Madly, as any man would be. And so is Ray. And yet they both have thought of me. They won't leave me. They are to live on here in my cottage. Ray loves this poor place."

"What does he do?" said Donald, harking back to the lover.

"Well"—the slightest possible diminution of vivacity was noticeable in the professor's tone—"just at present he is not as brilliantly situated as his talents deserve. He is a clerk in Brown and Grey's glue factory. But this is a merely temporary thing. It is his future, Donald, his future, which is glowing with possibilities. Such talents as his will tell—must tell. Men of genius are bound to rise; you can't keep them down. Milton will no more live his life as clerk in a glue factory than Napoleon would have lived his as a lieutenant in the French army."

"If he has ability he will rise," acquiesced the friend.

"Of course—of course. Ray and I both know that. His salary is perhaps a little small just at present. Ray will keep on teaching some pupils she has collected while you have been away. It is a fancy of hers. Her brain is too active to be idle. A great mind like hers cannot rest without occupation."

"No, certainly not," assented the friend.

"And he is a man of superb cultivation—superb! The finest institutions of the State and the country have helped to educate him. Think what a pair of minds to be united! Ah, Donald, it will be a royal marriage!"

He paused. The grating of the latch-key in the front door warned him of the return of the lovers. He remained silent, with a listening smile on his face. Donald heard the door shut, and their voices in the hall. Then they entered through the parlor, the princess in advance, blinking a little as the lamp-light struck her eyes. When she saw him she started forward with a soft cry of joyful surprise. The professor rose, with a great crackling of his wicker chair, and in his proudest and stateliest manner waved his hand toward the young man by her side, and said:

"My future son-in-law, Donald."

The young man came clumsily forward, knocking his toes against a stool, and offered Donald a limp hand ornamented with a large onyx ring.

"I'm happy to know you, Mr. Hunt," he said, in the voice of the ordinary public-school graduate, made even thicker than usual by extreme bashfulness.

He was but little taller and probably ten or twelve years older than the princess. He shared with her a look of somewhat feeble insignificance; but while she showed in feature and air the refinement of her forebears, he as plainly showed the commonness of his. His rough brown hair was brushed straight up from his forehead, and cut evenly along the top; his mustache, a sandy fringe, did not conceal the lines of his weak mouth; from his round collar, too wide for his neck, his long spare throat rose in rasped tenuity, showing over the edge of the linen band a prominent Adam's-apple.

Standing beside the table, moving from foot to foot in the uneasiness of an unaccustomed prominence, he stood in bashful awkwardness, rubbing his fingers along the brown woollen cloth, or seizing his cuffs and violently jerking them down. It was only when his shifting glance fell upon the princess that a finer feeling lent dignity to his weak face; then for a moment the love in his heart shone through his eyes.

To Donald he was the typical clerk in the glue factory, and in all probability would remain that forever. The young man had known hundreds such—feeble, helpless, negatively honest, living on hopes they would never see fulfilled, cherishing ambitions never to be realized—the fainter toilers predestined to a life of bleak labor and inevitable unsuccess.

But the princess saw none of this. The smiles rose to her lips from a heart completely satisfied. As Donald stammered through his congratulations she stood beside her lover, and they held hands, while the professor sat in his wicker chair and gloried in them both.

When Donald found himself in the street, he stood for a moment and looked at the little cottage, dark but for its long chink of light shining out between the parlor curtains. And as he looked he thought aloud:

"After all, things are what we believe them to be. She is a princess and he is a prince, and this is their palace, and in the kingdom they have made for themselves the outside world has no place."

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THE BREAD-AND-BUTTER QUESTION.

BY JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE.

THE economic changes produced in the country by the civil war, though universally felt, have attracted little attention compared with the social, financial, and political changes, so long and so fully discussed. The economic changes were shown, after the war, in the methods of conducting nearly every kind of business, that became radically different from what they had been. Innumerable men in every important town or city, who had learned and practised the old methods, could not adapt themselves to the new, and were therefore thrown out of employment. While fortunes have increased immensely, while vastly more money has been made, while many salaries have been greatly advanced, in the last twenty-five years, it is doubtful whether most men have not in that time found augmented difficulty in earning a livelihood. This difficulty has of late grown from year to year, and it is altogether probable has never been quite what it is now for the man of average intelligence and education.

Before the war men had a general knowledge of the calling they had embraced. They could do many things fairly, but no one thing particularly well. Since the war the drift has been more and more to specialties, in the professions, in the arts, in all departments of trade. All-round men, as the English style them, are out of date, are in limited demand. Everything is now divided up and portioned out, half a dozen or more persons doing what formerly one person did. The universal genius is discredited, discouraged, disbelieved, and the specialist, limited but competent, gets his place. Competition has never been so fierce, or enterprise so untiring. All branches of industry are reaching out in every direction for purchasers and profit. What used to be called a safe business is hardly practicable. To have any hope of success, one must take constant risks, which enhance the danger and the probability of failure. Speculation is almost inevitable, commercial conservatism nearly impossible, whatever one's prudence or desire may be. He who would keep up must push ahead, draw on the future, mortgage his entire resources. There is scarcely a middle course. Who would be prosperous must defy disaster.

To get on presupposes boldness, energy, ability, with a certain amount of luck; in other words, exceptional qualifications. He who possesses these may with reason count, in a general way, on the attainment of his object. But they are lacking in the medial man, who now, more than ever before, is foredoomed to loss. He is pretty certain to be defective in some if not in most of the essentials that lead to fortune. It is not an exaggeration to say that as a rule he is incompetent to achieve what he aims at; that incompetents compose the bulk of humanity, and always will. Socialism undertakes to provide for them, conscious that they cannot provide for themselves. But the world, having neither sentiment nor compassion, declares that the weak must go to the wall, that the incapable must suffer, and in this cruel declaration is sustained by nature and destiny. Has not science, in the familiar phrases, the struggle for existence and the survival of the fittest, repeated the same lesson?

While all this has always been true, it would seem never to have been quite so true as at present in this country, which is fast taking on the conditions and imposing the penalties of Europe. Young as we are, the war has made us much older than our years, and by greatly adding to our prosperity, by stimulating enterprise and competition, and complicating our affairs and our lives, has rendered heavier the cares, the burdens, and responsibilities of material existence. Twenty-five or thirty years ago what is known as the bread-and-butter question came home to but a small proportion of those in whose breasts it is now a settled resident. Then the majority of the members of what might be termed the middle class, in a financial sense, working with their heads, not their hands, and moderately equipped for the secular battle, gave themselves small concern as to the acquisition of their living expenses. Now, though they may earn far more than they could then, they are prone to be ceaselessly harried on the subject. Not only have prices steadily advanced, the needs of those members have increased,

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and their tastes are more exacting. They want five things where they wanted one. What were luxuries have become necessities. They were contented on $2000 a year; they are discontented on $4000. What they would have considered a modest independence would not make them comfortable now.

Everything has altered, not the manner and requirement of living merely, but the livers themselves. They no longer have the same feelings or opinions, or see with the same eyes. They feel, though they have so much more than they once had, the lack of what they want to-day far beyond the greater lack of years ago, which, being unexpected, they were barely sensible of. This may seem to be their fault, and to an extent it is; but it is more the fault of the time that has so begotten the growth and love of luxury as to make it, through familiarity, appear indispensable. At any rate, luxury has unconsciously entered—in cities notably—into the bread-and-butter question, which is more serious, more imperative, than in the days of simplicity and self-denial. When we are satisfied with little, a diminution of that little is scarcely missed. When we are accustomed to excess, we think we cannot spare the slightest portion. The idea of material comfort is most variable and indefinite. In the rural regions of New England a small family attains what it considers such comfort by an expenditure of $400 a year. In New York a family of the same size is frequently uncomfortable after disbursing fifteen times that amount. But in the real country and in the great town the question is vital alike, and the source of unremitting thought and great anxiety.

It is useless to assume, as so many press writers, moralists, and preachers do, that we as a people are wearing out our nerves and our constitutions in an unending contest for wealth. Europeans, especially Britons, repeat this assumption, harping on it continually and tediously. They may not know any better, which cannot be said of Americans. They are aware that the big republic is enormously rich, and constantly growing richer; that there are countless opportunities here to make money, and that these may be shared by the multitude. So, when they hear of vast fortunes quickly realized, of poor men suddenly converted into millionaires, they imagine, such happenings being exceptional in their own dominions, that most Americans are feverishly and forever pursuing wealth.

We who are born and live here are conscious, from daily observation, that not one man, probably, in a hundred—in five hundred, perhaps—has any prospect or expectation of getting rich. The national and proverbial haste, eagerness, energy, and nervousness in conducting affairs, big or little, are inbred and racial. They are not aroused by the thought or the hope of acquiring affluence, but by the need of the day, by the obligation of providing for ourselves, of earning, in short, our own bread and butter, instead of depending, in the Old World fashion, on inheritance, kindred, or privilege. This is more, we are aware, than the bulk of us can do; but we are bound to try, and to continue trying while health and strength last. If we do not succeed, we shall have the comfort of having at least deserved success through industry and perseverance. What is reported to be our feverish haste to gain a fortune is really but the struggle for existence always going on throughout the animal kingdom. Our struggle is harder and of a higher kind than is the struggle abroad; for we want more, and are determined to have more, if will and work will secure it. But it is the same struggle, though different in degree, nevertheless.

With some of us bread and butter may mean woodcock and burgundy, or terrapin and champagne; for we are, it must be allowed, extravagant and over-generous. But the words are generally applicable to the cost of living, whether plain or prodigal, exclusive of savings or investments, without which there can be no basis of wealth. So long as a man's outgo absorbs his income, he falls within the bread-and-butter rule.

Most Americans of the better class would laugh at the likelihood of their becoming wealthy, and those of an inferior class would never dream of the possibility. They might like to be wealthy, as they might like to fly, or to be immortal; but, not regarding it as feasible, they dismiss it from their minds. The chances of sudden fortune, albeit indications may be opposed to the fact, steadily grow less and less. While we are constantly hearing and reading of instances of the kind—they are always circulated, and usually exag-

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gerated—we are seldom told about financial disaster to private individuals. And the depressing account of the poverty and want of hundreds of thousands is seldom chronicled. We are inclined to forget that hundreds of failures must precede every success, and that victory rests on a foundation of defeats.

Very few men nowadays make large sums of money, unless they have money to begin with, and after the representative man, or even the superior man, has answered the bread-and-butter question he is commonly at the bottom of his purse. Money-making is not a high talent, but it is a very rare one, even in this thriving democracy, supposed in Europe to be chiefly populated by money-makers, instead of by mere workers for bread and butter, which we on the spot know to be the case. Americans of pure strain are indubitably more capable of making money than the people of any other nation, because they are more intelligent, more developed, more practical, are better educated, and require more conveniences and redundancies. But all their capacity is, as a rule, needed to insure them what they consider a comfortable livelihood, though Europeans would think it luxurious, as indeed it is. If these could turn their labor to any such profit, they would put by a considerable part of it regularly, and so furnish the ground-work of a competency. Americans, however, are not often so thrifty, or so provident of the future, because, perhaps, they are too confident of inner resources and of ample opportunities.

A common saying in the republic is, "Anybody can get a living," but it is disproved by the patent fact that a great many of us do not get a living, and are not able to, try as we may. What a very large proportion of us are always requiring assistance of some sort! how very few can stand alone permanently! And to get a living in America, of an American kind, is far more of a task than is popularly supposed. It really taxes ordinary aptitude and energies to the utmost, and is, after all, something of a distinction.

Making money, in small or in large sums, is always harder than is generally thought, and it grows harder and harder in this country with every added year. (In the Old World there is no such thing among the people at large; it is confined to a few, who are specially privileged, or specially qualified by nature or by training.) The reports about it are commonly magnified. If a man makes $50,000 in any business or by any transaction he is credited with five or ten times as much. The recipient of a salary is apt to be secretive about it, but his acquaintances are voluble and enlarging thereon. The lawyer talks of the big fees got by physicians, and they of the prodigious income from the law. One merchant envies another his prosperity, until he learns that his rival is on the eve of bankruptcy, and not likely to pay more than thirty cents on the dollar. An author who feels the pinch of circumstances is somewhat consoled, as respects literature, to hear that a new aspirant's first book has yielded him thousands of dollars—a misreading for hundreds. An operator in Wall Street, examining his accounts for the year, and finding he has lost $800,000, smiles satirically on seeing a paragraph that he has cleared during the twelvemonth at least $3,000,000.

Take New York, the commercial capital, the financial centre of the Western hemisphere, as an example of the nation's money-making. The principal diversion of its citizens is vulgarly presumed to be getting rich. Actually it contains, in proportion to its inhabitants, more poverty, and of a worse kind, than any city on this continent. Fully a third of its people live in tenement-houses, and their condition is, in the main, deplorable. But, as they are nearly all illiterate and foreigners by birth or extraction, they are not to be considered, since this article refers to Americans generally, and to those comprehended in the intelligent, educated class. Of these, more than two-thirds are probably dependent on salaries, hence can have no ambition beyond bread and butter, and many of them by no means fastidious in regard to the butter. An excess of one-half of the remaining third —really less than a third—are presumably small tradesmen, who must be satisfied if they earn a decent living; for the bulk of them certainly do not. A few may be enabled to save something, but it would be insignificant, at its largest, to any one of the mildest financial aspirations. This would leave not quite a sixth for merchants, bankers, professional men, artists, and those supposed to be in independent positions, if not in independent circumstances. How many of these are

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lifted above the bread-and-butter question? Precious few.

After all the babble about the enormous wealth of the metropolis, there are not, by a very liberal estimate, more than five hundred millionaires proper within its entire boundaries. And while the capitalists may be enumerated by the thousands, there are tens and tens of thousands of educated men and women who are pitifully paid. Considering the cost of living there, it is one of the least desirable towns in the Union for a person of ordinary income or earning power to choose as a place of residence; and hence, paradoxically enough, it is forever overcrowded.

The two most lucrative callings are generally conceded to be, the world over, and in New York conspicuously, the law and banking. Accounts of the golden rewards of lawyers and bankers so constantly assail our ears that we might readily regret that we had not selected one or the other as our vocation. But such accounts are deceptions. Law is remarkably uncertain. Hundreds of young men study it who are never admitted to the bar; and of hundreds admitted, not more than one-tenth of them practise. Of those who practise, a large majority get so very scant a livelihood that they are continually driven to other occupations to make both ends meet. New York is to-day full of half-starving lawyers, while the air is ringing with a score of names coupled with munificent incomes. How happy would the mass of them be if they could be sure, in the accepted sense, of their bread and butter!

To be a banker, one ought to have already acquired a fortune, to have reaped the financial harvest that the many are trying to sow. Consequently, a banker is outside of the question in hand. Nevertheless, his path is not so strewn with roses as it appears. His career is beset with dangers, and frequently culminates in disaster. His end, if unsuccessful, foretells suicide; worse still is the mental anguish that renders suicide a relief and a release. Besides, most bankers fail, soon or late. Those that last twenty years are exceptional. Their lives are necessarily anxious, so anxious as to be often tragic; for they know that any mischance to them must impair public confidence, and involve others in poverty and wretchedness.

Every block uptown seems to contain one doctor at least. There is in the aggregate such a number of doctors as to indicate that the city is the seat of pestilence, when, in fact, it is remarkably healthful. The explanation is that many of the doctors have no regular patients, and are compelled to lean on patients they may pick up. A few of high repute, who attend millionaires professionally, are flourishing; but their medical brothers generally are the opposite of pecunious. The smallest income that a New-Yorker, with a New York family, as prescribed—a wife and two children—can support himself on decently is put at $5000. To attain that a physician, it is alleged, must be capable, diligent, conscientious, and watchful until past middle age. Physicians in that city generally do not earn $1500 a year, and in the country frequently not more than $500 to $600. What hope have they of rising above the bread-and-butter question?

Manhattan is regarded as the paradise of preachers, because a dozen or more pastors of fashionable churches have salaries ranging from $10,000 to $15,000. But most of the pulpits there are filled by men whose pay is such that they are obliged to practise rigid economy to keep out of debt. In the villages and small towns throughout the country clergymen have nothing like adequate compensation for their labor; and to this fact is ascribed the remarkable decline of late in the number of students at the theological seminaries. Theology, indeed, is now accounted one of the callings that have, in most cases, ceased to be remunerative. It does not respond to the great practical question of the day.

Touching journalism and literature, they are precarious everywhere. New York is the sole city in America where a man in the field of true literature may live by his pen; and then and there he must not be squeamish as respects his living. The prices for newspaper work, and more careful and serious work, have risen materially in the last fifteen or twenty years, and still tend upward. But the supply of manuscripts, owing to the rapid increase of writers, distinctively of women, has long been in such excess of the demand as to depress still further the inky trade. The bread-and-butter question naturally and necessarily pursues and

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perplexes them; for not one in twenty is ever able to solve it.

Painters, who seem to arrogate to themselves the name of artists, as if they alone deserved it, are proverbially gypsyish in their habits, prizing the ideal far beyond the real. Consequently they incline to take bread and butter for granted, believing that serious thought on the subject might enfeeble their art, always uppermost in their mind, and rightly, too. Nobody expects them to be quite practical, and would, if they were so, make it an objection to their professional fitness. Business is not in their province, and meeting their expenses promptly has, to many of them, an unpleasant commercial savor. When they have won distinction, they can better afford the time to look after bills and other prosaic details. New York is overrun with painters of every kind and degree; they may have a hard struggle there, but they are debarred from any other place in the republic by its limitations. To have any hope of recognition they must be at the centre, whatever their material deprivations. The ideal first, the real afterwards, whenever circumstance may favor. Many painters, and the best, grapple lustily with the practical and conquer it without in any way detracting from Art. But in so doing they appear to depart from ancient tradition. Ordinarily, the greatest ravers about Art are the least artists.

Apart from the professions, including literature, journalism, and art, is the mercantile class, to which bread and butter should be entirely subordinate, scarcely worthy of consideration. They who belong to it, especially the wholesale firms, often make a deal of money, and retire on fortunes; but, take them as they run, they are hardly successful. They prosper while money is easy and confidence firm, as anybody might, the road being smooth and of gradual descent. But when the market tightens and general credit is disturbed, they undergo a change. No longer able to borrow on favorable terms, they pay usurious interest, sacrifice their goods, and yield at last to the strain, failing, and compromising with their creditors as best they may. The exhibit of their affairs frequently shows lack of prudence and sagacity beyond what any one would reasonably look for in houses of their standing. Bad management is disclosed in so many instances that the partners appear to have been at times bereft of judgment. But as there is no evidence and no probability of intent to defraud, the creditors make easy terms—New-Yorkers are famed for generosity—and everything is arranged with mutual satisfaction.

Panics, as they are called—they are reputed to recur every seven years—are really nothing but periods of settlement, for which every solvent, properly conducted firm should be prepared. Not many firms are prepared, however, as observation verifies. The number that give way when asked to account is extraordinary and dispiriting, and discloses the unbusinesslike manner in which business is done. Every one who has had any commercial experience must have noticed this. The cause is doubtless sanguineness, neglect, extravagance. In fine weather there is no anticipation of storm, and when the storm comes, it is unprovided for. As a people we are perhaps too hopeful, too optimistic; but thus far our hopefulness and optimism have served us in good stead. We have the virtues and defects of a young and extremely fortunate nation, and they are likely to continue for many generations.

The veritable history of business houses in any one line since the war would reveal a surprising series of disasters and losses, and make it doubtful if, on the whole, the partners had got more than a living out of their years of labor, anxiety, and vicissitude. If what the many have lost were deducted from what the few have made, would the difference exceed the sum of all the salaries they might and would have received had they been employed? Is it not more probable that the subtraction would need to be made the other way? Although self-evident that the capital of the republic continuously and swiftly increases, it is difficult to overestimate for any given period the immense total of commercial losses and wages combined which never enter into statistics. Reverses of fortune are numberless and incessant here, for obvious reasons. It is hard to discover a rich man at sixty who has not failed more than once before attaining permanent riches. And the men of energy and enterprise who are poor at that age, after repeated prosperity, cannot be reckoned. Not one in a hundred acquires and re-

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tains wealth; and he is the exception who dies without debt—financially clear of the world. The money-maker is scarce, the money-keeper scarcer, and the man who can always cope with the bread-and-butter question, and does cope with it, achieves, though it is not so considered, a distinct success.

He who answers the inquiry "How are you getting on?" by the words "I am making a living," is better off, if he speak precise truth, than he imagines himself to be. It is not unlikely, however, when he says so, that he forgets various liabilities in the past and certain mortgages on the future, so that he is not really unencumbered to date. In any case his phrase is thought to be either very modest or an indirect confession of failure. Every man who amounts to anything ought to be ahead of the monetary hounds—oh, how fleet they are!—instead of running neck and neck. So he ought; but very few of his associates or acquaintances are, their pretence to the contrary notwithstanding. Thousands and thousands of men, young, middle-aged, even old, are always trying to accumulate something, but cannot manage it, somehow. Their expenses steadily swell, and appear in time to get beyond control. Nor can they be forestalled or prepared for in advance. They are elusive, and yet perpetually pushing forward at most inopportune seasons. What was intended for investment is swallowed up by a fresh demand or a misremembered obligation. The hounds cannot be outstripped, severely as they may be pressed.

The story is the same all over the land, but is told oftenest and most fluently in the big towns. The cost of living appalls; the bread-and-butter question casts day by day a larger shadow, and invades more and more our domestic peace. We live incontestably above our means, because our means seem insufficient, and we cannot adjust them to our ever-growing wants. Do we really know how to economize? When we attempt it, we certainly blunder pessimistically. The Old World understands and practises the art through centuries of necessity. We are raw novices, unable to learn. Many of our people cross the sea for instruction, and, much as they love their own country, are afraid, on pecuniary grounds, to come back. They can do on one side of the ocean, sustained by example, what they dread on the other side to undertake.

As Americans are not addicted to talking of their private concerns, particularly of their anxieties and troubles, we do not hear as much as we might of the trials they endure in the administration of their internal economies. They are fond of presenting a cheerful outside, of preserving appearances, at a high cost to their feelings, to the damage of their satisfaction. How often it happens that they display lavishness, and are supposed to be prosperous, until the death of the head of the family, or some other misfortune, reveals that they had regularly consumed their substance in show, and that very little is left! Their excess represents the bread-and-butter question as they view it—just as it represents the question with persons who are quiet on small incomes because it was all dissipated in externalities. The question rankles and hurts the worst where the fact would not be suspected—in homes that are outwardly peaceful and inwardly distressed. It is a family spectre that walks at night, in the hush of the hours that should be dedicated to sleep, and scares sleep thence. It might be exorcised by firmness, retrenchment, and courage to be independent of seeming. It infests so many households that familiarity with it has diminished the fear of its presence, but has not aroused a noble contempt of unworthiness and show.

It is debasing to be absorbed in the chase after dollars for dollars' sake; but it is more debasing still to pretend to have wealth that one has not, and to lead a course of interminable self-exploitation. The bread-and-butter question must long continue to be the essential question for the mass of us; but it should not be where possible ease of circumstance exists. We should be ashamed to give a false impression of ourselves in anything. If we can afford only beef and potatoes and beer, why invite our friends to a dinner of ten courses with wine? Most of us are poor for our needs or desires. Let us avow it, and the terrible bread-and-butter question will be shorn of many of its terrors. Simplicity and honesty will prove in time the antidote to its wide-spreading bane.

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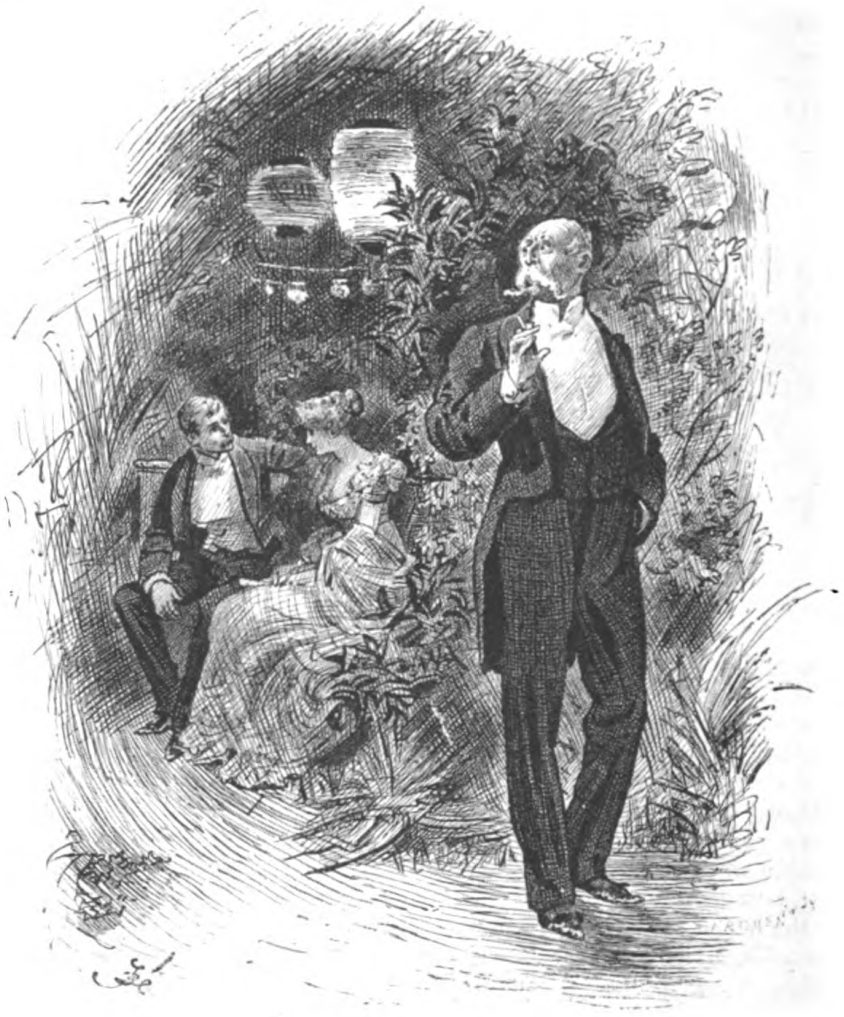
THE WEST AND EAST ENDS OF LONDON.

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.



IT has seemed so difficult to write of the social side of the London season that I have put off, from month to month, saying anything of it directly until now, that the last of these articles has been reached, it is necessary to touch upon it here, or to leave it out of consideration altogether. To do the latter would be like writing of the Horse Show and omitting everything but the horses, and doing the former puts the writer in the unpleasant light of criticising those who have been civil to him. It may be possible, and I hope it may prove so, to avoid speaking of the social side of the London season in anything but glittering generalities. Of course the most obvious difference between the season in London and the season in New York is due to the difference in the season of the year. We cannot give garden parties in December or February, nor, were the American fashionables given to that form of amusement, attend race meetings in January. So the out-of-door life of a London season—the lawn parties in town, the water parties on the Thames, the church parade, and the gatherings in the Row in the morning and on the lawn opposite Stanhope Gate before dinner, the week at Ascot, and the closing of the season at Goodwood—is of a kind with which there is nothing similar to compare in New York. The elements of fashionable life which are most alike in both cities are the dinners and dances and the opera. Dinners, I imagine, are pretty much alike all the world over, and the dances in London, at the first glance, are like as smart dances in New York, as far as the young people and the music and the palms and the supper and such things go. There is, however, a very marked difference in the solemnity of the young men and in the shyness and sedateness of the young girls. There are certain interests to offset this, which are lacking with us, one of which is the number of married women you see whose faces are already familiar to you on both sides of the Atlantic through their photographs in shop windows, and who keep you wondering where you have come across them and their tiaras before, and another is the greater number of servants, whose livery and powdered hair add color to the halls, and who, when they pass on the word that "Lady Somebody's carriage blocks the way," are much more picturesque than Johnson in his ulster and high hat calling out "23 East Twenty-second Street." There is a more brilliant showing of precious stones in London, and the older men in the sashes and stars of the different orders of the empire add something of color and distinction which we do not have at home. Otherwise the scene is much the same. It is only when you leave the ballroom and go out on to the lawn or into the surrounding rooms that you come across an anomaly which is most disturbing. The American girl who seeks corners and the tops of stairways, or who, when the weather permits, wanders away from the care of her chaperon and the lighted rooms into the garden around the house, if the house has a garden, is sure to suffer the penalty of being talked about. Young married women may do that sort of thing with us, but a young girl must remain in evidence, she must be where her partners can reach her, and where whoever is looking after her can whisper to her to hold herself straight, or that she is dancing her hair down. If she wants to talk to a man alone, as she sometimes does, and her mother approves of the man, she can see him at her own home over a cup of tea any afternoon after five. But she cannot do this if she is an English girl in London. So when the English girl goes to a dance at a private house she takes advantage of the long waits between each dance, which are made very long on purpose, and rushes off, not only into rooms leading from the ballroom, but up stairs to the third and fourth story, or out into the garden, where she sits behind statues and

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"YOU ARE CONSTANTLY INTRUDING."

bushes, and so, when you wander out for a peaceful smoke, you are constantly intruding upon a gleaming shirt front and the glimmer of a white skirt hidden away in a surrounding canopy of green. It is most embarrassing. I have been brought up to believe that English girls were the most overridden and over-chaperoned young women in the world, and I still think they are, except in this one particular license allowed to them at dances. It struck me as most contradictory and somewhat absurd. Why, if a young girl may not see a young man alone at her own house, should she be allowed to wander all over some other person's house with him, and penetrate with him into the third floor back, or move on considerately to the fourth floor if she finds the third is already occupied? It seems to me it is in so much better taste to do as we do and let the girl see the man under her own roof.

The most novel feature of the dance in London, which does not obtain so frequently with us, is the sudden changing of night into day, at the early hour of two in the morning. Daylight obtrudes so late in New York that it is generally the signal for going home; but it comes so early in the game in London that one often sees the cotillon begun in a clear sunlight, which does not mar, but rather heightens, the beauty of the soft English complexions and the fair arms and shoulders of the young girls, even while it turns

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the noblest son and heir of the oldest house present into something distressingly like a waiter.

This is one of the prettiest sights in London. A room full of young girls, the older women having discreetly fled before the dawn, romping through a figure in the smartest of *décolleté* gowns, and in the most brilliant sunlight, with the birds chirping violently outside, and the fairy-lamps in the gardens smoking gloomily, and the Blue Hungarian Band yawning over their fiddles. It is all very well for the women, but, as one of the men said, "I always go home early now; one hates having people one knows take one for a butler and ask after their carriage." There is a decorum about an English dance which, I should think, will always tend to keep the hostess in doubt as to whether or no her guests have enjoyed themselves as keenly as they signify they have done when they murmur their adieus. And I do not mean by this that there is any indecorum at a dance in America, but there is less consciousness of self, and more evident enjoyment of those things which are meant to be enjoyed, and no such terribly trying exhibitions of shyness. Shyness, so it struck me, is the most remarkable of all English characteristics. It is not a pretty trait. It is a thing which is happily almost unknown to us. The Englishman will agree to this with a smile because he thinks we are too bold, and because he believes that shyness is a form of modesty. It is nothing of the sort. It is simply a sign of self-consciousness, and, in consequence, of bad breeding; it is the acme of self-consciousness, and carries with it its own punishment. People with us are either reserved or over-confident,



"PEOPLE ONE KNOWS TAKE ONE FOR A BUTLER."

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or simple and sincere, or bold and self-assertive; but they are not shy. And what is most aggravating is that the English make shyness something of a virtue, and think that it covers a multitude of sins. If a man is rude or a woman brusque, his or her friends will say, "You mustn't mind him, he's so shy," or, "She doesn't mean anything; that's just her manner; she's so shy." The English are constantly laughing mockingly at their French neighbor on account of his manner, and yet his exaggerated politeness is much less trying to one's nerves than the average Englishman's lack of the small-change of conversation and his ever-present self-consciousness, which render him a torment to himself and a trial to the people he meets.

There are different kinds of shyness, and different causes for it. To be quite fair, it is only right to say that in many cases the Englishman's shyness is due to his desire not to appear egotistical, or to talk of himself, or of what he does, or happens to have done. His horror of the appearance of boasting is so great that he often errs in the other direction, and is silent or abrupt in order that he may not be drawn into speaking of himself, or of appearing to give importance to his own actions. Modesty is, I think, the most charming of all English characteristics, only it is rather in some instances overdone. In our country a man likes you to refer to the influence he wields; he likes you to say, "A man in your position," or, "Any one with your influence," or, "Placed as you are, you could if you would." It is the breath of his nostrils to many a man. But an Englishman detests any reference to the fact that he is a Member of Parliament as if it were something over which he ought to be pleased; he wears his honors awkwardly; more frequently leaves them at home. He does not wear his war medals with civilian dress. He is quite honest in his disregard of title if he has one, though, being mortal, he thinks as much of it if he lacks it as the chance American does. But he does not say, "Come down to *my* house and ride *my* horses and look at *my* pictures." If he takes you over his place, he is apt to speak of his ancestor's tomb as a "jolly old piece of work," just as though it were a sundial or a chimney-piece, and he is much more likely to show you the family skeleton than the family plate and pictures. I was in a boy's room at Oxford last summer, and saw a picture of one of the peers of England there, a man who has held the highest offices in the diplomatic service. "Why do you have such a large picture of Lord —— here?" I asked. "Do you admire him as much as that?"

"He's my father," he said. "Of course," he went on, anxiously, "he doesn't dress in all those things unless he has to. Here is a better portrait of him."

And he showed me one of his father in knickerbockers. It struck me as a very happy instance of English reserve about those things of which the average American youth would have been apt to speak. I had known him a couple of weeks, but on account of his bearing the family name I did not connect him with his father. The "things" to which he referred were the grand crosses of the orders of the Bath, and of the Star of India, and of the Indian Empire. An American boy would have pointed out their significance to you; but the English boy, fearing I would think he and his father thought overmuch of them, proffered the picture of his father in a tweed suit instead. I have heard Americans in London tell very long stories of our civil war, and of their very large share in bringing it to a conclusion, and as no one had asked them to talk about it, or knew anything about it, it used to hurt my feelings, especially as I remember having tried to drag anecdotes of the Soudan and India out of the several English officers present, and without success. So, on the whole, one must remember this form of shyness too. But the shyness which comes from stupid fear is unpardonable.

As an American youth said last summer, "It is rather disappointing to come over here prepared to bow down and worship, and to find you have to put a duchess at her ease." I asked an Englishman once whether or not people shook hands when they were presented in England. I told him we did not do so at home, but that English people seemed to have no fixed rule about it, and I wanted to know what was expected of one. "Well, you know," he said, with the most charming naïveté, "it isn't a matter of rule exactly; one is generally so embarrassed when being introduced that one really doesn't know whether one is shaking hands or not." And he quite

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"ONE OFTEN SEES THE COTILLON BEGUN IN A CLEAR SUNLIGHT."

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expected me to agree. If the English themselves were the only ones to suffer from their own lack of ease, and of the little graces which oil the social wheels, it would not so much matter; one would only regret that they were not having a better time. But they make others suffer, especially the stranger within their gates. Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson, in his essay on "The Foreigner at Home," tells of the trials of the Scotchman when he first visits England. He says: "A Scotchman is vain, interested in himself and others, eager for sympathy, setting forth his thoughts and experience in the best light. The egotism of the Englishman is self-contained. He does not seek to proselytize. He takes no interest in Scotland or the Scotch, and, what is the unkindest cut of all, he does not care to justify his indifference."

If the Scotchman, who certainly seems reserved enough in our eyes, is chilled by the Englishman's manner, it is evident how much more the American must suffer before he learns that there is something better to come, and that the Englishman's manner is his own misfortune and not his intentional fault. The English say to this, when you know them well enough to complain, that we are too "sensitive," and that we are too quick to take offence. It never occurs to him that it may be that he is too brusque. If you say, on mounting a coach, "I am afraid I am one too many, I fear I am crowding you all," you can count upon their all answering, with perfect cheerfulness, "Yes, you are, but we didn't know you were coming, and there is no help for it," and it never occurs to them that that is not perhaps the best way of putting it. After a bit you find out that they do not mean to be rude, or you learn to be rude yourself, and then you get on famously. I have had Americans come into my rooms in London with tears of indignation in their eyes, and tell of the way they had been, as they supposed, snubbed and insulted and neglected. "Why," they would ask, "did they invite me to their house if they meant to treat me like that? I didn't ask them to. I didn't force myself on them. I only wanted a word now and then, just to make me feel I was a human being. If they had only asked me, 'When are you going away?' it would have been something; but to leave me standing around in corners, and to go through whole dinners without as much as a word, without introducing me to any one or recognizing my existence—Why did they ask me if they only meant to insult me when they got me there? Is that English hospitality?" And the next day I would meet the people with whom he had been staying, and they would say, "We have had such a nice compatriot of yours with us, such a well-informed young man; I hope he will stop with us for the shooting." As far as they knew they had done all that civility required, all they would have given their neighbors, or have expected from their own people. But they did not know that we are not used to being walked over rough-shod, that we affect interest even if we do not feel it, and that we tell social fibs if it is going to make some one else feel more comfortable. It is as if the American had boxed with gloves all his life, and then met a man who struck with his bare fists; and it naturally hurts. And the most pathetic part of the whole thing is that they do not know how much better than their own the breeding of the American really is. It is like the line in the *International Episode*, where the American woman points out to her friend that their English visitors not only dress badly, but so badly that they will not appreciate how well dressed the Americans are. I have seen a whole roomful of Englishmen sit still when a woman came into her own drawing-room, and then look compassionately at the Americans present because they stood up. They probably thought we were following out the rules of some book on etiquette, and could not know that we were simply more comfortable standing when a woman was standing than we would have been sitting down. And it will not do to say in reply to this that these Englishmen of whom I speak were not of the better sort, and that I should not judge by the middle class. I am not writing of the middle classes. "It was the best butter," as the March hare says.

I have had Americans tell me, and most interesting Americans they were, of dinners in London where they had sat, after the women left the room, in absolute isolation, when the men near them turned their backs on them, and talked of things interesting only to themselves, and left the stranger to the mercies of the butler. Imagine anything like that with us!

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Imagine our neglecting a guest to that extent—and an Englishman too! We might not like him, and would find him probably a trifle obtuse, but we would not let him see it, and we would at least throw him a word now and again, and ask him if he meant to shoot big game, or merely to write a book about us. It might not be that we intended to read his book, or cared whether he shot moose or himself, but as long as he was our guest we would try to make him feel that we did not consider our responsibility was at an end when we gave him his bread-and-butter. But the average Englishman and English woman does not feel this responsibility. I remember a dinner given in New York last winter to a prominent Englishman who was visiting this country, and there happened to be a number of very clever men at the table who were good after-dinner talkers, and not after-dinner story-tellers, which is a vastly different thing. The Englishman's contribution to the evening's entertainment was a succession of stories which he had heard on this side, and which he told very badly. The Americans were quite able to judge of this, as they had told the stories themselves many different times. But they all listened with the most serious or amused interest, and greeted each story with the proper amount of laughter, and by saying, "How very good," and "Quite delightful!" Then they all reached under the table and kicked the shins of the unhappy host who had subjected them to this trial. In England it would not have been the host nor his English friends who would have been the one to suffer. I went with a man who had never been in London before to a garden party last summer, and warned him on the way that he would not be introduced to any one, and that after he had met his hostess he would probably be left rooted to a block of stone on the terrace, and would be as little considered as a marble statue. He smiled scornfully at this, but half an hour after our arrival I passed him for the third time as he stood gazing dreamily out across the park just where I had left him. And as I passed he dropped the point of his stick to the ground, and drew it carefully around the lines of the slab of marble upon which he was standing, and then continued to smile significantly out across the lawn. I do not think they treat us in this way because we are Americans, but because we are strangers, and London is a very busy place, and a very big place, and those who go about there have their time more than taken up already, and have but little to spare for the chance visitor. It is the same with their own people. The governor's lady of some little island or military station in the colonies, who has virtually boarded and lodged and danced and wined the



"NOTHING TO SHOW FOR IT BUT CLUBS AND THEATRES."

distinguished English family who visited the station in their yacht the winter before, thinks, poor thing, when she reaches London that she will receive favors in return, and sends her card expectingly, as she has been urged not to forget to do, and she is invited to luncheon. And after luncheon her hostess says: "Good-by. We are going to Lady Somebody's musical. Shall we see you there? No? Then we shall meet again, I hope." But unless they meet at a street crossing, it is unlikely.

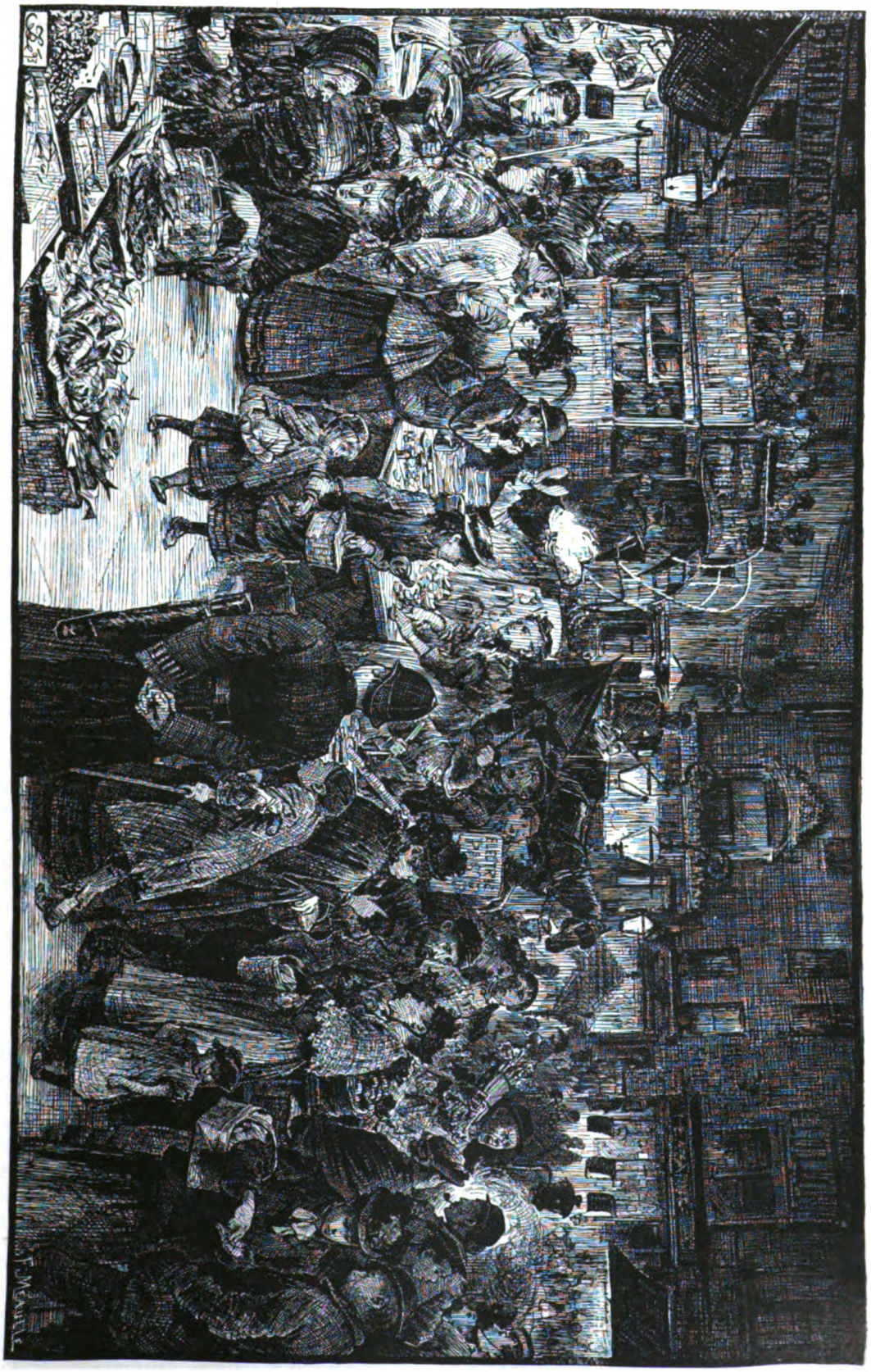
It is the same with those young English subalterns who come back from India and Egypt tanned and handsome and keen for the pleasures of the town, and who have been singing, "When will we see

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London again?" and who find their three months' furlough slipping by with nothing to show for it but clubs and theatres, and who go back abusing the country and the town that have failed to mark their return or to take note of their presence. I know one woman in London who expends her energies in asking cards for things for young lieutenants back on leave, who appoints herself their hostess, whose pleasure is in giving these others pleasure, and who makes them think the place they call home has not forgotten them, and so, when they have gone back to the barracks or the jungle, they have more to thank her for than they know, and many pleasant things to remember. I rather like her missionary work better than that of Dr. Bernado's. There are a great many Americans who will tell you that we, as Americans, are very popular in London; that the English think us clever and amusing on account of our "quaint American humor," and our curious enthusiasm over their traditions and their history and its monuments. It may be that I am entirely mistaken, but I do not think we are popular at all. I think we are just the contrary. As for our American humor, they do not understand what is best of it, and they laugh, if they laugh at all, not with us, but at us. Those Americans who are willing to be a success through being considered buffoons, are perfectly welcome to become so, but it does not strike me as an edifying social triumph. The Americans who are very much liked in London, whether men or women, are not the Americans of whose doings we hear at home; they are not likely to furnish the papers with the material for cablegrams, and do not take the fact that they have been found agreeable by agreeable people as something of so surprising a nature that they should talk about it when they return to their own country. As a matter of fact, I think the English care less for Americans than they do for any other foreigners. They think us pushing, given to overmuch bragging, and too self-assertive. They judge us a good deal by the Americans they meet at Homburg, who give large tips to the head waiter to secure the tables near that of a certain royal personage at luncheon-time, and those whom they chance to meet in a railway carriage, and who spend the time in telling them, uninvited, how vastly inferior are their travelling accommodations to those of the Chicago limited express, with its "barber shop, bath-room, type-writer, and vestibule-cars, sir, all in one." I used to get so weary of the virtues of this American institution that I vowed I would walk the ties when I returned home sooner than enter its rubber portals again. You can see what they think of our bragging by the anecdotes they tell you, which are supposed to be characteristic of Americans, and the point of which, when there is a point, invariably turns on some absurdly prodigious or boasting lie which one American tells another. They also judge us a great deal, and not unnaturally, by what we say of each other, and one cannot blame them for thinking that those of us whom they meet in town during the season must be a very bad lot.

It is almost as impossible to hear one American speak well of another American in London as to hear the cock crow at dinner-time. "Oh, she's over here, is she," they say, smiling mysteriously. "No, I don't know her. She's not exactly—well, I really shouldn't say anything about her; she is not a person I would be likely to meet at home." I used to get so tired of hearing one American abuse another because he happened to know a duchess and the other one did not, because she was asked to a country house to which the other wanted to go, that I made it a rule to swear that every man they asked me about was considered in America as one of the noblest of God's handiworks, and I am afraid now that I may have vouched for some very disreputable specimens. They were not worse, however, than those Englishmen who come to us each winter vouched for by equerries of the Queen and several earls each, and who go later to the Island in our cast-off shoes and with some of our friends' money. If the English judged us by the chance American, and we judged them by the average English adventurer, we would go to war again for some reason or other at once. And yet that is almost what we do. We judge by the men who make themselves conspicuous, who force themselves on our notice, whether they do it by bragging offensively in a railway carriage, or by borrowing money, or failing to pay their club dues. We forget that the gentleman, whether he comes from New York or London or Athens, is not conspicuous, but passes by

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SATURDAY NIGHT IN THE EAST END.

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unheard, like the angels we entertain unawares, and that where a gentleman is concerned there can be no international differences. There can only be one sort of a gentleman; there can be all varieties of cads. An Englishman used to argue last summer that he was quite fair in judging the Americans as a people by the average American, and not by those he is pleased to like and respect. He said they were not "representative" Americans, and that we could not urge that our best exponents of what Americans should and could be should represent us, which was of course quite absurd. If the English were entering a yacht for an international race they would enter their best yacht, not the third or fourth rate yachts. No women are more intelligent and womanly and sweet than the best of the American women, and no men that I have met more courteous and clever than the best American men, and it is by these we should be judged, not by the American who scratches his name over cathedrals when the verger isn't looking, or the young women who race through the halls of the Victoria Hotel.

All of this of which I have been speaking refers to the Englishman's manner, his outside, his crust, his bark, and bears in no way upon his spirit of hospitality which it disguises, but which is, nevertheless, much his best point, and in which he far outshines his American cousin. If you question this, consider what he gives, and how generously he gives it, in comparison with what we give him. Of course hospitality is not to be judged or gauged by its expense, or how much one makes by it. The mere asking a man to sit down may breathe with truer hospitality than inviting him to consider all that is yours his, as the Spaniards do. What do we for the visiting Englishman who comes properly introduced, and with a wife who happens to be his own? We ask him to dinner, and put him up at the clubs, and get invitations to whatever is going on, sometimes to give him pleasure, and sometimes to show him how socially important we may happen to be. In doing any of these things we run no great risk, we are not placed in a position from which we cannot at any moment withdraw. He does much more than this for the visiting American. For some time, it is true, he holds you at arm's-length, as I have just described; he looks you over and considers you, and is brusque or silent with you; and then, one fine day, when you have despaired of ever getting the small-change of every-day politeness from him, he, figuratively speaking, stuffs your hands with bank-notes, and says, "That's all I have at present; spend it as you like, and call on me for more when it is gone." He takes you to his house and makes you feel it is your home. He gives you his servants, his house, his grounds, his horses, his gun, and his keepers, and the society of his wife and daughters, and passes you on eventually to his cousins and his sisters and brothers. This is a show of confidence which makes a dinner and a theatre party, or a fortnight's privileges at a club, seem rather small.

It is true he does not meet you at the door with his family grouped about him as though they were going to be photographed, and with the dogs barking a welcome; he lets you come as you would come to your own house, as naturally and with as little ostentation. But you are given to understand when you get there that as long as you turn up at dinner at the right hour, you are to do as you please. You get up when you like, and go to bed when you like; you can fish for pike in the lake in front of the house, or pick strawberries, or play tennis with his sons and daughters, or read in his library, or take the guide-book and wander over the house and find out which is the Rubens, and trace the family likeness on down to the present day by means of Sir Joshua and Romney to Herkomer and Watts, and Mendelssohn in a silver frame on the centre table. He has much more to give than have we, and he gives it entirely and without reserve; he only asks that you enjoy yourself after your own fashion, and allow him to go on in his own house in his own way. When a man has as much as this to give, you cannot blame him if he does not cheapen it for himself and for others by throwing it open to whoever comes in his way. The club with the longest waiting list is generally the best club.

All of this is rather far away from the London season of which I began to write, but it is the manners and characteristics of people which make society, even fashionable society, and not Gunter or Sherry. You may forget whether it was the regimental band of the First or Second Life-

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guards, but you do not forget that the hostess was gracious or rude.

The East End of London is entirely too awful, and too intricate a neighborhood to be dismissed in a chapter. It is the back yard of the greatest city in the world, into which all the unpleasant and unsightly things are thrown and hidden away from sight, to be dragged out occasionally and shaken before the eyes of the West End as a warning or a menace. Sometimes, or all the time, missionaries from the universities and restless spirits of the West End go into it, and learn more or less about it, and help here, and mend there, but they are as impotent as the man who builds a breakwater in front of his cottage at Seabright and thinks he has subdued the Atlantic Ocean. They protect themselves against certain things —*ennui* and selfishness and hard-heartedness—but they must see in the end that they gain more than they can give; for where they save one soul from the burning, two are born, still to be saved, who will breed in their turn more souls to be saved.

There is more earnest effort in the East End of London than there is, I think, in the east side of New York. I do not mean that it is more honest, but that there is more of it. This is only natural, as the need is greater, and the bitter cry of outcast London more apparent and continual than is the cry that comes from the slums of New York. I have heard several gentlemen who ought to know say that the east side of the American city is quite as appalling as is the Whitechapel of London, but I do not find it so. You cannot judge by appearances altogether; dirt and poverty, after a certain point is reached, have no degrees, and one alley looks as dark as another, and one court-yard as dirty; but you must judge by the degradation of the people, their morals, and their valuation of life, and by their lack of ambition. If one judged by this the American slums would be better in comparison, although when I say "American" that is hardly fair either, as the lowest depths of degradation in New York are touched by the Italians and the Russian Jews, as it is by the latter in London, and by the English too.

This must necessarily be a series of *obiter dicta*, as I cannot quote the incidents or repeat the stories which go to prove what I say, and if I did attempt to prove it, somebody who works in the slums would come down with a fine array of statistics and show how wrong I was. So it would be better to take the East End of London from the outside entirely. The best time to see the East End is on Sunday morning in Petticoat Lane, and on Saturday night in the streets which run off the Commercial Road or Whitechapel Road, or in such alleys as Ship's Alley, off the Ratcliff Highway. On Sunday morning Petticoat Lane is divided into three thoroughfares made by two rows of handcarts, drays, and temporary booths ranged along each gutter. The people pass up and down these three lanes in a long continuous stream, which stops and congests at certain points of interest and then breaks on again. Everything that is sold, and most things that are generally given or thrown away, are for sale on this street on Sunday morning. It is quite useless to enumerate them, "everything" is comprehensive enough; the fact that they sell for nothing is the main feature of interest. It is the most excellent lesson in the value of money that the world gives. You learn not only the value of a penny, but the value of a farthing. A silver sixpence shines like a diamond with the rare possibilities it presents, and a five-pound note will buy half a mile of merchandise. All of the dealers call their wares at one and the same time, and abuse the rival dealers by way of relaxation. The rival dealer does not mind this, but regards it as a form of advertisement, and answers in kind, and the crowd listens with delighted interest. "Go on," one of the men will cry from the back of his cart—"go on an' buy his rotten clothes. O' course he sells 'em cheap. 'Cos why! 'Cos he never pays his pore workin' people their waiges. He's a blooming sweater, 'e is; 'e never gives nothink to his workers but promises and kicks; that's all 'Ammerstein gives. Yes, you do; you *know* you do. And what 'appens, why, 'is clothes is all infected with cholera, and falls to pieces in the sun and shrinks up in the rain. They ain't fit for nothink but to bury folks in, 'cos if yer moves in 'em they falls ter pieces and leaves you naked. I don't call no names, but this I *will* say, 'Ammerstein is a —— —— —— —— thief, 'e is, and a —— —— —— liar, and 'is clothes is —— —— moth-eaten cholera blankets.

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robbed from 'ospitals and made over." Then "'Ammerstein," on the next cart, who has listened to this with his thumbs in the sleeves of his waistcoat, smiles cheerfully and says: "You musd egscuse that jail-birt on the nexd cart. He vas a clerk of mine, but he stole oud of der till, und I discharged him, and he feels bat aboud id."

Saturday night is naturally the best time in which to visit the East End, for the reason that the men and the women have been paid off, and are out buying the next week's rations and visiting from public-house to public-house, and are noisy and merry, or sullen and bent on fighting, as the case may be. The streets are filled with carts lit with flaring oil-lamps, and the public-houses, open on every side, are ablaze with gas and glittering with mirrors and burnished pewter, and the sausage and fish shops, with these edibles frying in the open front windows, send out broad rays of smoky light and the odor of burning fat. It is like a great out-of-door kitchen, full of wonderful colors and flaring lights and inky shadows, with glimpses of stout, florid, respectable working-men's wives, with market basket on arm, jostled by trembling hags of the river-front, and starving wild-eyed young men with enough evil purpose in their faces to do many murders, and with not enough power in their poor ill-fed and unkempt twisted bodies to strangle a child.

There are no such faces to be seen anywhere else in the world, no such despair nor misery nor ignorance. They are brutal, sullen, and gladless. A number of these men together make you feel an uneasiness concerning your safety which is not the fear of a fellow-man, such as you might confess to if you met any men alone in a dark place, but such as you feel in the presence of an animal, an uneasiness which comes from ignorance as to what it may possibly do next, and as to how it will go about doing it. One night an inspector of police woke fifty of these men in McCarthy's lodging-house on Dorset Street, off the Commercial Road, to exhibit them, and I felt as though I had walked into a cage with the keeper. They lay on strips of canvas naked to the waist, for it was a warm, close night, and as the ray from the policeman's lantern slid from cot to cot, it showed the sunken chests and ribs of some half-starved wrecks of the wharves, or the broad torso of a "docker," or a sailor's hairy breast marked with tattooing, and the throats of two men scarred with long dull red lines where some one had drawn a knife, and some of them tossed and woke cursing and muttering, and then rested on their elbows, cowering before the officers and blinking at the light, or sat erect and glared at them defiantly, and hailed them with drunken bravado.

"The beds seem comfortable," I said to McCarthy, by way of being civil.

"Oh, yes, sir," he answered, "comfor'ble enough, only it ain't proper, after paying twopence for your bed, to 'ave a policeman a-waking you up with a lamp in your face. It 'urts the 'ouse, that's wot it does." He added, gloomily, "It droives away trade." The most interesting group of these men I ever saw gathered together in one place was at Harwood's Music Hall. This is a place to which every stranger in London should go. It is a long low building near Spitalfields Market, and there are two performances a night, one at seven and another at nine. The price of admittance is fourpence. The seats are long deal benches without arms, and the place is always crowded with men. I have never seen a woman there. The men bring their bottles of bitter ale with them and a fried sole wrapped in paper, and as the performance goes on they munch at the sole in one hand and drink out of the bottle in the other. When a gentleman in the middle of a bench wants more room he shoves the man next him, and he in turn shoves the next, and he the next, with the result that the man on the end is precipitated violently into the aisle, to the delight of those around him. He takes this apparently as a matter of course, and without embarrassment or show of anger pounds the man who has taken his end seat in the face and ribs until he gets it again, at which this gentleman pounds the man who had shoved him, and so it goes on like a row of falling bricks throughout the length of the bench.

Sometimes you will see as many as three or four of these impromptu battles running from bench to bench in the most orderly and good-natured manner possible. Harwood's has a tremendous sense of humor, only the witticisms of its *clientèle* are not translatable. The first

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RIVAL DEALERS IN PETTICOAT LANE.

time I went there we were ushered into the solitary private box, and as our party came in, owing to our evening dress, or to the fact that we looked down, I suppose, too curiously on the mass of evil, upturned faces, one of the boys sprang to his feet and cried: "Gentlemen, owin' to the unexpected presence of the Prince of Wailes, the audience will please rise and sing 'God save the Queen,'" which the audience did with much ironical solemnity.

The orchestra at Harwood's, which consists of five pieces, is not very good. One night the stage-manager came before the curtain and stated that owing to the non-arrival of the sisters Barrow, who were to do the next turn, there would be a wait of ten minutes; "this, however," he added, "will be made up to you by the gentlemen of the orchestra, who have kindly consented to play a few selections." Instantly one of the audience jumped to his feet, and waving his hands imploringly, cried, in a voice of the keenest fear and entreaty: "Good Gawd, governor, it 'ain't *our* fault the ladies 'aven't come. Don't turn the orchestra on *us*. We'll be good."

The East End of London sprang into

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prominence of late on account of the murders which were committed there. These murders are not yet far enough off in the past to have become matters of history, or near enough to be of "news interest." It is not my intention to speak

suers as effectively as though they were running in a maze. This fact explains, perhaps, the escape of the Whitechapel murderer, and serves to excuse in some degree the London police for having failed to find him.



"OWIN' TO THE UNEXPECTED PRESENCE OF THE PRINCE OF WAILES."

of them now or here, but twenty years or so from now the story of these crimes must be written, for they are undoubtedly the most remarkable criminal event of the century. But the elements which made them possible exist to-day in the nature of the neighborhood and in the condition of the women of the district. In a minute's time one can walk from the grandly lit High Street, Whitechapel, which is like our Sixth Avenue filled with pedestrians from the Bowery, into a net-work of narrow passageways and blind alleys and covered courts as intricate and dirty as the great net-work of sewers which stretches beneath them. A criminal can turn into one of these courts and find half a dozen openings leading into other courts and into dark alleys, in which he can lose himself and his pur-

The East End of London is either to be taken seriously by those who study it, and whose aim and hope are to reclaim it as a great and terrible problem, or from the outside by those who with a morbid interest go to walk through it and to pass by on the other side. The life of the Whitechapel coster as shown by Albert Chevalier and *The Children of the Ghetto* is a widely different thing, yet both are true and both untrue as showing only one side. I confess to having in no way touched upon the East End of London deeply. I know and have seen just enough of it to know how little one can judge of it from the outside, and I feel I should make some apology for having touched on it at all to those men and women who are working there, and giving up their lives to its redemption.

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BALAAM AND PEDRO.

BY OWEN WISTER.

He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.
—RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.

HIS horses were led to the water, and would not drink. Therefore Balaam was lashing them heavily. He looked across Butte Creek, and was aware of a tall man watering his horse on the opposite bank. Strangers to each other, the two exchanged a slight nod, and each was continuing his business, when Balaam saw a second traveller, a young fellow whom he knew.

"Hello, Shorty!" said Balaam.

"Morning."

Shorty turned out of the trail on the further side of Butte Creek and came to the bank.

"That's Mr. Balaam your letter's for," he informed the tall man, who got on his horse, and drawing an envelope from his battered overalls, crossed the creek.

The note was from the owner of two horses Balaam had borrowed many weeks before, in the early spring, promising to return them at once. The message was civil; it hoped "this dunning reminder" might be excused. It had not come straight, but deviously, in the pockets of three successive cow-punchers. It was ten days old, and looked a hundred years. As Balaam read it he wished he had sent the horses back before. Their owner was a judge, and a great man in the Territory.

"Well," the ranchman said, musing aloud in his annoyance, "he wants them by the 30th. Well, this is the 24th, and time enough yet."

"This is the 27th," said the messenger.

And Shorty, from the further bank, echoed: "Yes. It's sure the 27th." He and his pony stood under a cottonwood, and idly looked across at the talkers.

It was Balaam's mistake. He had drifted three sunrises behind the progress of the month. Days look alike, and often lose their names a hundred miles from a railroad. Balaam realized that it would not be so easy now to return the horses at the time requested, and his vexation increased. Suddenly, perceiving the date of the Judge's letter, he held it out to the messenger and struck the paper.

"What's your idea in bringing me that two weeks late?" he said, instantly convinced that all his own delay since the early spring was this messenger's fault.

The man explained that the note had been given him only on the preceding night, and he had hurried away from the round-up at once.

"Last night! Why didn't you chuck the thing away, my friend, instead of packing it over here the 27th of the month? You'd have been just as useful, and saved yourself an extra ride." And Balaam laughed with a grating snarl.

The cow-puncher levelled a lazy eye on Balaam, and after pondering a moment, decided to smile at "such talk from a mis'able little runt like that," as he explained later to Shorty in a gentle voice. He was a Virginian, and there was much sunny leisure in his speech and way.

"Are you going back to the round-up?" asked Balaam.

"No, seh. Not if the hawses is round chyeh yet."

"Round here yet? And supposing they're not?"

"Why, if you have them sent along back the Judge will be right sorry for youh trouble. He sent awdehs with this hyeh letteh *dir*ectin' I was to shu'ly fetch two hawses if they was hyeh. The Judge has friends goin' to arrive from New Yawk for a trip to Montana."

Balaam grunted with displeasure, and thought of the sixty or seventy days since he had told the Judge he would return the horses at once. He looked across at Shorty seated in the shade, and through his uneasy thoughts his instinct irrelevantly noted what a good pony the youth rode. It was the same animal he had seen once or twice before. But something must be done. The Judge's horses were far out on the big range, and must be found and driven in, which would take certainly the rest of this day, possibly part of the next.

Balaam called to one of his men and gave some sharp orders, emphasizing details, repeating directions, and enjoining haste, while the large and patient Virginian leaned slightly against his horse, with one arm over the saddle, hearing

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THE HORSE TRADE—"WHAT'S TO BE EXPECTED?"

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and understanding; for out of Balaam's situation he derived an amusement that his face did not in the least reveal. The man departed to saddle up for his search on the big range, and Balaam resumed the unhitching of his team.

"Cow-punching?" he inquired of Shorty. He ignored the Virginian.

"Got better employment," said Shorty, haughtily.

Then Balaam knew at once that Shorty had no employment whatever, and had probably been turned off the round-up for going to sleep while night-herding.

"Good pony of yours," he said to Shorty, striking his own horse in the jaw, because he held back, and did not come down to the water and drink as the other was doing.

"Your trace ain't undone," commented the Virginian, pointing.

Balaam loosed the strap he had forgotten, and cut the horse again for consistency's sake as the animal now came down, bewildered, with his head in the air, stopping short and snuffing.

The on-lookers were not much surprised at any of this, for Wyoming horses do not, as a rule, have a good time. Balaam's temper was his own, but his notions of how to treat animals were altogether those of his community. Perhaps it is inevitable that people who in the ordinary scope of their business year after year must slice off the ears of so many floundering half-throttled calves, and smell so continually the odor of live veal under the branding-irons, should in time blunt their sensibilities, and exterminate whatever of humanity for dumb beasts may once have existed within them. There was a time, not so very long ago, when most enlightened potentates extracted secrets and obedience by slowly cracking the bones or twisting off the thumbs of those who had the misfortune to differ from them in matters politic and religious. This is not thought well of to-day; and there are signs that cruelty to anything, even to a horse, will come to be generally discountenanced. But not quite yet.

"Quit the round-up?" inquired Balaam.

"That's what I done," said Shorty. "Yesterday morning."

"How far have they got?"

"Workin' Little Muddy to-day and to-morrow. They'll finish up this week."

"You must have slept at the Sand Hill outfit coming down."

Shorty nodded. "What's Carew doin' havin' a man like Sorgy Trampas work fer him, anyway?" said he.

The observing Balaam now drew another inference—that Shorty had played cards in the evening at the Sand Hill, Carew's ranch, and that in the morning his pocket was empty and Trampas's pocket was full. Balaam looked at this very young man, and knew he was in trouble; and he determined to own the very young man's horse that day.

"Carew's an Englishman, and hires Trampas because he don't know enough not to," said Balaam.

Here the Virginian made a reflection. "Most astonishin' thing in natural history," said he, not addressing any one in particular, "is the number of useful facts them English ain't aware of."

"Carew 'll be sure sorry he hired Trampas some day," said Shorty, vindictively. "And the sooner he is, the better for his chances of ownin' his own calves."

This was more slander than was creditable for one cow-puncher to speak of another.

"Oh yes!" thought Balaam, scrutinizing the dusty youth with some contempt. "Trampas put up a deck on him, and took his money. That's as plain as you please. Hello, Shorty!" he called out, for Shorty was departing, "don't you like dinner any more? Grub's ready about now."

Shorty forded the creek and slung his saddle off, and on invitation turned Pedro, his buckskin pony, into Balaam's pasture. This was green, the rest of the wide world being yellow except only where Butte Creek, with its bordering cottonwoods, coiled away into the desert distance like a green snake without end. The Virginian also turned his horse into the pasture. He must stay at the ranch till the Judge's horses should be found.

"Mrs. Balaam's East yet," said her lord, leading the way to his dining-room.

He wanted Shorty to dine with him, and could not exclude the Virginian, much as he should have enjoyed this. Balaam hated a man he could not bully.

"See any Indians?" he inquired, as they ate.

"Na-a-a!" said Shorty, in disdain of recent rumors.

"They ain't a-travellin' over hyeh," said the Virginian. "Bow-Laig Range is whar they was repawted."

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"What business have they got off the reservation, I'd like to know," said the ranchman—"Bow-Leg or anywhere?"

"Oh, it's just a hunt, and kind of visitin' their friends on the South Reservation," Shorty explained. "Squaws along and all."

"Well, if the folks at Washington don't keep squaws and all where they belong," said Balaam, in a rage, "the folks in Wyoming Territory 'll do a little job that way themselves."

"There's a petition out," said Shorty. "Paper's goin' East with a lot of names to it. But they ain't no harm, them Indians ain't."

"No harm?" rasped out Balaam. "You don't seem to learn anything in this country, Jim Gill, except what you know about the Drybone hog ranch. Why don't you get hired there for assistant bartender, and quit punching cows, which is too much physical exercise for you? No harm? Was it white men druv off the O. C. yearlings?"

Balaam's Eastern grammar was sometimes at the mercy of his Western feelings. The thought of the perennial stultification of Indian affairs at Washington, whether by politician or philanthropist, was always sure to arouse him. He walked impatiently about while he spoke, and halted at the window. Out in the world the unclouded day was shining, and Balaam's eye travelled across the plains to where a blue line, faint and pale, lay along the end of the vast yellow distance. That was the beginning of the Bow-Leg Mountains. Somewhere over there were the red men, ranging in unfrequented depths of rock and pine—their forbidden ground.

Dinner was ready, and they sat down.

"And, I suppose," Balaam continued, still hot on the subject, "you'd claim Indians object to killing a white man when they run onto him good and far from human help? These peaceable Indians are just the worst in the business."

"That's so," assented the easy-opinioned Shorty, exactly as if he had always maintained this view. "Chap started for Sunk Creek three weeks ago. Trapper, he was; old like, with a red shirt. One of his horses come into the round-up Toosday. Man 'ain't been heard from." He ate in silence for a while, evidently brooding in his childlike mind. Then he said, querulously, "I'd sooner trust one of them Indians than I would Sorgy Trampas."

Balaam slanted his fat bullet-head far to one side, and laying his spoon down (he had opened some canned grapes), laughed steadily at his guest with a harsh relish of irony.

The guest ate a grape, and perceiving he was seen through, smiled back rather miserably.

"Say, Shorty," said Balaam, his head still slanted over, "what's the figures of your bank balance just now?"

"I ain't usin' banks," murmured the youth.

Balaam chuckled. "I wouldn't," he said. "It's liable to puff a man up, and make him feel he's better than his neighbors."

"Which it ain't American to feel," observed the Virginian, "even when you're inside a bank."

Balaam put some more grapes on Shorty's plate, and sliding a cigar from his waistcoat, sent it rolling to his guest.

"Matches are behind you," he added. He gave a cigar to the Virginian as an after-thought, but, to his disgust, the man put it in his pocket and lighted a pipe.

"A bank account's awful comfortable all the same," said Shorty; "I've had one twiced. Laramie First National, and Buffalo, when I was ridin' on Powder River. And onced I sent some money back home—November, seventy-nine. I wisht I'd a-kep' it. There's a bill I got to renoo first day of—" Shorty stopped amazed; his hair could not rise up on end, being always so, but his voice stuck in his throat. Balaam had turned round from a cupboard holding a very nice-looking bottle.

"It's Old Peachbottom," he whispered, lovingly, though why he should whisper is not clear.

"Most folks claim—" Shorty began, but the lad mustered wisdom enough to check the remainder of his observation, which was going to be, "this ranch is total abstinence."

"What do they claim, Shorty?" cackled Balaam, gloating wickedly over his deep-filled glass. "I guess you'd claim that's pretty good. Fill her up, man!" (for the diffident cow-puncher had poured himself a slight quantity)—"fill up! You'll get nothing like that in Drybone, not though you were a stockholder in the hog ranch."

Indeed, Shorty could, in his present plight, get nothing at all at that estab-

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lishment, unless for love, and the proprietor was not one who held love to be a good consideration. The Virginian helped himself to the liquor when Balaam pushed it to him, and the host with his guests smoked and drank without further talk.

"Well, I guess I'll be pulling out for town," said Shorty, after a proper portion of Old Peachbottom. He put on his hat and stood in the open door. "Can I take your mail fer yu'?" he inquired, "or do anything in Drybone?"

Balaam was locking up the bottle.

"And thank yu' fer a sure good dinner, Mr. Balaam," added the guest, with a certain shyness.

It was exceptional to make such an acknowledgment at all, or, at any rate, so directly. But the hospitality had been exceptional, and Shorty could not know that Balaam was thinking about Pedro, the buckskin pony. They walked to the pasture and lifted down the bars.

"Got a rope?" Balaam asked.

"Don't need to rope him. I can walk right up to Pedro. You stay back."

Hiding his bridle behind him, Shorty walked to the river-bank, where the pony was switching his long tail in the shade, and speaking persuasively to him, came nearer till he laid his hand on Pedro's dusky mane, which was many shades darker than his hide. He turned expectantly, and his master came up to his expectations with a piece of bread.

"Eats that, does he?" said Balaam, over the bars.

"Likes the salt," said Shorty. "Now, n-n-ow, here! Yu' don't guess yu'll be bridled, don't yu'? Open your teeth! Yu'd like to play yu' was nobody's horse and live private? Or maybe yu'd prefer ownin' a saloon?"

Pedro evidently enjoyed this talk and the dodging he made about the bit. Once fairly in his mouth, he accepted the inevitable, and followed Shorty to the bars, who there turned and extended his hand.

"Shake!" he said to his pony, who lifted his fore foot quietly and put it in his master's hand. Then the master tickled his nose, and he wrinkled it and flattened his ears, pretending to bite. His face wore an expression of knowing relish over this performance. "Now the other hoof," said Shorty, and horse and master shook hands with their left. "I learned him that," said the cowboy, with pride and affection. "Say, Pede," he continued, in Pedro's ear, "ain't yu' the best little horse in the country? What? Here, now! Keep out of that, you dead-beat! There ain't no more bread." He pinched the pony's nose, one quarter of which was wedged into his pocket.

"Quite a lady's little pet!" said Balaam, with the rasp in his voice. "That kind of tomfoolery makes me sick. Pity this isn't New York, now, where there's a big market for harmless horses. Gee-gees, the children call them."

"He ain't no gee-gee," said Shorty, offended. "He'll beat any cow-pony workin' you've got. Yu' can turn him on a half-dollar. Don't need to touch the reins. Hang 'em on one finger and swing yer body, and he'll turn."

Balaam knew this, and he knew the pony was only a four-year-old. "Well," he said, "Drybone's had no circus this season. Maybe they'd buy tickets to see Pedro. He's good for that, anyway."

Shorty became gloomy, and a smile crossed the face of the Virginian, smoking his pipe to himself, for he perceived what Balaam was getting at.

"Try a circus," persisted that worthy. "Alter your plans for spending cash in town, and make a little money instead."

Shorty, having no plans to alter and no cash to spend, grew still more gloomy.

"What 'll you take for that pony?" said Balaam.

Shorty spoke up instantly. "A hundred dollars couldn't buy that piece of stale mud off his back," he asserted, looking off into the sky grandiosely.

But Balaam looked at Shorty. "You keep the mud," he said, "and I'll give you thirty dollars for the horse."

Shorty did a little professional laughing, and began to walk towards his saddle.

"Give you thirty dollars," repeated Balaam, picking a stone up and slinging it into the river.

"How far do yu' call it to Drybone?" Shorty remarked, stooping to investigate the bucking-strap on his saddle—a superfluous performance, for Pedro never bucked.

"You won't have to walk," said Balaam. "Stay all night, and I'll send you over comfortably in the morning when the wagon goes for the mail."

"Walk!" Shorty retorted. "Drybone's twenty-five miles. Pedro 'll put me there in three hours and not know he

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done it." He lifted the saddle on the horse's back. "Come, Pedro," said he.

"Come, Pedro!" mocked Balaam.

There followed a little silence.

"No, sir," mumbled Shorty, with his head under Pedro's belly, busily cinching. "A hundred dollars is bottom figures."

Balaam, in his turn, now duly performed some professional laughing, which was noted by Shorty under the horse's belly. He stood up and squared round on Balaam. "Well, then," he said, "what 'll yu' give fer him?"

"Thirty dollars," said Balaam, looking far off into the sky, as Shorty had looked.

"Oh, come, now," expostulated Shorty.

It was he who now did the feeling for an offer, and this was what Balaam liked to see. "Why, yes," he said, "thirty," and looked surprised that he should have to mention the sum so often.

"I thought yu'd quit them first figures," said the cow-puncher, "fer yu' can see I ain't goin' to look at 'em."

Balaam climbed up on the fence and sat there. "I'm not crying for your Pedro," he observed, dispassionately. "Only it struck me you were dead-broke, and wanted to raise cash to renew a note and keep yourself going till you hunted up a job and could buy him back." He hooked his right thumb inside his waistcoat pocket. "But I'm not crying for him," he repeated. "He'd stay right here, of course. I wouldn't part with him. Why does he stand that way? Hello!" Balaam suddenly straightened himself, like a man who has made a discovery.

"Hello what?" said Shorty, on the defensive.

Balaam was staring at Pedro with a judicial frown. Then he stuck out a finger at the horse, keeping the thumb hooked in his pocket. So meagre a gesture was felt by the ruffled Shorty to be no just way to point at Pedro. "What's the matter with that fore leg there?" said Balaam.

"Which? Nothin's the matter with it!" snapped Shorty.

Balaam climbed down from his fence and came over with elaborate deliberation. He passed his hand up and down the off fore leg. Then he spit slenderly. "Mm!" he said, thoughtfully; and added, with a shade of sadness; "that's always to be expected when they're worked too young."

Shorty slid his hand slowly over the disputed leg. "What's to be expected?" he inquired—"that they'll eat hearty? Well, he does."

At this retort the Virginian permitted himself to laugh in audible sympathy. He hoped Balaam was not going to work Pedro out of Shorty.

"Sprung," continued Balaam, with a sigh. "Whirling round short when his bones were soft did that. Yes."

"Sprung!" Shorty said, with a bark of indignation. "Come on, Pede; you and me 'll spring for town."

He caught the horn of his saddle, and as he swung into place the horse rushed away with him. "O-ee! yoi-yup, yup, yup!" sang Shorty, in the shrill cow dialect. He made Pedro play an exhibition game of speed, bringing him round close to Balaam in a wide circle, and then he vanished in dust down the left-bank trail.

Balaam looked after him and laughed harshly. He had seen trout dash about like that when the hook in their jaw first surprised them. He knew Shorty would show the pony off, and he knew Shorty's love for Pedro was not equal to his need of money. He called to one of his men, asked something about the dam at the mouth of the cañon, where the main irrigation ditch began, made a remark about the prolonged drought, and then walked to his dining-room door, where, as he expected, Shorty met him.

"Say," said the youth, "do you consider that's any kind of a way to talk about a good horse?"

"Any dude could see the leg's sprung," said Balaam. But he looked at Pedro's shoulder, which was well laid back; and he admired his points, dark in contrast with the buckskin, and also the width between the eyes.

"Now you know," whined Shorty, "that it ain't sprung any more than your leg's cork. If you mean the right leg ain't just plumb straight, I can tell you he was born so, for I branded him and seen it then. That don't make no difference, for it ain't weak. Try him onced. Just as sound and strong as iron. Never stumbles. And he don't never go to jumpin' with yu'. He's kind and he's smart." And the master petted his pony, who lifted a hoof for another hand-shake.

Of course Balaam had never thought the leg was sprung, and he now took on an unprejudiced air of wanting to believe Shorty's statements if he only could.

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"Maybe there's two years' work left in that leg," he remarked.

"Maybe there's two dollars comin' to Shorty for a mighty good hawse," observed the Virginian to himself. "Better give him away, Shorty," he said aloud, sardonically. "His laig's busted and he's no good. Mr. Balaam says so."

He foresaw what sort of a bargain his feather-headed friend was going to make under the stress of poverty. But he could not interfere. He would not have said even the little that he had save for his dislike of Balaam—a feeling he had conceived at first sight. In bets, card games, horse deals, and other matters of business a man must take care of himself, and wise on-lookers must hold their peace.

That evening Shorty again had a cigar and some more Old Peachbottom. He had parted with Pedro for forty dollars, a striped Mexican blanket, and a pair of spurs. Undressing over in the bunk-house, he said to the Virginian, "I'll sure buy Pedro back off him just as soon as ever I rustle some cash." The Virginian grunted. He was thinking he should have to travel hard to get the horses to the Judge by the 30th.

In the early dawn Shorty sat up among his blankets on the floor of the bunk-house, and saw the various sleepers coiled or sprawled in their beds; and their breathing had not yet grown restless at the nearing of day. He stepped to the door carefully, and saw the crowding blackbirds begin their walk and chatter in the mud of the littered and trodden corrals. From beyond, among the cottonwoods, came continually the smooth unemphatic sound of the doves answering each other invisibly; and against the empty ridge of the river-bluff lay the moon, no longer shining, for there was established a new light through the sky. Pedro stood in the pasture close to the bars. The cowboy slowly closed the door behind him, and sitting down on the step, drew his money out and idly handled it, taking no comfort just then from its possession. Then he put it back, and after dragging on his boots, crossed to the pasture and held a last talk with his pony, brushing the cakes of mud from his hide where he had rolled, and passing a lingering hand over his mane. As the sounds of the morning came increasingly from tree and plain, Shorty glanced back to see that no one was yet out of the cabin, and then put his arms round the horse's neck, laying his head against him. For a moment the cowboy's insignificant face was exalted by the emotion he would never have let others see. He hugged tight this animal, who was dearer to his heart than anybody in the world.

"Good-by, Pedro," he said—"good-by."

Pedro looked for bread.

"No," said his master, sorrowfully, "not any more. Yu' know well I'd give it yu' if I had it. You and me didn't figure on this, did we, Pedro? Good-by."

He hugged his pony again, and returned to the ranch. After breakfast he and his belongings departed to Drybone, and Pedro from his field calmly watched his departure; for horses recognize even less than men the momentous corners that their destinies turn. The pony stopped feeding to look at the mail-wagon pass by; but the master sitting in the wagon forebore to turn his head.

It was a grievous day for that master that his pony must pass into other hands. Shorty was scarcely an admirable character; even more shiftless than his kind, and under ill luck less stoic. His mother's sense of responsibility for him was entirely relieved by his birth, and he grew up accidentally, receiving, as he matured towards manhood, no other instruction than the appropriate dissipations for each advancing period imparted by competent friends. Yet in him lived a native tenderness for animals, which, like charity, covers a multitude of sins. Therefore was Shorty's sorrow keen, though he might soon forget it. Pedro the unknowing felt no sorrow. But this parting was nevertheless a grievous evil day for him also. Men are in the hands of fate alone; horses are in the hands of men. Balaam, though well brought up once, in New Jersey, a man who could read books and believed in matrimony and monogamy, and often washed, knew no kindness for animals, as has been seen. He was the rule, Shorty the exception. Yet Balaam was at least half civilized.

Resigned to wait for the Judge's horses, Balaam went into his office this dry bright morning and read nine accumulated newspapers; for he was behindhand. Then he rode out on the ditches, and met his man returning with the troublesome animals at last. He hastened home and sent for the Virginian. He had made a decision.

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"See here," he said; "those horses are coming. What trail would you take over to the Judge's?"

"Sho'tes' trail's right through the Bow-Laig Mountains," said the man, in his gentle voice.

"Guess you're right. It's dinner-time. We'll start right afterwards. We'll make Little Muddy Crossing by sundown, and Sunk Creek to-morrow, and the next day'll see us through. Can a wagon get through Sunk Creek Cañon?"

The Virginian smiled. "I reckon it can't, seh, and stay resembling a wagon."

Balaam told them to saddle Pedro and one pack-horse, and drive the bunch of horses into a corral, roping the Judge's two, who proved extremely wild. He had decided to take this journey himself on remembering certain politics soon to be rife in Cheyenne. For Judge Henry was indeed a greater man than Balaam.

This personally conducted return of the horses would temper its tardiness, and, moreover, the sight of some New York visitors would be a good thing after seven months of no warmer touch with that metropolis than the Sunday *Herald*, always eight days old when it reached the N- lazy Y.

They forded Butte Creek, and crossing the well-travelled trail which follows down to Drybone, turned their faces towards the uninhabited country that began immediately, as the ocean begins off a sandy shore. And as a single mast on which no sail is shining stands at the horizon and seems to add a loneliness to the surrounding sea, so the long gray line of fence, almost a mile away, that ended Balaam's land on this side the creek, stretched along the waste ground and added desolation to the plain. No solitary watercourse with margin of cottonwoods or willow thickets flowed here to stripe the dingy yellow world with interrupting color, nor were cattle to be seen dotting the distance, nor moving objects at all, nor any bird in the soundless air. The last gate was shut by the Virginian, who looked back at the pleasant trees of the ranch, and then followed on in single file across the sage-brush desert of No Man's Land.

There were five horses. Balaam led on Pedro, his squat figure stiff in the saddle, but solid as a rock, and tilted a little forward, as his habit was. One of the Judge's horses came next, a sorrel, dragging back continually on the rope by which he was led. After him ambled Balaam's wise pack-animal, carrying the light burden of two days' food and lodging. She was an old mare who could still go when she chose, but had been schooled by the years, and kept the trail, giving no trouble to the long cow-puncher who came behind her. He also sat solid as a rock, yet subtly bending to the struggles of the wild horse he led, as a steel spring bends and balances and resumes its poise.

Thus they made but slow time, and when they topped the last dull rise of ground and looked down on the long slant of ragged caked earth to the crossing of Little Muddy, with its single tree and few mean bushes, the final distance where eyesight ends had deepened to violet from the thin steady blue they had stared at for so many hours, and all heat was gone from the universal dryness. The horses drank a long time from the sluggish yellow water, and its alkaline taste and warmth were equally welcome to the men. They built a little fire, and when supper was ended, smoked but a short while and in silence before they got in the blankets that were spread in a smooth place beside the water.

They had picketed the two horses of the Judge in the best grass they could find, letting the rest go free to find pasture where they could. When the first light came, the Virginian attended to breakfast, while Balaam rode away on the sorrel to bring in the loose horses. They had gone far out of sight, and when he returned with them, after some two hours, he was on Pedro. Pedro was soaking with sweat, and red froth creamed from his mouth. The Virginian saw the horses must have been hard to drive in, especially after Balaam brought them the wild sorrel as a leader.

"If you'd kep' ridin' him, 'stead of changin' off on your hawse, they'd have behaved quieter," said the cow-puncher.

"That's good seasonable advice," said Balaam, sarcastically. "I could have told you that now."

"I could have told you when you started," said the Virginian, heating the coffee for Balaam.

Balaam was eloquent on the outrageous conduct of the horses. He had come up with them evidently striking back for Butte Creek, with the old mare in the lead.

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"But I soon showed her the road she was to go," he said, as he drove them now to the water.

The Virginian noticed the slight limp of the mare, and how her pastern was cut as if with a stone or the sharp heel of a boot.

"I guess she'll not be in a hurry to travel except when she's wanted to," continued Balaam. He sat down, and sullenly poured himself some coffee. "We'll be in luck if we make any Sunk Creek this night."

He went on with his breakfast, thinking aloud for the benefit of his companion, who made no comments, preferring silence to the discomfort of talking with a man whose vindictive humor was so thoroughly uppermost. He did not even listen very attentively, but continued his preparations for departure, washing the dishes, rolling the blankets, and moving about in his usual way of easy and visible good-nature.

"Six o'clock already," said Balaam, saddling the horses. "And we'll not get started for ten minutes more." Then he came to Pedro. "So you haven't quit fooling yet, haven't you?" he exclaimed, for the pony shrank as he lifted the bridle. "Take that for your sore mouth!" and he rammed the bit in, at which Pedro flung back and reared.

"Well, I never saw Pedro act that wai, yet," said the Virginian. "On the round-up he's the gentles' hawse in the outfit."

"Ah, rubbish!" said Balaam. "They're all the same. Not a bastard one but's laying for his chance to do for you. Some 'll buck you off, and some 'll roll with you, and some 'll fight you with their fore feet. They may play good for a year, but the Western pony's man's enemy, and when he judges he's got his chance, he's going to do his best. And if you come out alive it won't be his fault." Balaam paused for a while, packing. "You've got to keep them afraid of you," he said next; "that's what you've got to do if you don't want trouble. That Pedro horse there has been fed, hand-fed, and fooled with like a d—— pet, and what's that policy done? Why, he goes ugly when he thinks it's time, and decides he'll not drive any horses into camp this morning. He knows better now."

The Virginian said nothing. These dogmas concerning the disposition of the Western pony and the way he should be disciplined were familiar to him, but he still believed that, except in the case of certain vicious brutes, confidence and not fear was the relation to establish between horse and rider in Wyoming as well as in Virginia. And he wondered how Balaam, with these views and his temper ever ready to enforce them on far less than average provocation, ever managed to keep a sound horse on his ranch.

He had heard cow-punchers say to refractory ponies, "You keep still, or I'll Balaam you!" and he now understood the aptness of the expression.

Meanwhile Balaam began to lead Pedro to the creek for a last drink before starting across the torrid drought. The horse held back on the rein a little, and Balaam turned and cut the whip across his forehead. A delay of forcing and backing followed, while the Virginian, already in the saddle, waited. The minutes passed, and no immediate prospect, apparently, of getting nearer Sunk Creek.

"He ain' goin' to follow you while you're beatin' his haid," the cow-puncher at length remarked.

"Do you think you can teach me anything about horses?" retorted Balaam.

"Well, it don't look like I could," said the Virginian, lazily.

"Then don't try it, so long as it's not your horse, my friend."

Again the cow-puncher levelled his eye on Balaam. "All right," he said, in the same gentle voice. "And don't you call me your friend. You've made that mistake twiced."

The road was shadeless, as it had been from the start, and they could not travel fast. During the first few hours all coolness was driven out of the glassy morning, and another day of illimitable sun invested the world with its blaze. The pale Bow-Leg range was coming nearer, but its hard hot slants and rifts suggested no sort of freshness, and even the pines that spread for wide miles along near the summit counted for nothing in the distance and the glare, but seemed mere patches of dull dry discoloration. No talk was exchanged between the two travellers, for the cow-puncher had nothing to say and Balaam was sulky, so they moved along in silent endurance of each other's company and the tedium of the journey.

But the slow succession of rise and fall

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in the plain changed and shortened. The earth's surface became lumpy, rising into mounds and knotted systems of steep small hills cut apart by staring gashes of sand, where water poured in the spring from the melting snow. After a time they ascended through the foot-hills till the plain below was for a while concealed, but came again into view in its entirety, distant and a thing of the past, while some magpies sailed down to meet them from the new country they were entering. They passed up through a small transparent forest of dead trees standing stark and white, and a little higher came on a line of narrow moisture that crossed the way and formed a stale pool among some willow thickets. They turned aside to water their horses, and found near the pool a circular spot of ashes and some poles lying, and beside these a cagelike edifice of willow wands built in the ground.

"Indian camp," observed the Virginian.

There were the tracks of five or six horses on the farther side of the pool, and they did not come into the trail, but led off among the rocks on some system of their own.

"They're about a week old," said Balaam. "It's part of that outfit that's been hunting."

"They've gone on to visit their friends," added the cow-puncher.

"Yes, on the Southern Reservation. How far do you call Sunk Creek now?"

"Well," said the Virginian, calculating, "it's mighty nigh fo'ty miles from Muddy Crossin', an' I reckon we've come eighteen."

"Just about. It's noon." Balaam snapped his watch shut. "We'll rest here till 12.30."

When it was time to go, the cow-puncher looked musingly at the mountains. "We'll need to travel right smart to get through the cañon to-night," he said.

"Tell you what," said Balaam; "we'll rope the Judge's horses together and drive 'em in front of us. That 'll make speed."

"Mightn't they get away on us?" objected the Virginian. "They're pow'ful wild."

"They can't get away from me, I guess," said Balaam, and the arrangement was adopted. "We're the first this season over this piece of the trail," he observed presently.

His companion had noticed the ground already, and assented. There were no tracks anywhere to be seen over which winter had not come and gone since they had been made. Presently the trail wound into a sultry gulch that hemmed in the heat and seemed to draw down the sun's rays more vertically. The sorrel horse chose this place to make a try for liberty. He suddenly whirled from the trail, dragging with him his less inventive fellow. Leaving the Virginian with the old mare, Balaam headed them off, for Pedro was quick, and they came jumping down the bank together, but swiftly crossed up on the other side, getting much higher before they could be reached. It was no place for this sort of game, as the sides of the ravine were ploughed with steep channels, broken with jutting knobs of rock, and impeded by short twisted pines that swung out from their roots horizontally over the pitch of the hill. The Virginian helped, but used his horse with more judgment, keeping as much on the level as possible, and endeavoring to anticipate the next turn of the runaways before they made it, while Balaam attempted to follow them close, wheeling short when they doubled, heavily beating up the face of the slope, veering again to come down to the point he had left, and whenever he felt Pedro begin to flag, driving his spurs into the horse and forcing him to keep up the pace. He had set out to overtake and capture on the side of a mountain these two animals who had been running wild for many weeks, and now carried no weight but themselves, and the futility of such work could not penetrate his obstinate and rising temper. He had made up his mind not to give in. The Virginian soon decided to move slowly along for the present, preventing the wild horses from passing down the gulch again, but otherwise saving his own animal from useless fatigue. He saw that Pedro was reeking wet, with mouth open, and constantly stumbling, though he galloped on. The cow-puncher kept the group in sight, driving the pack-horse in front of him, and watching the tactics of the sorrel, who had now undoubtedly become the leader of the expedition, and was at the top of the gulch, in vain trying to find an outlet through its

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rocky rim to the levels above. He soon judged this to be no thoroughfare, and changing his plan, trotted down to the bottom and up the other side, gaining more and more, for in this new descent Pedro had fallen twice. Then the sorrel showed the cleverness of a genuinely vicious horse. The Virginian saw him stop and fall to kicking his companion with all the energy a short rope would permit. The rope slipped, and both, unencumbered, reached the top and disappeared. Leaving the pack-horse for Balaam, the Virginian started after them, and came into a high table-land, beyond which the mountains began in earnest. The runaways were moving across toward these at an easy rate. He followed for a moment, then looking back, and seeing no sign of Balaam, waited, for the horses were sure not to go fast when they reached good pasture or water.

He got out of the saddle and sat on the ground watching, till the mare came up slowly into sight, and Balaam behind her. When they were near, Balaam dismounted and struck Pedro fearfully, until the stick broke, and he raised the splintered half to continue.

Seeing the pony's condition, the Virginian spoke, and said, "I'd let that hawse alone."

Balaam turned to him, but, wholly possessed by passion, did not seem to hear, and the cow-puncher noticed how white and like that of a maniac his face was. The stick slid to the ground.

"He played he was tired," said Balaam, looking at the Virginian with glazed eyes. The violence of his rage affected him physically, like some stroke of illness. "He played out on me on purpose." The man's voice was dry and light. "He's perfectly fresh now," he continued, and turned again to the coughing, swaying horse, whose eyes were closed. Not having a stick, he seized the animal's unresisting head and shook it. The Virginian watched him a moment, and rose to stop such a spectacle. Then, as if conscious he was doing no real hurt, Balaam ceased, and turning again in a slow fashion, looked across the level, where the runaways were still visible.

"I'll have to take your horse," he said; "mine's played out on me."

"You ain' goin' to touch my hawse."

Again the words seemed not entirely to reach Balaam's understanding, so dulled by rage were his senses. He made no answer, but mounted Pedro, and the failing pony walked mechanically forward, while the Virginian, puzzled, stood looking after him. Balaam seemed without purpose of going anywhere, and stopped in a moment. The cow-puncher was about to advise him to get off, when he saw him lean over Pedro's neck and reach a hand down between his ears. The ranchman's arm and shoulder worked fiercely and twisted, when suddenly Pedro sank motionless, and his head rolled flat on the earth. Balaam, flung sharply on the ground, was jammed beneath him, and the cow-puncher ran, and taking the saddle-horn, shifted the horse's dead weight a little from the prisoner's body.

"Are you hurt?" he said, as Balaam raised himself and stood up slowly, looking sullenly at the fallen Pedro.

"No. But I got an eye out on him."

The cowboy heard these words without at first realizing their import; but the horse lifted his head and turned it piteously round, and he saw the ruined eye that Balaam's fingers had blinded.

Then Balaam was rolled to the ground again by the towering Virginian, in whose brawn and sinew the might of justice was at work; and, half stunned, the ranchman felt for his pistol, keeping one arm over his face till the weapon came out, and, together with his hand, was instantly stamped into the dust.

"Don't try that," said the Virginian, and lifted him, not able to struggle. He slung him so that he lay as though his skull were cracked, his crushed hand bleeding where it hung fallen across Pedro's saddle.

Vengeance had come and gone, and the Virginian looked down at the horse and the man prone in the middle of the open table-land. No anxiety and no special thought or plan stirred in his mind as he stood, until he found himself stooping over Balaam and saying aloud, "No, he ain't dead." Then came the first definite idea—a curious businesslike reflection that, after all, Pedro was Balaam's property and not his. This criticism he immediately answered, and that set his brain working as usual.

"He ain't hurt bad," he asserted, again aloud; and as he put the man in an easier position, the sunlight flashed on the six-shooter where it lay, and he secured it.

"She ain't so pretty as she was," he

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remarked, examining the weapon, "but she'll go right handy yet."

Strength was in a measure returning to Pedro. He was a young horse, and the exhaustion of neither pain nor overriding was enough to affect him long or seriously. He got himself on his feet and walked waveringly over to the old mare, and stood by her for comfort. The cow-puncher came up to him; and Pedro, after starting back slightly, seemed to comprehend that he was in friendly hands. It was plain that he would soon be able to travel slowly if no weight was on him, and that he would be a very good horse again. Whether they abandoned the runaways or not, there was no staying here for night to overtake them without wood or water. The day was still high, and what its next few hours had in store the Virginian could not say, and he left them to take care of themselves, determining meanwhile that he would take command of the minutes, and maintain the position he had assumed both as to Balaam and Pedro. He took Pedro's saddle off, threw the mare's pack to the ground, put Balaam's saddle on her, and on that stowed or tied her original pack, which he could do, since it was so light. Then he went to Balaam, who was sitting up.

"I reckon you can travel," said the Virginian. "And youh hawse can. If you're comin' with me, you'll ride your mare. I'm goin' to trail them hawses. If you're not comin' with me, youh hawse comes with me, and you'll take fifty dollahs for him."

Balaam was indifferent to this good bargain. He did not look at the other or speak, but rose and searched about him on the ground. The Virginian was also indifferent as to whether Balaam chose to answer or not. He had spoken words that required no answer save action, and he did not care whether Balaam decided to come with him or go his own way. Seeing Balaam searching the ground, he finished what he had to say.

"I have your six-shooter, and you'll have it when I'm ready for you to. Now I'm goin'," he concluded.

Balaam's intellect was clear enough now, and he saw that though the rest of this journey would be nearly intolerable, more of the truth would inevitably become known through the Territory if he returned to his ranch than if he should go on. Paying his visit to the Judge might possibly conceal the most humiliating part of the story; whereas if his men saw him return prematurely and without Pedro, it was plain that they would have their curiosity satisfied by the Virginian at the first opportunity. The position was at best a bitter one. He looked at the impassive cow-puncher getting ready to go, and tying a rope on Pedro's neck to lead him; then he looked at the mountains where the runaways had vanished, and it did not seem credible to him that he had come into such straits. He climbed stiffly on the mare, and the three horses in single file took up their journey once more and came slowly among the mountains. The perpetual desert was ended, and they crossed a small brook, where they missed the trail. The Virginian dismounted to find where the horses had turned off, and discovered they had gone straight up the ridge by this watercourse.

"There's been a man camped in here inside a month," he said, kicking up a rag of red flannel. "White man and two horses. Ours have went up his old tracks."

It was not easy for Balaam to speak yet, and he kept his silence. But he remembered that Shorty had spoken of a trapper who had started for Sunk Creek.

For three hours they followed the runaways' course over softer ground, and steadily ascending, passed one or two springs at length, where the mud was not yet settled in the hoof-prints. Then they came through a corner of pine forest and down a sudden bank among quaking-asps to a green park, where the runaways beside a stream were grazing at ease, but saw them coming and started on again, following down the stream. For the present all to be done was to keep them in sight. This creek received tributaries and widened, making a valley for itself. Above the bottom, lining the first terrace of the ridge, began the pines, and stretched back unbroken over intervening summit and basin, to cease at last where the higher peaks presided.

"This hyeh's the middle fork of Sunk Creek," said the Virginian. "We'll get on to our right road again where they join."

Soon a game trail marked itself along the stream. If this would only continue, the runaways would be nearly sure to

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follow it down into the cañon. Then there would be no way for them but to go on and come out into their own country, where they would make for the Judge's ranch of their own accord. The great point was to reach the cañon before dark. They passed into permanent shadow; for though the other side of the creek shone in full day, the sun had departed behind the ridges immediately above them. Coolness filled the air, and the silence, which in this deep valley of invading shadow seemed too silent, was relieved by the birds. Not birds of song, but a freakish band of gray talkative observers, who came calling and croaking along through the pines, and inspected the cavalcade, keeping it company for a while, and then flying up into the woods again. The travellers came round a corner on a little spread of marsh, and from somewhere in the middle of it rose a buzzard and sailed on its black pinions into the air above them, wheeling and wheeling, but did not grow distant. As it swept over the trail something fell from its claw, a rag of red flannel, and each man in turn looked at it as his horse went by.

"I wonder if there's plenty elk and deer hyeh?" said the Virginian.

"I guess there is," Balaam replied, speaking at last. The travellers had become strangely reconciled.

"There's game 'most all over these mountains," the Virginian continued; "country not been settled long enough to scah them out." So they fell into casual conversation, and for the first time were glad of each other's company.

The sound of a new bird came from the pines above—the hoot of an owl—and was answered from some other part of the wood. This they did not particularly notice at first, but soon they heard the same note, unexpectedly distant, like an echo. The game trail, now quite a defined path beside the river, showed no sign of changing its course or fading out into blank ground, as these uncertain guides do so often. It led consistently in the desired direction, and the two men were relieved to see it continue. Not only were the runaways easier to keep track of, but better speed was made along this valley. The pervading imminence of night more and more dispelled the lingering afternoon, though there was yet no twilight in the open, and the high peaks opposite shone yellow in the invisible sun. But now the owls hooted again. Their music had something in it that caused both the Virginian and Balaam to look up at the pines and wish this valley would end. Perhaps it was early for night-birds to begin; or perhaps it was that the sound never seemed to fall behind, but moved abreast of them among the trees above as they rode on without pause; but some influence made the faces of the travellers grave. The spell of evil which the sight of the wheeling buzzard had begun deepened as evening grew, while ever and again along the creek the singular call and answer of the owls wandered among the darkness of the trees not far away.

The sun was gone from the peaks when at length the other side of the stream opened into a long wide meadow. The trail they followed, after crossing a flat willow thicket by the water, ran into dense pines, that here for the first time reached all the way down to the water's edge. The two men came out of the willows, and saw ahead the capricious runaways leave the bottom and go up the hill and enter the wood.

"We must hinder that," said the Virginian, and dropped Pedro's rope. "There's your six-shooter. You keep the trail, and camp down there"—he pointed to where the trees came to the water—"till I head them hawses off. I may not get back right away." He galloped up the open hill and went into the pine, choosing a place above where the vagrants had disappeared.

Balaam dismounted, and picking up his six-shooter, took the rope off Pedro's neck and drove him slowly down towards where the woods began. Its interior was already dim, and Balaam saw that here must be their stopping-place to-night, since there was no telling how wide this pine strip might extend along the trail before they could come out of it and reach another suitable camping-ground. Pedro had recovered his strength, and he now showed signs of restlessness. He shied where there was not even a stone in the trail, and finally turned sharply round. Balaam expected he was going to rush back on the way they had come; but the horse stood still, breathing excitedly, and he was urged forward again, though he turned more than once. But when they were a few paces from the wood, and Balaam had got off preparatory

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to camping, the horse snorted and dashed into the water, and stood still there. The astonished Balaam followed to turn him; but Pedro seemed to lose control of himself, and plunged to the middle of the river, and was evidently intending to cross. Fearing he would escape to the opposite meadow and add to their difficulties, Balaam, with the idea of turning him round, drew his six-shooter and fired in front of the horse, divining, even as the flash cut the dusk, the secret of all this — the Indians — but too late. His bruised hand had stiffened, marring his aim, and he saw Pedro fall over in the water, then rise and struggle up the bank on the further shore, where he now hurried also, to find he had broken the pony's leg.

He needed no interpreter for the voices of the seeming owls that had haunted the latter hour of their journey, and he knew that his beast's keener instinct had perceived the destruction that lurked in the interior of the wood. The history of the trapper whose horse had returned without him might have been—might still be —his own; and he thought of the rag that had fallen from the buzzard's talons when he had been disturbed at his meal in the marsh. "Peaceable" Indians were still in these mountains, and some few of them had for the past hour been skirting his journey unseen, and now waited in the wood they expected him to enter. They had been too wary to use their rifles or show themselves, lest these travellers should be only part of a larger company following, who would hear the noise of a shot, and catch them in the act of murder. So, safe under the cover of the pines, they had planned to sling their silent noose, and drag the white man from his horse as he passed through the trees.

Balaam looked over the river at the ominous wood, and then he looked at Pedro, the horse he had first crippled and now ruined, to whom he probably owed his life. He was lying on the ground quietly, looking over the green meadow, where dusk was gathering. Perhaps he was not suffering from his wound yet, as he rested on the ground; and into his animal intelligence there probably came no knowledge of this final stroke of his fate. At any rate, no sound of pain came from Pedro, whose friendly and gentle face remained turned towards the meadow. Once more Balaam fired his pistol, and this time the aim was true, and the horse rolled over, with the ball through his brain. It was the best reward that remained for him.

Then Balaam remounted the old mare, and turned from the middle fork of Sunk Creek. He dashed across the wide field, and went over a ridge, and found his way along in the night till he came to the old trail—the road they would never have left but for him and his obstinacy. He unsaddled the weary horse by Sunk Creek, where the cañon begins, letting her drag a rope and find pasture and water, while he, lighting no fire to betray him, crouched close under a tree till the light came. He thought of the Virginian in the wood. But what could either have done for the other had he staid to look for him among the pines? If the cow-puncher came back to the corner, he would follow Balaam's tracks or not. They would meet, at any rate, where the creeks join.

Balaam reached the Judge's ranch late in the next afternoon, and after telling how he came to arrive alone, he went to bed with stiff joints and a blinding pain in his head.

A search party immediately started out. The Virginian was a man much valued by the Judge, much loved by his fellow-cowboys, and the search party hunted for him with a will in the valley where he had disappeared into the woods; but they hunted vainly. His last word to Balaam, that he might not "get back right away," haunted the ranchman during the three days he lay sick. Balaam was not always incapable of feeling, and now he could think of his tall travelling companion without hatred, and with a man's respect for a better man than himself. He returned to his ranch while the search party was still away in the Bow-Leg Mountains.

One day in November, when the water in Butte Creek ran low after the long dry season, and a floor of ice spread out from either bank to where the current was too swift to freeze yet, Balaam stood by the ford at his ranch. The cottonwoods were naked of leaves, and pale like ghosts in the stillness of the cold sunshine.

A traveller rode along on the other side of the stream, and stopping, said, "Morning, Mr. Balaam."

"Hello, Shorty!"

Shorty dismounted, and threw earth on

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the ice, so his horse should not fall; and Balaam, on his side, threw some also. Shorty crossed over. He was cheerful because of a humble momentary prosperity of purse.

"And so I come back, yu' see," he said. "Fer I always figured on gettin' Pedro back as soon as I could. And I'll give yu' more'n yu' gave me fer him, Mr. Balaam."

"Why, where have you been living, anyway, Shorty?" said Balaam, with a laugh, adopting the offensive. "You're clean behind the times."

Shorty looked blank.

"Didn't you hear," Balaam continued, "how the Indians got after me on the Bow-Leg trail?"

Shorty had not heard. "I've been ridin' in Coloraydo," he explained.

"Well, they got after me and that Virginia man. But they didn't get *me*." Balaam wagged his head to imply this escape was due to his own superior intelligence. The Virginian had been stupid, and so the Indians had got him. "And they shot your horse," Balaam continued.

He satisfied Shorty's curiosity with a story that could never be contradicted, though there was left in the cowboy's brain a misty sense of something unaccounted for.

"Stop and get some dinner with the boys," concluded Balaam. He did not invite Shorty to his own table this time, but he felt that he owed the youth a meal for the lies he had just been telling him.

Having eaten, Shorty rode away in low spirits along the bleak trail, for he had made so certain of once more owning Pedro, his friend whom he had taught to shake hands.

THE ENDING OF BARSTOW'S NOVEL.

BY HELEN CAMPBELL.

"YOU'D better go to the Harkness Twins. She did say she was too old, and wouldn't be pestered with summer ones, anyway. Maybe you can talk her over. 'Tain't any harm to try. Go over beyond the windmill, out on the sheepwalk, and it's a brown house some ways on. A good mile over, I should say. You can't miss it. It's the Harkness Twins, an' if she ain't in, she's by the shore somewhere."

"It must be the Nantucket version of the two-headed girl," her hearer meditated, as he touched his hat and passed on, a little bewildered at the speaker's mixture of singular and plural. "However, if only one talks at once, I shall get on. Another day with those chattering idiots would drive me out of my senses. I don't know why I stay at all, but it won't do to give up without one more trial."

Under the windmill the erect, alert figure, clad in a brown tweed suit which accented the bright blond of close-cut hair and beard, turned for a moment, and looked down to the curious old town huddled below it.

"A sea-side resort where every house in it has turned its back upon the sea," he said, half aloud. "Perhaps, however, if I had lost several generations of ancestors by shipwreck I should build in the same way; though, come to think of it, they began this way. If one had time or desire to get at the people, their architecture would be a secondary matter, but the real people, it appears, lock their doors till the cloud of summer boarders is overpast. I don't blame them."

He lingered a little, turning to the old graveyard close at hand, the long grass on the graves waving in the light wind from the sea, and paused to spell out a name or two as he passed, with a murmured:

"Here I lie, where I longed to be.
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter, home from the hill."

The narrow path zigzagged across the sheepwalk, an open moor where grass was less plenty than sweet-fern and furze, with patches of moss, and here and there a tree dwarfed and twisted by life-long combat with fierce winds. Beyond rose the only dwelling within view, brown and low, and hugging the ground, but generous in its proportions. At the back, grape-vines were trained, covering the entire end. A gay little flower garden revealed itself as he drew nearer, its beds filled with hardy and high-colored varieties; and inside a close fence, with a hedge at the north to keep off wind, were the beds of a vegetable garden, in as perfect

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order as its neighbor. Over all rose two gnarled and ancient apple-trees, a seat between them, on which sat a woman with face turned to the sea. At the sound of steps she rose, and stood with hand over her eyes, waiting nearer approach.

"We don't take any one. 'Tisn't any use to ask," she said, in a peculiarly gentle and deliberate voice, the direct opposite of the high-pitched, nervous tones that had directed him there.

"I'm not any; I'm one," the young man said, removing his hat as he faced her, "and a very easy one to deal with. I have no friends here, and do not intend to have any. I can help myself fairly well, and this is precisely the spot I would choose to get well in. There is room, I know, for your neighbor there below the windmill told me so. She also told me you would not take me."

The old lady eyed him doubtfully, her large eyes black and intense under the white brows. The white hair waved as if youth still lingered in it, and was partly concealed by a deep crimson silk handkerchief tied loosely over it. The face had few wrinkles, yet was an aged one, but the figure was slender, and alive in every movement, and the head had even a picturesque quality—Italian, if such a thing could be in Nantucket.

The two stood looking at each other seriously. Evidently she was not fully determined, and now Barstow moved forward.

"I am just out of a sick-room," he said. "I can't stand that huddled-up town. I want to finish my book. You know you are going to take me in."

"So it seems," said the old lady at last, with another keen look, and the flicker of a smile in her eyes. "There is but one room we give up, and that belonged to one who came like yourself and would not be turned away. She came year by year, till she could come no more. Some of her things are in there still, for she chose to leave them there. Go in and look, and if you like it you may try it."

Distrusting his own good fortune, Barstow entered at the broad two-leaved door, the upper part of which was swung back, showing the wide hall, opening at the back on the little garden, with its high-colored flowers. Tall hollyhocks, fiery red, were by the door. There were crimson curtains at the windows.

"The Harkness Twins has an eye for color," Barstow thought, as his guide threw open a door at the right and motioned him to enter.

"It is exactly what I want. A human being with sense has lived in it," he said, with a comprehensive glance. "I will have it. But now, how do you know that I am not a burglar in disguise?"

"How do you know we are not idiots?" said the Twins, calmly. "If what you get to eat does not suit you, you can go over to the hotels, you know."

Barstow had taken out a card, a little doubtful if old eyes could read it, but there was no appeal to glasses.

"'Alden Barstow,'" she read, with a quick glance at him. "Those are Cape names, and old ones. It is something to live up to them."

"That is still to be done," said Barstow, with a slight flush. "And you are Miss Harkness?"

"I am the Harkness Twins," she said, gravely, with a sudden keen look at him. "People call me Miss Selina."

"If she were a lunatic I should not have been sent here," Barstow thought, but he had started as she spoke, and evaded her look. It was a delusion of some sort. It would presently explain itself; and in any case there seemed no good reason why it should trouble him. He laid down his hand-bag and sheaf of sticks and umbrellas.

"Everything is at the hotel," he said, "and I will go back and have it sent over. It was abominably close and shut up over there. This is all so sweet with the smell of grass and the sea wind."

"We never shut up," said the Twins. "Even with a fog it soon dries out. We must have open doors and windows. We like it so."

"I am happy that you do," Barstow said, looking about once more as he turned to go. It was a square, low-ceiled room, across which ran oaken beams, plainly shaped by the axe, and it had the high wooden mantel of colonial times.

On the floor was a worn but unmistakable Turkey carpet. Near the eastern window stood an old-fashioned secretary, and a high chest of drawers was opposite. A Franklin-stove of enormous size was set in the chimney, the brasses of fender and andirons polished to their utmost capacity. The high-posted bed had crimson hangings, and a deep arm-chair was

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covered with the same. There were bookshelves, one or two good engravings, and in a panel by itself a copy of the "Winged Victory" of the Louvre, the swift-moving, most noble of forms, the prophecy of all triumph to come. Sensitive as he had always been to atmospheres, no feeling of any former proprietorship of the room troubled him. The quiet was perfect.

"I can work here," he said, with deep satisfaction, and went his way without further hesitation.

The town had apparently assembled all its forces on the long dock to meet the incoming boat. Barstow paid his bill, with a momentary recollection that neither he nor the Twins had mentioned terms; left an order to have everything from his room sent over to the Harkness place, and fled before the returning crowd, happy that he had a means of escape.

It was delightful to unpack and arrange his belongings in the ample space, to lay out his papers, and feel the sense of invitation in the old desk, soon to shape itself into positive and happy action. No less welcome was the call to supper, served in a room which his knowledge of New England told him was winter kitchen and summer dining-room. The shining yellow paint of the floor, a braided rug here and there, the great chimney filled with asparagus boughs, the high wooden rocking-chair with cushion, on which the cat lay curled, were all part of the picture and its peace. He ate his clam fritters with a two-tined fork, but the cup from which he drank the tea, which he found delicious, was one to covet, and the teaspoons, thin and old, with pointed ends, and twined initials almost worn away, were treasures for the relic-hunter. His blueberries and milk were in a small china bowl on which delicate sprays of flowers were painted, and he saw that the Twins ate her supper of bread and milk from one like it.

"You look at them as the boarder used to," she said. "As if you wanted them. They're pretty bowls. We couldn't have supper from anything else after seventy years' using them, and they were mother's before us."

"Are you sure you are strong enough for all the care and trouble I shall be?" said Barstow, suddenly. He was watchful and tender of all women, for his mother had made him so, and it occurred to him now there were few of seventy who could undertake such a charge.

"We like it; it is just what we want," she said, after a moment, in which she looked at him with a peculiarly sweet, bright smile, and then turned to the room at the back, evidently used as kitchen.

"There must be two of them," Barstow said, as he went out to pace for a time up and down the bluff; and he added later, as he returned to his room, "There are two of them," for a sound of subdued voices came from the room across the hall.

For a day or two he watched a little anxiously; such good fortune was too much beyond expectation to last. His meals, simple but always perfectly cooked and served, were ready at the minute, and the Twins watched anxiously till his tastes were discovered. He was aware that she studied him hardly less curiously than he her, but it was soon plain that she had accepted him. Now and then she questioned him, as he brought up a topic he thought would interest her, and little by little he found himself talking with a freedom surprising to himself, since reserve was a habit of years.

Gradually, bit by bit, he told her his life—boyhood, college, as a journalist on a great daily, and at last his long-deferred desire to write a novel. It could not have been fulfilled but for the fever born of bad drainage and evil conditions of the boarding-house where he had lived since his mother's death, two years before. To all of it she listened with hardly a question, but always with an eagerness that was itself an invitation to speech, and now and then the rare bright smile which made the old face beautiful.

The days took on almost at once a fixed routine. He wrote till the dinner at one; took long walks or rowed in the afternoon, always alone, since he preferred to make no acquaintances, and no chance ones came in his way. Even the post-office and its group of loungers were no temptation. The time was too precious, and as strength increased he gave more and more to the book, compelling himself, however, to keep within fixed limits. He heard neither comment on his life nor further word as to the Harkness Twins. At times he heard subdued voices, but never step or other sound indicating other life in the old house than theirs. He had

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ceased to say to himself "the Twins." It seemed a trifle derogatory, and he resented almost any thought that the life lived here was known to the people as "teched." But with the always recurring plural he wondered what in her own mind was its basis, and if she would in time give her own solution.

"Tell us this or that," she said, and he told with an involuntary look toward the door, as if an invisible auditor were behind it. It was singular, as he thought of it, how much he told and how little she returned. He strayed often into her sitting-room, the counterpart of his own across the hall, but with corner cupboards and spindle-legged chairs and tables. A rose-jar stood on one in the corner, and there were strange spoils from over-seas, as is the manner of Nantucket houses.

He opened the red-lined doors of the tall secretary one day and looked over the books—only a hundred or two, but all classics, save a few volumes of theology—and turned over the pages of Jonathan Edwards' *Sermons*, opening by chance at a lurid passage on hell, which he read aloud with a shudder, followed by a laugh.

"How the old fellow would enjoy frizzling such a one as this!" he said, his quick eye noting a worn copy of Sinnett's *Esoteric Buddhism* at one side. He had taken it up with a momentary wonder as to which of the Twins could have taken to theosophy.

Miss Selina stirred uneasily, then fixed her deep shining eyes upon him. "The truth lies between them, perhaps," she said. "We do not know. But for the book in your hand, while I doubt some things, part at least is true."

"Which part?" Barstow asked, lightly.

"Reincarnation."

The young man looked at her earnestly. "Do you really believe it?" he asked. "You Nantucket people, I know, have thought your own thoughts in your own way from the beginning, but this seems to me going backward rather than forward. Reincarnation is to me the imperfect thought of an imperfect revelation. It is the later one, if you believe it, that has so much more comfort."

"I do not find it so," the old lady said. "You don't understand. You might not, even if I told you the whole."

"Tell me," Barstow said, sitting down in the great arm-chair, and looking at her with the sense of mystery she always inspired.

"If flesh were all, they would have a right to laugh. You would," she said, slowly. "I know well enough what folks say. I'm 'teched'; that is the word; and even the ones I care most for haven't one for me but 'Poor Selina!' Poor Selina it was once, sure enough, but not now." She paused and looked at him doubtfully, then went on: "You are wise enough to know—you must know that there are many things far beyond mortal understanding. I do not understand, but I know. I live my life, and hers too. There is a twist there; the real believers would say it was not their thought of reincarnation, but it is of the same nature. Shall I tell you?"

"If you will," Barstow said, gently. It struck him now, as he looked at her closely, that she was thinner than when he came, and her eyes, always bright, were luminous, as if light burned within.

"We were Quakers from the beginning," she said, in her quiet, deliberate voice. "My grandfather was a Quaker driven out of Boston, and coming here with others to be free from persecution, and he brought up his children at the strictest. You know, maybe, what that is. But my mother, the youngest and the light of his eyes, did what turned him and the meeting against her. She fell in love with and married the Italian mate of a vessel wrecked off shore. My grandfather himself brought him in for dead, and took him to his own home, with others; and when he opened his eyes he looked into the eyes of my mother—eyes like an angel's in heaven to the day of her death. You can make the story for yourself. He worshipped her. He was not a common sailor. He had education, and knew a little English. He tried to persuade my grandfather. When he found that the rocks themselves were not so immovable, he with her boarded a coaster on the way to Boston, and there they were married. You wonder at the name. That is because he was in part English, his father having married an Italian wife.

"For a year they lived there, he always planning to take her home and show her to his people. Then he died suddenly in cholera-time, and we were born a week afterward. Then Grandmother Gardiner came. She was quiet and meek, but with a will of her own when it must be for right;

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and she took us all back to the island, and set us down in her own house that her father had left her—this house that he built himself—and here we grew up.

"My mother held to the old faith. She was a natural Quaker, and staid so even after she was read out of meeting. I hated it when I understood. Angelina, my twin, never walked. There was a twist somewhere, and no power to hold herself up, and no doctor on earth could mend it. She lived sixty-five years, always on her back, and, with all her patience, never reconciled to it. All the warm Southern blood had gone to her. She would have danced and sung, but there she had to lie. She loved this world. She read things, and lived them, and talked them out to me.

"'Heaven is good,' she said, 'but I have been defrauded of my life here. I want to know what earth is like. I want to do work with my own hands. To dig in the garden—go about the house. I want to live all the every-day things I have never had.'

"My mother cried over her this-worldliness. We had a Spiritualist cousin that used to come over from the Vineyard, and she would say, 'You'll be earth-bound, Angelina Harkness, sure as fate!' And Angelina always said: 'I don't care if I am. I've got to get my education somehow.'

"At last Miss Norton came—the boarder who had your room so long, with books and papers and new thoughts of all kinds. Angelina knew all the old ones, for everybody came to see her. They read this *Esoteric Buddhism* together, and talked it over and over, and the more they talked the more there seemed to say. It was at this time that mother died, and Angelina grew more and more like a shadow, and we all knew she couldn't last long.

"One night she called me deep in the night; for I slept in mother's room, next hers, with the door always open between. 'I've always wished I could be you, Selina,' she said. 'So strong and quick and ready for anything. Now, if reincarnation is true, I shall ask God to let me come back and be you till your own time comes. That can't be very long, you know. Would you be willing, Selina?'

"It flashed over me that if such a thing could be she would know all my mind, and there was one thing I had always kept from her—the sailor that wanted me, and that I might have married, but hadn't, because of her and mother, who was always weakly and suffering. She looked at me a moment with the same eyes my mother had, and then she said: 'I know it all, Selina. I guessed it all long ago, when it was too late. There isn't much to hide. You needn't be afraid. Perhaps you won't even know it if I can come back, for I don't want to hinder your soul, anyway. Will you promise me?'

"'Wait till the time comes,' I said to her, for it dazed me to think of such a thing; and she was still, and said no more then.

"She failed fast. In a week the doctor said she might go at any time, and I watched. At last one evening, lying there peacefully looking out to the sky, red with sunset, she put out her hands quick to me. 'It's coming,' she said. 'Promise.'

"I looked at her, and knew she was going. 'If the Lord wills, you shall,' I said; and she smiled at me, and put up her lips, and as I kissed her she was gone. Her lips were warm. It seemed a kiss for life, not for death, but there she lay dead.

"We laid her out; for my cousin had come over; but I did not seem to need her or any one, or even feel that Angelina was away. Folks looked at me, and I heard them say that I took after my grandfather, and didn't mind much.

"We buried her there on the hill. She seemed to me looking on all the time, and she went home with me. Sarah wanted to stay with me; but I said 'no,' and she went back to the Vineyard, telling me to send for her if I wanted her. It was May then, and Miss Norton, the boarder, came every June till October; but I knew, whether she or anybody else came, I should not be lonesome. I never have been."

She paused a moment, and looked at Barstow.

"Don't laugh," she said. "I couldn't bear to have you. Angelina never did go away, or, if she did, things work swiftly over there. It must be that a day is as a thousand years, and a deal is done in one of our minutes. At first I couldn't believe it. I found myself doing the things Angelina had always talked about. She loved flowers and bright things. She always had them about her if she could. Miss Norton brought her bright ribbons

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and silk handkerchiefs, that she used to twist round her neck or tie under her chin. I liked Quaker colors; but she said: 'We have been steeped in grays and browns since our first breath. Let me have all the color I can get for a little while.'

"How do I know? I cannot tell. I only know that in these five years she has been in me and part of me, yet always herself. She talks with me as we go; and often she says: 'You have always had to live for two, Selina, poor girl! Now, when you are through, we shall be quite free together, and we shall see all we have wished. I will not see it or know it much till I can have you too.'

"At last I was certain there was no mistake. She was here herself, her own mind, and I was thinking her wonderful thoughts, such as never came to me before. Then I told one or two. I had to tell the truth. I myself was still the Harkness Twins. But they all laughed, or looked at me in a way I understood. They all say the same thing, but it makes little difference. I had always had to be close at home, and I do without friends, because I am never alone. They told you I was 'teched,' and so I tell you the thing as it is. It grows stronger. I feel Angelina's laugh; for she always laughed, and I seldom did. I read with her eyes as well as my own, and wait for her thought about it, and it comes. Yet I am always myself. That is the mystery. I have never been stronger or more ready to work, but in everything it is her hands and feet that seem never to tire. I am living a double life, and perhaps because of this it will end more quickly than I think. Now you know how it is, and that is enough."

"Mad, certainly," Barstow said, as she left him for some household task; but when he returned to his room he found himself asking why it should be impossible. "All life is a mystery," he thought. "This is no more inexplicable or confounding than all the rest."

From this time he watched her with always deepening interest. He had noted already that she often gave two opinions on a matter—sometimes identical save for different phrasing, sometimes entirely opposed. Now, as she talked with him with the freedom born of her confidence, he had the distinct sense of dealing with two intelligences—one of them her own distinct serious personality; the other, by turns keen and subtle, playful and tender, full of suggestiveness, at which he caught with delight, many a bit fitting into the tissue of his work.

"Perhaps I am getting a trifle 'teched' also," he sometimes thought. "It is a little uncanny, or easily might be, living here alone in this fashion. The strangest thing about it is that it seems so natural."

"You do so many things for me, I wonder if you will do one thing more," she said to him one evening, as he sat lazily watching the climbing flame of the drift-wood fire. "Angelina always wanted to see a book grow. She used to wonder just how a great writer felt. It was like having two worlds to live in. I wish—if you are willing—you would read us your novel."

"If you think you can stand it you shall have every word," Barstow said. "You will discover stolen bits here and there, but you will not mind. I used to read my work to my mother, but I have never had any other critic. She was a severe one, and never spared me."

He brought in the first chapters, finished before his coming, and from that time on read to her one or more each evening, talking over passages where he had hesitated and felt uncertain, and finding her suggestions the key-note to rearrangement and a fresher form. A fortnight more and the work would end. The feverish anxiety and unrest that in the earlier days had tormented him as he wrote had ceased. He worked with delight. The book had a living message.

When the hour came that he wrote the final words, there were tears in his eyes as he laid down the pen, and a strange sense of solemn gladness, as if this ending were but the beginning of something better. He bowed his head on the pages before him, and for a time sat silent; then rose and went with them across the hall.

Miss Selina sat by the window, an unopened book in her lap, and, as he entered, seemed to rouse herself as from a dream.

"This is the end of it all," he said.

She turned to him quickly with the bright smile that had grown more and more frequent.

"You are good to bring it to us," she said, and moved her chair slightly, in order to face him.

"Ah, that is wonderful!" she said. "Read it once more—will you not?"

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Barstow looked up as she spoke, and thought he had never seen an old face more beautiful or more alive with deep spiritual quality. She had laid her head back against the cushion of her chair, and the fading light fell softly on her white hair. As he read on, the same solemn gladness seemed to rise and overflow in himself and in the air about him, till the final words came and he sat silent.

"That is a real book. It is true," she said, softly. "I shall always be glad you finished it here. It—is—a—beautiful—ending."

The words came with a pause between each. She sighed, then sat quiet. Barstow had turned away too moved to speak, and there was a long silence.

He rose at last and went toward her. "I think it could not have been done anywhere else," he said. "You have been very good to me. How shall I thank you?"

She did not answer, and he looked with quick alarm into her face. It was smiling still, but he saw that her eyes had no more vision for this side the veil, for they rested already on what may lie beyond it.

EDITOR'S STUDY

I.

WHERE is the Wandering Jew now? It is impossible to escape the impression that he is an abiding legend. He has been seen by romancers and poets from time to time for nearly nineteen hundred years. His existence has so impressed the popular mind that peasants and common people of many countries believe in him, though they may not have seen him. One of the modern notions is that he may have various incarnations, and thus perpetuate his identity. Another conception is that he attains, over and over again, a great age, and then falls into a trance and recovers his youth in appearance, and the vigor and power that he had at the age of thirty-three, upon the very day in Jerusalem when Christ, on his way to Golgotha, was reviled by him, and turned and said, "Tarry thou till I come." Therefore he is condemned to live and to wander over the world until the Second Coming. Old age and feebleness bring him no nearer the longed-for death; and the faculty of memory, which is his scourge, never leaves him. Besides the burden of his guilt and penalty, he carries with him the awful record of history—that is to say, not only the woes of a particular generation, but of all generations since the crucifixion. He most frequently figures as a very aged and worn pilgrim, with long white beard and keen hungry eyes, never resting, and carrying with him wherever he goes, despite himself, calamity. Never permitted to rest, he moves through deserts, steppes, and wildernesses, and from kingdom to kingdom and city to city, the terror of nations, the precursor of plagues and devastating epidemics. He cannot tarry, and he cannot spare. The solace of human attachments is denied him, for he outlives them all, and can set his heart on nothing as enduring as himself. Several hundred times he has outlived himself, but he cannot escape himself.

This is the conception of him made popular by Eugène Sue: a vast shadowy figure menacing Europe, as if he were the embodiment of the perpetual threat of cholera from the Ganges or from Mecca, and pestilence is always coincident with his arrival in any city. Powerful he is from his fabulous wealth and his store of experience, and always to be dreaded. One of the latest glimpses of him—and it is somewhat apocryphal—was had near Munich, when he made a journey across Europe over half a century ago. Owing to the prejudice against him—that he brought pestilence to any city he entered—he was not permitted to go into Munich proper, and he spent the night in the suburb of Au, near the Auer Kirche, on the right bank of the Isar. It is supposed that he slept in the open air, and in the morning went his way southward. The church-yard has a noted and large crucifix, and what makes his tarrying there memorable is the tradition that he was greatly struck with this figure of Christ, and declared it to be the best likeness he had ever seen! Such authority as this gave to those who heard

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him great value to this image as an authentic portrait.

It is conceivable, of course, that he has taken many forms, and that he does not always appear as Ahasuerus, the plague-bringer, or the weary wanderer. He may have been, more than once, a historical character of note, appearing to be born and to die in a certain time, after doing more or less good and evil in the world. This is an interesting supposition, and would account for the eccentricities and antics of many so-called heroes and great men. And it is an uncanny suggestion also, for it gives point to the inquiry, where is the Wandering Jew now? and makes it uncertain whether he is not at this hour masquerading under some well-known personality. Of course names cannot be called, either of those in Parliament or in Congress, either of politicians or plutocrats or reformers or cranks; for to direct attention to any man who might be Ahasuerus, or who acts like the Wandering Jew, might be unjust. Every intelligent reader can select his man. But it will be difficult to agree upon him, unless he makes a very positive demonstration. There is so much mischief and so much good that Ahasuerus might well be responsible for, and the cholera and the silver lunacy appear simultaneously in so many places, that it is very difficult to say who the Jew is or where he is.

II.

One of the most striking, and we might say modern appearances of the Wandering Jew—though it is not recent—is as *The Prince of India*, in Mr. Lew. Wallace's most interesting romance of that title. That was in the middle of the fourteenth century, in connection with the collapse of the temporal power of the Eastern or Greek Church, when Mohammed II. rode his horse into Santa Sophia. How directly Ahasuerus contributed to the fall of Constantinople may be a matter of historic doubt, but it seems certain that if his plan of religious unity had been accepted, war among religious sects would have ceased, and that catastrophe would have been impossible. It is equally certain that Constantinople would not have fallen into the hands of the Moslems if the fanatics of that city had not defeated the efforts to bring about concord between the Roman and Greek Churches, for the opportunity would not have been offered for the Jew to revenge himself by the aid of Mohammed II. It is, however, this effort of Ahasuerus to bring about religious unity upon the simple basis of belief in God that gives the Jew's appearance at that time a modern aspect, and contributes the most powerful and enduring feature to Mr. Wallace's romance. It cannot be supposed that the Jew, having all time to work in, would relinquish his project, or cease to try to bring about a kind of concord in the world, so that the sects professing religion of any kind should direct their energies not so much against each other as against the common enemy of mankind. This conception of the Wandering Jew's purpose has led many to suspect that he was the unknown prompter of the recent Congress of Religions at the Chicago Fair. The attendance upon that platform of so many strong and accredited representatives of diverse and almost hostile faiths from every quarter of the globe suggests either a widespread and earnest hope of truce, if not of concord, or the work of an emissary with the wealth and leisure and travelling power of the Wandering Jew. No one else would have been able to visit so many widely separated places in the time given, and to whisper convincing reasons into the ears of so many men, who have no doubt that they are the sole depositaries of the true faith, why they should journey to Chicago. It is possible that the advertising committee of the fair might have secured a similar "exhibition" of all religions, but that would have had a competitive character, and not the spirit that was said to animate the congress, which had in it something of surrender as well as competition.

There is a still more interesting question. If the Wandering Jew was the originator of this congress, was he there? Was he there as one of the dignitaries who spoke from the platform, in Oriental or in Western dress, or was he one of the spectators in the benches, say with long hair and gleaming eyes and emaciated frame, who vigorously applauded every concession and every tentative abandonment of individual faith? If he was there, as seems probable, this appearance as a mystifying character must be regarded as his greatest triumph, for he has evaded the scent of the modern reporter.

If the Wandering Jew was the originator of this congress, we have an idea of

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his character much more agreeable than the former conception of him as a malevolent being at odds with life. And when we think of it, it is natural that a man's ideas should change with nearly two thousand years' experience of this world. We should have small respect for him if they did not. And who is better qualified than the Wandering Jew, who has seen all the religious wars of our era, and taken part doubtless in many of them, who may have been present at all the hostile councils, and witnessed all the dreadful persecutions, the banishments, the scourgings, the executions by fire and axe, in the name of God, and has grown sick at heart at seeing Christians fight Christians when they had leisure from fighting other religious sects to do so—who, we say, is better qualified than he to suggest a movement that may tend to lessen brutal strife among men, and bring them at least to a recognition of their common humanity? And though all the doctors of theology and the captains of hostile camps may rage against the Wanderer and the congress, it will, we think, plead for a mitigation of his awful curse that he has tried to bring in, even for a day, what was called in the Middle Ages a Truce of God.

III.

In this era of truce on the waters, when the navies of the world meet only for competitive reviews, why should that virile adjunct of the sea power of Great Britain, who fires his salutes and throws his Greek Fire "At the Sign of the Ship" in *Longman's Magazine*, stir up non-combatants by attempting to use "Americanisms"? Mr. Andrew Lang is justly admired for his good English. Doubtless he could use "Britishisms" if he chose, but he almost never does. Why, therefore, should he attempt the unfamiliar and more difficult "Americanisms"? And yet he wrote recently, speaking of what our Congress in 1778 called "the language of the United States," as follows, to wit: "But must our statesmen address the President, say, 'in the language of the United States'? They would irritate him a good deal if they called him 'old hoss,' and asked him if 'he felt like brandy and water,' or told him that he had the 'inner tracks' about the seals." No, we should not advise the English statesmen to use that language to the President of the United States, however it might relieve their feelings for the moment to drop into slang, not because it would irritate the President, but because such a discourtesy would injure the reputation of the statesmen. Nor should we advise an American statesman to attempt a "Britishism," and address the Queen of Great Britain and the Empress of India as "The Widow," and say to her, "I 'expect' you look 'seedy.'" If an English statesman, instructed in American ways and courtesies "At the Sign of the Ship," called the President "old hoss," he might be understood, although he would not be respected; but if he told him that he "had the 'inner tracks' about the seals," he would be neither understood nor respected. To use the word "tracks" about the seals might be misleading as to the nature of that animal. But if the statesman, in a spirit of concession to a foreign tongue, told the President that "he had the 'inside track' about the seals," this diplomatic jocularity would doubtless be forgiven, and not be made the subject of international correspondence. And the statesman would owe his safety from ridicule to the fact that he had not learned his "Americanisms" at "the Sign of the Ship."

IV.

If one were to say that the greater part of what is called book illustration lacks originality, he might be misunderstood. What! it might be asked, is it not the business of the artist to "illustrate" the text of the author—that is, to reproduce in visible form, in pictures, the characters and scenes that the author has described? No, it is not—that is, in case of works of the imagination, in stories and novels. The arts of writing and of drawing are kindred, and, it may be allowed, are of equal dignity; but they are independent, and neither can invade the province of the other without loss. If the artist can add nothing to the text, his interference is useless, and usually an impertinence.

There are, of course, illustrations not concerning works of the imagination, and not requiring imagination, that are not in this category. These are in books of travel, biography, history, science, inventions, and the newspaper articles descriptive of daily life and events and scenes and localities—that is to say, portraits and representations of things that actually exist. These add something to the text, and are not in rivalry with it,

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however artistic they may be. It is in attempting to illustrate imaginative conceptions of the author that the danger lies. And it is of two sorts. The artist may be so much stronger than the author that he may substitute his own conception for that of the text, either as to a character or a scene, and thus pervert the author's idea by giving undue prominence to one conception and belittling another. It sometimes happens in the illustration of fiction that the reader's sole idea of the personality of a character may be taken from the picture. Occasionally this is fortunate, when the artist may be supposed to have carried out to perfection the hint of the author, as in the case of Pickwick and Don Quixote; but we can never be absolutely sure that it was the idea of the author. The more common danger, however, is that the subject will be altogether misrepresented, either vulgarized by the incompetence of the artist, who lowers the tone of the text, or misconceived, owing to the inattention of the artist, who does not take the trouble to catch the author's spirit or to understand what he means. This blundering kind of illustration often fixes the eye of the reader on a phrase (which caught the artist's eye) or an incident or a person which was of the least comparative importance in the mind of the writer. It may be laid down as a rule that no artist is competent to illustrate a work which he has not thoroughly studied, and the spirit and idea of which he does not clearly comprehend.

And even then he should illustrate it in its spirit, and not literally. That is to say, one art should not try to copy another. Every intelligent reader forms an idea of the characters and scenes in a work of fiction. No two persons get from the book exactly the same picture in the mind, and perhaps no one gets exactly the picture that was in the author's mind, but each for himself has a satisfying image. Now the artist attempts to substitute his pictures for the author's, and also for those raised in the minds of various readers. In most cases this is a predestined failure. The author feels that he has been misrepresented, and the reader resents the substitution as an impertinence. This common sort of illustration can only have a commercial justification in the notion that the people want pictures. It is not justified in art. Nor is it justified in experience. The common verdict is that this sort of illustration does not add to the pleasure of the reader. The sorts that live and are worthy of reproduction are not only satisfactory as works of art—that they must be—but they are in the spirit of the text, do not limit or pervert it by literalness, and do by suggestion (not by the servility of the copyist), or by symbols, raise it, add to it, carry it on, and illuminate it.

V.

But this is a matter that concerns the artist as much as it does the writer. For the common literal illustration is as destructive of good art as it is annoying to good literature. The trade of the copyist is not reckoned a high one. It requires skill and an imitative faculty similar to that required for making a parody of verse. But a man who is content to make only parodies is certain to impair his creative power; and an artist who only copies the work of others must always take a low rank, as his work can only be first rate if he has a genius equal to the painter of the original picture, or if he puts something of himself into the copy, which then becomes a kind of translation. Most illustrators attempt nothing beyond a literal reproduction of the description of the author. The artist, indeed, may find a subject for his art in a book, as he may in life, but he is unfaithful to his own genius if he does not treat that subject in his own way, and not slavishly. It is common to hear illustrators say that they wish they could do original work, but that they must live, and do the work which will immediately buy the daily bread. Thereupon they continue to make what are called "pot-boilers," all the while dreaming of some original work that will give them reputation. Why, then, do they not attempt original illustrations? That, if they have any genuine calling to be artists, is the shortest way both to money and reputation. It is to express themselves that they learn the use of the artist's tools and get skill and knowledge, not to become mechanics, like the redrawers and adapters of photographs. In illustrating a book or a story they have ample scope to express their own genius and fancy, with the single restriction that they shall do it in the spirit of their subject. The illustrator who does this must not only enter appreciatively into the thought and purpose of

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the author, but he must have imagination and know life and manners, so that he can not only act as an interpreter to the reader, but as a revealer also. Such an illustrator is an artist in the front rank. His work then becomes an essential part of the novel or story, in analogy with the accompaniment of a song, or with the scenic accessories of the opera. There is a great, an illimitable, field for artists if they put themselves into this relation to literature. They need not thereby become "literary" artists, but they will put their own art in alliance with another art in a manner to be helpful to both. A happy illustration of this is furnished when the writer is able to illustrate his own work. The reader is then charmed by the sympathy of the drawings with the text, either in the case of an artist like Du Maurier, or an amateur like Thackeray. An example of this is Du Maurier's present story of "Trilby," illustrated by himself, which is begun in this number.

VI.

That a change in the character of the common illustrations of articles is necessary is evident from another consideration. It is a common reproach that illustrations kill the interest in an article in a magazine. The readers get into a habit of glancing at the pictures, and not reading the article. Why is this? Sometimes the literal pictures "give away" the story before the climax is reached. Often they are so commonplace as to give the reader a dislike for the story at sight. Or they fail for other reasons to attract the reader to the paper. Now the pictures should be of a nature to make the reader desire to read the text; they should excite his interest, and not either kill or satisfy his curiosity. It is assumed in this that the article itself is interesting; if it is not, of course it should not have been printed, for it is unfair to put upon an artist the burden of raising a paper to the respect of the reader. It is sometimes true that the only good thing about an article is its illustrations, and there is then ground for complaint by the artist that he has to waste his genius on an unworthy subject. In such cases, if the reader turns over the leaves and only looks at the pictures, the artist is certainly not to blame. And again, if we suppose that the article is worth reading, and the public still will only look at its illustrations, the editor is not responsible for the taste of the public. But when all is said, the fact remains that for many readers, and probably an increasing number, the illustrations do detract from the interest of the paper before them, and the number of magazine readers who only "look at the pictures" is probably increasing. Some of these only care for the pictures, but some of them turn the pages because they are tired of the illustrated article in the too common style of illustration.

There are many exceptions and inconsistencies in any way this subject can be put. But it is clear that there is a discord, and there is a difficulty somewhere in this matter of illustration. On the one hand, novelists shrink from the ordeal of illustrations; on the other, the artists do not, as a rule, find the best expression of their genius in them; and besides, lack of interest grows among the readers. Remedy for this lies, at least partially, with the artists. We believe that there is a great future for illustrations in a field that has been only here and there occupied, and that when it is occupied the art of illustration will be greatly raised—raised out of literalness and commonplace into invention and originality—in short, into real interpretation of the literature and life with which it deals. Then the artist and the author will be mutual helpers, and the product will be better than either could produce alone, because it will express harmoniously the genius of both.

MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 8th of November.—The World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago closed on October 31st. The total number of paid admissions was 21,477,212. The largest number on any single day was October 9th, Chicago day, when 713,646 persons paid admission to the grounds, and the total attendance was 751,026. The receipts of the fair, including stocks and bonds, were $32,796,103, and the expenditures $30,558,849. The cost of construction was about $19,000,000.

President Cleveland, on September 8th, nominated

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Theodore Runyon, of New Jersey, to be Ambassador to Germany, and Albert S. Willis to be Minister to Hawaii. On September 19th he nominated William B. Hornblower, of New York, to be Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, and James J. Van Alen, of Rhode Island, to be Ambassador to Italy. On November 6th he appointed General George D. Ruggles to be Adjutant-General of the Army, to succeed General Robert Williams, retired.

On September 16th the Cherokee Strip of the Indian Territory was opened for settlement, and 100,000 persons entered to take up the 6,000,000 acres of land.

The special session of Congress called by President Cleveland to consider the silver question continued during September and October. The Wilson bill, which passed the House on August 28th, was defeated in the Senate, where debate was held almost daily until October 30th, when Mr. Voorhees's substitute repealing the Sherman law was passed by a vote of 43 to 32. On November 1st this bill was passed by the House of Representatives by a vote of 193 to 94, and signed by President Cleveland.

Twelve States held elections on November 7th. In New York, Edward T. Bartlett, Republican candidate for Associate Judge of the Court of Appeals, was elected by a plurality of 100,000 over Isaac H. Maynard, Democrat. The rest of the Republican State ticket was elected by 30,000 plurality. In Ohio, William McKinley was re-elected Governor by a majority of 90,000. In Pennsylvania, the Republicans elected a Treasurer and a Supreme Court Judge by a plurality of 138,000. In Massachusetts, F. T. Greenhalge, Republican, was elected Governor by a plurality of 30,000. The Republicans were also victorious in New York, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, and South Dakota. The Democrats won in Kentucky, Maryland, Missouri, and Virginia. In Brooklyn a people's movement elected C. A. Schieren, Republican, Mayor, by a plurality of 30,000.

The House of Lords, on September 8th, rejected Mr. Gladstone's Home-rule Bill by a vote of 119 to 41.

The bombardment of Rio Janeiro by a rebel fleet was begun on September 13th, and resumed on the 18th. Hostilities continued through October. On the 25th Rear-Admiral Stanton, of the United States Navy, was deposed from the command of the South Atlantic Squadron for saluting the flag of the rebels. The Brazilian government, late in October, purchased at New York the steamers *El Rio* and *El Cid* for use as cruisers, and the fast yacht *Peixoto* for use as a torpedo-boat, and proceeded to man and equip them for service.

Thirty radical leaders in the Argentine Republic were arrested September 21st, for conspiring to overthrow the government.

The Spanish garrison at Melilla, in Morocco, was attacked, October 3d, by 6000 Moors, and a battle ensued. Skirmishing continued during the month.

The Matabeles, under King Lo Bengula, marched on Fort Victoria in South Africa early in October. The dispute originated in the cutting of telegraph wires belonging to the British South African Company and the theft of Lo Bengula's cattle. A strong British force was sent out to meet the blacks, and in a three weeks' campaign Lo Bengula was routed, his capital was captured, and his men driven out of Matabeleland into the wilderness.

On October 13th a fleet of Russian war-ships arrived in Toulon, where they were received with extravagant demonstrations of joy. Later the officers of the fleet were entertained in Paris by the most brilliant fête of recent times.

The third race of the series for the *America's* Cup was won October 13th by the *Vigilant*, defeating the British yacht *Valkyrie*, keeping the international trophy in the United States for another year.

Masked robbers, on September 12th, held up the Atlantic express train on the Lake Shore road in Indiana, and obtained $20,000. On September 15th $75,000 was taken by robbers from a train on the Mineral Range Railroad in Michigan.

DISASTERS.

Cholera ravaged towns in Russia, France, and Italy during September and part of October. There were 400 cases and 220 deaths in Palermo during the first week of October. A few cases were reported in England.

During September and October there was a yellow-fever epidemic at Brunswick, Georgia.

A violent storm on the Gulf coast on October 3d did great damage. The loss of life was estimated to be more than 2000.

Overtaxing the railroads with World's Fair trains led to several disastrous accidents. On September 7th eleven persons were killed in a collision on the Panhandle road, near Colehour, Illinois. Eight persons were killed and many injured by a collision near Manteno, Illinois, on September 19th. Eleven men killed and twenty injured in a collision on the Wabash road, in Indiana, on September 22d; and on October 20th twenty-six persons were killed and several were fatally injured by a collision on the Grand Trunk road, near Battle Creek, Michigan.

More than sixty persons were drowned on September 15th by a cloud-burst at Valla Carras, Spain.

News was received September 22d of the sinking of the Haitian war-ship *Alexandre Petun*, in which eighty lives were lost.

Sixty lives were lost, September 26th, by the burning of the Russian steamer *Alphonse Zevicke*.

The propeller *Dean Richmond*, with a crew of eighteen men, sank in Lake Erie October 15th.

An electric car went through a draw in the river at Portland, Oregon, on November 1st. Twenty lives were lost.

Twenty-eight miners were drowned, September 30th, by the Michigamme River bursting through the roof of the Mansfield Mine in Michigan.

Fire on September 25th did damage in St. Louis to the amount of $1,000,000; in New York, October 19th, to the amount of $1,500,000; and in Pittsburg, October 27th, amounting to $1,000,000.

A cargo of dynamite exploded at a quay at Santander, Spain, on November 4th, killing and wounding 1000 persons.

OBITUARY.

September 7th.—At Garrison's, New York, Hamilton Fish, ex-Secretary of State.

October 17th.—In Paris, Marshal Macmahon, ex-President of France.

October 18th.—In Paris, Charles François Gounod, the musical composer.

October 20th.—In New York, Rev. Dr. Philip Schaff.

October 28th.—An insane ex-policeman shot and killed Mayor Carter H. Harrison at his home in Chicago.

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PROFESSOR BOREHAM: "What! alone, Mrs. Highflyer? your husband is not ill, I trust!"
MRS. HIGHFLYER (*innocently*): "Oh no—but he was afraid he might be, if he came here!"
—DRAWN BY GEORGE DU MAURIER.

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EDITOR'S DRAWER

JOHN'S WEDDING-SUIT.

BY THOMAS NELSON PAGE.

JOHN was a curious sort of fellow. He was one of the quietest-tempered men I ever saw; he had also more sentiment than most. When he was a boy his room was always littered up with what the other boys called "trash"—odds and ends, broken whips, tops, knives, kites, dried grass, pressed flowers, etc., which no other boy cared about, but which were precious in John's eyes because they were associated with something which gave them a value to him. This top had been made by his father; this old knife had been won as a prize for going to a graveyard after dark; that book-mark was his little sister's first piece of embroidery, etc. He would stand an amount of teasing and chaffing which would have set any of the other boys at war; and then suddenly, when some little right had been invaded or some sentiment jarred, he would be a perfect fury. The other boys learned to know the signs, and would impose on him to any extent, but when his face began to pale and his hands to tremble, they stopped.

In time John became a doctor, and returned from college to practise medicine in his native place. He had a genius for physic, and his professors had urged him to go straight to a city; but he declined, and with his diplomas and prize cases of instruments, went back to his little village, where he soon was practising on all the poor people and little girls' dogs in the place. Possibly the fact that his sweetheart, a pretty girl with whom he had been in love since his boyhood, lived there was one of the causes which brought him back. Anyhow, there he was, and when he was not at some sick-bed, or working over some lame dog, he was apt to be on the vine-covered veranda of her house or in its little plain parlor. If he was not at any of these places, he was sure to be poring over a book in his little office or playing with some child. None of these occupations, however, are very remunerative, and John was much busier than he was rich. Such a man is sure to be imposed on, and John was better liked than paid. If he ever collected a bill, the money went either to buy physic for some patient who could not buy it, or to get new books or new instruments. Thus John's library and instrument-case were a good deal better furnished than his wardrobe. He lived in a little room back of his office down on the principal street of the village, and was waited on by a boy whose only recommendation was that he was the son of one of John's father's old servants. A more worthless rascal could not be imagined; at least such was the general opinion of John's friends. But John held on to him. They were about the same age, and had played together as boys, and this was sufficient. Cal (short for Caldicut) was a strapping young fellow about John's size, on which he prided himself, and of a dark gingerbread color. He was a bully, much feared among his set, who knew his strength, and the quickness with which he could whip out a razor as soon as he began to be worsted; a liar noted around town, and a thief most people believed—some on general principles, others on more specific grounds. Few, however, ventured to suggest this to John, who was a fool about Cal, as many thought and some said. When Cal was put in jail for cutting another darky at a dance, John used his utmost endeavors to get him off, and did succeed in getting him a very light punishment. He took him back as soon as he was out. Cal used to carry his notes to his sweetheart and wear his old clothes, which was pretty much all he did, for John's rooms were sadly neglected.

At length even John's mind waked up to this fact, and as Cal declared that he cleaned up every day, he set a trap for him, placing several papers on certain spots. There they were next day; but Cal, when reprimanded, declared that he dusted everything every day, but always put everything back just where he found it.

At length John's suit with his sweetheart prevailed, and she rewarded his years of constancy by finally "fixing the day." She had, in fact, always been in love with him, and had only waited so long because she knew she could marry him whenever she chose; and the torture she had inflicted on her lover was a species of cruelty which all her sex enjoy, and as many as dare practise.

The town rejoiced in John's success and joined in his happiness. He had the counsel of several of his friends as to his arrangements and outfit; for, as they said, unless some one looked after him, he would very probably forget his wedding-ring, if he did not forget his wedding-day, and be found, at the hour appointed for the ceremony, either gathering wild flowers somewhere for his sweetheart, or setting off for a ten-mile drive to see some old woman who wanted him to cure her cat. A pretty little house had been secured, with more room outside on the vine-covered veranda than within its walls, and it was fitted up with what little the two young people could get together.

John went to the city at least a month ahead of time to get his wedding-suit. It was his first full evening suit, and he felt

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about it as a girl must feel about her first ball dress. He undid the parcel with his door locked, and a feeling as if it were a sacred relic; then tried it on gravely, and looked at himself solemnly. It fitted him exactly, and set off his strong figure well. But he did not think of this; he thought only of her. He took it off, and folding it up again in the wrapping of tissue-paper, laid it away reverently in his wardrobe, one side of which he cleared for its more fitting reception. He would wear it first when he claimed her for his wife. It was sacred in his eyes. Every day or two he locked his door, and taking it out tenderly, laid it out and looked at it, but never put it on again, thinking to do her greater honor by wearing it first at her wedding, and dreaming dimly of laying it away afterwards in lavender and rose leaves.

The day before the wedding he laid off to clean up and settle his matters, which he had been delayed in doing by several very ill patients. They were still ill, so he set Cal to work and went off to see them. On his return he found little done and Cal absent. In a short while, however, Cal appeared. He would have met with a warm reception, but he prevented it by having a very mournful look. He spoke before John could say anything.

"Mr. Johnny"—he always used that term when he wanted to gain anything; it recalled old associations—"Mr. Johnny," he said, "I's had a mighty bad piece of luck hit me." He waited, and John looked at him. "I's done lost meh grandmother."

"Why, I thought you lost your grandmother two months ago!" said John. "You buried her, anyhow."

"Yes, suh. But this is my other grandmother."

John's face assumed a reminiscent expression. "Why, you lost one last winter too," he said, "and one— This is the fourth grandmother you have lost, to my certain knowledge."

"Yes, suh, dat's so. Dat ole man marry mo'n any other man I uver see in de wull," said Cal, reprobatingly. "She died las' night, an' de funeral comes off dis evenin'; an' I thought I'd ax you to let me off dis evenin' to go to it."

He had spoken so rapidly that John had not had time to put in a question. He put one now, however. "When did she die?"

"Oh, she died las' night."

"What was the matter with her?"

"Suh?"

"What was the matter with her?"

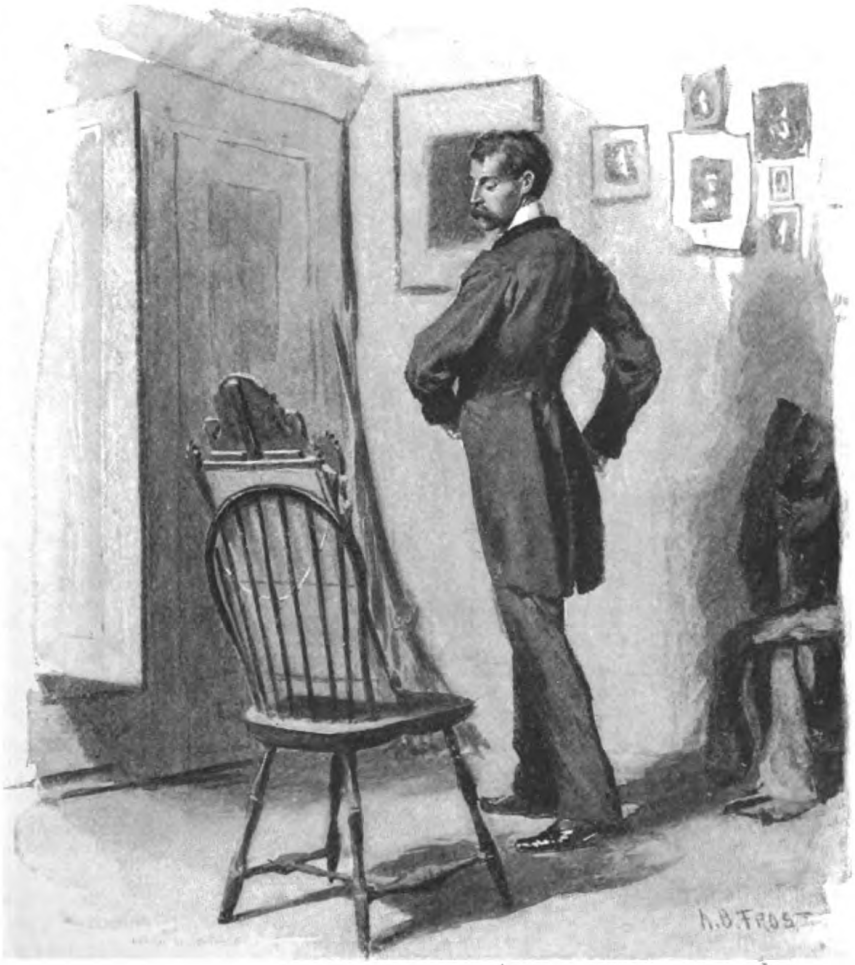
"Oh! I don't know, suh."

"Why didn't you send for me, or mention it before?"

"Well, you see, suh, she wuz tooken kind o' sudden, jes las' night, an' jes went right off, so."

"They are burying her in a great hurry," said John.

"Yes, suh; looks so to me too," said Cal, sympathetically. "I specks dat ole man 'll be marryin' agin befo' de week's out. He didn'



"HE LOOKED AT HIMSELF SOLEMNLY."

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wait but two weeks las' time; I know he won't wait mo'n a week dis time." He looked the image of reprobation.

John told him he was afraid there would not be much of an attendance at the funeral, as he had heard at one of his patients' that there was to be a big negro ball that night at their hall. Cal mournfully admitted that such was his fear too. John let him go, and taking off his coat, set to work himself.

That night a couple of John's most intimate friends dropped in just to see if he were all right, and had all his arrangements made. They found everything ready. One of them was growling about his servant having gone off to a negro ball and left his room in disorder.

"How about your wedding-suit? Is that all right? Does it fit?" they asked.

John said it was all right, and fitted perfectly. They urged him to let them see it, and finally, after much persuasion, he consented. He went to his wardrobe, and took out the box with a warm feeling about his heart, laid it tenderly on the bed, and gently opened it. It was empty. Had his friends known the history of the suit, they would have understood his action better. For a moment John stood perfectly still, with a mystified look on his face; then he turned slowly to the wardrobe and looked through it; then he turned back to the empty box and stood over it. The next moment a string of unquotable words broke from his lips. He wheeled suddenly, and grabbing up his hat, seized a large stick from a corner and bolted out of the door.

Five minutes later a man was posted in the shadow of a tree just outside of the light of a gas lamp, a half-square from the lighted hall in which the negro ball was going on, and close to the sidewalk along which were beginning to stream the sable attendants of the festivity. Couple after couple passed him, but the man stood in the shadow as motionless as the tree against which he was planted. A half-hour passed; the crowd was already in, and only an occasional pair came by now; still he did not budge. At last a couple came strolling along, chatting to each other, and for the first time the shadow stirred. The voices could be heard distinctly. The man was talking.

"He couldn't git 'long at all widout me. I len's him my clo'es. I's gwine to len' him dis suit to git married in to-morrer."

The girl laughed affectedly. "Oh, shoo, Mr. Johnsing, you's jes foolin' me!"

"No, I ain't; I declare I ain't. Ef I is, I hope de debble may rise right by dat tree an'—"

He rose. The couple were right in the full glare of the lamp, Cal in a brand-new evening suit. When John stepped out, Cal could not have been more startled had his wish been literally fulfilled. He dropped the girl's arm and staggered back. Then he tried to recover himself. He stepped forward again.

"Mr. Johnny, jes le' me speak to you a minute, will you? Jes step over dis a-way a minute, won't you?"

"Take them off," said John. His voice was perfectly quiet.

"Mr. Johnny, jes—"

"Take them off," said John.

"Whar, Mr. Johnny?"

"Right where you stand," said John. He stepped a step nearer, and the light fell more fully on his face. His hickory stick was in his hand, which was squeezed tight around it till it looked knotty and white. "I'll give you one minute."

"Yes, suh," said Cal, and began to hustle out of the clothes.

A dozen negroes had congregated, but neither John nor Cal took any notice of them.

"Now walk before me," said John. And Cal, with the clothes over his arm, walked back up the street before John as if he felt the crust of the earth trembling beneath him.

Cal came out of John's door a quarter of an hour later. John had not committed murder, though Cal knew he had had a narrow escape.

A CLEVER PORTER.

ONE night last summer an English tourist alighted from the train from the north at Albany. In his hand was a huge Gladstone bag; in his mind was much uncertainty as to the particular hotel in which he should pass the night. As he left the station platform he was greeted by two colored porters, one representing the K—— House, the other running for the D——.

"Cum dis way, sah," said the K—— porter, taking hold of the bag handle.

"No, sah; he gwine to the D——," cried the other, also grasping the handle.

"Fight it out," said the irresolute victim.

For five minutes the porters struggled, until finally the D—— porter got the better of his rival. The other, noting his disadvantage, let the bag go, and as the D—— porter staggered backward, seized the Englishman by the arm, and bundled him into the K—— omnibus.

"I doan' care who gits de bag," he said. "We gits de man."

THE MACGREGOR'S RETORT.

ONE frequently hears people say, when addressed in some language with which they are supposed to be familiar, "I can understand it, but I cannot speak it."

The expression would not be heard as often if all who used it were treated as brusquely as was a Scottish Highlander recently by an old friend of the family. The old man spoke to him in Gaelic, and received the customary reply: "I can understand it, but I cannot speak it."

"My dog can do that," said the MacGregor, scornfully.

P. MCARTHUR.

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MIGHT BE WORSE.

"Is it sick yez are, Dinnis?" asked Mrs. Finnegan as her husband entered the shanty. "Or ilse dronnk?"

"Nayther, bad luck ter yez!"

"Or hev yez lost the job?"

"No."

"Thin what are yez doin' comin' home in the middle av the day?"

"It's laid aff oi am."

"Fer how long?"

"Fer a wake, ter rejuice expinses."

"Sure thot won't rejuice *our* expinses," observed Mrs. Finnegan, sharply.

"Whist! We must grin an' bear it."

"Oh, ye'll be grinnin', an' laughin' too, oi make no doubt, down at Casey's saloon all day, but thot won't pay the rint. Sure oi'd loike ter know how thim cor-r-porashuns think a mon thot's gitting only a dollar and a half a day kin afford to lose a wake's pay."

"It's tough luck intoirely," assented her husband, as he sat down on the tubs and lit his pipe; "but it isn't as bad as if oi was gittin' hoigher wages."

"Why not?" asked Mrs. Finnegan.

"Sure don't ye see?" answered Dennis. "If oi was makin' three dollars a day oi'd be losin' *double the money*."

HARRY ROMAINE.

ELECTING A DAD.

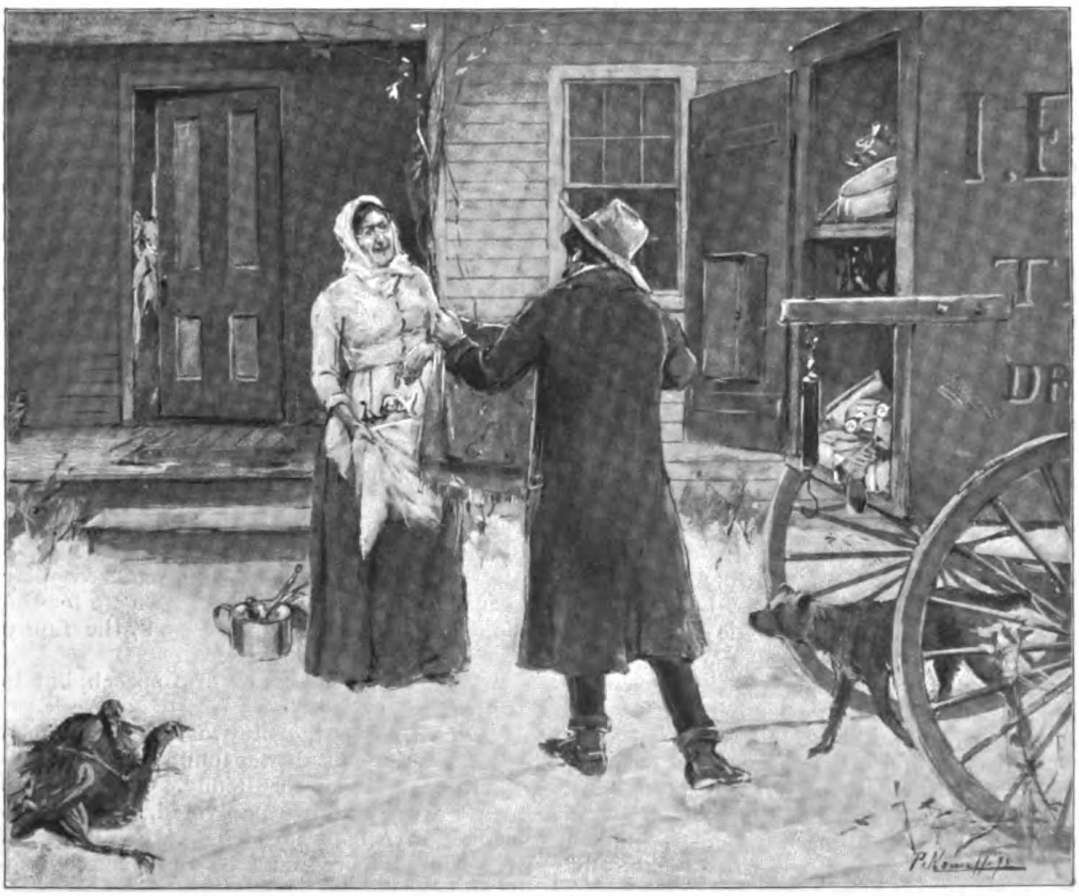
"Now look at that! Who's come to camp with a new kid?"

"New kids" create a commotion upon their arrival in any town, but in a Rocky Mountain mining camp, where women are scarce, the commotion is in proportion to their rarity. As it happened to be in a mining camp that the foregoing remark was made, by a red-headed, red-shirted, red-nosed prospector, it awakened the Duffy outfit to a realization that something unusual was about to happen.

"Well, I'll be blowed! Ain't it a beauty, now? Reddy, why don't you stake your find? You've got first claim on it."

As this witty remark was made by the camp's funny man (every camp has its joker), it became the duty of everybody to laugh, and Reddy himself joined in the chorus.

It was evening. The cabins and shakedowns were located on the mountain-side several hundred feet from the stream. The day's work was over, and all the men were out discussing prospects and waiting for to-morrow. Every man has good prospects, or thinks he has. This makes him happy, and so the whole crowd is good-humored. Nothing but bad whiskey can "rile" the humor of a prospect camp, and in this particular camp all the liquor in stock



A BACKWOODS SANTA CLAUS EXCHANGING CHRISTMAS THINGS FOR TURKEYS.

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had been disposed of two or three days ago.

Had the kid been compelled to stand all this time under the gaze of the men, it would have been embarrassing for her; but she was not. She was climbing toward the crowd of loungers, and when she reached the men she deliberately looked them over, as though searching for some one. Then disappointment clouded her brow, and she asked, "Has any of you fellers seen my dad?"

Nobody had seen him, and everybody was sorry to say so.

"Who is your dad?" asked Reddy.

"He's a prospector what struck it rich. Another feller took his claim, an' dad's gone; I don't know where. Won't you find him?"

The miners looked at each other with serious faces. They understood the child's words better than she did herself. If her dad's claim was "jumped" and he had disappeared, it meant that she no longer had a dad.

"I guess your dad's gone prospecting," said Reddy, after an awkward pause, "and his claim's a long way off. Hain't you got no mother?"

"She's dead," said the child, simply.

"Never mind," said Reddy, as he gathered her up in his arms. "You can stay with me till your daddy comes after you. What do they call you when breakfast's ready?"

"Daddy always called me Sunshine."

So did everybody in camp thereafter.

That was Sunshine's advent among the miners. To be sure, she was not a beauty, nor was she dressed in a stylish manner. Her eyes were her chief attraction—big, softly brown, intelligent, and trusting. Her nose was inclined to turn up. She had a dimple in each cheek, and her mouth had evidently been made small to provide room for the profusion of freckles scattered over her face. She was clothed in faded calico. An old felt hat was on her head, and the shoes she wore exposed her feet. She might have been pretty if dressed up, but in her present attire she fitted in admirably with her surroundings. Sunshine did not know her age, but a rough guess placed her at five or a little older.

Although the camp's funny man had asserted that Reddy had "first claim" on Sunshine, there was one who disputed Reddy's right of possession. Jack Bain, who had located the second claim in camp, and who boasted of one of the very few wives in the place, offered these two points as reasons why Sunshine should take up her abode in his household. Several others put in their claims also, but Reddy sturdily refused to give up the girl. For two or three days there was a good deal of talk, and several angry disputes took place, when the joker made the suggestion that "as the fellers are a-fallin' out about the kid, an' sooner or later there's sure to be trouble, let's hold an election to choose a daddy for her, an' every feller that votes gives a dollar to the kid."

The idea of electing a dad was so odd that everybody laughed, even the candidates. This had the effect of making it a good-humored contest, instead of a fight, for the possession of the child.

Election day was set, and the important question was discussed by everybody except Reddy, who looked sour, and said he "didn't see how any darn lot of fellers had any right to elect away his kid." No one seemed to think of asking Sunshine what she thought about it.

The evening before election Reddy sat in front of his shack, moodily throwing pebbles down the hill. Sunshine was playing near him, evidently as happy as she ever was. Presently, noticing the manner of Reddy, she climbed on his knee and asked him what troubled him.

"Maybe they're goin' to take you from me to-morrow," he said, gently stroking her hair with his hard hand. "They're goin' to vote to-morrow, an' whatever the majority says goes. If they say you leave Reddy, then you leave him. But I don't like it."

Sunshine did not know what electing meant, and it required a great deal of explanation before she fully realized what might happen on the morrow. When light did reach her brain she said, "I'll go 'long an' vote; an' when they see I want to stay with you, they'll let me—won't they?"

When morning came, Reddy gave Sunshine her breakfast, and then took her with him to the post-office, where the voting was to be done. A large crowd gathered before the polls were opened, and when Reddy and Sunshine were seen approaching, the joker called out:

"Hurrah! Here comes Reddy an' the kid. Now for a speech."

He meant, of course, that Reddy was to make the speech; but as there was a barrel standing on end, and Reddy had set Sunshine on the barrel and stood beside her, a new and bright idea struck the joker, and he cried:

"Ha, ha! The kid will make a speech. What have you got to say on the most momentous and soul-stirring question? Who's your candidate for dad in this election?"

Sunshine didn't have a word to say. She just put her arms around Reddy's neck and began to cry. The voters looked at each other in amazement. The idea that Sunshine had a preference for Reddy had not entered their heads, and they had expected to vote for the man who had a wife. As usual, the funny man was the first to speak:

"Well, that's not much of a speech, but it settles the business."

It did. After the vote was counted by the postmaster, the result was found to be an overwhelming victory for Reddy. Moreover, as nearly every man in camp voted, and the ballot-box gave back no change, when the cash was counted more than $300 was given to Reddy to be placed to Sunshine's credit.

FRANK A. PARKER.

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A COUSINLY CONFIDENCE.

TOMMY SPEAKS.

I'LL tell you what I likes the best of all the Christmas day.
It's not my toys and books and things, tho' I *do* love to play;
It isn't all the sweetings that I get when dinner comes;
It isn't e'en the pudding that is filled with spice and plums.
It's *you!* That's what I loves the best. An' what I wants to say
Is that I'd feel *so* sorry if you ever went away.
I wants to have you stay with me, for I would so enjoy
Forever and forever, dear, to be *your* little boy.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

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A GOOD WORD.

JOE was a youth of such exceeding popularity with his uncles and aunts that his mother was compelled to call a halt on her too indulgent brothers and sisters, who, she claimed, with justice, were spoiling the youngster with their reckless generosity, and rendering him heedless of the value of property.

"Why, do you know," she said to one of the too indulgent aunts, to whom she was explaining her trouble, "the little rascal received fifty presents this very Christmas."

"Oh, mamma!" exclaimed the young person in question, "more than that. I received sixty-two presents."

"Well, I knew it was a great many," sighed his mother, "but I wanted to keep on the safe side. I tried not to exaggerate."

"No," remonstrated Master Joe, in a patronizing tone; "but you should try not to exsmallerate, either."

A WITTY ANSWER.

THE following anecdote is told of Mr. C——, a well-known member of the New York bar:

A friend asked him if he did not think that the politeness of a certain member of the State Legislature was almost excessive. "Yes," responded Mr. C——; "he has the urbanity of a Chesterfield combined with the suburbanity of a Westchesterfield."

A NEW BULL.

A GOOD specimen of the Boyle Roche breed of bull was recently encountered on a golf-course not many miles from New York. B——, a novice at the game, was about to use his cleek, when he observed to his partner that the iron was a little loose.

"I'll have to put the tool in water and let the stick swell," said B——.

"Ah—what 'll ye do that for?" asked his friend, a visitor from over the sea. "Whin it gits dry it 'll only swell down again."

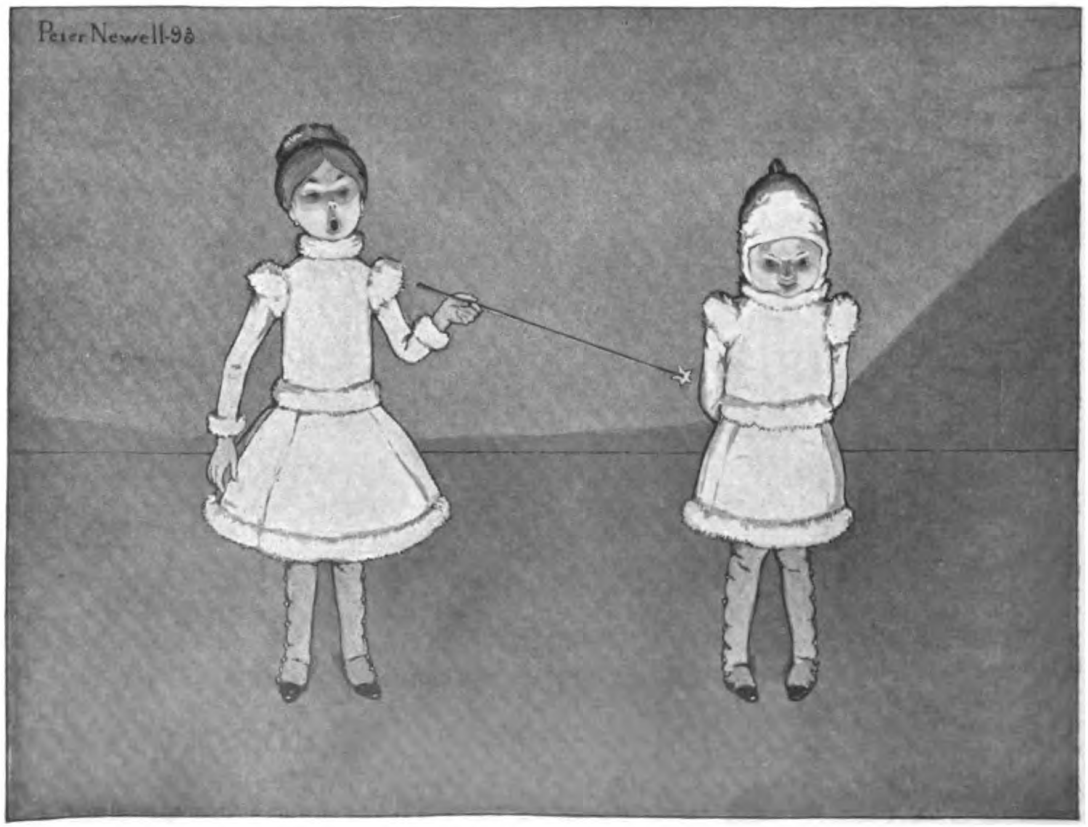
QUEER QUATRAINS.

A SOCIAL PROBLEM.

I REALLY do not know what I shall do
To have my clothing fit me; for, you see,
I stand so high I can't on tailors call,
Nor can I let a tailor call on me!

CHAPPIE HAS A THOUGHT.

IF I had pen, and ink, and pad,
And time, and ideas, and a nook
In which to do it undisturbed,
I think I'd try to write a book.



A CHRISTMAS ALLEGORY.

SPAKE Phœbe Jones, in clearest tones, "Permit me, sir and madam—
I represent a Christmas Eve, and Will a Christmas Adam."

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LITERARY NOTES.

BY LAURENCE HUTTON.

HARPER'S Young People, although they did not know him, and perhaps never even heard his name, lost a good and faithful friend when Alfred B. Starey died last summer in New York. One who was long and intimately associated with him, in a professional as well as in a social way, can only say of him here, that he was as clean in morals as he was in intellect, that he won the respect and the confidence of all those with whom he was brought in contact, that no man of his years, or of his position, in his profession or out of it, was more sincerely liked or more deeply regretted, and that he never, in any society, said or did anything which his own sisters, or the Young People for whom he labored, might not have heard or seen.

The bound volume of the little magazine which he edited for seven years, and the first which has appeared since he passed away, is another and enduring stone in the monument which he helped to erect to himself. In *Harper's Young People*[1] Mr. Starey put the very best of his life work. Although, of course, he did not die for it, he died in its service; and on every page, and in every line, it shows his critical instinct and his conscientious care.

It is not possible here to give anything like a summary of the contents of the fourteenth volume of the periodical. It opens November 1, 1892, with the first chapter of Mr. Kirk Munroe's "Raftmates"; it closes October 31, 1893, with "The Baby's Complaint," a little poem illustrated by Miss J. E. Emmet, the complaint being purely mental; and between the covers, by such writers and illustrators as Mrs. Sangster, Mrs. Spofford, Mrs. Moulton, David Ker, Gustav Kobbé, F. S. Church, William Hamilton Gibson, and T. de Thulstrup, lie admirable reading and pictorial matter to suit the complaints of every variety of baby, and of all ages of baby mind.

THE young people of twenty-five or thirty years ago used to read, with no little interest and pleasure, certain pretty, healthful stories written for them by Miss Jean Ingelow, then a comparatively young person herself. They were all about girls and boys, and a suspicious jackdaw, and minnows with silver tails, and wild-duck-shooters, and such things, and they did nobody any harm, although they are now almost forgotten. "Off the Skelligs" came much later from the same writer, and attracted marked attention from a more mature class of readers. It was an unusual tale, of undoubted but unequal merit. Since then Miss Ingelow has rarely been heard of, and it is with a feeling almost of surprise that her name is found upon the cover of a new novel. *A Motto Changed*[2] is not a child's story altogether, although its heroine and its hero are very youthful. The lover is just of age, and young for his years, and the girl he loves is not very high up in her teens; but fathers and mothers will be touched by their joys and their sorrows, and sons and daughters will follow them eagerly to the end of their career, as Miss Ingelow has set it down. There is a funny little chap of eight or nine who makes remarkable statements about the duty which mankind owes to vermin; and there is a funnier half-Malay, half-English, white and brown baby—both of whom will appeal to a very juvenile set of readers indeed. The book, therefore, is destined to meet with general popularity, which, without being in any way a great or an unusual book, it certainly deserves.

AN entirely different sort of novel is *Dr. Mirabel's Theory, A Psychological Study*,[3] by Mr. Ross George Dering, a newer, and probably a less practised writer, than is Miss Ingelow. It is not in every respect an entirely safe book to put into the hands of weak or unscrupulous persons, for it shows, or attempts to show, how easily deeds of darkness can be done by the operation of the hypnotic influence, and with how little chance of detection. Dr. Mirabel's Theory is based upon the words of St. Paul, "there is a natural body and there is a spiritual body," and Dr. Mirabel believes, when we succeed in shaking off the former, that the latter still exists, free from all manner of human and physical ills. He quotes Professor Clifford as stating that to every molecule of the organic matter composing the body there is attached an atom of something for which no name has been found, but which he calls "mind-stuff." This mind-stuff is co-extensive with the material of our body, atom for atom,

[1] *Harper's Young People for* 1893. Volume XIV. Illustrated. 4to, Cloth, Ornamental, $3 50. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[2] *A Motto Changed.* A Novel. By JEAN INGELOW. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 00. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[3] *Dr. Mirabel's Theory.* A Psychological Study. By ROSS GEORGE DERING. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents. (*Harper's Franklin Square Library.*) New York: Harper and Brothers.

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point for point: every corpuscle of blood, every spherule of bodily humor, has its counterpart of mind-stuff. It is the mind-body which thinks, by which we move and feel, and only by death can the separation take place, and the mind-body be set free. "I don't quite grasp it all yet," said Gerard, to whom Dr. Mirabel explained his Theory one day; and it will hardly be grasped by the majority of readers.

Exactly how the theory worked, and how the theorist got rid of his natural body, much against his own will at the end, although he had thought that he wanted to exist only in his spiritual body, need not be told here; and what he did with his mind-stuff when he got entire control of it, even Mr. Dering does not explain. That Dr. Mirabel was done to death by the intentional misapplication of the hypnotic power Mr. Dering asserts the highest expert authority to have believed, and he explains, with no small degree of literary and scientific skill, how hypnotism can be—and in this instance was—employed as the instrument, in malevolent hands, of safe and secret murder.

If Mr. Dering has put into the hands of the professional assassin, who goes about killing innocent persons, and who calls himself a crank, a new weapon of assault and destruction, then Mr. Dering is not to be commended, and the millionaire or the civic ruler is not to be congratulated.

ATTENTION was called in these columns, a year or more ago, to a short story by Mr. William Black, entitled "The Magic Ink." The Magic Ink came purple from the pen, and grew black in course of time when exposed to the air. It had some occult and mysterious effect upon brain and vision, by which the penman became blind to what he put upon paper, and it had some strange necromantic power of changing the style and the subject-matter of what it wrote, as it changed its own hue. Mr. Black's young hero, who fell once into strange possession of a small phial of this thaumaturgical decoction, discovered that his formal sentences, studiously vague, and designed to cover certain desperate ideas and schemes in his young head, became, when he read them over at a later day, the actual thoughts and emotions which had surged through his brain as he sat at his desk with his quill in his hand. This is a new and startling application of the theories contained in Mr. Gilbert's famous "Palace of Truth," in which all the characters merely say what they think, without committing themselves absolutely to indelible expression. If mankind is to be hypnotized into revealing its inmost thoughts and wishes by the ink it uses in its correspondence, or in its literary work, cranks will kill reputations as well as men, and what is to become of society? How would letters of congratulation, or letters of condolence, read if they always said what their writers wanted to say; and what would be the result if an author's or an editor's sanctum was the front room of a glass house, into which the great public could look, and could see the actual workings of the editor's or the author's mind?

The plain, ordinary, every-day ink used by Mr. Black in the writing of his stories, short and long, records exactly what Mr. Black intends to record. But it contains, for all that, certain magical qualities which have enchanted many readers for many years: and from the Great Wizard of his own North Country he seems to have inherited a wand out of which he has manufactured a pen-holder potent to charm the savage breast, from Texas to Ultima Thule, and to cast a spell over Piccadilly and Mincing Lane themselves.

A careful perusal of Mr. Black's latest novel, *The Handsome Humes*,[4] will prove that the author continues to shed his necromantic fluid in his old delightful way. It contains very little of the property of the gall out of which all ink is made, and the only mysterious effect it exercises upon the mind-stuff of him who reads is one of pleasant sorcery. "Handsome is that handsome does" is the motto of the Handsome Humes. But when we are told that "Sidney Hume would not smoke in the presence of a woman for ten thousand worlds," we shudder at the phenomenal beauty of his character. The statement comes from his fond mamma, and some allowance must, naturally, be made for maternal hyperbole; nevertheless, this particular Handsome Hume, who amuses himself by reading Müller's "Dharma samgraha," impresses us sometimes as being almost too handsome to be true. Another remark by the mother of the Handsome Humes, who, by-the-way, was a Handsome Hay—they are a superb physical race, on both sides—is a little more lucid; and in justice to her innate Scottish good sense it must be here set down as a rare truism. "When you see a well-mannered Scotch boy," she says, "he is a very well-mannered boy indeed." Her boy is as well-mannered as a Scotch boy can very well be; even if he marries without her consent, smokes in the presence of his own sex only, and writes with ink which always tells the truth. The story is in the vein of "Sunrise," or "A Daughter of Heth," rather than in that of the same author's "White Wings" and "White Heather"; its characters are kept south of the Border, and the only green pastures they are carried to are those in the near neighborhood of an English university town. But there is a breath of clear fresh air upon every page for all that; and the ex-prize-fighter is one of the best of Mr. Black's creations. Concerning Mr. Black's heroine nothing has as yet been said. She is beautiful, as is to be expected; and what is better, she is nice. In the course of time, by right of marriage, she becomes one of The Handsome Humes, and the

[4] *The Handsome Humes.* A Novel. By WILLIAM BLACK. Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, $1.50. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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mother of Handsome Humes, who are Humes by right of birth. Her own blood is not so good as is the blood of her husband or her children, however. Her father was a pugilist of distinction, and of most excellent professional and personal character; his paternal love was more beautiful than anything the Humes could boast of, and he died a gentleman, even if he was not born one. He made his daughter happy, and her burdens, which were not a few, were certainly not of his creating.

The Burden of Isabel,[5] a new novel, by Mr. J. Maclaren Cobban, was a double one, and it consisted of a fortune and a father. The former she was able to part with; the latter she lessened, but never quite shook off. The father of Isabel was a gentleman born, but hardly a gentleman by nature. He had the besetting weakness of Coleridge, the opium habit, and some of Coleridge's cleverness and personal charm; but he did that which is worse than prize-fighting: he stole his brother's affianced wife and married her himself, and thereby he wrecked the lives of his wife and his brother before he came to be a burden to his child. Isabel is as beautiful as Mrs. Nan Summers Hume, and she is quite as nice. "It is a good thing to be beautiful," said her father to her once, "and it is good to know it. The chances are that a beautiful woman has a beautiful nature." That, unfortunately, is not always true in real life, but it is usually true in fiction; and Isabel is no exception to the general fictional rule. Her story is a pleasant one, pleasantly told. Mr. Cobban seems to have had some experience as a novelist. Mr. John Foster Kirk, in his supplement to "Allibone's Dictionary of Authors," gives a list of half a dozen of his tales, with no biographical sketch attendant; but he is evidently a man who has seen and studied men, and who knows the world as it exists in the newspaper circles of London, and in the manufacturing districts of Lancashire. He is sparing of dialect, he has a sense of humor, he writes nothing that young people can be harmed by, he does not harrow up the mind, he is not introspective, and even his villains have certain lovable characteristics. "The Burden of Isabel" is light reading; but it does not pretend to be anything else, and those who bear it with her will not be bored.

THE villain who attempts to wreck the lives of a pair of entertaining lovers on the Coast of Bohemia is not half so black as are Mr. Cobban's villains. He is simply a contemptible, vindictive, vulgar little cad; but yet, as Mr. Howells, with a few deft touches, paints him, he is most insufferable and despicable, and he richly merits the slaps in the face which the semi-Bohemian gives him. It is difficult to explain what Bohemian signifies, and what Bohemia is. Even Mr. Howells confesses that "that is what no one can quite do." The adjective, according to the "Century Dictionary," is applied to "a person, especially an artist or a literary man, who leads a free and often somewhat dissipated life, having little regard to what society he frequents, and despising conventionalities generally." It also quotes Mr. James Anthony Froude as saying, "By Bohemian I do not mean to be uncomplimentary. I mean merely a class of persons who prefer adventure and speculation to settled industry, and who do not work well in the harness of ordinary life." When a certain little countrywoman of Mr. Froude spoke once of James Russell Lowell as a "Bohemian," she did not mean to be uncomplimentary; she merely did not know what she meant! If Mr. Lowell was a Bohemian, a Bohemian is a good thing to be! But Mr. Lowell did not know, and did not think, he was a Bohemian; and he had very little in common with the literary man or the artist who was even somewhat dissipated, and who did not work well in the harness of general conventionalities. Bohemianism may be defined, perhaps, as out-of-the-commonplace; and a Bohemian may be described generally as a man who knows more than do some other men. Mr. Froude's genus of Bohemian is not, as a rule, proud of the title; and if he is a true Froudian Bohemian, he never applies it to himself. There are in the world, however, a small class of persons who want to travel through Bohemia and to dwell among its tents; and of these does Mr. Howells treat in a most thorough and artistic manner in his latest story. His Miss Charmian Maybough, although not the heroine of the tale, is its central and pervading figure. She is a delightful young woman who would have amused Mr. Lowell more than she would have entertained the speculators and adventurers of Mr. Froude. She leads two lives—one to please her mother and society, one to please herself. She belongs to the Synthesis, an association of art students in New York where young people of both sexes gather to copy casts and models, under the instruction of competent masters, and to pride themselves that they are coasting Bohemia. While she is in the Synthesis, as Mr. Howells explains, she does as the Synthetics do. She wears a long, dismal calico apron, which covers her to the throat, and she wears it with an air of being so much absorbed in her work that she does not know what she has on. When she gets home in the afternoon, she arrays herself in a Worth gown, and becomes of the world worldly. She pours tea at five of the clock, and goes to assemblies at midnight, but she occupies the only approach to an attic she can find in her mother's apartment, facing Central Park; she fills it with sketches and rugs, and even cigarettes and pipes; she calls it a studio, she fancies that

[5] *The Burden of Isabel.* A Novel. By J. MACLAREN COBBAN. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents. (*Harper's Franklin Square Library.*) New York: Harper and Brothers.

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it has the atmosphere of art, and she refreshes herself and her visitors there with olives; not the ordinary Spanish olives, which have no savor of originality, but—the words are her own—"the little crescent ones which are picturesque, and if you pick them out of the bottle with the end of a brush-handle, sharpened to a point, and the other person receives them with their [*sic*] thumb and finger, the whole act is indisputably Bohemian."

The whole act of Mr. Howells's *Coast of Bohemia*[6] is indisputably Bohemian—from Miss Maybough's point of view—and it is indisputably clever and delightful. It is in the best of Mr. Howells's lightest vein, but it is as full of humorous interest and of subtle analysis of character as is anything that has ever come from the same facile pen.

Mr. Howells's pleasant habit of going to Shakspere for his titles has more than once been noted in this department: "the Quality of Mercy" is from the speech of Portia; Jaques talks of "Modern Instances"; Guildenstern alludes to "The Shadow of a Dream"; and Lucetta it was who had none other than "A Woman's Reason." Shakspere does not put "The Coast of Bohemia" in the mouth of any of his characters, although he makes Antigonus say, "Our ship has touched upon the deserts of Bohemia," a geographical error which must have moved Bacon to tears, and for which not even Mr. Donnelly can account. The matter of removing Bohemia bodily from the interior to the sea-shore has been much discussed by all the commentators, and we will probably never discover whether Shakspere alluded to a certain seaport on the Adriatic held, according to tradition, by the Bohemians in Shakspere's time, or whether he intended to invent a mythical land upon which later-day would-be Bohemians could easily and safely coast.

THERE is something in a name, after all, and Mr. Warner, like Mr. Howells, is particularly happy in his choice of the names he gives to his books. To a collection of charming little essays, originally contributed to the Editor's Study, and printed in book form a twelvemonth or more ago, he gave the name "As We Were Saying." To a further cluster of sketches, taken from the same editorial source, he now gives the name *As We Go*[7]. And it Goes without Saying that these latter Sayings are as good as the first. If Mr. Higginson had not already pre-empted the title, Mr. Warner's present volume might have been labelled, "Women and Men—especially Women." He dwells, it is true, upon "The Newspaper-made Man," and "The American Man," and he asks us to "Give the Men a Chance"; but he lingers most fondly among the girls—"The Tall Girl," "The Whistling Girl," "Interesting Girls," "Women—Ideal and Real," "The New Feminine Reserve"; and, as he goes, he has something to say on almost every page about lovely woman, even when his subject is "The Advent of Candor," or "A Beautiful Old Age."

It is quite impossible to refrain from quoting Mr. Warner in reviewing Mr. Warner's books, because he says things so much better than they can be said for him, or about him; and the great difficulty lies in the selection of what not to quote. If he has "seemed to be interested sometimes to the neglect of other topics in the American young woman," he writes, "it is not because she is interested in herself, but because she is on the way to be one of the most agreeable objects in this lovely world. She may struggle against it: she may resist it by all the legitimate arts of the coquette and the chemist; she may be convinced that youth and beauty are inseparable allies; but she would have more patience if she reflected that the sunset is often finer than the sunrise, commonly finer than noon, especially after a stormy day. The secret of a beautiful old age is as well worth seeking as that of a charming young-maidenhood. For it is one of the compensations for the rest of us, in the decay of this mortal life, that women, whose mission it is to allure in youth, and to tinge the beginning of the world with romance, also makes the end of the world more serenely satisfactory and beautiful than the outset. And this has been done without any amendment to the Constitution of the United States; in fact it is possible that the Sixteenth Amendment would rather hinder than help this gracious process." And then follow much sound wisdom and affectionate reflection upon that most agreeable object in this beautiful world, A beautiful Old Age in Woman or Man—especially Woman. "Physical beauty," he adds, "is doubtless a great advantage, and it is never lost if mind shines through it (there is nothing so unlovely as a frivolous old woman fighting to keep the skin-deep beauty of her youth); the eyes, if the life has not been one of physical suffering, usually retain their power of moving appeal; the lines of the face may be refined by a certain spirituality; the gray hair gives dignity and sweetness and the charm of contrast; the low sweet voice vibrates to the same note of femininity, and the graceful and gracious are graceful and gracious still. Even into the face and bearing of the plain woman, whose mind has grown, whose thoughts have been pure, whose heart has been expanded by good deeds or by constant affection, comes a beauty winning and satisfactory in the highest degree."

How can the reviewer, whose own Mother, dearly loved by Mr. Warner, spent a beautiful old age, refrain from quoting this; and with what words can he thank Mr. Warner for saying it?

[6] *The Coast of Bohemia*. A Novel. By W. D. HOWELLS. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, $1.50. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[7] *As We Go*. By CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER. With Portrait and Illustrations. Demy, Cloth, Ornamental, $1.00. (*Harper's American Essayists*.) New York: Harper and Brothers.

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[See "A Masterpiece of Diplomacy," page 385.]

"WOULD YOU LIKE SOME WATERMELON, BOB?" "OR ICE-CREAM?"

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HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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TRILBY.*

BY GEORGE DU MAURIER.

Part Second.

NOBODY knew exactly how Svengali lived, and very few knew where (or why). He occupied a roomy dilapidated garret, au sixième, in the Rue Tire-Liard; with a truckle-bed and a piano-forte for furniture, and very little else.

He was poor; for in spite of his talent he had not yet made his mark in Paris. His manners may have been accountable for this. He would either fawn or bully, and could be grossly impertinent. He had a kind of cynical humor, which was more offensive than amusing, and always laughed at the wrong thing, at the wrong time, in the wrong place. And his laughter was always derisive and full of malice. And his egotism and conceit were not to be borne; and then, he was both tawdry and dirty in his person; more greasily, mattedly unkempt than a really successful pianist has any right to be, even in the best society.

He was not a nice man, and there was no pathos in his poverty—a poverty that was not honorable, and need not have existed at all; for he was constantly receiving supplies from his own people in Austria—his old father and mother, his sisters, his cousins, and his aunts, hard-working, frugal folk of whom he was the pride and the darling.

He had but one virtue—his love of his art; or, rather, his love of himself as a master of his art—*the* master: for he despised, or affected to despise, all other musicians, living or dead—even those whose work he interpreted so divinely, and pitied them for not hearing Svengali give utterance to their music, which of course they could not utter themselves.

"Ils safent tous un peu toucher du biâno, mais pas grand'chose!"

He had been the best pianist of his time at the Conservatory in Leipsic; and, indeed, there was perhaps some excuse for this overweening conceit, since he was able to lend a quite peculiar individual charm of his own to any music he played, except the highest and best of all, in which he conspicuously failed.

He had to draw the line just above Chopin, where he reached the highest level. It will not do to lend your own quite peculiar individual charm to Handel and Bach and Beethoven; and Chopin is not bad as a *pis-aller*.

He had ardently wished to sing, and had studied hard to that end in Germany, in Italy, in France, with the forlorn hope of evolving from some inner recess a voice to sing with. But nature had been singularly harsh to him in this one respect—inexorable. He was absolutely without voice, beyond the harsh, hoarse, weak raven's croak he used to speak with, and no method availed to make one for him. But he grew to understand the human voice as perhaps no one has understood it before or since.

So in his head he went forever singing, singing, singing, as probably no human nightingale has ever yet been able to sing out loud, for the glory and delight of his fellow-mortals, making unheard heavenly melody of the cheapest, trivialest tunes—tunes of the café concert, tunes of the nursery, the shop-parlor, the guard-room, the school-room, the pot-house, the slum. There was nothing so humble, so base even, but what his magic could transform it into the rarest beauty without altering a note. This seems impossible, I know. But if it didn't, where would the magic come in?

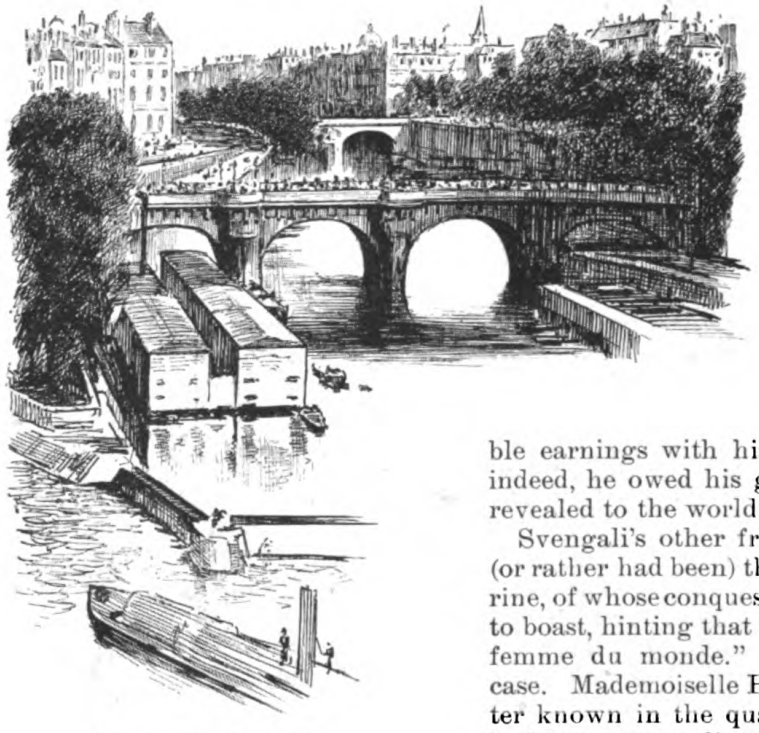
Whatever of heart or conscience—pity,

* Begun in January number, 1894.

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love, tenderness, manliness, courage, reverence, charity—endowed him at his birth had been swallowed up by this one faculty, and nothing of them was left for the common uses of life. He poured them all into his little flexible flageolet.



THE LATIN QUARTER.

Svengali playing Chopin on the pianoforte, even (or especially) Svengali playing "Ben Bolt" on that penny whistle of his, was as one of the heavenly host.

Svengali walking up and down the earth seeking whom he might cheat, betray, exploit, borrow money from, make brutal fun of, bully if he dared, cringe to if he must—man, woman, child, or dog—was about as bad as they make 'em.

To earn a few pence when he couldn't borrow them he played accompaniments at café concerts, and even then he gave offence; for in his contempt for the singer he would play too loud, and embroider his accompaniments with brilliant improvisations of his own, and lift his hands on high and bring them down with a bang in the sentimental parts, and shake his dirty mane and shrug his shoulders, and smile and leer at the audience, and do all he could to attract their attention to himself. He also gave a few music lessons (not at ladies' schools, let us hope), for which he was not well paid, presumably, since he was always without the sou, always borrowing money, that he never paid back, and exhausting the pockets and the patience of one acquaintance after another.

He had but two friends. There was Gecko, who lived in a little garret close by, in the Impasse des Ramoneurs, and who was second violin in the orchestra of the Gymnase, and shared his humble earnings with his master, to whom, indeed, he owed his great talent, not yet revealed to the world.

Svengali's other friend and pupil was (or rather had been) the mysterious Honorine, of whose conquest he was much given to boast, hinting that she was "une jeune femme du monde." This was not the case. Mademoiselle Honorine Cahen (better known in the quartier latin as Mimi la Salope) was a dirty, drabby little dolly-mop of a Jewess, a model for the figure—a very humble person indeed, socially.

She was, however, of a very lively disposition, and had a charming voice, and a natural gift of singing so sweetly that you forgot her accent, which was that of the "tout ce qu'il y a de plus canaille."



"AS BAD AS THEY MAKE 'EM."

She used to sit at Carrel's, and during the pose she would sing. When Little Billee first heard her he was so fascinated that "it made him sick to think she sat for

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the figure"—an effect, by-the-way, that was always produced upon him by all specially attractive figure models of the gentler sex, for he had a reverence for woman. And before everything else, he had for the singing woman an absolute worship. He was especially thrall to the contralto—the deep low voice that breaks and changes in the middle and soars all at once into a magnified angelic boy treble. It pierced through his ears to his heart and stirred his very vitals.

He had once heard Madame Alboni, and it had been an epoch in his life; he would have been an easy prey to the sirens! Even beauty paled before the lovely female voice singing in the middle of the note—the nightingale killed the bird-of-paradise.

I need hardly say that poor Mimi la Salope had not the voice of Madame Alboni, nor the art; but it was a beautiful voice of its little kind, always in the very middle of the note, and her artless art had its quick seduction.



"A VOICE HE DIDN'T UNDERSTAND."

She sang little songs of Béranger's—"Grand'mère, parlez-nous de lui!" or "T'en souviens-tu? disait un capitaine—" or "Enfants, c'est moi qui suis Lisette!" and such like pretty things, that almost brought the tears to Little Billee's easily moistened eyes.

But soon she would sing little songs that were not by Béranger—little songs with slang words Little Billee hadn't French enough to understand; but from the kind of laughter with which the points were received by the "rapins" in Carrel's studio he guessed these little songs were vile, though the touching little voice was as that of the seraphim still, and he knew the pang of disenchantment and vicarious shame.

Svengali had heard her sing at the Brasserie des Porcherons in the Rue du Crapaud-volant, and had volunteered to teach her; and she went to see him in his garret, and he played to her, and leered and ogled, and flashed his bold black beady eyes into hers, and she straightway mentally prostrated herself in reverence and adoration before this dazzling specimen of her race.

So that her sordid, mercenary little gutter-draggled soul was filled with the sight and the sound of him, as of a lordly, godlike, shawm-playing, cymbal-banging hero and prophet of the Lord God of Israel—David and Saul in one!

And then he set himself to teach her—kindly and patiently at first, calling her sweet little pet names—his "Rose of Sharon," his "pearl of Pabylon," his "cazelle-eyed liddle Cherusalem skylark"—and promised her that she should be the queen of the nightingales.

But before he could teach her anything

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"AND SO, NO MORE."

he had to unteach her all she knew; her breathing, the production of her voice, its emission—everything was wrong. She worked indefatigably to please him, and soon succeeded in forgetting all the pretty little sympathetic tricks of voice and phrasing Mother Nature had taught her.

But though she had an exquisite ear, she had no real musical intelligence—no intelligence of any kind except about sous and centimes; she was as stupid as a little downy owl, and her voice was just a light native warble, a throstle's pipe, all in the head and nose and throat (a voice he *didn't* understand, for once), a thing of mere youth and health and bloom and high spirits—like her beauty, such as it was—*beauté du diable, beauté damnée.*

She did her very best, and practised all she could in this new way, and sang herself hoarse: she scarcely ate or slept for practising. He grew harsh and impatient and coldly severe, and of course she loved him all the more; and the more she loved him the more nervous she got and the worse she sang. Her voice cracked; her ear became demoralized; her attempts to vocalize grew almost as comical as Trilby's. So that he lost his temper completely, and called her terrible names, and pinched and punched her with his big bony hands till she wept worse than Niobe, and borrowed money of her—five-franc pieces, even francs and demifrancs—which he never paid her back; and browbeat and bullied and ballyragged her till she went quite mad for love of him, and would have jumped out of his sixth-floor window to give him a moment's pleasure!

He did not ask her to do this—it never occurred to him, and would have given him no pleasure to speak of. But one fine Sabbath morning (a Saturday, of course) he took her by the shoulders and chucked her, neck and crop, out of his garret, with the threat that if she ever dared to show her face there again he would denounce her to the police—an awful threat to the likes of poor Mimi la Salope!

"For where did all those five-franc pieces come from—*hein?*—with which she had tried to pay for all the singing lessons that had been thrown away upon her? Not from merely sitting to painters—*hein?*"

Thus the little gazelle-eyed Jerusalem skylark went back to her native streets again—a mere mud-lark of the Paris slums—her wings clipped, her spirit quenched and broken, and with no more singing left in her than a common or garden sparrow—not so much!

And so, no more of "la betite Honorine!"

The morning after this adventure Svengali woke up in his garret with a tremendous longing to spend a happy day; for it was a Sunday, and a very fine one.

He made a long arm and reached his waistcoat and trousers off the floor, and emptied the contents of their pockets on to his tattered blanket: no silver, no gold, only a few sous and two-sou pieces, just enough to pay for a meagre *premier déjeuner!*

He had cleared out Gecko the day before, and spent the proceeds (ten francs at least) in one night's riotous living—pleasures in which Gecko had had no share; and he could think of no one to borrow money from but Little Billee, Taffy, and the Laird, whom he had neglected and left untapped for days.

So he slipped into his clothes, and looked at himself in what remained of a little zinc mirror, and found that his forehead left little to be desired, but that his eyes and temples were decidedly grimy.

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Wherefore, he poured a little water out of a little jug into a little basin, and twisting the corner of his pocket-handkerchief round his dirty forefinger, he delicately dipped it, and removed the offending stains. His fingers, he thought, would do very well for another day or two as they were; he ran them through his matted black mane, pushed it behind his ears, and gave it the twist he liked (and that was so much disliked by his English friends). Then he put on his béret and his velveteen cloak, and went forth into the sunny streets, with a sense of the freedom and pleasantness of Sunday morning in Paris in the month of May.

He found Little Billee sitting in a zinc hip-bath, busy with soap and sponge; and was so tickled and interested by the sight that he quite forgot for the moment what he had come for.

"Himmel! Why the devil are you doing that?" he asked, in his German-Hebrew-French.

"Doing *what?*" asked Little Billee, in his French of Stratford-atte-Bowe.

"Sitting in water and playing with a cake of soap and a sponge!"

"Why, to try and get myself *clean*, I suppose!"

"Ach! And how the devil did you get yourself *dirty*, then?"

To this Little Billee found no immediate answer, and went on with his ablution after the hissing, splashing, energetic fashion of Englishmen; and Svengali laughed loud and long at the spectacle of a little Englishman trying to get himself clean —"tâchant de se nettoyer!"

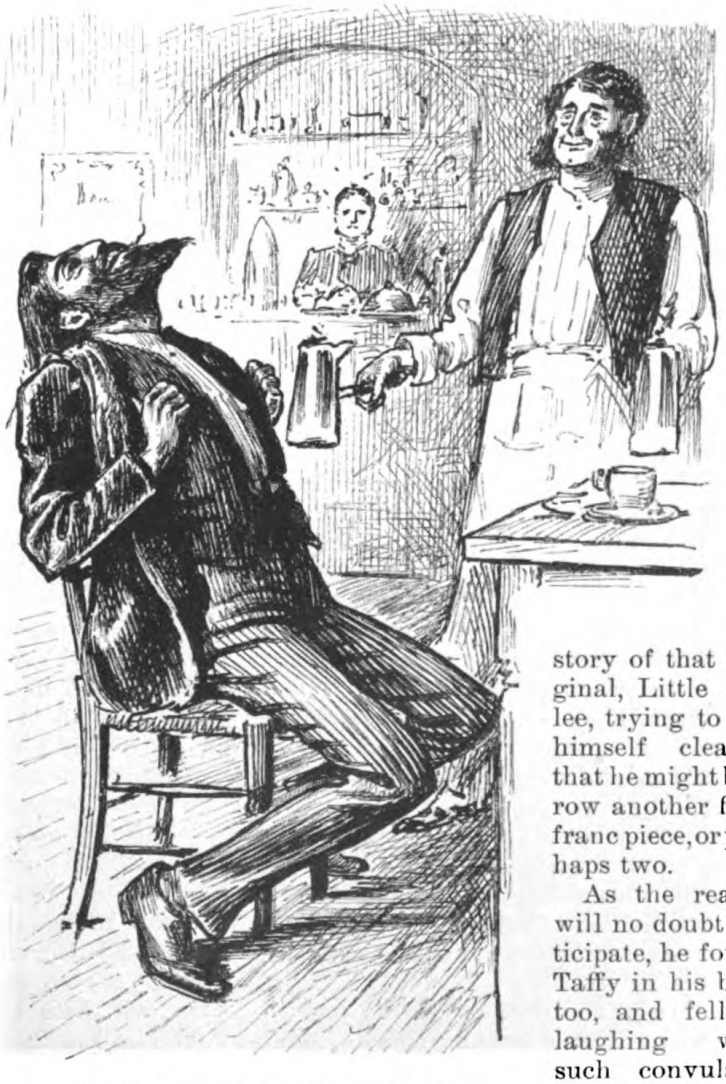
When such cleanliness had been attained as was possible under the circumstances, Svengali begged for the loan of two hundred francs, and Little Billee gave him a five-franc piece.

Content with this, *faute de mieux*, the German asked him when he would be trying to get himself clean again, as he would much like to come and see him do it.

"Demang mattang, à votre sairveece!" said Little Billee, with a courteous bow.

"*What!! Monday too!!* Gott in Himmel! you try to get yourself clean *every day?*"

And he laughed himself out of the room, out of the house, out of the Place de l'Odéon—all the way to the Rue de Seine, where dwelt the "man of blood," whom he meant to propitiate with the story of that original, Little Billee, trying to get himself clean—that he might borrow another five-franc piece, or perhaps two.



"TWO ENGLANDERS IN ONE DAY."

As the reader will no doubt anticipate, he found Taffy in his bath too, and fell to laughing with such convulsive laughter, such

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twistings, screwings, and doublings of himself up, such pointings of his dirty forefinger at the huge naked Briton, that Taffy was offended, and all but lost his temper.

"What the devil are you cackling at, sacred head of pig that you are? Do you want to be pitched out of that window into the Rue de Seine? Just you wait a bit; *I'll* wash your head for you!"

And Taffy jumped out of his bath, such a towering figure of righteous Herculean wrath that Svengali was appalled, and fled.

"Donnerwetter!" he exclaimed as he tumbled down the narrow staircase of the Hôtel de Seine, "what for a thick head! what for a pigdog! what for a rotten, brutal, verfluchter kerl of an Englander!"

Then he paused for thought.

"Now will I go to that Scottish Englander, in the Place St.-Anatole des Arts, for that other five-franc piece. But first will I wait a little while till he has perhaps finished trying to get himself clean."

So he breakfasted at the crèmerie Souchet, in the Rue Clopin-Clopant, and, feeling quite safe again, he laughed and laughed till his very sides were sore.

Two Englanders in one day, a big one and a little one, trying to get themselves clean!

He rather flattered himself he'd scored off those two Englanders.

After all, he was right perhaps, from his point of view; you can get as dirty in a week as in a lifetime, so what's the good of taking such a lot of trouble? Besides, so long as you are clean enough to suit your kind, to be any cleaner would be priggish and pedantic, and get you disliked.

Just as Svengali was about to knock at the Laird's door, Trilby came down stairs from Durien's, very unlike herself. Her eyes were red with weeping, and there were great black rings round them; she was pale under her freckles.

"Fous afez du chacrin, matemoiselle?" asked he.

She told him that she had neuralgia in her eyes, a thing she was subject to; that the pain was maddening, and generally lasted twenty-four hours.

"Perhaps I can cure you; come in here with me."

The Laird's ablutions (if he had indulged in any that morning) were evidently over for the day. He was breakfasting on a roll and butter, and coffee of his own brewing. He was deeply distressed at the sight of poor Trilby's sufferings, and offered whiskey and coffee and gingernuts, which she would not touch.

Svengali told her to sit down on the divan, and sat opposite to her, and bade her look him well in the white of the eyes.

"Recartez-moi pien tans le planc tes yeux."

Then he made little passes and counter-passes on her forehead and temples and down her cheek and neck. Soon her eyes closed and her face grew placid. After a while, a quarter of an hour perhaps, he asked her if she suffered still.

"Oh! presque plus du tout, monsieur—c'est le ciel."

In a few minutes more he asked the Laird if he knew German.

"Just enough to understand," said the Laird (who had spent a year in Düsseldorf), and Svengali said to him in German: "See, she sleeps not, but she shall not open her eyes. Ask her."

"Are you asleep, Miss Trilby?" asked the Laird.

"No."

"Then open your eyes and look at me."

She strained to open her eyes, but could not, and said so.

Then Svengali said, again in German, "She shall not open her mouth. Ask her."

"Why couldn't you open your eyes, Miss Trilby?"

She strained to open her mouth and speak, but in vain.

"She shall not rise from the divan. Ask her."

But Trilby was spellbound, and could not move.

"I will now set her free," said Svengali.

And, lo! she got up and waved her arms, and cried, "Vive la Prusse! me v'là guérie!" and in her gratitude she kissed Svengali's hand; and he leered, and showed his big brown teeth and the yellow whites at the top of his big black eyes, and drew his breath with a hiss.

"Now I'll go to Durien's and sit. How can I thank you, monsieur? You have taken all my pain away."

"Yes, matemoiselle. I have got it myself; it is in my elbows. But I love it, because it comes from you. Every time you have pain you shall come to me, 12 Rue Tire-Liard, au sixième au-dessus de l'entresol, and I will cure you and take your pain myself—"

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"Oh, you are too good!" and in her high spirits she turned round on her heel and uttered her portentous war-cry, "Milk below!" The very rafters rang with it, and the piano gave out a solemn response.

"What is that you say, matemoiselle?"

"Oh! it's what the milkmen say in England."

"It is a wonderful cry, matemoiselle—wunderschön! It comes straight through the heart; it has its roots in the stomach, and blossoms into music on the lips like the voice of Madame Alboni—voce sulle labbre! It is good production—c'est un cri du cœur!"

Trilby blushed with pride and pleasure.

"Yes, matemoiselle! I only know one person in the whole world who can produce the voice so well as you! I give you my word of honor."

"Who is it, monsieur—yourself?"

"Ach, no, matemoiselle; I have not that privilege. I have unfortunately no voice to produce....It is a waiter at the Café de la Rotonde, in the Palais Royal; when you call for coffee, he says 'Boum!' in basso profondo. Tiefstimme—F. moll below the line—it is phenomenal! It is like a cannon—a cannon also has very good production, matemoiselle. They pay him for it a thousand francs a year, because he brings many customers to the Café de la Rotonde, where the coffee isn't very good. When he dies they will search all France for another, and then all Germany, where the good big waiters come from—and the cannons—but they will not find him, and the Café de la Rotonde will be bankrupt—unless you will consent to take his place. Will you permit that I shall look into your mouth, matemoiselle?"

She opened her mouth wide, and he looked into it.

"Himmel! the roof of your mouth is like the dome of the Panthéon; there is room in it for 'toutes les gloires de la France,' and a little to spare! The entrance to your throat is like the middle porch of St.-Sulpice when the doors are open for the faithful on All-Saints day; and not one is missing—thirty-two British teeth as white as milk and as big as knuckle-bones! and your little tongue is scooped out like the leaf of a pink peony, and the bridge of your nose is like the belly of a Stradivarius—what a sounding-board! and inside your beautiful big chest the lungs are made of leather! and your breath, it embalms—like the breath of a beautiful white heifer fed on the buttercups and daisies of the father-land! and you have a quick, soft, susceptible heart, a heart of gold, matemoiselle—all that sees itself in your face!

'Votre cœur est un luth suspendu!
Aussitôt qu'on le touche, il résonne....'

What a pity you have not also the musical organization!"

"Oh, but I *have*, monsieur; you heard



"HIMMEL! THE ROOF OF YOUR MOUTH!"

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"ÇE FERA UNE FAMEUSE CRAPULE DE MOINS!"

me sing 'Ben Bolt,' didn't you? What makes you say that?"

Svengali was confused for a moment. Then he said:

"When I play the 'Rosemonde' of Schubert, matemoiselle, you look another way and smoke a cigarette.... You look at the big Taffy, at the Little Billee, at the pictures on the walls, or out of window, at the sky, the chimney-pots of Notre Dame de Paris; you do not look at Svengali!—Svengali, who looks at you with all his eyes, and plays you the 'Rosemonde' of Schubert!"

"Oh, maïe, aïe!" exclaimed Trilby; "you *do* use lovely language!"

"But never mind, matemoiselle; when your pain arrives, then shall you come once more to Svengali, and he shall take it away from you, and keep it himself for a soufenir of you when you are gone. And when you have it no more, he shall play you the 'Rosemonde' of Schubert, all alone for you; and then, 'Messieurs les étutiants, montez à la chaumière!'.... because it is gayer! *And you shall see nothing, hear nothing, think of nothing but Svengali, Svengali, Svengali!*"

Here he felt his peroration to be so happy and effective that he thought it well to go at once and make a good exit. So he bent over Trilby's shapely freckled hand and kissed it, and bowed himself out of the room, without even borrowing his five-franc piece.

"He's a rum 'un, ain't he?" said Trilby. "He reminds me of a big hungry spider, and makes me feel like a fly! But he's cured my pain! he's cured my pain! Ah! you don't know what my pain is when it comes!"

"I wouldn't have much to do with him, all the same!" said the Laird. "I'd sooner have any pain than have it cured in that unnatural way, and by such a man as that! He's a bad fellow, Svengali—I'm sure of it! He mesmerized you; that's what it is—mesmerism! I've often heard of it, but never seen it done before. They get you into their power, and just make you do any blessed thing they please—lie, murder, steal—anything! and kill yourself into the bargain when they've done with you! It's just too terrible to think of!"

So spake the Laird, earnestly, solemnly, surprised out of his usual self, and most painfully impressed—and his own impressiveness grew upon him and impressed him still more. He loomed quite prophetic.

Cold shivers went down Trilby's back as she listened. She had a singularly impressionable nature, as was shown by her quick and ready susceptibility to Svengali's hypnotic influence. And all that day, as she posed for Durien (to whom she did not mention her adventure), she was haunted by the memory of Svengali's big eyes and the touch of his soft dirty finger-tips on her face; and her fear and her repulsion grew together.

And "Svengali, Svengali, Svengali!" went ringing in her head and ears till it became an obsession, a dirge, a knell, an unendurable burden, almost as hard to bear as the pain in her eyes.

"*Svengali, Svengali, Svengali!*"

At last she asked Durien if he knew him.

"Parbleu! Si je connais Svengali!"

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"Quest-ce que t'en penses?"

"Quand il sera mort, çe fera une fameuse crapule de moins!"

"CHEZ CARREL."

Carrel's atelier (or painting-school) was in the Rue Notre Dame des Potirons St.-Michael, at the end of a large court-yard, where there were many large dirty windows facing north, and each window let the light of heaven into a large dirty studio.

The largest of these studios, and the dirtiest, was Carrel's, where some thirty or forty art students drew and painted from the nude model every day but Sunday from eight till twelve, and for two hours in the afternoon, except on Saturdays, when the afternoon was devoted to much-needed Augean sweepings and cleanings.

The bare walls were adorned with endless caricatures—*des charges*—in charcoal and white chalk; and also the scrapings of many palettes—a polychromous decoration not unpleasing.

For the freedom of the studio and the use of the model each student paid ten francs a month to the massier, or senior student, the responsible bell-wether of the flock; besides this, it was expected of you, on your entrance or initiation, that you should pay for your footing—your *bienvenue*—some thirty, forty, or fifty francs, to be spent on cakes and rum punch all round.

Every Friday Monsieur Carrel, a great artist, and also a stately, well-dressed, and most courteous gentleman (duly decorated with the red rosette of the Legion of Honor), came for two or three hours and



"AV YOU SEEN MY FAHZERE'S OLE SHOES?"

One week the model was male, the next female, and so on, alternating throughout the year.

A stove, a model-throne, stools, boxes, some fifty strongly built low chairs with backs, a couple of score easels and many drawing-boards, completed the mobilier.

went the round, spending a few minutes at each drawing-board or easel—ten or twelve when the pupil was an industrious and promising one.

He did this for love, not money, and deserved all the reverence with which he inspired this somewhat irreverent and

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most unruly company, which was made up of all sorts.

Graybeards who had been drawing and painting there for thirty years and more, and remembered other masters than Carrel, and who could draw and paint a torso almost as well as Titian or Velasquez—almost, but not quite—and who could never do anything else, and were fixtures at Carrel's for life.

Younger men who in a year or two, or three or five, or ten or twenty, were bound to make their mark, and perhaps follow in the footsteps of the master; others as conspicuously singled out for failure and future mischance—for the hospital, the garret, the river, the Morgue, or, worse, the traveller's bag, the road, or even the paternal counter.

Irresponsible boys, mere rapins, all laugh and chaff and mischief—"blague et bagout Parisien"; little lords of misrule—wits, butts, bullies; the idle and industrious apprentice, the good and the bad, the clean and the dirty (especially the latter)—all more or less animated by a certain *esprit de corps*, and working very happily and genially together, on the whole, and always willing to help each other with sincere artistic counsel if it was asked for seriously, though it was not always couched in terms very flattering to one's self-love.

Before Little Billee became one of this band of brothers he had been working for three or four years in a London art school, drawing and painting from the life; he had also worked from the antique in the British Museum—so that he was no novice.

As he made his début at Carrel's one Monday morning he felt somewhat shy and ill at ease. He had studied French most earnestly at home in England, and could read it pretty well, and even write it and speak it after a fashion; but he spoke it with much difficulty, and found studio French a different language altogether from the formal and polite language he had been at such pains to learn. Ollendorff does not cater for the quartier latin. Acting on Taffy's advice—for Taffy had worked under Carrel—Little Billee handed sixty francs to the massier for his *bienvenue*—a lordly sum—and this liberality made a most favorable impression, and went far to destroy any little prejudice that might have been caused by the daintiness of his dress, the cleanliness of his person, and the politeness of his manners. A place was assigned to him, and an easel and a board; for he elected to stand at his work and begin with a chalk drawing. The model (a male) was posed, and work began in silence. Monday morning is always rather sulky everywhere (except perhaps in judee). During the ten minutes' rest three or four students came and looked at Little Billee's beginnings, and saw at a glance that he thoroughly well knew what he was about, and respected him for it.

Nature had given him a singularly light hand—or rather two, for he was ambidextrous, and could use both with equal skill; and a few months' practice at a London life school had quite cured him of that purposeless indecision of touch which often characterizes the prentice hand for years of apprenticeship, and remains with the amateur for life. The lightest and most careless of his pencil strokes had a precision that was inimitable, and a charm that specially belonged to him, and was easy to recognize at a glance. His touch on either canvas or paper was like Svengali's on the keyboard—unique.

As the morning ripened little attempts at conversation were made—little breakings of the ice of silence. It was Lambert, a youth with a singularly facetious face, who first woke the stillness with the following uncalled for remarks in English very badly pronounced:

"Av you seen my fahzere's ole shoes?"

"I av not seen my fahzere's ole shoes."

Then, after a pause:

"Av you seen my fahzere's ole 'at?"

"I av not seen my fahzere's ole 'at!"

Presently another said, "Je trouve qu'il a une jolie tête, l'Anglais."

But I will put it all into English:

"I find that he has a pretty head—the Englishman! What say *you*, Barizel?"

"Yes; but why has he got eyes like brandy-balls, two a penny?"

"Because he's an Englishman!"

"Yes; but why has he got a mouth like a guinea-pig, with two big teeth in front like the double blank at dominoes?"

"Because he's an Englishman!"

"Yes; but why has he got a back without any bend in it, as if he'd swallowed the Colonne Vendôme as far up as the battle of Austerlitz?"

"Because he's an Englishman!"

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And so on, till all the supposed characteristics of Little Billee's outer man were exhausted. Then:

"Papelard!"

"Avez-vous une sœur?"

"Wee."

"Est-ce qu'elle vous ressemble?"

"Nong."



TAFFY À L'ECHELLE!

"What?"

"*I* should like to know if the Englishman says his prayers before going to bed."

"Ask him."

"Ask him yourself!"

"*I* should like to know if the Englishman has sisters; and if so, how old and how many and what sex."

"Ask him."

"Ask him yourself!"

"*I* should like to know the detailed and circumstantial history of the Englishman's first love, and how he lost his innocence!"

"Ask him," etc., etc., etc.

Little Billee, conscious that he was the subject of conversation, grew somewhat nervous. Soon he was addressed directly.

"Dites donc, l'Anglais?"

"Kwaw?" said Little Billee.

"C'est bien dommage! Est-ce qu'elle dit ses prières, le soir, en se couchant?"

A fierce look came into Little Billee's eyes and a redness to his cheeks, and this particular form of overture to friendship was abandoned.

Presently Lambert said, "Si nous mettions l'Anglais à l'échelle?"

Little Billee, who had been warned, knew what this ordeal meant.

They tied you to a ladder, and carried you in procession up and down the court-yard, and if you were nasty about it they put you under the pump.

During the next rest it was explained to him that he must submit to this indignity, and the ladder (which was used for reaching the high shelves round the studio) was got ready.

Little Billee smiled a singularly winning smile, and suffered himself to be bound with such good-humor that they

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voted it wasn't amusing, and unbound him, and he escaped the ordeal by ladder.

Taffy had also escaped, but in another way. When they tried to seize him he took up the first *rapin* that came to hand, and using him as a kind of club, he swung him about so freely and knocked down so many students and easels and drawing-boards with him, and made such a terrific rumpus, that the whole studio had to cry for "pax!" Then he performed feats of strength of such a surprising kind that the memory of him remained in Carrel's studio for years, and he became a legend, a tradition, a myth! It is now said (in what still remains of the quartier latin) that he was seven feet high, and used to juggle with the massier and model as with a pair of billiard balls, using only his left hand!

To return to Little Billee. When it struck twelve, the cakes and rum punch arrived—a very goodly sight that put every one in a good temper.

The cakes were of three kinds—Babas, Madeleines, and Savarins—three sous apiece, fourpence halfpenny the set of three. No nicer cakes are made in France, and they are as good in the quartier latin as anywhere else; no nicer cakes are made in the whole world that I know of. You must begin with the Madeleine, which is rich and rather heavy; then the Baba; and finish up with the Savarin, which is shaped like a ring, very light, and flavored with rum. And then you must really leave off.

The rum punch was tepid, very sweet, and not a bit too strong.

They dragged the model-throne into the middle, and a chair was put on for Little Billee, who dispensed his hospitality in a very polite and attractive manner, helping the massier first, and then the other graybeards in the order of their grayness, and so on down to the model.

Presently, just as he was about to help himself, he was asked to sing them an English song. After a little pressing he sang them a song about a gay cavalier who went to serenade his mistress, (and a ladder of ropes, and a pair of masculine gloves that didn't belong to the gay cavalier, but which he found in his lady's bower,)—a poor sort of song, but it was the nearest approach to a comic song he knew. There are four verses to it, and each verse is rather long. It does not sound at all funny to a French audience, and even with an English one Little Billee was not good at comic songs.

He was, however, much applauded at the end of each verse. When he had finished, he was asked if he were *quite* sure there wasn't any more of it, and they expressed a deep regret; and then each student, straddling on his little thick-set chair as on a horse, and clasping the back of it in both hands, galloped round Little Billee's throne quite seriously—the strangest procession he had ever seen. It made him laugh till he cried, so that he couldn't eat or drink.

Then he served more punch and cake all round; and just as he was going to begin himself, Papelard said,

"Say, you others, I find that the Englishman has something of truly distinguished in the voice, something of sympathetic, of touching—something of *je ne sais quoi!*"

Bouchardy: "Yes, yes—something of *je ne sais quoi!* That's the very phrase—n'est-ce pas, vous autres, that is a good phrase that Papelard has just invented to describe the voice of the Englishman. He is very intelligent, Papelard."

Chorus: "Perfect, perfect; he has the genius of characterization, Papelard. Dites donc, l'Anglais! once more that beautiful song—hein? Nous vous en prions tous."

Little Billee willingly sang it again, with even greater applause, and again they galloped, but the other way round and faster, so that little Billee became quite hysterical, and laughed till his sides ached.

Then Dubosc: "I find there is something of very capitous and exciting in English music—of very stimulating. And you, Bouchardy?"

Bouchardy: "Oh, me! It is above all the *words* that I admire; they have something of passionate, of romantic—'ze-ese glâ-âves, zese glâ-âves—zey do not belong to me.' I don't know what that means, but I love that sort of—of—of—of—*je ne sais quoi*, in short! Just *once* more, l'Anglais; only *once*, the *four* couplets."

So he sang it a third time, all four verses, while they leisurely ate and drank and smoked and looked at each other, nodding solemn commendation of certain phrases in the song: "Très bien!" "Très bien!" "Ah! voilà qui est bien réussi!"

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"Épatant, ça!" "Très fin!" etc., etc. For, stimulated by success, and rising to the occasion, he did his very utmost to surpass himself in emphasis of gesture and accent and histrionic drollery—heedless of the fact that not one of his listeners had the slightest notion what his song was about.

It was a sorry performance.

And it was not till he had sung it four times that he discovered the whole thing was an elaborate impromptu farce, of which he was the butt, and that of all his royal spread not a crumb or a drop was left for himself.

It was the old fable of the fox and the crow! And to do him justice, he laughed as heartily as any one, as if he thoroughly enjoyed the joke—and when you take jokes in that way people soon leave off poking fun at you. It is almost as good as being very big, like Taffy, and having a choleric blue eye!

Such was Little Billee's first experience of Carrel's studio, where he spent many happy mornings and made many good friends.

No more popular student had ever worked there within the memory of the grayest graybeards; none more amiable, more genial, more cheerful, self-respecting, considerate, and polite, and certainly none with greater gifts for art.

Carrel would devote at least fifteen minutes to him, and invited him often to his own private studio. And often, on the fourth or fifth day of the week, a group of admiring students would be gathered by his easel watching him as he worked.



"THE FOX AND THE CROW."

"C'est un rude lapin, l'Anglais! au moins il sait son orthographe en peinture, ce coco-là!"

Such was the verdict on Little Billee at Carrel's studio; and I can conceive no loftier praise.

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Young as she was (seventeen or eighteen, or thereabouts), and also tender (like Little Billee), Trilby had singularly clear and quick perceptions in all matters that concerned her tastes, fancies, or affections, and thoroughly knew her own mind, and never lost much time in making it up.

On the occasion of her first visit to the studio in the Place St.-Anatole des Arts, it took her just five minutes to decide that

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it was quite the nicest, homeliest, genialest, jolliest studio in the whole quartier latin, or out of it, and that its three inhabitants, individually and collectively, were more to her taste than any one else she had ever met.

In the first place, they were English, and she loved to hear her mother-tongue and speak it. It awoke all manner of tender recollections, sweet reminiscences of her childhood, her parents, her old home—such a home as it was—or, rather, such homes; for there had been many flittings from one poor nest to another. The O'Ferralls had been as birds on the bough.

She had loved her parents very dearly; and, indeed, with all their faults, they had many endearing qualities—the qualities that so often go with those particular faults—charm, geniality, kindness, warmth of heart, the constant wish to please, the generosity that comes before justice, and lends its last sixpence and forgets to pay its debts!

She knew other English and American artists, and had sat to them frequently for the head and hands; but none of these, for general agreeableness of aspect or manner, could compare in her mind with the stalwart and magnificent Taffy, the jolly fat Laird of Cockpen, the refined, sympathetic, and elegant Little Billee; and she resolved that she would see as much of them as she could, that she would make herself at home in that particular studio, and necessary to its "locataires," and without being the least bit vain or self-conscious, she had no doubts whatever of her power to please—to make herself both useful and ornamental if it suited her purpose to do so.

Her first step in this direction was to borrow Père Martin's basket and lantern and pick (he had more than one set of these trade properties) for the use of Taffy, whom she feared she might have offended by the freedom of her comments on his picture.

Then, as often as she felt it to be discreet, she sounded her war-cry at the studio door and went in and made kind inquiries, and sitting cross-legged on the model-throne, ate her bread and cheese and smoked her cigarette and passed the time of day, as she chose to call it; telling them all such news of the quartier as had come within her own immediate ken. She was always full of little stories of other studios, which, to do her justice, were always good-natured, and probably true—quite so as far as she was concerned; she was the most literal person alive; and she told all these "ragots, cancans, et potins d'atelier" in a quaint and amusing manner. The slightest look of gravity or boredom on one of those three faces, and she made herself scarce at once.

She soon found opportunities for usefulness also. If a costume were wanted, for instance, she knew where to borrow it, or hire it or buy it cheaper than any one anywhere else. She procured stuffs for them at cost price, as it seemed, and made them into draperies and female garments of any kind that was wanted, and sat in them for the toreador's sweetheart (she made the mantilla herself), for Taffy's starving dressmaker about to throw herself into the Seine, for Little Billee's studies of the beautiful French peasant girl in his picture, now so famous, called "The Pitcher goes to the Well."

Then she darned their socks and mended their clothes, and got all their washing done properly and cheaply at her friend Madame Boisse's, in the Rue des Cloîtres Ste.-Pétronille.

And then again, when they were hard up and wanted a good round sum of money for some little pleasure excursion, such as a trip to Fontainebleau or Barbizon for two or three days, it was she who took their watches and scarf-pins and things to the Mount of Piety in the Street of the Well of Love (where dwelt "ma tante," which is French for "my uncle" in this connection), in order to raise the necessary funds.

She was, of course, most liberally paid for all these little services, rendered with such pleasure and good-will—far too liberally, she thought. She would have been really happier doing them for love.

Thus in a very short time she became a *persona gratissima*—a sunny and ever welcome vision of health and grace and liveliness and unalterable good-humor, always ready to take any trouble to please her beloved "Angliches," as they were called by Madame Vinard, the handsome shrill-voiced *concierge*, who was almost jealous; for she was devoted to the Angliches too—and so was Monsieur Vinard—and so were the little Vinards.

She knew when to talk and when to laugh and when to hold her tongue; and

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CUISINE BOURGEOISE EN BOHÈME.

the sight of her sitting cross-legged on the model-throne darning the Laird's socks or sewing buttons on his shirts or repairing the smoke-holes in his trousers was so pleasant that it was painted by all three. One of these sketches (in water-color, by Little Billee) sold the other day at Christie's for a sum so large that I hardly dare to mention it. It was done in an afternoon.

Sometimes on a rainy day, when it was decided they should dine at home, she would fetch the food and cook it, and lay the cloth, and even make the salad. She was a better saladist than Taffy, a better cook than the Laird, a better caterer than Little Billee. And she would be invited to take her share in the banquet. And on these occasions her tremulous happiness was so immense that it would be quite pathetic to see—almost painful; and their three British hearts were touched by thoughts of all the loneliness and homelessness, the expatriation, the half-conscious loss of caste, that all this eager childish clinging revealed.

And that is why (no doubt) that with all this familiar intimacy there was never any hint of gallantry or flirtation in any shape or form whatever—bonne camaraderie, voilà tout. Had she been Little Billee's sister she could not have been treated with more real respect. And her deep gratitude for this unwonted compliment transcended any passion she had ever felt. As the good Lafontaine so prettily says,

"Ces animaux vivaient entre eux comme cousins;
Cette union si douce, et presque fraternelle,
Edifiait tous les voisins!"

And then their talk! It was to her as the talk of the gods in Olympus, save that it was easier to understand, and she could always understand it. For she was a very intelligent person, in spite of her wofully neglected education, and most ambitious to learn—a new ambition for her.

So they lent her books—English books; Dickens, Thackeray, Walter Scott—which she devoured in the silence of the night, the solitude of her little attic in the Rue des Pousse-Cailloux, and new worlds were revealed to her. She grew more English every day; and that was a good thing.

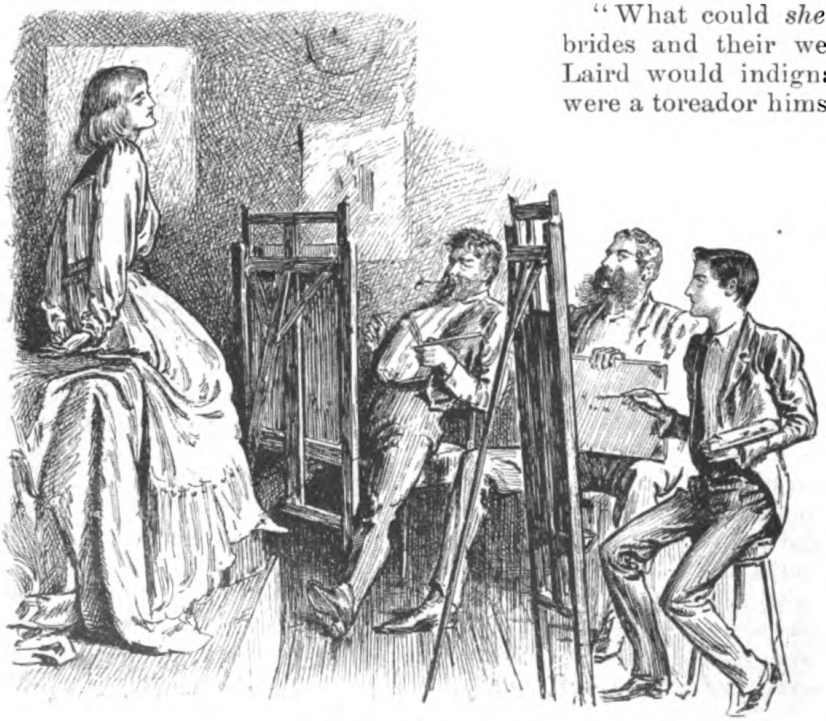
Trilby speaking English and Trilby speaking French were two different beings. Trilby's English was more or less

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that of her father, a highly educated man; her mother, who was a Scotch woman, although an uneducated one, had none of the ungainliness that mars the speech of so many English women in that humble rank—no droppings of the h, no broadening of the o's and a's.

Trilby's French was that of the quartier latin—droll, slangy, piquant, quaint, picturesque—quite the reverse of ungainly, but in which there was scarcely a turn of phrase that would not stamp the speaker as being hopelessly, emphatically "no lady!" Though it was funny without being vulgar, it was perhaps a little *too* funny!

And she handled her knife and fork in the dainty English way, as no doubt her father had done—and his; and, indeed, generally when alone with them she was so absolutely "like a lady" that it seemed quite odd (though very seductive) to see her in a grisette's cap and dress and apron. So much for her English training.



"THE SOFT EYES."

But enter a Frenchman or two, and a transformation effected itself immediately—a new incarnation of Trilbyness—so droll and amusing that it was difficult to decide which of her two incarnations was the most attractive.

It must be admitted that she had her faults—like Little Billee.

For instance, she would be miserably jealous of any other woman who came to the studio, to sit or scrub or sweep or do anything else, even of the dirty tipsy old hag who sat for Taffy's "found drowned"—"as if she couldn't have sat for it herself!"

And then she would be cross and sulky, but not for long—an injured martyr, soon ready to forgive and be forgiven.

She would give up any sitting to come and sit to her three English friends. Even Durien had serious cause for complaint.

Then her affection was exacting; she always wanted to be told one was fond of her; and she dearly loved her own way, even in the sewing on of buttons and the darning of socks, which was innocent enough. But when it came to the cutting and fashioning of garments for a toreador's bride, it was a nuisance not to be borne!

"What could *she* know of toreadors' brides and their wedding dresses?" the Laird would indignantly ask—as if he were a toreador himself; and this was the aggravating side of her irrepressible Trilbyness.

In the caressing, demonstrative tenderness of her friendship she "made the soft eyes" at all three indiscriminately. But sometimes Little Billee would look up from his work as she was sitting to Taffy or the Laird, and find her gray eyes fixed on him with an all-enfolding gaze, so piercingly, penetratingly, unutterably sweet and kind and tender, such a brooding, dovelike look of soft and warm solicitude, that he would feel a flutter at his heart, and his hand would shake so that he could not paint; and in a waking dream he would remember that his mother had

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often looked at him like that when he was a small boy, and she a beautiful young woman untouched by care or sorrow; and the tear that always lay in readiness so close to the corner of Little Billee's eye would find it very difficult to keep itself in its proper place—unshed.

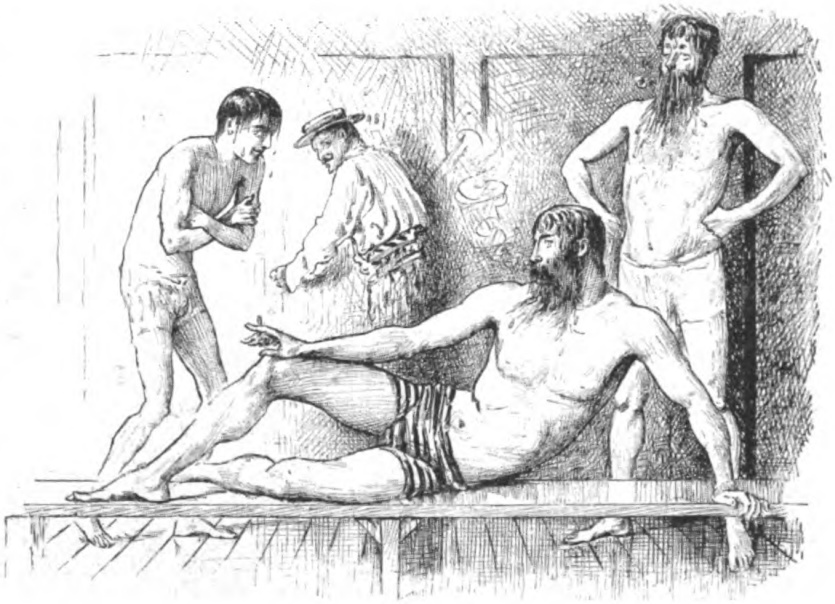
And at such moments the thought that Trilby sat for the figure would go through him like a knife.

She did not sit promiscuously to anybody who asked, it is true. But she still sat to Durien; to the great Gérôme; to M. Carrel, who scarcely used any other model.

G——, to whom she sat for his Phryne, once told me that the sight of her thus was a thing to melt Sir Galahad, and sober Silenus, and chasten Jove himself—a thing to Quixotize a modern French masher. I can well believe him. For myself, I only speak of Trilby as I have seen her—clothed and in her right mind. She never sat to me for any Phryne, nor did I ever ask her. But I have worked from many female models in many countries, some of them the best of their kind. I have also, like Svengali, seen Taffy "trying to get himself clean," either at home, or in the swimming-baths of the Seine; and never a sitting woman among them all who could match for grace or finish or splendor of outward form that mighty Yorkshireman sitting in his tub, or sunning himself, like Ilyssus, at the Bains Henri Quatre, or taking his running header, *à la hussarde*, off the spring-board at the Bains Deligny, with a group of wondering Frenchmen gathered round.

Sometimes Trilby would bring her little brother to the studio in the Place St.-Anatole des Arts, in his "beaux habits de Pâques," his hair well curled and pomatumed, his hands and face well washed.

He was a very engaging little mortal. The Laird would fill his pockets full of Scotch goodies, and paint him as a little Spaniard in "Le Fils du Toreador," a sweet little Spaniard with blue eyes, and curly locks as light as tow, and a complexion of milk and roses, in singular and piquant contrast to his swarthy progenitor.



ILYSSUS.

Taffy would use him as an Indian club or a dumbbell, to the child's infinite delight, and swing him on the trapeze, and teach him "la boxe."

And the sweetness and fun of his shrill, happy, infantile laughter (which was like an echo of Trilby's, only an octave higher) so moved and touched and tickled one that Taffy had to look quite fierce, so he might hide the strange delight of tenderness that somehow filled his manly bosom at the mere sound of it (lest Little Billee and the Laird should think him goody-goody); and the fiercer Taffy looked, the less this small mite was afraid of him.

Little Billee made a beautiful water-color sketch of him, just as he was, and gave it to Trilby, who gave it to le père Martin, who gave it to his wife with strict injunctions not to sell it as an old master. Alas! it *is* an old master now, and Heaven only knows who has got it!

Those were happy days for Trilby's lit-

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tle brother, happy days for Trilby, who was immensely fond of him, and very proud. And the happiest day of all was when the Trois Angliches took Trilby and Jeannot (for so the mite was called) to spend the Sunday in the woods at Meudon, and breakfast and dine at the garde champêtre's. Swings, peep-shows, donkey-rides; shooting at a mark with crossbows and little pellets of clay, and smashing little plaster figures and winning macaroons; losing one's self in the beautiful forest; catching newts and tadpoles and young frogs; making music on mirlitons. Trilby singing "Ben Bolt" into a mirliton was the son of a worthy, God-fearing, Sabbath-keeping Scotch writer to the signet.

This was after dinner, in the garden, at "la loge du garde champêtre." Taffy and Jeannot and Little Billee made the necessary music on their mirlitons, and the dancing soon became general, with plenty also to look on, for the garde had many customers who dined there on summer Sundays.

It is no exaggeration to say that Trilby was far and away the belle of that particular ball, and there have been worse balls in much finer company, and far plainer women!



"VOILÀ L'ESPAYCE DE HOM KER JER SWEE!"

a thing to be remembered, whether one would or no!

Trilby on this occasion came out in a new character, *en demoiselle*, with a little black bonnet, and a gray jacket of her own making.

To look at (but for her loose square-toed heelless silk boots laced up the inner side), she might have been the daughter of an English dean—until she undertook to teach the Laird some favorite cancan steps. And then the Laird himself, it must be admitted, no longer looked like

Trilby lightly dancing the cancan (there are cancans and cancans) was a singularly gainly and seductive person—*et vera incessu patuit dea!* Here, again, she was funny without being vulgar. And for mere grace (even in the cancan), she was the forerunner of Miss Kate Vaughan; and for sheer fun, the precursor of Miss Nelly Farren!

And the Laird, trying to dance after her, was too funny for words; and if genuine popular success is a true test of humor, no greater humorist ever danced a *pas seul*.

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What Englishmen could do in France during the fifties, and yet manage to preserve their self-respect, and even the respect of their respectable French friends!

"Voilà l'espayce de hom ker jer swee!" said the Laird, every time he bowed in acknowledgment of the applause that greeted his performance of various solo steps of his own—Scotch reels and sword-dances that came in admirably. . . .

Then, one fine day, the Laird fell ill, and the doctor had to be sent for, and he ordered a nurse. But Trilby would hear of no nurses, not even a Sister of Charity! She did all the nursing herself, and never slept a wink for three successive days and nights.

On the third day the Laird was out of all danger, the delirium was past, and the doctor found poor Trilby fast asleep by the bedside.

Madame Vinard, at the bedroom door, put her finger to her lips, and whispered: "Quel bonheur! il est sauvé, M. le Docteur; écoutez! il dit ses prières en Anglais, ce brave garçon!"

The good old doctor, who didn't understand a word of English, listened, and heard the Laird's voice, weak and low, but quite clear, and full of heart-felt fervor, intoning, solemnly:

"Green herbs, red peppers, mussels, saffron,
Soles, onions, garlic, roach, and dace—
All these you eat at Terré's Tavern
In that one dish of bouillabaisse!"

"Ah! mais c'est très bien de sa part, ce brave jeune homme! rendre grâces au ciel comme cela, quand le danger est passé! très bien, très bien!"

Sceptic and Voltairian as he was, and not the friend of prayer, the good doctor was touched, for he was old, and therefore kind and tolerant, and made allowances.

And afterwards he said such sweet things to Trilby about it all, and about her admirable care of his patient, that she positively wept with delight—like sweet Alice with hair so brown, whenever Ben Bolt gave her a smile.

All this sounds very goody-goody, but it's true.

So it will be easily understood how the trois Angliches came in time to feel for Trilby quite a peculiar regard, and looked forward with sorrowful forebodings to the day when this singular and pleasant little quartet would have to be broken up, each of them to spread his wings and fly away on his own account, and poor Trilby to be left behind all by herself. They would even frame little plans whereby she might better herself in life, and avoid the many snares and pitfalls that would beset her lonely path in the quartier latin when they were gone.

Trilby never thought of such things as these; she took short views of life, and troubled herself about no morrows.

There was, however, one jarring figure in her little fool's paradise, a baleful and most ominous figure that constantly crossed her path, and came between her and the sun, and threw its shadow over her, and that was Svengali.

He also was a frequent visitor at the studio in the Place St.-Anatole, where much was forgiven him for the sake of his music, especially when he came with Gecko and they made music together. But it soon became apparent that they did not come there to play to the three Angliches; it was to see Trilby, whom they both had taken it into their heads to adore, each in a different fashion:

Gecko, with a humble doglike worship that expressed itself in mute pathetic deference and looks of lowly self-depreciation, of apology for his own unworthy existence, as though the only requital he would ever dare to dream of were a word of decent politeness, a glance of tolerance or good-will—a mere bone to a dog.

Svengali was a bolder wooer. When he cringed, it was with a mock humility full of sardonic threats; when he was playful, it was with a terrible playfulness, like that of a cat with a mouse—a weird ungainly cat, and most unclean; a sticky, haunting, long, lean, uncanny, black spider-cat, if there is such an animal outside a bad dream.

It was a great grievance to him that she had suffered from no more pains in her eyes. She had; but preferred to endure them rather than seek relief from him.

So he would playfully try to mesmerize her with his glance, and sidle up nearer and nearer to her, making passes and counter-passes, with stern command in his eyes, till she would shake and shiver and almost sicken with fear, and all but feel the spell come over her, as in a nightmare, and rouse herself with a great effort and escape.

If Taffy were there he would interfere with a friendly "Now then, old fellow, none of that!" and a jolly slap on the

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TIT FOR TAT.

back, which would make Svengali cough for an hour, and paralyze his mesmeric powers for a week.

Svengali had a stroke of good fortune. He played at three grand concerts with Gecko, and had a well-deserved success. He even gave a concert of his own, which made a furor, and blossomed out into beautiful and costly clothes of quite original color and shape and pattern, so that people would turn round and stare at him in the street—a thing he loved. He felt his fortune was secure, and ran into debt with tailors, hatters, shoemakers, jewellers, but paid none of his old debts to his friends. His pockets were always full of printed slips—things that had been written about him in the papers—and he would read them aloud to everybody he knew, especially to Trilby, as she sat darning socks on the model-throne while the fencing and boxing were in train. And he would lay his fame and his fortune at her feet, on condition that she should share her life with him.

"Ach, himmel, Drilpy!" he would say, "you don't know what it is to be a great pianist like me, hein! What is your Little Billee, with his stinking oil-bladders, sitting mum in his corner, his mahlstick and his palette in one hand, and his twiddling little footle pig's-hair brush in the other! What noise does *he* make? When his little fool of a picture is finished he will send it to London, and they will hang it on a wall with a lot of others, all in a line, like recruits called out for inspection, and the yawning public will walk by in procession and inspect, and say 'd——!' Svengali will go to London *himself*. Ha! ha! He will be all alone on a platform, and play as nobody else can play; and hundreds of beautiful Engländerinen will see and hear and go mad with love for him—Prinzessinen, Comtessinen, Serene English Altessinen. They will soon lose their Serenity and their Highness when they hear Svengali! They will invite him to their palaces, and pay him a thousand francs to play for them; and after, he will loll in the best armchair, and they will sit all round him on foot-stools, and bring him tea and gin and kuchen and marrons glacés, and lean over him and fan him—for he is tired after playing them for a thousand francs of Chopin! Ha, ha! I know all about it—hein?

"And he will not look at them, even! He will look inwards, at his own dream—and his dream will be about Drilpy—to lay his talent, his glory, his thousand francs, at her beautiful white feet!

"Their stupid big fat tow-headed putty-

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nosed husbands will be mad with jealousy, and long to box him, but they will be afraid. Ach! those beautiful Anglaises! they will think it an honor to mend his shirts, to sew buttons on his pantaloons; to darn his socks, as you are doing now for that sacred imbecile of a Scotchman who is always trying to paint toreadors, or that sweating pig-headed bullock of an Engländer who is always trying to get himself dirty and then to get himself clean again!—*e da capo!*

"Himmel! what big socks are those! what potato-sacks!

"Look at your Taffy! what is he good for but to bang great musicians on the back with his big bear's paw! He finds that droll, the bullock!....

"Look at your Frenchmen there—your conceited verfluchte pig-dogs of Frenchmen—Durien, Barizel, Bouchardy! What can a Frenchman talk of, hein? Only himself, and run down everybody else! His vanity makes me sick! He always thinks the world is talking about *him*, the fool! He forgets that there's a fellow called *Svengali* for the world to talk about! I tell you, Drilpy, it is about *me* the world is talking—me and nobody else—me, me, me!

"Listen what they say in the *Figaro*" (reads it).

"What do you think of that, hein? What would your Durien say if people wrote of *him* like that?

"But you are not listening, sapperment! great big she-fool that you are—sheepshead! Dummkopf! Donnerwetter! you are looking at the chimney-pots when Svengali is talking! Look a little lower down between the houses, on the other side of the river! There is a little ugly gray building there, and inside are eight slanting slabs of brass, all of a row, like beds in a school dormitory, and one fine day you shall lie asleep on one of those slabs—you, Drilpy, who would not listen to Svengali, and therefore lost him!.... And over the middle of you will be a little leather apron, and over your head a little brass tap, and all day long and all night the cold water shall trickle, trickle, trickle all the way down your beautiful white body to your beautiful white feet till they turn green, and your poor damp draggled muddy rags will hang above you from the ceiling for your friends to know you by; drip, drip, drip! But you will have no friends....

"And people of all sorts, strangers, will stare at you through the big plate-glass window—Engländers, chiffoniers, painters and sculptors, workmen, piou-pious, old hags of washer-women—and say, 'Ah! what a beautiful woman was that! Look at her! She ought to be rolling in her carriage and pair!' And just then, who should come by, rolling in his carriage and pair, smothered in furs, and smoking a big cigar of the Havana, but Svengali, who will jump out, and push the canaille aside, and say, 'Ha! ha! that is la grande Drilpy, who would not listen to Svengali, but looked at the chimney-pots when he told her of his manly love, and—"

"Hi! d—— it, Svengali, what the devil are you talking to Trilby about? You're making her sick; can't you see? Leave off, and go to the piano, man, or I'll come and slap you on the back again!"

Thus would that sweating pig-headed bullock of an Engländer stop Svengali's love-making and release Trilby from bad quarters of an hour.

Then Svengali, who had a wholesome dread of the pig-headed bullock, would go to the piano and make impossible discords, and say: "Dear Drilpy, come and sing 'Pen Polt'! I am thirsting for those so beautiful chest notes! Come!"

Poor Trilby needed little pressing when she was asked to sing, and would go through her lamentable performance, to the great discomfort of Little Billee. It lost nothing of its grotesqueness from Svengali's accompaniment, which was a triumph of cacophony, and he would encourage her "Très pien, très pien, ça y est!"

When it was over, Svengali would test her ear, as he called it, and strike the C in the middle and then the F just above, and ask which was the highest; and she would declare they were both exactly the same. It was only when he struck a note in the bass and another in the treble that she could perceive any difference, and said that the first sounded like Père Martin blowing up his wife, and the second like her little godson trying to make the peace between them.

She was quite tone-deaf, and didn't know it; and he would pay her extravagant compliments on her musical talent, till Taffy would say,

"Look here, Svengali, let's hear *you* sing a song!"

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And he would tickle him so masterfully under the ribs that the creature howled and became quite hysterical.

Then Svengali would vent his love of teasing on Little Billee, and pin his arms behind his back and swing him round, saying:

"Himmel! what's this for an arm? It's like a girl's!"

"It's strong enough to paint!" said Little Billee.

"And what's this for a leg? It's like a mahlstick!"

"It's strong enough to kick, if you don't leave off!"

And Little Billee, the young and tender, would let out his little heel and kick the German's shins; and just as the German was going to retaliate, big Taffy would pin *his* arms and make him sing another song, more discordant than Trilby's—for he didn't dream of kicking Taffy; of that you may be sure!

Such was Svengali—only to be endured for the sake of his music—always ready to vex, frighten, bully, or torment anybody or anything smaller and weaker than himself—from a woman or a child to a mouse or a fly.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



IN THE SIERRA MADRE WITH THE PUNCHERS.

BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

ON a chill black morning the cabins of Los Ojos gave up their inmates at an early hour. The ponies, mules, and *burros* were herded up, and stood shivering in an angle, while about them walked the men, carefully coiling their hair lariats, and watching for an opportunity to jerk them over the heads of the selected ones. The *patron's* black pet walked up to him, but the mounts of my companion and self sneaked about with an evident desire not to participate in the present service. Old *Cokomorachie* and Jim were finally led forth, protesting after the manner of their kind. I carefully adjusted my Whitman's officer-tree over a wealth of saddle blanketing, and slung my Winchester 45–70 and my field-glasses to it. The "punchers," both white and brown, and two or three women, regarded my new-fangled saddle with amused glances; indeed, Mr. Bell's Mexican wife laughed at it outright, and Tom Bailey called it "a d—— rim-fire." Another humorist thought that "it would give the chickens the pip if they got onto it"; all of which I took good-humoredly, since this was not the first time "your Uncle Samuel" had been away from home; and after some days, when a lot of men were carefully leading sore-backed horses over the mountains, I had cause to remark further on the subject. A Mexican cow-saddle is a double-barrelled affair; it will eat a hole into a horse's spine and a pair of leather breeches at the same time. If one could ask "Old Jim" about that saddle of mine, I think he would give it an autograph

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recommend, for he finished the trip with the hide of his back all there.

Leaving the "burro men" to haul and pull at their patient beasts as they bound on their loads, our outfit "pulled out" on what promised to be plenty of travelling. We were to do the rounds of the ranch, explore the mountains, penetrate to the old Apache strongholds, shoot game, find cliff-dwellers' villages, and I expect the dark minds of the punchers hoped for a sight at the ever-burning fire which should discover the lost mine of Tiopa. We were also promised a fight with the "Kid" if we "cut his trail"; and if he "cuts ours," we may never live to regret it. Some tame Indians, just in from a hunt in the Rio Chico, had seen three fires, but they had "rolled their tails"* for Bavicora so promptly that they had not ascertained whether they were Apache or not. The same men we were in the company of had run the "Kid's" band in to the States only two months before, but on our trip that very elusive and very "bad Injun" was not encountered. Much as I should like to see him, I have no regrets, since it is extremely likely that he would have seen me first.

Our little band was composed of the patron, Don Gilberto; my travelling companion from New York city, who had never before been west of the Elysian Fields of New Jersey; Bailey and Bell, ranch foremen, and as dauntless spirits as ever the Texas border nurtured; the ranch bookkeeper, a young man "short" on experiences and "long" on hope; Epitacio, an Indian hunter, since outlawed; William, the colored cook; four buckskin Mexican "punchers"; an old man who was useless for practical purposes, but who was said to be "funny" in Spanish; and two "burro men." We were that day to go to the farthest outlying ranch, called the Casa Camadra, and then to stop for a short hunt and to give the punchers time to "gentle" some steers for work-cattle. The puncher method of doing this is beautifully simple, for any animal undergoing this is gentle or dead after it. After scouring the plain for antelope until late, we followed up a creek toward the cabin where we expected to find the punchers and the burro men with their loads of creature comforts, and as we rode in, it was raining a cold sleet. The little log cabin was low, small, and wonderfully picturesque. It was a typical "shack," such as one used to see in the Northwest when the hunters were there. Out in the rain sat two punchers, enveloped in their serapes, engaged in watching a half-dozen big steers eat grass. Inside of the cabin was William by a good fire in a most original fireplace, glowing with heat and pride over his corn cakes and "marrow-gut." Between various cigarettes, the last drink of *tequela*, and the drying of our clothes,



MY COMRADE.

* Cowboy for travelling rapidly.

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PORPHYRY ROCK.

we passed the time until William had put the "grub" on a pack-saddle blanket and said, "Now, gemmen, fly in."

"Fly in" is vulgar, but it is also literal, for we did that: we did not dine—we flew in. The expression and the food were both good. Outside, the cold rain had turned into a wet snow, and we all crowded into the little place and squatted or lay about on the floor. With fingers and hunting-knives we carved and tore at the mountain of beef. The punchers consume enormous quantities of meat, and when satiated they bring forth their cornhusks and tobacco-pouches and roll their long thin cigarettes, which burn until they draw their serapes about their heads and sink back in dreamless sleep. It is all beautifully primitive, and as I rise on my elbow to look across the blanketed forms packed like mackerel in a cask, to hear their heavy breathing, and see the fire glow, and hear the wind howl outside, I think how little it takes to make men happy. Tom Bailey and Johnnie Bell, the ranch foremen, had faces which would have been in character under a steel headpiece at Cressy, while the wildest blood of Spain, Morocco, and the American Indian ran in the veins of the punchers; and all these men were untainted by the enfeebling influences of luxury and modern life. A chunk of beef, a cigarette, an enveloping serape, with the Sierras for a bedroom, were the utmost of their needs.

The sunlight streamed down the big chimney, and William's "Good-mo'nin', sah," brought back my senses. Beyond his silhouette, as he crouched before the fireplace, I could hear the sputtering of the broiling steak. I repaired to the brook and smashed the ice for a rub-down. It was still drizzling, and the landscape lay under a heavy fog. Outside the cabin lay the dead body of a skinned wolf, and about a small fire crouched the punchers.

Breakfast over, the men rode off by twos into the fog, and as Tom Bailey and I jogged along together we reasoned that if we were to strike the point of the mountains and then keep well in the timber we might catch a bunch of antelope which we had "jumped" the day before on the plain below. So all day long we rode over the wet rocks, under the drip and drizzle of the mountain pines, up hill and down dale, and never "cut a sign." It was our luck; for on riding up to the "shack" we saw the bodies of deer, antelope, a

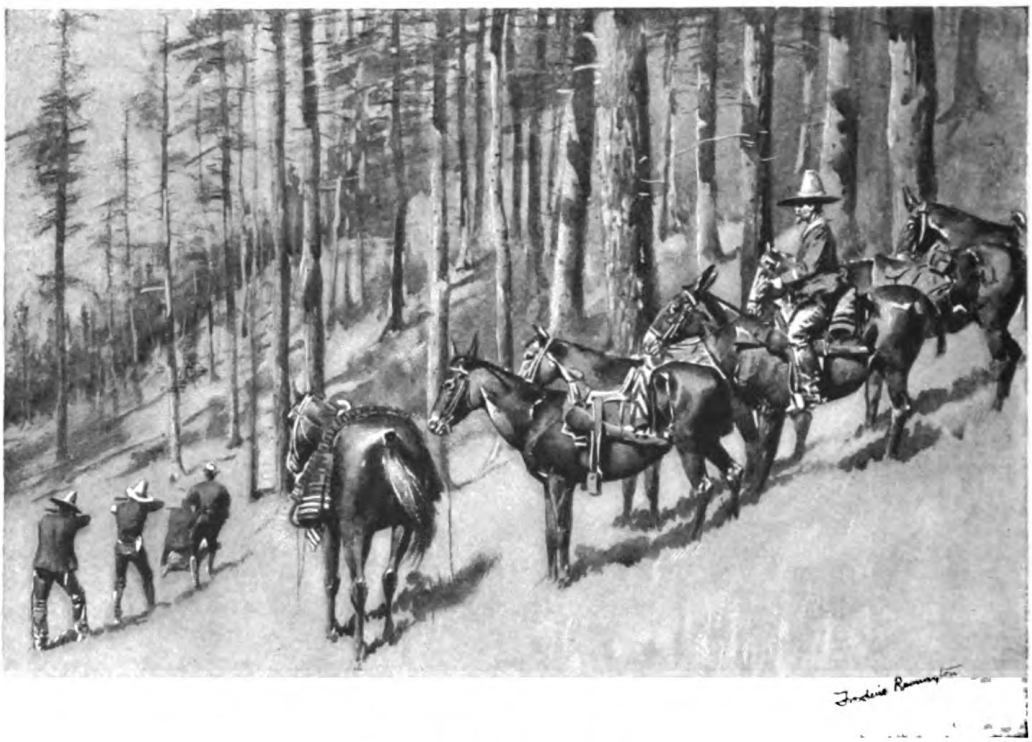
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THE CASA CAMADRA.

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SHOOTING IN THE SIERRA MADRE.

big gray wolf, and the skin of a mountain-lion. We were requested to view the game, and encouraged to comment on it; but Tom and I sought a dark corner of the cabin to consume our coffee and cigarettes in silence.

At the Casa Camadra are two other log houses, and in them live some squalid, yellow-hided humans who are to farm a little stretch of bottom-land this year. They require work-steers to do their ploughing, and Mr. Bell has brought up half a dozen vicious old "stags," which are both truculent and swift of foot. The Mexicans insist that they are not able to handle them; and Mr. Bell orders his punchers into action. I strolled out to the corrals to see the bulls "gentled." After a lot of riding and yelling they were herded and dragged into the enclosure, where they huddled while seven punchers sat on their ponies at the gate. I was standing at one corner of the corral, near the men, when out from the midst of the steers walked a big black bull, which raised its head and gazed directly at me. The bull had never before in his stupid life observed a man on foot, and I comprehended immediately what he would do next, so I "led out" for the casa at a rate of speed which the boys afterwards never grew weary of commending. No spangled *torero* of the bull-ring ever put more heart and soul into his running than did I in my great-coat and long hunting-spurs. The bull made a "fo'-lorn hope" for the gate, and the gallant punchers melted away before the charge.

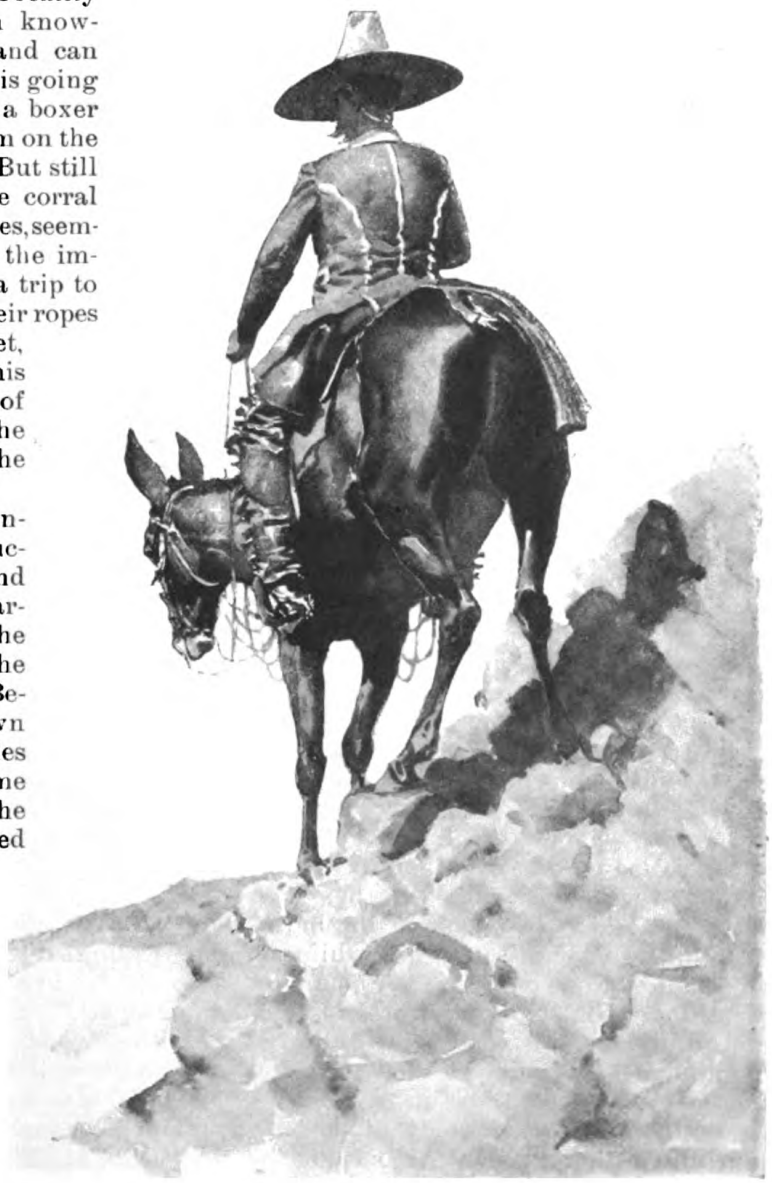
The diversion of the punchers made the retreat of the infantry possible, and from an intrenched position I saw the bulls tear over the hill, with the punchers "rolling their tails" behind. After an hour of swearing and hauling and bellowing, the six cattle were lugged back to the pen, and the bars put up. The punchers came around to congratulate me on my rapid recovery from a sprained ankle, when they happened to observe the cattle again scouring off for the open country. Then there was a grunting of ponies as the spurs went in, some hoarse oaths, and for a third time they tore away after the "gentle work-oxen." The steers had taken the bars in their stride. Another hour's chase, and this time the animals were thrown down, trussed up like turkeys for the baking, and tied to posts, where they

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lay to kick and bellow the night through in impotent rage. The punchers coiled their ropes, lit their cigarettes, and rode off in the gathering gloom. The morning following the steers were let up, and though wet and chilled, they still roared defiance. For agricultural purposes a Mexican "stag" would be as valuable as a rhinoceros or a Bengal tiger, and I await with interest the report of the death rate at the Casa Camadra during spring ploughing.

In the handling of these savage animals the punchers are brave to recklessness, but this is partly because it seems so. In reality they have a thorough knowledge of bull nature, and can tell when and where he is going to strike as quickly as a boxer who knows by the "skim on the eye" of his opponent. But still they go boldly into the corral with the maddened brutes, seeming to pay no heed to the imminent possibilities of a trip to the moon. They toss their ropes and catch the bull's feet, they skilfully avoid his rush, and in a spirit of bravado they touch the horns, pat him on the back, or twist his tail.

After hunting for another day, with more success, we packed up and "pulled out" up the Varras Creek toward the mountains, leaving the last house behind us. Beyond was the unknown country. For many miles it had been ridden by some of the punchers, but the country is large, covered with vast mountain ranges, with wastes of stony foot-hills at the bases, while *barrancas* yawn at your feet, and for a great many years the policy of the Apaches has been not to encourage immigration. In 1860 a heavy band of Mexican prospectors undertook to penetrate this part in the quest of Tiopa, but they were driven out. It is now possible for strong outfits to travel its wilds with only a small chance of encountering Apache renegades, but very few have attempted it as yet. It is so remote that prospectors for silver or gold could hardly work a mine if they found one, and for other purposes it has little value. The most magnificent pine timber covers its slopes, but it would take a syndicate to deliver one log at the railroad. As we wound



ON THE MOUNTAINS.

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our way up the Varras Creek we passed beetling crags and huge pillars of porphyry rock cut into fantastic shapes by water and frost, resplendent in color, and admirably adapted for the pot-hunting of humans as affected by gentry temporarily stopping at San Carlos.

In a dell in the forest we espied some "mavericks," or unbranded stock. The punchers are ever alert for a beef without half its ears gone and a big HF burned in its flank, and immediately they perceive one they tighten their *cincha*, slip the rope from the pommel, put their hats on the back of their heads, and "light out." A cow was soon caught, after desperate riding over rocks and fallen timber, thrown down, and "hog-tied," which means all four feet together. A little fire is built, and one side of a *cincha* ring is heated red-hot, with which a rawhide artist paints HF in the sizzling flesh, while the cow kicks and bawls. She is then unbound, and when she gets back on her feet the vaqueros stand about, serape in hand, after the bull-fighter method, and provoke her to charge. She charges, while they avoid her by agile springs and a flaunting of their rags. They laugh, and cry "Bravo toro!" until she, having overcome her indignation at their rudeness, sets off down the cañon with her tail in the air.

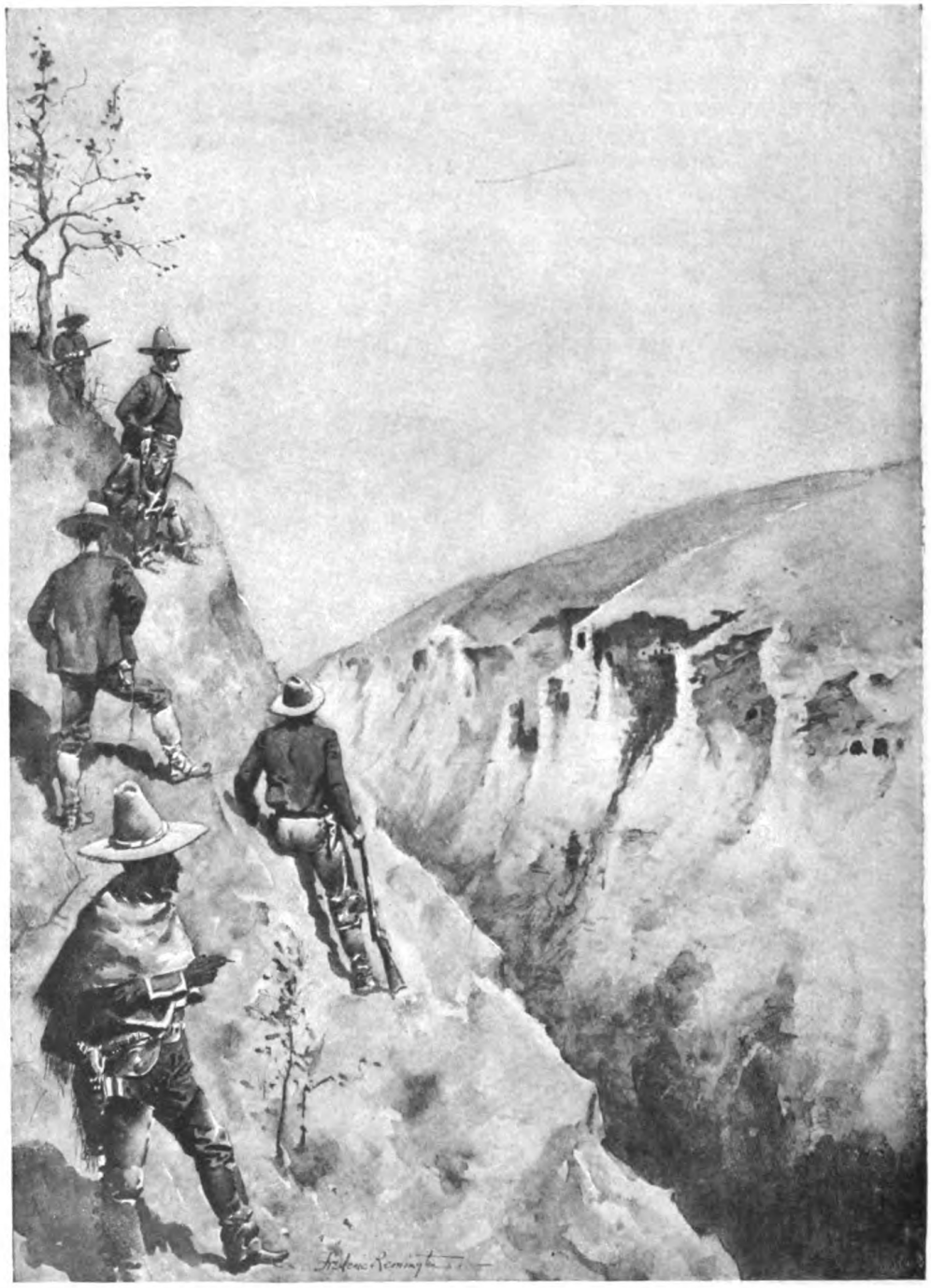
Thus we journeyed day by day over the hills and up the cañons, camping by night under the pines in mountain glades or deep ravines, where the sun sets at four o'clock, while it is light above. The moon was in the full and the nights were frosty, and many times we awoke to think it morning when only our heads had become uncovered by the blankets and the big white moon shone fair upon us. Getting up in the night to poke the fire and thaw the stiffening out of one's legs is called by the boys "playing freeze-out," and we all participate in the game. A cigarette at two o'clock in the morning, with one's back to the fire, while the moon looks down on you, your comrades breathing about you, a wolf howling mournfully from a neighboring hill, the mountains towering on every side, and the tall pines painting inky shadows across the ghostly grass, is a mild sensation and rather pleasant. Some of the men are on foot, from soring their horses' backs, and their buckskin boots are wearing out, so they sit about the fire and stitch. We are all very dirty, and I no longer take comfort in watching the cook who makes the bread, for fear I may be tempted to ask him if he will not wash his hands, whereat the boys may indicate that I am a "dude," and will look down on me. The flour is nearly gone, and shortly it will not matter whether the cook's hands are rusty or not. The coffee and sugar promise to hold out. When William can no longer serve "bull gravy" with his fried meat I shall have many regrets, but they are swamped by the probabilities of a tobacco famine, which is imminent. We get deer every day, but to one not used to a strictly meat diet it begins to pall. The Indian hunter takes the stomach of a deer, fills it with meat, and deposits it under the coals. We roast it in slices and chunks, but I like it better when "jerked" brown, as it then affords somewhat more mystery to a taste already jaded with venison. In travelling with pack animals it is the custom to make a day's march before halting, and a day's march ends about four o'clock, or when water is found. Ten hours' march will loosen one's cartridge-belt five or six holes, for venison and coffee is not a strong food. By 12 M. we acquire a wolfish yearning for the "flesh-pots," but that shortly is relieved by the contraction of the stomach, or three or four quarts of mountain water will afford some relief. By nightfall one can "fly into" a venison steak, while cigarettes, coffee, and a desire to lie down restore one's equanimity.

We have passed some small ranges and worm our way down bottomless pits, but at last there rises ahead the main range of the Sierra Madre. From the depths of a great *barranca* we begin the climb. Never have I seen hills as sideling as these. It is terrible work for one not used to mountain-climbing and the short allowance of air one finds to subsist on. The feeling of exhaustion is almost impossible to overcome. The horses are thin, and Old Jim is developing more ribs than good condition calls for, so I walk to ease the old fellow. There are snow fields to cross, which intensifies the action. The journey is enlivened at times by shots at deer, and the rifles echo around the mountains, but being long shots they are misses. We passed the *cordon* of the mountains, and stopped

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THE INDIAN'S STORY.

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THE CLIFF-DWELLINGS.

on a knifelike ridge where the melting snows under one's foot ran east and west to the two great oceans. The climb from here over the main range was a bellows-bursting affair, but as we pulled on to the high *mesa* our drooping nerves were stiffened by shots, and presently deer came bounding down the ravine to our left. Jack made a bully flying shot, and the stricken deer rolled many yards, until caught by a fallen log. My companion, who was in advance, had fired into some deer, and had shot a buck which was lying down, and he was much puffed

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up with pride over this achievement in still-hunting. From there on we passed through the most wonderful natural deer park. The animals did not fear man, and stood to be fired at, though the open timber and absence of underbrush made the shots long-range ones. After killing all we could carry, we sat down to wait for the burro train.

That night we camped on a jutting crag, with the water running in the *barranca* 200 feet below us. For a hundred miles the mountain and plain lay at our feet—a place more for an eagle's eyry than a camp for a caravan. The night set very cold, and from out in space the moon threw its mellow light down upon us. Before the camp-fire our Indian hunter told the story of the killing of Victoria's band, where he had been among the victors, and as he threw his serape down, and standing forth with the firelight playing on his harsh features, he swayed his body and waved his hands, while with hoarse voice and in a strange language he gave the movement of the fight. The legend of the lost mine of Tiopa was narrated by a vaquero in the quiet manner of one whose memory goes far back, and to whom it is all real—about the Jesuits, the iron door over the mouth of the mine, its richness, the secrecy enjoined by the fathers on the people when they fled before the Apache devils, and how there is always a light to be kept burning at its entrance to guide them back. It was a grand theatre and an eerie scene.

On the other side of the mountain we found the trail most difficult. I would never have believed that a horse could traverse it. To say that it was steep is commonplace, and yet I cannot be believed if I say that it was perpendicular; but a man could toss his hat a mile at any moment if he pleased. Then, underfoot, it was all loose lava rock, and the little ponies had to jump and dance over the bowlders. When we had finally arrived on a grassy *mesa* I concluded that if ever again I did the like of that, it would most certainly be the result of a tremendous error in my calculations. The pack-train was here detached and sent to water, but we followed Jack to see his "discovery." After miles of travel through the dry yellow grass we came out on a high bluff, with a *barranca* at its foot the bottom of which we could not see. On the overhanging wall opposite were Jack's cliff-dwellings, perched like dove-cots against the precipice. It was only a quarter of a mile to them, but it took two days to get there, so we did not go. There are also holes in the cliffs, and underground passages. The paths up to them are washed away, but Jack and some of his men have invaded the silent village. They climbed up with lariats, and he was let down over the cliff, but they found nothing left but dust and cobwebs.

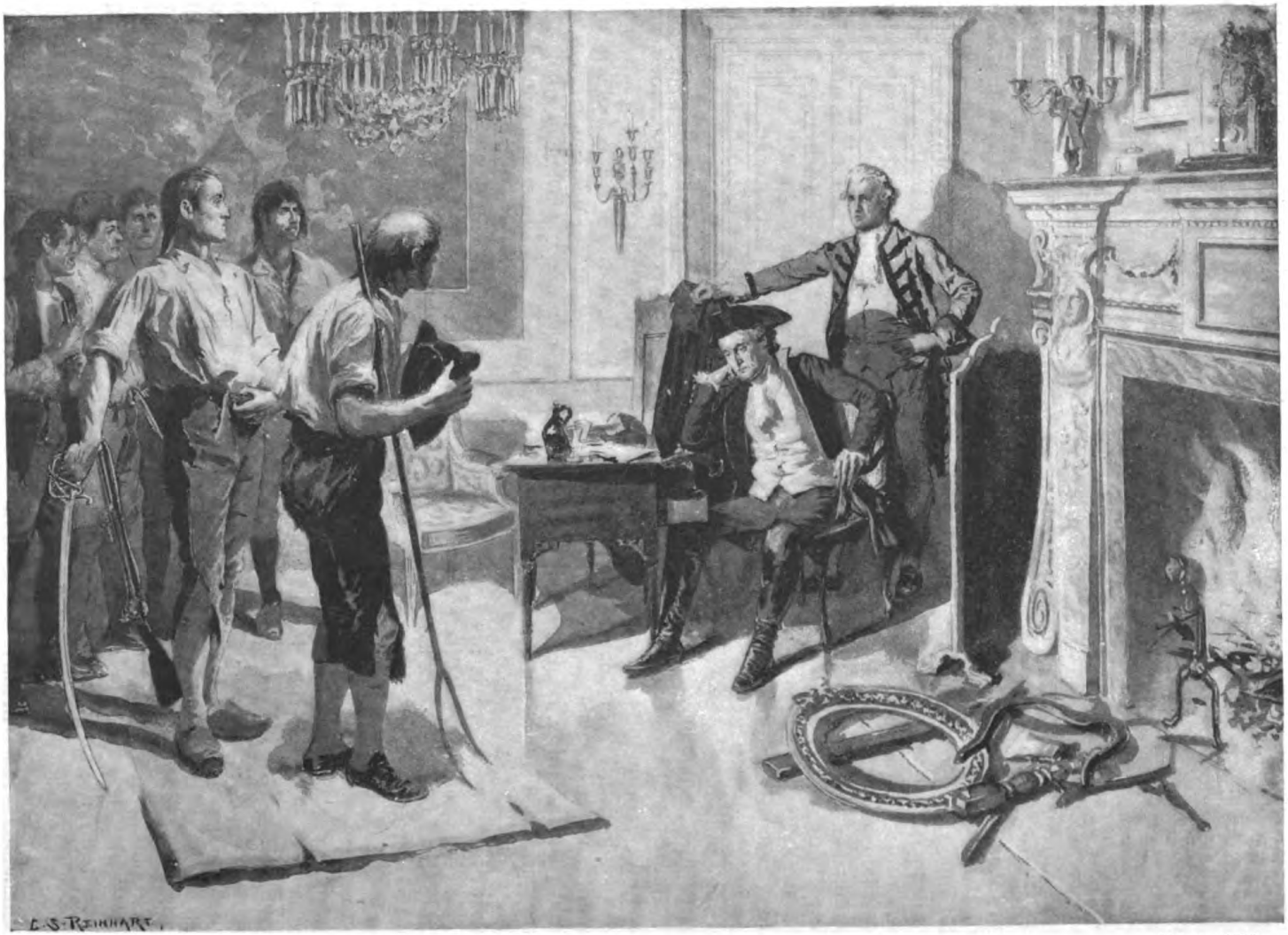
We could not get down to water, and as our horses were thirsty and foot-sore, we "mogged along." On our ride we "cut the trail" of a big band of mustangs, or wild horses, but did not see them, and by late afternoon we found the camp, and William busy above his fire. After hunting down the valley for a few days for "burro deer" and wild turkey, we found that the tobacco was promptly giving out, according to calculations, and being all inveterate smokers, we "made trail fast" for the Neuearachie ranch. Our ponies were jaded and sore; but having "roped" a stray pony two days before, which was now fresh, the lightest vaquero was put on his back, and sent hot-foot in the night to the ranch for tobacco. He made the long ride and returned at noon the next day on a fresh mount, having been thirty-six hours in the saddle. This fellow was a rather remarkable man, as it was he who, on the beginning of the trip, had brought some important mail to us one hundred and seventy miles, and after riding down two ponies he followed our trail on foot through the mountains, and overtook us as we sat resting on a log in the woods.

How we at last pulled into the ranch at Neuearachie, with its log buildings and irrigated fields, and how we "swooped down" on Mr. John Bailey, and ate up all his eggs and bread and butter at the first onset, I will not weary you with, but I believe that a man should for one month of the year live on the roots of the grass, in order to understand for the eleven following that so-called necessities are luxuries in reality. Not that I would indiscriminately recommend such a dietary abasement as ours, yet will I insist that it has killed less men than gluttony, and should you ever make the Sierra trails with the punchers, you will get rather less than more.

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[See page 363.]

"BUT HE LISTENED WITHOUT INTERRUPTION."

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AS TOLD TO HIS GRACE.

BY WILLIAM McLENNAN.

III.—AN ADJUSTMENT OF ACCOUNTS.

MTRE. D'ARDE'S STORY.

M. LOUIS ARMAND REGNAULT DE QUATRE-VENTS, Captain of the Royal Guard and Seigneur of Quatre-Vents, in Haute-Lorraine, had for many a day rigorously exacted from his *censitaires* every *liard* the law allowed or tolerated.

Personally, he was brave and possessed the virtues inherent in his class and calling; but personally his *censitaires* knew nothing of him, as for the last twenty years he had lived exclusively at Versailles, and, like men of his position, being constantly in need of money, demanded the last *sou* from his agent, who, assuming new authority with each new demand, worried and harried the people in every conceivable manner, legitimate or otherwise. Lawsuits, fines, and confiscations were the order of the day, and so long as the money was forth-coming, M. de Quatre-Vents troubled himself but little as to the means employed.

As for the people, they were stolid and uncomplaining enough; long-ingrained habit had to a certain extent reconciled them to oppression; a natural hereditary loyalty had thrown about their *seigneur* and his family a tradition of attachment, and the grinding and yielding process went on until the wave of Change, Awakening, and finally Revolution, swept over the land.

There was desperately high water in Paris before the storm broke in Lorraine. M. de Quatre-Vents would gladly have remained with the wreck of the Court, but after the disbanding of the Body Guard, in the beginning of October, 1789, he felt free to devote his services to his family. He succeeded in escorting them in safety across the frontier, and then returned, accompanied only by Mathurin, his life-long servant, to Quatre-Vents, where he arrived at midnight, and reached the manor without being discovered.

No attack had as yet been made on the house.

Zélie, the solitary servant, was awakened, and came hesitatingly to the door of the *basse-cour*, where her alarm was changed to tearful joy at the sight of her "young master," as she still called him, standing, way-worn but smiling, in the light of the candle shaded by her trembling hand.

In the empty stables some scant provision was found for the jaded horses, and the travelling-carriage was rolled safely out of sight.

Then, after a hasty meal, eaten by the light of a single candle, M. de Quatre-Vents wrapped himself up in his cloak on a sofa which Zélie and Mathurin had carried into the warmth of the kitchen. Mathurin made himself comfortable on a wooden settle, while old Zélie sat and watched through the long hours which precede the day.

It was not her affair to speculate on this sudden appearance. She accepted it as she accepted everything else which came from the hand of the master she had seen grow from birth to boyhood, now the careworn man sleeping uneasily under her faithful eye.

The morning was well advanced before the wearied travellers sat up and stared for a moment at their surroundings and at each other, until they realized their position, when M. de Quatre-Vents laughed lightly at his valet, half servant half confidant: "Well, Mathurin, we are nowhere greater strangers than at home. Let us see what Zélie has been about."

Zélie had been about many things since she had stolen away from her long silent watch. Under her care the horses had been fed and watered, and a breakfast secured from the scanty supplies now awaited "Monsieur" in a room duly set in order, where, in snowy apron, she stood to see that he wanted nothing. Through the scarcely opened window the fresh clear air of the early autumn found an entrance, inviting the fugitive to throw wide the shutters, and let in the day with its living light to wander through the old house, as it had done for over a hundred years past.

Finally, M. de Quatre-Vents turned from the table and said, "Zélie, *ma vieille*, I leave on a long journey to-night, and, in case of anything happening, there are some things I cannot bear to leave behind. Bring a light now, and let us see what is left in the vault below."

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Then began a long and wearisome day's work. Rooms were opened which had only been used for an occasional hunting party since he had left the house after his early marriage. Boxes and bureaus were ransacked. A fire was kindled on the empty hearth, which had known no family life since his own boyhood, fed with papers and mementos of an almost forgotten past.

When all was finished, it hardly seemed worth while risking liberty and possibly life for these few family relics. Some family plate, a few miniatures, three or four portraits cut from their frames, bundles of letters, and a few dingy tin cases containing parchments, made a pitifully small treasure lying on an outspread curtain in the middle of the empty dining-room. But their very lack of appreciable value evidenced a side to the nature of Monsieur Louis Armand Regnault de Quatre-Vents for which but few of his acquaintance would have given him credit.

By eight o'clock everything was safely packed and strapped in place on the travelling-carriage, the horses were in good order, and the night promised well.

M. de Quatre-Vents was again in the little room, at supper, chatting with Zélie, and forming plans for her future. Mathurin sat in the kitchen, dividing his attention between a pair of pistols and his huge travelling-boots, absorbing the largest possible quantity of grease before a hot fire.

Suddenly their quiet was broken by a discharge of guns under the windows and a wild yell from a dozen throats, answered by a low cry from Zélie, "*Ah! les brigands!*"

She fell on her knees, crying: "Come, Monsieur—Monsieur Louis, come! The old hiding-place. No one knows of it!" and in her misery and terror the poor creature held and kissed his hand as she tried to drag him towards the door.

With a sweep of his napkin M. de Quatre-Vents extinguished the candles, and said, quietly: "*Non, non, ma bonne vieille!* No need of that yet. All will come out well. He then passed quickly into the adjoining room, and peering through the shutters, saw the house surrounded by armed men, their faces fully lighted up by flaring torches.

A low whisper told him that Mathurin was close behind, and a moment later they were both well armed for what might follow.

"Mathurin, there is no use hiding. The horses would betray us in any case. We are fairly caught; no doubt through some fault of our own." Then, after a short pause, he went on, rapidly: "Here! let Zélie get all the candles she can find. Put all you can in the great lustre in the drawing-room. Break and tear up anything that will burn quickly; pile it in readiness on the hearth, with some oil and a trifle of powder to start it. Get some wine and a glass, and we'll receive the brutes as if they were our masters—which they are," he added, bitterly, as Mathurin felt his way out of the room. And thereupon M. de Quatre-Vents permitted himself to taste the sweetness of a string of imprecations bestowed upon all classes, high and low, with generous impartiality.

Mathurin's order was absolutely bewildering to the old woman, but he said, severely: "Never mind why! Show me where the things are, and I'll get all ready. You talk to the *canaille*, and keep them quiet. We've forgotten how!" he added, including his master in his sweeping truth and insolence.

When the crowd would no longer listen to the old woman's protestations and prayers they entered the kitchen, filling its generous proportions to the utmost, whilst she, unharmed, beat a masterly retreat into the hall of the main building, securing the door with its heavy bar.

By the time it was beaten down and the crowd surged through they were astonished to find the hall in a glare of light issuing from the open drawing-room. Their first thought was that their prey had escaped, leaving only his blazing nest behind. When they reached the entrance to the room there was a gasp of surprise from the foremost, and as they crowded in, a strange silence fell on all.

There was the great lustre blazing with lights as for some fête of the old days, which they dreamed were gone forever. Before a fire that was beginning to leap up the long-unused chimney was M. de Quatre-Vents, seated behind a small writing-table, with his cloak, hat, and sword thrown across a tall chair beside him, giving orders to Mathurin, who built up the fire under his direction as methodically

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and unconcernedly as if no one had disturbed their privacy. On the table were wine, some coarse bread, and the ordinary cheese of the country. Before M. de Quatre-Vents were papers and letters, and in the open drawer next his hand were two pistols fully cocked, while two others lay beneath the outspread cloak on the chair beside him.

Many of the intruders had never seen their *seigneur* before, and they stared open-mouthed at this brown-haired, hard-featured soldier, who seemed utterly indifferent to their presence; older men were silently recalling older days and older faces of the same family, and the silence was unbroken save by the low voice of the master and the movements of the man.

Here some fellow, with a sense of the ridiculous, laughed aloud, at which M. Quatre-Vents, clapping his hat on his head, sprang to his feet, while Mathurin moved quickly past him, and stood bolt-upright behind the tall chair.

The laugh ceased abruptly. Every man instinctively drew himself together, and tightened his hold on his weapon, when, without a word, M. de Quatre-Vents bowed low with a mocking sweep of his hat, replaced it and sat down, with his right hand just touching the edge of the drawer with the pistols.

The rush did not come. Then, before the tension relaxed, M. de Quatre-Vents broke the silence, "Well, my friends, to what do I owe the honor of this visit?"

There was not a tremor nor an intonation of sarcasm in his voice, and except for the *fanfaronnade* of the bow, all was as natural as if greeting them on some fête-day.

With the softening influence of the memories which had swept over their hearts a moment before, the older men felt but the kindly if masterful manner of older days, and the younger did not know enough to catch the import of his gesture.

"M'sieu'," spoke out old Colas, "it is a long day since you have sat here in your father's house; since we have been able to speak with you face to face. Since that day many things have changed, but the change has never brought good to us. No matter what came, we still sweated in summer and froze in winter to meet the demands, always growing larger, which M. Michel made upon us. He swore that your only answer to our prayers was that you needed the money and must have it. Not a good answer to make to hungry men! We stand before you in arms to-night, which I, for one, never thought to do; but, M'sieu', before we speak further, let us all know from your own mouth if you ever heard of this—and this—"

Thereupon the old man told story after story of oppression and injustice, until M. de Quatre-Vents' face grew dark with indignation; but he listened without interruption until the tale of patient endurance and suffering was ended.

When the old man had finished, M. de Quatre-Vents turned, and whispered some orders to Mathurin, who, without a moment's hesitation, made his way through the crowd, which divided right and left at his advance without a word.

The men all stood motionless, eying M. de Quatre-Vents, who sat immovable, with his chin on his hand, staring moodily at the table before him. In a few moments Mathurin reappeared, carrying a small case, which he placed in front of his master and unlocked.

Then M. de Quatre-Vents removed his hat, closed the little drawer on his right, and said: "My friends, greater wrongs have been done you than I knew of—greater wrongs unfortunately than I can right. I am a much poorer man than any of you to-day, for I am leaving my country and my home without any knowledge—with hardly a hope—of the day when I may return. When you entered here I never thought to pass through that door alive; but now I know my life would be a sorry repayment for the wrongs you have sustained. Colas, I appoint you to distribute the gold in this case among my people as far as it will go, and what good my fathers before me have done towards yours must suffice to make up the balance. I am persuaded that I leave Zélie safe in your hands, and perhaps, for the sake of a woman's faithfulness, you will spare this old house while she lives."

There was a hurried consultation among the leaders as M. de Quatre-Vents arose, and Mathurin handed him his hat, fastened on his sword, and arranged his cloak over his shoulders.

Then old Colas again spoke up: "*Non, non, M'sieu'*, we will not do this! The things which touch you most cannot be

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paid off by money; but they are gone now, wiped away by the words you have spoken. As for the rest, each one can tell just how much he has been forced to pay unjustly. We have not talked these matters over on winter nights to have any need now for a notary to draw up our accounts. Pay each as he can show cause!"

M. de Quatre-Vents, with somewhat of his old manner, laughed as one laughs at a child; but throwing back his cloak and drinking off his glass, he said, "Come, then, begin!"

The task seemed unending. Most of the demands were trifling, but each claimant insisted on going into every detail, no matter how distant, and on showing the justness of his claim down to the last *livre*, until M. de Quatre-Vents began to yawn with very weariness, and regret that the piquancy had died out of the adventure. Hour after hour dragged away, M. de Quatre-Vents bravely trying to keep up some appearance of interest, when his attention was aroused by a hot dispute between Colas and two claimants.

"No, no! I tell you I will not allow it! The business was settled in open court, and you have no right to rob M'sieu'!"

The others as hotly insisted. But M. de Quatre-Vents cut the argument short with, "What's the amount?" and, in spite of the protestations of Colas, paid over the money, to the evident satisfaction of the majority—and at last the claimants were exhausted.

Thereupon Mathurin set forth in search of Zélie, and a dozen bottles of wine were brought up and distributed among the leaders.

As they hesitated a moment and then slowly withdrew, old Colas turned, and said, in a low voice, trembling with emotion: "Adieu, M'sieu'! We will ever carry in our hearts what you have done to-night. It will never be forgotten by us or by our children. May the blessing of God be with you wherever you may go! He alone can hold you safe in these evil days, which are only beginning."

Tired and overtaxed with the long strain, M. de Quatre-Vents, as he laid his hand on the old man's shoulder, said, with a weary and hopeless laugh:—"Evil days indeed, Colas: but I will trust more to my Fate than to your God! Adieu, adieu!" and he raised his glass to his lips, and then shattered it in pieces on the hearth-stone at his feet.

Colas started with a thrill of dread at the ominous sound, and hastened after the others, who trooped down the great avenue towards the village in silent, decorous order.

As soon as the house was cleared, M. de Quatre-Vents said, shortly: "Now, Mathurin, don't lose an instant! Our friends there may change their minds at any moment. We'll take the upper road, and don't spare the whip, once we are out of hearing."

Old Zélie followed her "young master" out into the court as the horses were put in, and her prayers followed him after he had drawn to the door of the carriage, which was soon lost in the shadows of the trees.

M. de Quatre-Vents sat in the darkness, wearied in body and sick at heart. He did not for a moment hide from himself that his late action was merely the result of an impulse which had died away as quickly as it had arisen. His patience and restraint were necessities to the *rôle* he had assumed, and he despised his acting, in comparison with the generous and manly acceptance of his sacrifice by his *censitaires*.

Mathurin was now moving at a good pace, when suddenly there was a hoarse shout in front, and the horses leaped forward under a fierce cut of the whip.

M. de Quatre-Vents sprang to his feet—saw a fire burning by the road, and some figures making for the horses' heads; he took in the situation at a glance, and shouted: "Stop, Mathurin! Stop! They have forgotten to send word to these fellows. I will explain!"

But the words had not passed his lips before there was a flash, a deafening report, and Mathurin, vainly trying to restrain the maddened horses, flew on wildly into the night, while in the bottom of the carriage lay all that was mortal of Monsieur Louis Armand Regnault, Seigneur de Quatre-Vents.

His Fate had betrayed him!

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LORD BYRON AND THE GREEK PATRIOTS.

BY THE REV. HENRY HAYMAN, D.D.

THE portrait an engraving of which is presented on another page shows Lord Byron, the poet, in a costume which he could have adopted only in the last few months of his life, when preparing to exchange the laurels of poesy for those of war. The Byronic open neck, which to the crowd of impassioned imitators became a sort of stage property later on, mingles queerly with the full-gathered cloak and tall crested helmet of dragoon type, which latter betoken the "Archistrategos," or Commander-in-Chief. This title sounds as if complimentary only, when we remember that he who bore it had never seen a shot fired in warlike earnest. It, however, accords with a letter of Lord Byron's to Mr. Hancock, his banker at Zante, dated February 7, 1824, in which he says, "Well, it seems I am to be Commander-in-Chief, and the post is by no means a sinecure"; and we learn from similar sources that besides all his advances of money to the general cause of Greece, he had taken specially into his own pay a force of three or four hundred Suliotes, with whom, as a sort of body-guard or *corps d'élite*, he was expecting at the above date to march upon Patras or Lepanto. But these visions of warlike adventure were destined never to be realized. It is the sincerity of the intention alone which the warlike garb illustrates. The Suliotes proved intolerably restive to the most elementary rules of order; and after being more than once on the verge of mutiny, at last broke out into open violence, in which a valuable life, that of a Swedish volunteer officer, was sacrificed, and their disbandment, with a month's pay in advance, besides their arrears from the Greek government (for both of which Byron furnished the coin), was adopted as "the best of a bad bargain."

Lord Byron and Prince Mavrocordato were at this time in daily conference. The former, in his last letter to Murray, speaks of the prince as an excellent person, and "one who does all in his power, but his situation is perplexing in the extreme." The two men shared and helped each other's counsels, and each trusted the other without reserve. Without either of them it looks as if in the early months of 1824 the entire Greek cause would have gone to pieces. As Sheridan said, an "independent member" meant one who had nothing to depend upon, so Byron found a "provisional government" meant one which was destitute of all provisions. An empty treasury, a bankrupt commissariat, a fleet and army with practically no subordination or discipline, save with an enemy in front and an attack imminent, and now hungry, clamorous, and mutinous; a little town in a big swamp, eaten up by the voracity of both fleet and army; empty pockets and empty bellies everywhere; and the Turk, shut up at first in Lepanto, but now, the Greek fleet being in abeyance, because its pay was in abeyance, sweeping the sea and threatening a blockade—such was the state of things which confronted Byron, and amid which he as "Archistrategos," and Mavrocordato as "Lord High everything else" (to borrow a modern phrase from the *Mikado*), managed to keep from drifting into absolute chaos in those eventful months, the last of the great poet's life.

A Greek loan was, slowly at first, negotiating in London. The financial vacuum, which but for Byron and his dollars would have yawned into a sudden chasm in which infant Greece and her noisy patriots would have disappeared, was thus filled none too soon. Byron only lived to hear the first rumors of its success. While his cold remains were on their way to England, the loan was "floated," not only in the usual figurative but in a literal sense, and some thousands of pounds sterling were on their way to the Morea—an exchange certainly not in favor of Greece, for Byron's name, fame, and personal presence were at once a revenue and a host in themselves. And here I am able to give textually what seems to have been the last letter which Byron ever penned. Its chief interest lies in the illustration which it furnishes of the above crisis of expectation, of Byron's watchful eagerness to keep flowing meanwhile the current of "supply" from his own private resources, and of his diligent application to the details of finance, in order to brace with greater tension "the sinews of war." It is addressed to Mr. Barff, a partner in

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the banking firm at Zante who formed during these anxious months Lord Byron's channel of transmission for the actual specie, the source of which was the sale of his Lancashire patrimony at Rochdale, of the manor of which he was the owner, until he sacrificed it in 1823, that he might turn "universal paymaster," as Moore says, to the Greek war of independence. Rochdale, now one of the most busy and populous towns of Lancashire, was then a village in a lovely and sequestered valley, rich in stream and woodland. It stands connected with two of the most distinguished of Englishmen, although differing from each other perhaps by the whole possible latitude of English character—Lord Byron, who, until his last few months, was the owner of its manor, and John Bright, who represented until death its borough (non-existent in Byron's day) in the British Parliament. Widely as they differed, they were alike in their love with liberty and their admiration for America. I should add, as I annex this letter, that I am indebted for it to Mr. E. D. Barff, of Liverpool, the son of the recipient, in whose possession also is the portfolio, probably unique in England and America, of Hellenic celebrities of 1823–4, from among which the annexed portraits are taken, which he has kindly furnished for photogravure at my request. The letter is not to be found in any of the published biographies. From its date—April 9, 1824—it can be shown by comparison of Moore's narrative of the close of Byron's life to have been written on the very day of that fatal ride from which the writer returned in an open boat wet through. He battled manfully and with apparent success for some few days against aguish shuddering and rheumatic pains, and even took one more ride. On the 15th Moore records his receiving letters, but not his writing any. On the 19th he lay dead. Here, then, is the letter:

"*April* 9, 1824.

"*To Mr. Barff:*

"DEAR SIR,—The above is a copy of a letter from Messrs. Ransom received this morning. I have also to acknowledge yours and one from Mr. Barry of Genoa (partner of Messrs. Webb and Co., of Genoa and Leghorn), who had forwarded the same to you for my address. I agree with you in opinion, and shall continue to draw directly on England as the safest (and perhaps least expensive method) instead of having dollars up from Genoa or Leghorn. This will be the preferable course so long as the exchange is fair in the Islands. Will you instruct me how to regulate myself about the firsts and seconds, etc., of Exchange, as indicated in the second paragraph of the letter copied, as I am not very accurate or intelligent in technical matters of business of this sort, and wish to be quite correct? Have you any further news of the Greek Loan? Is it really settled, and how? For my advices are not recent enough to treat of this fully; some say one thing, and some another *here*. Bowring's letter to me is sanguine, but others are less decisive, though not discouraging to the Greeks. I hope that you have received various letters of mine; as you do not state having received any since the 30th, I mention this accordingly. Lega [his secretary] will state the various dates of the expedition of letters.

"The letter of credit [is] for £4 instead of £3000 sterling (as mentioned in your letter of this morning, perhaps by mistake); but the number is of no material difference (as you are sufficiently aware) when I draw direct on my London correspondents.

Ever and truly yours, N. B."

The instruction sought in regard to "the firsts, seconds, etc., of Exchange" was occasioned by a paragraph in the letter of Messrs. Ransom referring to those technicalities. In becoming, as Homer calls his chiefs, a "shepherd of the people" to Greek patriots, Byron found that financially his sheep were very wolves, and that the party most liable to be fleeced was the "shepherd" himself. But the elucidation of these technicalities, if it came at all in reply, must have reached him too late.

Referring to his arrival at Missolonghi, shortly after that of Prince Mavrocordato, a Greek narrator, M. Eugène Yemeniz, says:* "He came to augment by all the prestige of his own celebrity the sympathy which the cause of Greek Independence roused in Europe. In Byron's eyes, as in those of all foreigners, Mavrocordato represented that element in the Greek nation which was the noblest, the wisest, and the most elevated. A strict union speedily established itself between the two men." He presently quotes from "le philhellene anglais, Blaquière," writing to the prince from Zante on the 24th of April, 1824: "Judge of my affliction in learning the death of Lord Byron. It is a thunderbolt for me." He proceeds to give a notice—which would have gladdened Byron's heart—of the assurances given by Mr. Canning (then foreign secretary) to the

* *Scènes et Récits des Guerres de l'Indépendance: Grèce Moderne.* Paris, 1869, pp. 156–7.

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Mr. Bowring referred to in Lord Byron's letter, who was in London negotiating the Greek loan, and adds, "Public opinion rises from day to day; it has so grown in favor of our cause that we have really nothing to desire on that behalf."

Among other wild fictions set on foot by Mavrocordato's political opponents to discredit him, was one to the effect that the person in his company who passed for Lord Byron was not the distinguished English peer, but a Turk to whom Mavrocordato had sold himself, and with whom he was plotting the ruin of Greece! Such were the amenities of patriotic controversy.

To Mr. Barff junior, who communicated to me the above letter addressed to his father, undoubtedly the last extant, and probably the last which the poet wrote, I am further indebted for a characteristic anecdote of Lord Byron's constant and ready interposition to soften the asperities of war, especially as regards the treatment of prisoners. Byron himself mentions in an earlier letter to Mr. Barff the release he had obtained and the provision he had made for four Turks and twenty-four Turkish women and children detained as prisoners by the Greeks. In a subsequent (March) letter to Murray, and in another to Dr. Kennedy, he says that he has a little Turkish girl *protégée* on hand, aged nine years, named Hato or Hatagée, all of whose brothers had been killed by the Greeks, and whose mother seems to have been her only surviving parent, then in the service of Mr. Millingen, Lord Byron's medical attendant. But Mr. Barff junior states, on his father's authority, that another Turkish maiden, aged thirteen or thereabouts, similarly a prisoner captured by the Greeks, but the daughter of some Turk of high rank and court influence, was found in Byron's quarters at Missolonghi at the time of his death. Mr. Barff senior seems to have known of Byron's intention to send the child safely to his sister or some lady protector in England, with a care for her future welfare, and to have been intending to carry that wish into effect, when a Turkish frigate, under flag of truce, appeared off Missolonghi or Zante — I am not sure which — to request her friendly restoration to her father. Mr. Barff was sorely puzzled what to do under the circumstances, and at last left the decision to the girl herself. She had shown the most lively distress at her benefactor's death; and even now, bursting into tears, professed her readiness to have gone anywhere with him had he been alive. "But," she added, "he is gone, and all his friends at home will be strangers to me. I shall be alone! I will go back home to my father," and home she therefore went. One can hardly have a more touching proof of the attractive and winning aspect of Byron's character at its best than that shown by the attachment of this young creature to him.

In his last few months he seemed ripening into something very different from the morbid affectation and mercurial selfishness of his earlier years. His self-devoted zeal kindled far and wide a sympathetic flame of volunteer effort for Hellas, which yet depended for its sustaining fuel upon the fascinating influence of his own personality. Trelawny records: "I think Byron's name was the great means of getting the Loan. A Mr. Marshall, with £8000 per annum, was as far as Corfu, and turned back on hearing of Lord Byron's death. Thousands of people were flocking here; some had arrived as far as Corfu, and hearing of his death, confessed they came out to devote their fortunes not to the Greeks, or from interest in the cause, but to the noble poet; and the 'Pilgrim of Eternity' having departed, they turned back." Parry, too, mentions an instance to the same effect: "While I was on the quarantine-house at Zante, a gentleman called on me and made numerous inquiries as to Lord Byron. He said he was only one of fourteen English gentlemen, then at Ancona, who had sent him on to obtain intelligence, and only waited his return to come and join Lord Byron. They were to form a mounted guard for him, and meant to devote their personal services and their incomes to the Greek cause. On hearing of Lord Byron's death, however, they turned back." The story of Waterloo was not yet ten years old, and the appetite for military adventure, stimulated by the long struggle which it closed, was no doubt ardent still among all the boys approaching manhood in 1815, and who had reached it and more by 1824. Such was the material which the impression made by Byron rallied round him, and drew them as the magnet draws needles of keen point and fine temper. They found in him a world-renowned chief, and in Greece a new field,

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an unhackneyed cause, freshly outside the war-trampled arena of Napoleonic ambition, a renascent nation, on a soil glorious with the prestige of all the most brilliant centuries of ancient humanity. But it was not to be.

"Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow;"

and Hellas was left to work out her own regeneration.

Prince Alexander Mavrocordato may be termed the Cavour of modern Greece. Of a distinguished ancestry (sprung originally from Chios), the most remarkable of whose earlier members united the foremost medical science of the seventeenth century with the highest diplomatic capacity, he had himself received an education tinctured with the sentiments of European progress, and a political training under that teaching of events which in 1814–15, after the downfall of Napoleon, converted Vienna into a school of diplomacy. He thus inherited the great germs of free thoughts fermented from the French Revolution, but tempered by the salutary reaction which later experience of their unchecked excesses imposed. Born in 1794, by the time he was thirty the independence of the Morea, although imperilled all round, needed but statesmanlike sagacity to pilot it to safety, and that sagacity he supplied. His first effort was to stem the morbid currents of tribal chieftaincy and orderless pugnacity into which the first successes of her efforts at independence were threatening to plunge Hellas. He procured, at first for a year only (thanks to the obstinate jealousies of rival chiefs, camps, and coteries), the acceptance of a roughly sketched constitution, which he lived to see completed and secured. He steered the young state through the broken waters of independence to the calm haven of constitutionalism. In the crisis of the country's destiny, while the possibility of constructing a party of order to control tumultuous progress hung yet in the balance—a balance oscillating with every throb of party spirit and every convulsion of individual caprice—Lord Byron arrived at Missolonghi, which Mavrocordato, armed with full powers from the imperfectly recognized national assembly to govern and organize in western Greece, had reached a few weeks before. The latter was recognized in Europe as the interpreter of Hellenic nationality, inarticulate as yet in its utterances through the spasms of a passionate patriotism, to the Western nations, while Byron became the inspired channel of Western sympathies to renascent Hellas. Byron's early death, with his foot on the stirrup of disinterested enterprise, shot through the gloom which fell upon the fortunes of his adopted country the radiance of those sympathies concentrated in the expiring flash of his own genius. He had learned to see in Mavrocordato the impersonation of order and policy, tempering the insurgent and semi-barbarous elements of the brigand warriors of Patras and Tripolitza, and found in him a fitting second to his own efforts to humanize a struggle which threatened to assume the features of exterminating savagery.

Ridiculed for his gold spectacles and Occidental costume by the wild mountaineers of Taygetus and Epidaurus, Mavrocordato yet held his own with cool head and firm hand, until he gradually educated turbulence into order. Although sageness in council and moderation in triumph were his more permanent characteristics, yet he could face the actual perils of combat with a personal intrepidity worthy of Thermopylæ and Marathon. This he showed conspicuously at Spakteria, a region classic in its fame from the immortal narrative of Thucydides, where in the crisis of a naval battle he—this small, fine-featured man in a frock-coat, and gold spectacles on a semi-Jewish nose—restored confidence to the Greeks, disheartened by the sudden fall of their commander, and with that confidence the fortunes of the day. Such flashes of heroic valor secured him in his moral and intellectual ascendency over the untamed spirits of the crag fortress and the mountain ambuscade. Having thus rocked the stormy cradle of insurgent liberty, he lived to see his country take her place in the home circle of European nations—a man of priceless services in her crisis of gravest peril. He died at Ægina, that island of hero memories, in 1865.

Born in Ithaca, which gave occasion to his name, but bred at the fortress-court of the notorious Ali-Tébélen, Pasha of Janina, and imbibing too largely for a pure patriot its atmosphere of unscrupulous intrigue, selfish ambition, and barbarous despotism, "Odysseus, son of Androutzos," inherited a great name of

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popular patriotism, an enormous and devoted array of followers, and an auspicious opportunity of justifying that celebrity and that influence by splendid services to his country. His countrymen have been generous to his memory, and he lives yet on the lips of the people as a hero, whose crooked courses and moments of lapse from duty they extenuate and forgive. Although the doer of great deeds, and capable of still greater, the spirit of self-sacrifice was wanting in him. His career is checkered by dark shadows, and closes with a tragic and deplorable end. To the momentary brilliance of their successful assertion of themselves as a nation, the Greeks soon superadded a period of intestine struggle, which at once jeopardized their newly won liberties and tarnished the glory of their indomitable patriotism. Only a few names, like those of Mavrocordato and the brothers Hypsilanti, shine out serene and unbesmirched by rivalries of selfish ambition.



LORD BYRON, ARCHISTRATEGOS.

The constant petty struggles which exhausted the strength of ancient Hellas, and the party strifes which tore her cities asunder, and paralyzed her combinations against external aggression, Macedonian or Roman, seemed to start from the soil and reassert their influence among these modern heritors of the Greek name almost before the blood of the Turkish enemy was dry upon their swords. Of these the most typical and the most tragical impersonation is the half hero, half traitor—only in the Greece of 1821–5 could such a halving be possible—whose portrait stands last in our collection. For the details of his versatile career we must refer the reader to the spirited biographical sketch of him given by M. Eugène Yemeniz.* His portrait, eminently handsome, and bespeaking the lightning flash of ready daring which electrifies an onset, seems lacking in the moral elements of constancy, singleness of aim, and fidelity. It does not show a face which one would like to trust. In effect, his was almost throughout an alternate or a double game. Popular alike with the hated Turk and the patriotic Greek, he was at the core loyal to neither, but sought personal ends through his influence with both. He earned the name of "the modern Leonidas" by thrice repelling the Turks from the famous battle-gorge of Thermopylæ. He entered Athens as a liberator; and the bishops of the Greek Church, who had excommunicated him before for an act of treachery against

* *Scènes et Récits des Guerres de l'Indépendance: Grèce Moderne.* Paris, 1869.

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PRINCE ALEXANDER MAVROCORDATO.

the patriotic government, revoked their anathema and blessed his banner. Distrusted then for a while by Greek and Turk alike, he made a hurried escape in a solitary shore-boat, and flung himself, disguised and anonymous, into a remote monastery, whence a yet more startling adventure of peril and prowess brought him once more to the surface of events, only to die a captive and a prisoner at the hands of a political rival, whose enmity was implacable, by private assassination in the prison of that Acropolis which had been the scene of his glory.

There is no evidence that Byron and Odysseus ever met, and the narrative of M. Yemeniz, although an outline only, seems rather to forbid our assuming it. But the latter was in command for the patriotic government at Athens when the news of Byron's death threw all Hellas into mourning; and Moore records that Odysseus "despatched an express to Missolonghi to enforce the wish" of that government, "that as a tribute to the land which Byron had celebrated and died for, his remains should be deposited at Athens, in the Temple of Theseus"—the "poets' corner," as it were, of the world. But this, again, was not to be. It is Odysseus who rests beneath the shadow of the Acropolis, while the remains of Byron have redeemed a little Nottinghamshire church from village obscurity.

In all revolutions—political ones not excepted—two opposite forces are generated, the centripetal and the centrifugal; of these Prince Mavrocordato embodied the former, while Odysseus represented the latter. Like his heroic namesake, he was a man "of many wiles," and if he resembled the lightning flash in his brilliancy of onset, he may claim a yet closer parallel to it in the zigzag of his course.

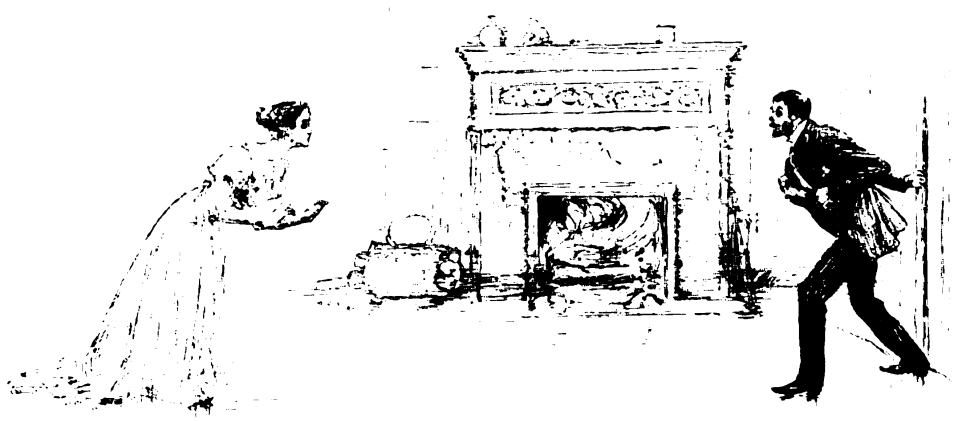
His daughter is said to have become the wife of Trelawny, a comrade and follower of Lord Byron, but a man liable, like his noble friend, to fits of eccentric violence, although redeemed by some noble qualities. In one of these, owing to what feminine provocation is not known, he is said to have hung her by her hair one night out of a window. This "capillary suspension" may be a myth of exaggeration. Round such characters of violent impulsiveness, at convulsive epochs like that of Greece in 1821–5, such myths tend to cluster thickly. Of such a fact, if fact it were, there would almost necessarily be no witnesses, and therefore criticism is thrown away upon the statement, as non-



ODYSSEUS.

prehensible to its forceps. All one can say is, it was an *on-dit* current and believed at a time now long gone by, and with the by-gones let it rest.

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A MASTERPIECE OF DIPLOMACY.

Farce.

BY W. D. HOWELLS.

THE scene is in the summer cottage of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Roberts, in a Boston suburb, and the space where they encounter from opposite doors at the moment the action opens is a square hallway, with the stairs climbing out of one corner of it, and a fireplace in the other, after a fashion no longer very novel in the architecture of summer cottages. It is rather a close morning in August, but all the windows are shut, and a fire is briskly burning on the hearth.

I.

MR. AND MRS. ROBERTS.

Roberts, at sight of his wife: "Well, Agnes?"

Mrs. Roberts, at sight of her husband: "Well, Edward?"

Roberts: "How is the child?"

Mrs. Roberts: "Where is the doctor?"

Roberts: "He wasn't at home."

Mrs. Roberts: "Not at home! Oh! then I'm sure you'll approve of what I've done. And I was so afraid I had made a mistake."

Roberts: "A mistake?"

Mrs. Roberts: "Yes. About the doctor. He was in such a violent perspiration that I couldn't help being alarmed about him, though of course I know that perspiration is generally a very good thing. But it simply rolls off him, and he keeps begging for something to eat."

Roberts: "The doctor?"

Mrs. Roberts: "The doctor! No! Haven't you just told me he wasn't at home?"

Roberts: "Yes, but I left word for him to come as soon as he could, and I thought perhaps he had got my message and run. The perspiration, you know!"

Mrs. Roberts: "Yes, poor little Rob, he's in a perfect drip, and he keeps wanting to have his clothes on. But you're perspiring yourself, Edward; and *you're* been running. I don't know what I shall do! I've made the fire, here, so as to keep Robby from taking cold; and I don't dare to put the window up, for fear of the draught, and you must be just simply expiring. Why *did* you run so, dear?"

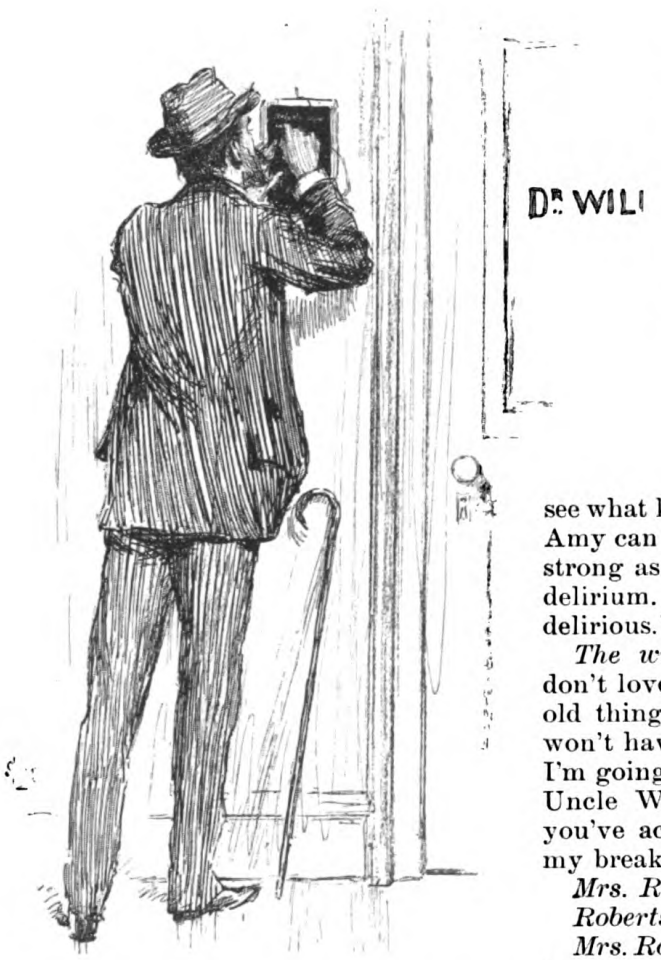
Roberts: "I didn't run. But it's like an oven, out-of-doors. And I walked rather fast, for I wanted to get back and see how the child was, especially when I found the doctor wasn't at home."

Mrs. Roberts: "Yes, you did just as I should have done, and I'm so glad now that I telephoned for Dr. Lawton."

Roberts: "Dr. Lawton?"

Mrs. Roberts: "Yes; as soon as this terrible perspiration set in I felt that we oughtn't to wait another instant, for it might be a case of life and death, and I knew you wouldn't want to take any risks; and when I remembered that you mightn't find Dr. Williams at home, I was perfectly wild, and I telephoned at once for Dr. Lawton to come instantly; and it was very well I did so, for *he* wasn't at home, either. But Lou Bemis was there, and she told me to keep up courage, and

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"YES, BUT I LEFT WORD FOR HIM."

as soon as her father came in she would send him flying. Did you leave word for Dr. Williams to hurry?"

Roberts: "Yes, I left a very urgent message on his slate. I—"

Mrs. Roberts: "I hope you underlined it, Edward! You never *will* underline things, even the most important!"

Roberts: "Well, I underlined this, my dear."

Mrs. Roberts: "How many times? Three times?"

Roberts: "I think it was three times—"

Mrs. Roberts: "Because if you don't do it three times, it isn't the least use in the world. Are you sure it was three times?"

Roberts: "Yes, I think so—"

Mrs. Roberts: "And did you put an exclamation after it? Three?"

Roberts: "I don't know—"

Mrs. Roberts: "Oh, how *could* you be so careless, Edward? If you didn't put three exclamations, you might as well not have gone. He'll just take his time to it, and Robby may be in a collapse by the time he gets here. He's furious now. Listen!"

A wrathful Voice from above: "I want to get up! I want to have my clothes on! I want my breakfast!"

Mrs. Roberts: "There, that's the way he's been going on the whole time since you left! Dear, dear! I wish the doctor would come. I don't see what keeps them all! It's as much as Amy can do to hold him in bed. He's as strong as a lion, and I know it's just his delirium. They're always so when they're delirious."

The wrathful Voice again: "No, I don't love you a bit, and you're a hateful old thing! And I want my clothes. I won't have the doctor! I ain't sick, and I'm going to get up! I am, too! When Uncle Willis comes, I'll tell him how you've acted. I'm hungry, and I want my breakfast!"

Mrs. Roberts: "There!"

Roberts: "I'll go up to him—"

Mrs. Roberts: "No, no, Edward! You'll be sure to give way to him, and Amy can manage him nicely. And I want you to be here to receive the doctor. I'll run back and relieve Amy; she must be perfectly worn out, poor thing. He fights so."

Roberts: "But if he's in a perspiration, Agnes—"

Mrs. Roberts: "But it isn't a *common* perspiration, Edward! Of course if it were any other time, and they were not quarantining everybody everywhere, and almost firing on them in New York, I might think it was a very good thing; but as it *is*, I can't do anything till the doctor comes; and if he doesn't come pretty soon, I don't know what we shall do with the child. I wish you had put three exclamations after the hurry! I'm sure I've done my part. I've kindled the fire here, and shut every window in the house, so that the heat can all go up into his room, and I've got the flannels all ready heating in the oven, so that if the collapse does come, I can

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swathe him in them from head to foot; and I don't see how you could be so heartless, Edward, as not to put three exclamations, when you were about it!"

Roberts: "Well, perhaps Dr. Lawton will get here at once—"

Mrs. Roberts: "Yes, and it's fortunate I happened to think of him! I don't know what would happen, if I didn't keep my mind on everything and everywhere at once. I don't mean to reproach you, Edward; and I know that you're perfectly devoted to the children, but if you only could have had the forethought to put three excla—"

The furious Voice: "Ya-a-a-a! I will, I will, I will! You sha'n't keep me in bed! I want my clothes! I want my breakfast! I want my Poppa!"

Mrs. Roberts: "Yes, dear—"

Roberts: "Yes, Bob—"

Mrs. Roberts, in an awful voice: "Edward, I'm astonished at you! Just when we had got him nicely quieted down, and he's in the wildest delirium!"

The furious Voice: "I want my Poppa!"

Roberts: "But the child is calling me! What shall I do, Agnes?"

Mrs. Roberts: "Do! Stay where you are, Edward, if you are *half* a father! You must be here, and receive the doctor. And be sure to keep him, so that I can come down and tell him the history of the case before he sees Robby, or he'll be all prejudiced, especially if it's Dr. Lawton; you know how headstrong he always is, and wants to see the patient before you can get in a word. Oh, dear! I almost wish I hadn't called him."

Roberts: "Perhaps Dr. Williams will get here first."

Mrs. Roberts: "Oh, how *good* you are, Edward, and how *thoughtful!* Of *course* he'll be here first, and I never thought of it."

The furious Voice: "Poppa! Poppa! Poppa! I want my Poppa!"

Mrs. Roberts: "Yes, darling! in a moment! Papa's coming! Oh, Edward, how can you let me lie so to the poor darling, and perhaps he's in the last stages!"

Roberts, in a stifled voice: "But what shall I do, Agnes? You won't let me go to him, or answer him; and—"

Mrs. Roberts: "Oh, yes, put it all on me, dear! And when I've been through so much already— There!" At the sound of a step on the veranda Mrs. Roberts shrinks together for flight, and with one foot on the stair and her skirts gathered in her hand, she turns to her husband with a stage-whisper: "It's the doctor, and I don't care which doctor it is, you must keep him here till I can make Robby a little presentable and throw on something so that I sha'n't be such a *perfect* fright, and dash the comb through my hair. Don't let him come till I send Amy down to let you know when. I'm not going to have the doctor find her there, and pretending to care more for the child than his own mother; she'd like to, well enough. Don't wait for Bella to open the door. Open it yourself, and— U-u-u-gh!" This cry feebly represents the emotion of Mrs. Roberts as the steps on the veranda approach, and the door is flung open without any pull at the bell, revealing the face and figure of Mr. Willis Campbell. "Willis! How could you?"

II.

CAMPBELL AND THE ROBERTSES.

Campbell: "Could what?"

Mrs. Roberts: "I thought it was the doctor! I was *sure* it was!"

Campbell: "Well, perhaps it is. What do you want with the doctor? Who's sick?"

Mrs. Roberts: "'Sh! Robby—"

Campbell: "What's the matter with Bob, this time? Cholera?"

Mrs. Roberts, whimpering: "Oh, there you are! I don't see how you can say such a thing. He's been in the most frightful agony, and he's had a nap since, and now he's all in a cold perspiration, and he insists upon getting up and putting on his clothes and having his breakfast, and it's as much as Amy and I can do to manage him; he struggles like a maniac. She's almost exhausted, poor thing."

Campbell: "What's she doing?"

The wrathful Voice from above: "She's holding me in bed, Uncle Willis, and she's keeping me from having my clothes on, and getting any breakfast! Oh, uncle, uncle! Come up here and make her stop!"

Campbell: "*I* can't make her stop, Bob—"

Mrs. Roberts: "'Sh! for shame, Willis, spoiling everything! He mustn't know you're here, or we can't do a thing with him, and we *must* keep him in bed, now,

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till the doctor comes, or it may be as much as his life is worth."

Campbell: "What doctor have you sent for?"

Roberts: "I've just been to get Dr. Williams, but he wasn't at home, and I left word—"

Mrs. Roberts: "And I got so anxious that I couldn't wait any longer, and I telephoned for Dr. Lawton, and Lou Bemis is going to send him the instant he comes in. They can consult together, if the case is very dangerous, and I'm sure I never saw anything like it: perfectly bathed in an ice-cold perspiration, rolling off him in great beads."

Campbell: "Who?"

Mrs. Roberts: "Robby!"

Campbell: "I thought you meant Roberts. He looks as if he was ready to float away. What have you got a fire for on a day like this?"

Mrs. Roberts: "It's to send the heat into Robby's room, and prevent his taking cold, in the perspiration."

Campbell: "Well, if you want to send the heat up into his room, why don't you open the doors and windows down here, and make a draught?"

Mrs. Roberts: "Do you think that would do it?"

Campbell: "Of course it would; and besides, it's a great deal hotter outside than it is here. What's the matter with Bob, anyway? Been eating something?"

Mrs. Roberts: "He's been eating everything!"

Mrs. Campbell, from above: "Agnes! Agnes! I can't manage this boy any longer!"

Mrs. Roberts, flying up the stairs: "I'm coming, Amy! I don't see how I could be so heartless as to leave you alone with him so long, anyway. But I had to stop and ask Edward about the doctor, and tell him about the case so that he could explain it; and then Willis came in, and I've been advising with him; but I know you must be dropping dead, and I'm thoroughly ashamed of myself, and I shall never be grateful enough to you for it, the longest day I—" Her voice gradually loses itself in the regions above, which she vanishes into before it becomes wholly inaudible.

III.

CAMPBELL AND ROBERTS.

Campbell, calling after her: "I'll stay here with Roberts and help him explain when the doctors come. We'll have a doctor apiece to explain to, if they happen to come together."

Roberts: "Good heavens, Willis! You don't suppose they'll come together?"

Campbell: "Well, I don't know what's to prevent them."

Roberts: "But wouldn't it be rather awkward?"

Campbell: "It would be deucedly awkward, my dear fellow; but you ought to have thought of that before you called them both. If they happen here together, and the case turns out to be a rather simple one not calling for a consultation of physicians, the doctors may be a little bit put out about it. You know how peppery old Lawton is where professional etiquette is concerned."

Roberts: "Is he? I didn't know—"

Campbell: "And I suppose he'll wonder why you should have called in a stranger, when your old family physician was in the neighborhood. Lawton will be hurt. But you can easily make it right with him. You can tell him you prefer homœopathy for your children: some people do, you know; it's milder."

Roberts: "Do you think that would do, Willis?"

Campbell: "Yes; it's the only way; and I'll tackle Williams. I'll tell him it was such a trifling case, you thought you wouldn't call in a regular practitioner. That 'll give him confidence in himself."

Roberts: "I don't think that would do, Willis—"

Campbell: "Well, perhaps it wouldn't. Perhaps we'd better trust to inspiration. But we've got to take one apiece, and see what Providence will do for us. What makes Agnes think Bob is so very bad?"

Roberts: "I don't know, I'm sure. He was in a good deal of pain, when I left, and now he's in a profuse perspiration."

Campbell: "Well, that sounds rather threatening, but I think when the doctor comes you'd better not give him the history of the case. I think you'd better devote yourself to explaining why you called another doctor. Now, if they both come together, which doctor do you think you had better take? Do you think you could manage best with that cranky old Lawton, with his punctilious medical etiquette, and his contempt of homœopathy, or little Williams, with his sensitiveness, and conceit, and quick temper, and his—"

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Roberts: "I—I don't know which I had better take, Willis."

Campbell: "I'd willingly take old Lawton, but he never believes a word I say; and I'd take Williams, but he's got a notion that I'm always laughing at him. I'm afraid I can't be of much use to you, Roberts."

Roberts: "Oh, but surely, Willis, you're not going to back out altogether?"

Campbell: "No, not back out. I'll stay by, and throw in a word or two, when I see it's needed. You'll get on swimmingly." To Mrs. Campbell, who appears on the stairs somewhat disheveled and very heated-looking: "Hello, Amy!" Mrs. Campbell descends the stairs, and reaches the level of the hallway while she is speaking.

IV.

MRS. CAMPBELL AND THE TWO MEN.

Mrs. Campbell: "What is that you are trying to put Edward up to, Willis? I insist upon knowing."

Campbell: "What's the matter, Amy? You look as though you had been having a little flirtation with a cyclone."

Mrs. Campbell: "Never mind how I look, or what I've been flirting with. What have you been putting Edward up to?"

Campbell: "Oh, very well, if you don't want him to do what I say, you can take the case in hand yourself. The simple fact is that he's called in Williams, and Agnes has called in Lawton, and the two doctors are going to arrive here together as mad as hornets, and I was just telling Roberts how to manage them. But I don't want to force my advice on any one."

Mrs. Campbell: "How do you know they'll arrive together, and be as mad as hornets?"

Campbell: "Well, my dear, as soon as you *see* them arrive together, you watch out whether they're as mad as hornets or not. That's all! What do you want Roberts here to say to them when they both come in together?"

Mrs. Campbell: "They won't both come together." She goes to one of the windows and looks out. "There, I knew they wouldn't! There comes Dr. Williams, and he's quite alone. There's not another soul in sight, and he's hurrying like everything."

Campbell: "Well, then, you must smuggle him out of the way, as quick as he gets into the house, and leave the coast clear for Dr. Lawton. Perhaps old Lawton hasn't started at all, yet, and you can stop him. Can't you call up Mrs. Bemis, and tell her that Rob is all right, and her father needn't come?"

Mrs. Campbell: "But what if he isn't all right?"

Campbell: Why, then, here's Dr. Williams to make him so!"

Mrs. Campbell: "That is so—"

Roberts: "Yes, do speak to her, Amy, and Willis and I will meet Dr. Williams here—"

Mrs. Campbell: "Well, I will if *you* wish it, Edward, but I'm not sure." She goes to the telephone in another room and is heard ringing, and then conducting the one-sided dialogue of the telephone: "Is that you, Lou? Yes, well! It's Mrs. Bemis I want. Are you Mrs. Bemis? Yes, well! This is Mrs. Campbell—Mrs. Willis Campbell. Amy, you know. Well, I'm speaking for Mrs. Roberts. Robby is much better. He's quite well, and if your father hasn't started yet— What? Is that you, Mrs. Bemis! Hello! Who is that! Lou? Yes, well! If Dr. Lawton hasn't started yet, Mrs. Roberts thinks it isn't worth while for him to come, and— What? Oh, my goodness, Willis!"—she rushes into the hallway again as she pronounces the dreadful words—"he's started as fast as he can drive, and he'll be here before we can turn round. What shall we do?"

Campbell: "Well, then, I'll tell you what! Roberts, here, has got to use a little—finesse, a little diplomacy."

Mrs. Campbell: "You know he can't!"

Roberts: "You know I'm never up to that sort of thing, Willis. I really can't help thinking, although I value your kindness so much, Willis, and appreciate your wish to help me, that perhaps it would be best, after all, to treat the matter frankly."

Campbell: "How, frankly?"

Roberts: "Why, simply tell both of the doctors, when they come, that we called one because we didn't think the other would get here in time, and—and—throw ourselves on their mercy, don't you know."

Campbell: "Oh, a nice time you would have on old Lawton's mercy! It would never do in the world, Roberts. You would make the most fearful mess of it."

Roberts: "I'm afraid we should make a fearfuler mess of it the other way, I do

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indeed. I'm not at all equal to it, Willis. You know how to carry these things off naturally, but I—"

Mrs. Campbell: "And I think you are quite right, Edward. It's much better to be honest about things."

Campbell: "You wouldn't know how to be honest about a thing if you tried, Amy. You leave Roberts to me."

Roberts: "No, Willis, I don't know how—I can't—"

Campbell: "Well, in this instance, you have simply *got* to; or you'll have the awfulest row— By George, Amy, why shouldn't *you* use the finesse, or the diplomacy? You'd be the very one for a thing of that kind. I don't say it to flatter you, but when it comes to a little fibbing—in a good cause, of course—"

Mrs. Campbell, after a moment of apparent fascination with the notion: "No, I shall have nothing to do with it. I shouldn't mind the fibbing—for the cause *is* good—but I should know that you had something underhanded in it, and were just trying to get me into a scrape. No, Willis, I can't trust you, even in a case of life and death."

Campbell: "Well, better put up your hair, anyway, Amy; and there's something stringing out of your neck— 'Sh! There's his step on the piazza!" Mrs. Campbell runs to the mirror in the corner of the hallway, and hastily reorders her dress and hair, and turns again to her husband.

Mrs. Campbell: "Will that do?"

Campbell, laughing: "Perfectly."

Mrs. Campbell: "I don't believe it; unless you're just laughing to tease me."

Campbell: "I'm not, Amy, indeed. And now as soon as he rings, Roberts and I will get out of this, and let you receive him, and then you'll know that I haven't put up any job on you. Now my plan is that Roberts shall stay in the library, on one side of the hall, here, and I'll stay in the dining-room on the other side. If old Lawton comes before you get Williams out of the house, I'll receive him in the dining-room, and prime him with a little sherry, and talk round him, and keep him amused till Williams is gone. And you must smuggle him down the back way, and Roberts will be there in the library, and shut the door, and then I'll steal out, and get up stairs with Lawton, and then Roberts can open the door, and hustle the other fellow out, and get him into his buggy, and have him off, and old Lawton will never suspect anything." He glances out of the window. "By George, there comes Lawton down the road now, and there isn't an instant to lose! Poke Williams right into the library there with Roberts, the instant he appears, and shut the door on them, and— 'Sh! There's his step! He's crossing the veranda! He's ringing!" The bell is heard. "Come, Roberts!" Roberts starts to follow Campbell into the dining-room. "No, no! You're to be in the library, you know." He turns Roberts about in the right direction by main force. "And remember, you're to take him up out of the door at the other end of the library, and then get him out of the house by the back stairs." He closes the library door upon Roberts, and retreats to the dining-room. At the same moment Mrs. Campbell opens the hall door to Dr. Williams.

V.

DR. WILLIAMS AND MRS. CAMPBELL.

Mrs. Campbell: "We don't stand upon ceremony this morning, doctor; I don't know where the maids all are. We've been terribly frightened about poor little Robby, and I don't know what you'll think of him. But we've kept him in bed till you came, though he's been perfectly furious to get up and have his clothes on."

Dr. Williams, standing with his hat in one hand, and his case of medicines in the other: "Get up and have his clothes on?"

Mrs. Campbell: "Yes; his mother is afraid he may be a little delirious. But won't you just step in here, and speak with Mr. Roberts? He would like to see you first." She throws open the library door, and Dr. Williams disappears within, looking mystified. As she closes the door on him, and turns away, Campbell shows himself at the dining-room door, and addresses her in a stage-whisper.

VI.

MR. AND MRS. CAMPBELL.

Campbell: "Splendid, Amy! I couldn't have done it better myself. Now, if you'll only manage old Lawton half as well, our lives will be saved."

Mrs. Campbell, whispering: "Dr. Lawton will be more difficult. Willis, I believe I shall let you receive Dr. Lawton."

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Campbell: "No, no! You mustn't think of it. You are doing magnificently, Amy! It will be such a joke on old Lawton when we're all safely out of it! Say the first thing that comes into your head, and it will be right." He runs to the window, and peeps. "He's there! He's hitching his horse, and he'll be at the door in half a minute. Courage, Amy, and luck to you."

Mrs. Campbell: "No, Willis! Don't leave me! You know I shall be perfectly helpless in Dr. Lawton's hands. You know how merciless he is if he suspects anything."

Campbell: "Old Lawton? Well, Amy, if you couldn't manage old Lawton! All you have got to do is to send him in to me, and I'll keep him from going up stairs till Edward gets the other fellow out of the house, and the coast is clear."

Mrs. Campbell: "Willis, you *mustn't* go. Stay and receive him with me."

Campbell: "I tell you I can't. It will spoil everything. He'll be sure to smell a rat if I'm with you."



"WHAT HAVE YOU GOT A FIRE FOR THIS MORNING?"

Mrs. Campbell, in a lamentable voice: "He *always* smells a rat!"

Campbell: "Well, he won't this time. There he is, coming up the veranda steps. Now, keep your wits about you, Amy, do! And send him right in here to me." He retreats toward the dining-room door.

Mrs. Campbell: "Oh, how can you be so cruel, unkind, and inconsiderate! Well, now, I don't care *how* badly I man-

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age, and I shall just be glad of it if I make a mess of the whole thing." The bell rings, and she pulls the door open, and admits Dr. Lawton. "Oh, how very kind of you, doctor! Agnes has been worried to death, asking you to come in your vacation. But poor little Rob has been acting so strangely that she couldn't help feeling alarmed, and she knew there was no one like you, and she telephoned you on the impulse of the moment; and it's *so* good of you to come." She glances round at the dining-room door, and catches a glimpse of Campbell making frantic gestures of approval and encouragement. "Won't you sit down a moment, and I'll go and tell—"

VII.

DR. LAWTON AND MRS. CAMPBELL.

Dr. Lawton: "No. I'd better see the patient at once, if he's in an alarming condition."

Mrs. Campbell: "Oh, he is! But hadn't I better get you a fan, or a lemonade, or something? It's so very warm this morning."

Dr. Lawton: "I should think it was—in here. What have you got a fire for this morning?"

Mrs. Campbell: "Why, Agnes kindled it. She thought that Rob might take cold, he's in such a drip of perspiration, and she didn't realize how hot it was outdoors. She wanted to send the heat up into his room."

Dr. Lawton, throwing open the windows: "Well, she hasn't succeeded, then. And it's a very good thing she hasn't. It's enough to kill the child, let alone the doctor. By-the-way, whose horse is that out there?"

Mrs. Campbell, with dismay, which she tries to make pass for astonishment: "Horse?"

Dr. Lawton: "Yes; I didn't say *cow*, Mrs. Campbell."

Mrs. Campbell, looking resolutely away from the window in the direction of the dining-room door, which Campbell closes: "Is there any horse besides yours, there, Dr. Lawton?"

Dr. Lawton: "Yes, there is another doctor's horse. The signs are unmistakable. Who's in the dining-room, there?"

Mrs. Campbell: "Dining-room? Why, I suppose the maids—"

Dr. Lawton, darting suddenly upon her: "Isn't Mr. Campbell in there?" As she hesitates, he smiles, and continues in a rapid whisper: "I see. They called another doctor first, and when he didn't come at once, they telephoned to me. That is all perfectly natural, and all perfectly right. I suppose you're afraid I shall be vexed at finding another doctor here. I think it's the jolliest kind of fix for Roberts, but I haven't the heart to tease him about it. If it was your husband, Mrs. Campbell, I shouldn't mind doing it. He's always teasing somebody. Tell me, now, what's his little game at present? Concealment is impossible, you know, and you might as well be honest as not."

Mrs. Campbell, allured by the fact: "I suppose I really might." She whispers throughout, and so does Dr. Lawton.

Dr. Lawton: "Better. What is he up to, in there?"

Mrs. Campbell: "Will you ever tell him I told you?"

Dr. Lawton: "Never!"

Mrs. Campbell: "Well, it would really be such a good joke on Willis, and I should like to see him come up with, once."

Dr. Lawton: "Dear lady, if you will only tell me, he shall be come up with as he never was in his life before!"

Mrs. Lawton: "But wouldn't it be a little wrong, doctor? I shouldn't want you to tease him *very* much!"

Dr. Lawton: "Not so as to injure him, of course; but just to give him a little lesson. You can safely trust me. I am your family physician, you know, and I will be responsible for the result."

Mrs. Campbell, reflectively: "That is true. And it would be just serving him right, wouldn't it, for leaving me here to take the brunt of it with you, and to try to keep you in the dark."

Dr. Lawton: "It would be your duty, Mrs. Campbell, in an event of that kind."

Mrs. Campbell: "And perhaps it would cure him of his teasing, if he could feel how it was himself."

Dr. Lawton: "It would be the saving of him. It would bring out all his good and noble qualities. What is his game?"

Mrs. Campbell: "I have the greatest mind in the world to tell you, only I don't like to do anything that a man would think underhand."

Dr. Lawton: "A man would think it the frankest kind of a thing. A woman might think it underhand, but—"

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"DON'T YOU KNOW THAT ROBERTS IS IN THERE WITH DR. WILLIAMS?"

Mrs. Campbell: "Oh, I don't care what a woman would think. And it would be such a good joke on Willis! Well, you see—you see—"

Dr. Lawton: "Yes, yes!"

Mrs. Campbell: "You see, Dr. Williams—"

Dr. Lawton: "Oh; little pills! Well, he isn't such a bad sort of fellow. Go on!"

Mrs. Campbell: "Agnes sent for him, and then, while Edward was gone, Robby broke into such a profuse perspiration that she got frightened, and telephoned for you. And when Willis found out what they had done, he began to tease, and to try to make them believe it was something awful, and that you would both be so angry that you would never forgive it—"

Dr. Lawton, rubbing his hands: "Capital! Just as I suspected. Oh, I'll fool him to the top of his bent! Go on!"

Mrs. Campbell: "And poor Edward *wanted* to tell the truth about it, as soon as you came, and Willis wouldn't let him. And he said Edward must go into the library, and receive Dr. Williams, and let him see the child, and then smuggle him out the back way, and he would be waiting in the dining-room, and I was to show you in there to him—"

Dr. Lawton: "Glorious! Oh, young man, how I will block your game!"

Mrs. Campbell: "And he would keep you amused there till Dr. Williams was safely out of the house, and then let you go up stairs, and you would never know anything about it."

Dr. Lawton: "Oh, *won't* I? Well, Mrs. Campbell, now I'm going to begin. You say, *Just step into the dining-room, doctor, and I'll call Mr. Roberts.*"

Mrs. Campbell, aloud: "*Yes, Mr. Roberts would like to see you first, and if you'll step into the dining-room a moment out of this terrible heat, and won't mind its being in a little disorder—*"

Dr. Lawton, whispering: "Is any one in the library now?"

Mrs. Campbell, opening the door, to peep in: "No."

Dr. Lawton: "All right." Aloud: "*Thank you, I'll wait in the library, if you please, and look at a word I want to see in Roberts's dictionary.*" He goes into the library, and closes the door after

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him, and at the same instant Campbell flings open the dining-room door, and flies out upon his wife.

VIII.

MR. AND MRS. CAMPBELL.

Campbell: "Great heavens, Amy, what in the world are you up to? Don't you know that Roberts is in there with Dr. Williams? You showed them in there yourself, half a minute ago." Campbell is obliged to speak in an impassioned whisper, so that he shall not be heard in the library.

Mrs. Campbell: "Why, so I did! What shall I do?"

Campbell: "Oh, do! You can't do anything now. The die is cast, the jig is up, the fat's in the fire, the milk's spilt."

Mrs. Campbell, mysteriously: "I don't believe it is."

Campbell: "Don't believe it is! What do you mean?"

Mrs. Campbell: "'Sh! Willis, I have a great mind to tell you something."

Campbell: "Tell me something?"

Mrs. Campbell: "'Sh! Yes, it would be such a joke on Dr. Lawton!"

Campbell: "On Lawton! Out with it, Amy! I'm round paying a heavy premium for jokes on Lawton."

Mrs. Campbell: "What will you give me if I tell you?"

Campbell: "Oh, anything! Everything! A kiss."

Mrs. Campbell: "Stuff! Will you ever let any human being know that I told you?"

Campbell: "Red-hot pincers couldn't get it out of me."

Mrs. Campbell: "Well, I peeped before I let him go in, and made sure Dr. Williams had gone up stairs. He wants to block your game, Willis. But I don't think it was very nice of him to try to get a wife to join against her husband; do you?"

Campbell: "Oh, that was very wrong indeed! I wonder at Lawton. What did he want you to do?"

Mrs. Campbell: "If it wasn't for that, I don't believe I should tell you."

Campbell: "I know you wouldn't, Amy. It's your sense of duty that obliges you to speak."

Mrs. Campbell: "If I were sure that it was my sense of duty—"

Campbell: "You may bet anything it is, Amy. I can tell when you're doing a thing because you're mad, and when you're doing it from a sense of duty. You look altogether different."

Mrs. Campbell: "And it isn't at all for the joke—"

Campbell: "*Joke*, Amy? *You* joke! You would rather perish. You wouldn't know how, even if you wanted to. What is it?"

Mrs. Campbell: "Oh, then you think women have no sense of humor?"

Campbell: "I? I think they are so truly humorous that they needn't joke to show it, and that if you saw anything funny in giving Dr. Lawton away, you wouldn't do it. What is the old reprobate up to, Amy?"

Mrs. Campbell: "Well, then, I'll tell you, if you won't give *me* away, as you call it."

Campbell: "Amy!"

Mrs. Campbell: "He made me confess—or the same as confess—that there was another doctor here, and you were going to keep it from him, till we could get Dr. Williams out of the house, and then let him go up and see Rob, and he would never know anything about it. And I know he's going to bounce out of the library in a minute, and pretend to be furious, and block your game, as he calls it."

Campbell: "Oh, *is* he! I guess two can play at blocking that game!"

Mrs. Campbell: "And I'm not going to stay, Willis, and you may get out of the boggle the best way you can."

Campbell: "You are an angel, Amy, and nothing proves it more than your wanting to sneak out of the difficulty that your perfidy has got two men into. Angels of your description always do that."

Mrs. Campbell: "Well, if that's the way you talk, Willis, I'll take back everything I've said. Dr. Lawton doesn't know anything about my telling you. Now, how do you feel?"

Campbell: "Terribly. But I think I'll act just as if he did. Go, my love; leave me to my fate."

Mrs. Campbell: "I shall not do it, now, because I see that you really wish me to. I shall stay, and see what a miserable mess you will make of it. I shall stay, and triumph over both of you. And I shall laugh and laugh. Oh, how I shall la— Wo-o-o! Oh, my goodness, he's coming!" At the sound of the knob turning in the library door Mrs. Camp-

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bell starts in fright, and with a backward glance at Dr. Lawton as he emerges, she flies from the scene.

IX.

DR. LAWTON AND CAMPBELL.

Campbell, gayly: "Ah, Dr. Lawton!"

Dr. Lawton, grimly: "Ah, Mr. Campbell!"

Campbell: "Awfully good of you to let them disturb you in your vacation, this way. Roberts will be down in a moment. He wants to see you before you go up to Rob. Agnes wants him to explain the case to you. It's rather a peculiar case—"

Dr. Lawton: "I don't think I'll wait to see Mr. Roberts, Mr. Campbell. I will ask you to say to Mrs. Roberts that I preferred not to wait—simply that."

Campbell, with affected consternation: "Why, Dr. Lawton, I hope you don't mind having had to wait a few moments for Roberts. I'll run right up stairs for him. I know he'll be extremely mortified and distressed."

Dr. Lawton, as before: "The waiting is nothing. I don't mind the waiting—"

Campbell, with affected humility: "Then may I ask—"

Dr. Lawton, as before: "Yes, sir, you may ask, and I have not the slightest objection to answering. Another physician has been called here, before me."

Campbell: "Oh, but, Dr. Lawton, I assure you—"

Dr. Lawton, always with the greatest sternness: "Don't attempt to trifle with me, sir. When I hitched my horse before the door, I found another doctor's horse hitched there: an unmistakable doctor's horse, chewing the top of the post, and drowsing as peacefully as the flies would let him." He turns aside to conceal a laugh.

Campbell: "Well, I recognize the type, doctor, but I think you must be mistaken—"

Dr. Lawton: "No, sir, I am not mistaken. How should I be mistaken?"

Campbell: "Well, the grocer's horse behaves that way, too, I believe."

Dr. Lawton: "But grocers don't drive round in top-buggies!"

Campbell: "That is true." He appears to fall into extreme dejection.

Dr. Lawton: "Besides, the motive for this delay that I have been subjected to is not sufficiently accounted for on the ground that Mr. Roberts wishes to explain a case to me that I can judge of a great deal better than he can. No, sir! They have another doctor up there with the patient, and they are waiting to smuggle him out of the house before they let me go up. I suspect your hand in this, Mr. Campbell, and I will not suffer you to trifle with me. You are keeping me here until Dr. Williams can be got out of the house, and then you are to let me go through the farce of prescribing for the patient."

Campbell, with simulated deprecation: "Now, Dr. Lawton—"

Dr. Lawton, with every token of suppressed fury: "Well, sir?"

Campbell: "If I were to give you my honor that there was not another doctor in this house?"

Dr. Lawton: "I advise you not to do so." He seizes Campbell by the arm, and pulls him to the window. "Look there, sir! What do you say to that? Do you see my horse hitched at one end of that rail, out there, and do you see Dr. Williams's horse hitched at the other end of the rail? What do you say to that?"

Campbell: "Why, Dr. Lawton, if you force me to be frank, I say that I didn't suppose you began so early in the morning. I don't object to a modest eye-opener, but if a man takes so many as to make him see double—"

Dr. Lawton: "Don't prevaricate, Mr. Campbell! Do you see two doctors' horses there, or don't you?"

Campbell: "I see *one* doctor's horse, there."

Dr. Lawton, releasing him, and anxiously scanning his face: "Ah! my poor young friend! This is worse than the simple drunkenness you accuse me of. Are you aware that there is a very serious brain disorder which causes the victim to see but half of a given object, and of two objects to see but one?"

Campbell: "No; is there? Then we had better get another doctor to judge between us, or appeal from Philip after to Philip before his second eye-opener. Come, now, doctor, hadn't you better go home? I'll excuse you to the family, and account for you some way. I don't believe Amy noticed anything; and when you get back, you can sleep it off, and nobody will be the wiser. It isn't habit-

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ual with you, and we can hush it up for this once if you'll only go—"

Dr. Lawton, with a fresh access of pretended rage: "No, sir, I will not go! I insist upon seeing Mr. Roberts, and upon verifying the presence of another doctor in this house."

Campbell, with a shrug: "Well, I suppose if you *see* double there's nothing to prevent you from *thinking* double. But if the solemn assurance of one of your oldest and truest friends—"

The Voice from overhead, making itself heard through the closed door: "I won't, I won't, I won't! I don't want any medicine! I know it's nasty. Go away, doctor! I ain't sick!" The voice dies away into the indistinct murmur of other persuasive and menacing voices, and the sound of a struggle, terminating in a wild yell.

Dr. Lawton: "There, sir, what do you say to that?"

Campbell: "Say to what?"

Dr. Lawton: "To that outcry, that uproar, that plain proclamation of Dr. Williams's presence!"

Campbell: "Why, did you hear anything, doctor?"

Dr. Lawton, with a compassionate shake of his head: "Hearing affected, too! This is very interesting. Will you let me examine your eye, Mr. Campbell?"

Campbell: "Oh, certainly." After the doctor has lifted the lid, and peered earnestly into his eye: "Anything green, there?"

Dr. Lawton: "What do you mean, sir?"

Campbell: "Oh, nothing, only I think you are doing it splendidly, and it's a pity you shouldn't know how fully I appreciate it. My game is completely blocked. Go on!"

Dr. Lawton, after a moment: "Who told you?"

Campbell: "Amy."

Dr. Lawton, with mock tragedy: "Then I have been betrayed."

Campbell: "I've been betrayed, too. She told you that I was going to put up a job on you."

Dr. Lawton: "She did. Mrs. Campbell is truth itself."

Campbell: "I should say deceit personified."

Dr. Lawton: "You are Mrs. Campbell's husband. What shall we do now?"

Campbell, offering his hand: "Shake."

Dr. Lawton, taking it: "And then?"

Campbell: "Keep the thing up with increased fervor. Bite the biter; deceive the deceiver; outshine the truth itself in candor."

Dr. Lawton: "Ah, that might be difficult—for some of us! But still I think we had better make the attempt. But first: there isn't anything serious the matter with Rob, is there?"

Campbell: "He's hungry, as I infer from a remark that I heard him make."

Dr. Lawton: "That's a trouble that can always be reached, happily, in our condition of life. Well, where did we leave off?"

Campbell: "Oh, I think at Rob's giving Dr. Williams's presence away."

Dr. Lawton: "I remember! Well, here goes, then!" He bursts out furiously: "*No, sir, I will not be put off with any such excuse. It is a matter which touches my personal and professional dignity. Where is Mr. Roberts, I say?*" In a natural tone: "How will that do?"

Campbell: "First rate! Perhaps it was a little too emphatic. I'm afraid Amy will begin to suspect something. Now I'll reply in persuasive accents: *My dear Dr. Lawton, you know that Roberts is incapable of offering you a personal or a professional affront. If you will give me a little time, I can explain—*"

Dr. Lawton: "Well, now, I'll retort in a tone of biting sarcasm: *I fancy you will not only want a little time; you will want a little eternity to explain a thing like this. But if Mr. Roberts will not come to me, I will go to Mr. Roberts!*"

Campbell, naturally: "Oh, that's capital! That will fetch them. 'Sh! They're opening the door a little. That's Agnes. I suppose Roberts must have got Williams down the back stairs. Now I'll throw myself in your way, here, and attempt to prevent your going up. That will simply madden you. I'll place myself at the foot of the stairs, with folded arms, and say, in a voice choked with a sense of duty, *Dr. Lawton, if you so far forget yourself as to attempt to mount a single step toward the room where my poor nephew lies in a drip of perspiration, I will—* Now, you go on, in a perfect frenzy."

Dr. Lawton: "*You will what, sir? Do you mean to say that you will use*

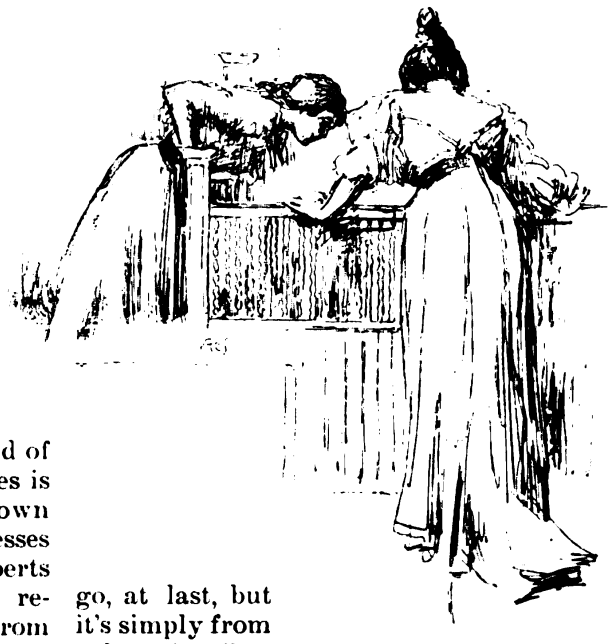
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physical force to prevent me?" Naturally: "How will that do?"

Campbell: "The very thing! Now I'll come in: *I don't know what you call it, but I shall keep you from going up stairs.*"

Dr. Lawton, dramatically: "*Stand aside, sir!*"

Campbell: "Not so loud, quite. They're listening. I'll give you the right pitch: *I will not stand aside. If you mount these stairs, it will be over my body, dead or alive.* About like that, you know. Now, we must both stamp our feet, and that will bring them." They both stamp their feet, and a sound of swishing dresses and suppressed voices is heard on the little gallery that looks down into the hallway from above. The dresses and the voices are those of Mrs. Roberts and Mrs. Campbell; Mrs. Campbell restrains Mrs. Roberts by main force from rushing down and interfering with the quarrel of the men.



X.

MRS. ROBERTS AND MRS. CAMPBELL ABOVE; CAMPBELL AND DR. LAWTON BELOW.

Mrs. Campbell, in bated breath: "Now, do control yourself, Agnes! I tell you they're just trying to fool each other. Oh, dear! I wish I hadn't put them up to it! This comes from not sticking to the exact truth. Edward's way is the best; yes, it is, and I shall always stick to it after this, if it kills me."

Mrs. Roberts: "Oh, but are you *sure* they're trying to fool each other, Amy? Perhaps you're not telling the truth, *now!* If they should be in earnest, I should surely die!" The men continue to dramatize a struggle on the floor below. "Oh, look at them! I can't bear to look at them! Oh, are you sure you're not mistaken, Amy?"

Mrs. Campbell: "Don't I *tell* you I put them up to it myself?"

Mrs. Roberts: "Oh, I wish Edward would come back, and separate them! I don't see what he's doing with Dr. Williams so long! Of course he had to make the excuse of the garden when he took him down the back way, but he could have shown him every leaf in it by this time, I should think. Amy, I can't think they're joking. They do struggle so fearfully. There! They've let each other go, at last, but it's simply from exhaustion!"

Campbell, proudly placing himself at the foot of the stairs again, and addressing Dr. Lawton, with feigned hauteur: "*I think you are satisfied now, that you can't go up stairs, Dr. Lawton.*"

Dr. Lawton, dramatically: "*We will see, Mr. Campbell. I have kept one little argument in reserve.*" He advances upon Campbell with lifted hand, as if to strike.

Campbell, dramatically: "*What! A blow, Dr. Lawton?*"

Dr. Lawton, dramatically: "*Several, Mr. Campbell, if you insist upon it. Will you stand aside?*"

Campbell, dramatically putting himself into a posture of self-defence: "*Never! And beware, Dr. Lawton! You are an old man, but I will not be answerable for the consequences if you strike me. I will not take a blow from you, much as I respect you, and would like to gratify you. I allow no one to strike me but Mrs. Campbell.*"

Mrs. Roberts: "Oh, Amy! Is it true? Do you ever strike poor Willis?"

Mrs. Campbell: "Don't be a goose, Agnes! Doesn't that show you that he's just making fun."

Mrs. Roberts: "Oh, do you *think* he is? If I could only believe you, Amy, I should bless you, the longest day you lived. Is Dr. Lawton making fun, too?"

Mrs. Campbell: "Yes, up to a certain

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point. But he doesn't seem to be making as much fun as Willis is."

Mrs. Roberts: "Oh, I'm sure he's in the bitterest earnest. See, he's just struck at Willis!"

Mrs. Campbell: "Yes, and Willis has warded off the blow nicely."

Mrs. Roberts: "Oh, don't look!" She hides her eyes in her hands. "What are they doing now?"

Mrs. Campbell: "He keeps striking at Willis, and Willis wards off his blows, without returning one of them. Oh, isn't he glorious! That's his fencing. He can outfence anybody, Willis can. He mustn't strike *him*, but if he lets him strike HIM, I will never speak to him again!"

Mrs. Roberts: "Oh, stop them, somebody, do! Oh, Willis—"

Dr. Lawton, advancing with lifted hand: "*I demand to see Mr. Roberts!*"

Mrs. Roberts, in wild appeal: "Oh, but he isn't here, Dr. Lawton! Indeed he isn't! He's out in the garden with Dr. Williams, and as soon as he can get rid of him he'll come right back and explain everything. It all happened through my being so anxious, and telephoning for you after he had gone for Dr. Williams, because we hated so to disturb you in your vaca— Oh, my goodness, he doesn't hear a word I say!" The men renew their struggle. "Oh, Amy, do you think they're still in fun?"

Mrs. Campbell, with misgiving: "I don't believe they're as much in fun as they were at first. I—"

Mrs. Roberts, wringing her hands: "Oh, well, then, speak to Willis, do, and see if you can make him hear you!"

Mrs. Campbell, with great but faltering sternness: "Willis! Willis! I want you to stop that absurd nonsense! You will give me a nervous headache if you keep on. You know that Dr. Lawton doesn't mean anything, and you're just trying to frighten us, and I think it's a shame. Stop, Willis! Oh, dear! he doesn't hear me, or he just pretends he doesn't. I don't know what I shall do."

Mrs. Roberts: "Well, then, we must both scream as loud as ever we can scream."

Mrs. Campbell: "Yes, that's the only thing we can do now." They both scream at the tops of their voices. Campbell and Dr. Lawton desist, and look smilingly up at them, with an air of great apparent surprise and interest. At the same moment Roberts and Dr. Williams burst wildly in through the door from the veranda.

XI.

DR. WILLIAMS, ROBERTS, AND THE OTHERS.

Roberts, with shuddering dismay: "What's the matter? What are you screaming for? Is Robby in a relapse? Willis—Dr. Lawton—what is it?"

Campbell, with great calm: "What is what? Have you noticed anything, Dr. Lawton?"

Dr. Lawton, with kindly serenity: "I'm sure I couldn't say. Has there been anything unusual going on?"

Mrs. Roberts and Mrs. Campbell: "They have been struggling violently together, and we screamed."

Mrs. Roberts: "Dr. Lawton was trying to come up stairs to speak with you, and Willis wouldn't let him."

Mrs. Campbell: "They were just fooling us, and I will settle with Willis when we get home."

Mrs. Roberts: "We were terribly frightened."

Mrs. Campbell: "I was not frightened, but I was never so indignant in my life."

Campbell: "Do you understand all this, Dr. Lawton?"

Mrs. Campbell: "Willis! I will *not* stand this any longer, and if you keep it up, I shall go into hysterics. Now you just tell Edward the truth!"

Campbell: "Well, Amy, I will. You see, Roberts, that as soon as Dr. Lawton got here he suspected another physician, and he taxed Amy with it when she let him in, and instead of confessing at once, as any one else would have done, that he had been called simply because Roberts hadn't found Dr. Williams at home—"

Mrs. Campbell: "Oh!"

Campbell: "—she invented a cock and bull story, and then, because it wouldn't work, she told him that I was trying to play it on him; and they arranged it between them that they would let me do it—"

Mrs. Campbell: "And I think I was perfectly justifiable. You're always doing such things to me."

Dr. Lawton: "You were simply acting for his best good, Mrs. Campbell."

Campbell: "Then she gave Lawton away to me, the first chance she had.

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But as soon as Lawton and I got together we saw through each other in a minute, and we concluded to let her have as much of her game as she wanted. That's all. Sorry to disturb Agnes, but that couldn't be helped. Of course we had to make some noise in the course of our little drama—"

Roberts: "Fortunately, Dr. Williams hadn't driven away; and when I heard the alarming uproar here, I called him in again. I thought Robby might—"

Campbell: "Well, that's pretty rough on Dr. Lawton."

Dr. Lawton: "Yes, Roberts, you might have remembered I was here. Well, I forgive you! Dr. Williams, shall we go up together and see if our patient is in a relapse?" He offers Dr. Williams his hand.

Dr. Williams, taking it, and meaning to say something civil: "I think I can safely leave him to you, *now*, doctor. There's nothing really the matter—"

Dr. Lawton: "Oh, you're very good!"

Campbell: "*You* seem to be getting compliments on all hands, Lawton. What's the matter with a few words of modest praise for your fellow-conspirator?"

Mrs. Roberts, to the waitress, who looks out from the dining-room door: "What is it, Bella? Breakfast? Well, now, you must both stay to breakfast with us, and if you decide that Robby can have something, and will only consult together and say what he shall have—"

Dr. Lawton, looking up the stairs at a forlorn little figure, very much dishevelled and imperfectly attired, which appears on the landing: "Suppose we let Robby decide for himself! Would you like some watermelon, Bob?"

Dr. Williams: "Or ice-cream?"

Dr. Lawton: "Or August sweetings?"

Dr. Williams: "Or soda-water?"

Dr. Lawton: "Or candy?"

Dr. Williams: "Or peaches and cream?"

Campbell: "Or all together?"

Mrs. Campbell: "Ah, don't tease the child!"

Robby, looking wistfully from one to the other as he descends to the floor, and fixing his eyes on his mother at last: "If you'll let me come to the table, mamma—I couldn't find all my clothes—I'd like a little milk-toast and tea."

Mrs. Roberts, stooping and putting his arms round her neck: "Oh, you poor little dirty angel! You shall have anything you want on the table. You won't mind his coming just as he is?" She turns with Robby to her guests, who take him into their arms one after another.

Dr. Lawton: "If Rob had another rag on him, I shouldn't feel good enough for his company."

Dr. Williams: "I consider him perfect, just as he is."

Mrs. Campbell: "And I will never hold him in bed again!"

Robby, after a moment: "You couldn't."

Campbell, catching him up on his shoulder, and dancing into the dining-room with him: "I knew she was just shamming when she pretended to do it."

A SINGING-STUDENT IN LONDON.

BY JEAN FORSYTH.

OWASSO, Michigan.—*April* 18, 1892.—After years of working away by myself, trying experiments with Madame Seiler's method, reading the best books on singing I could find, and practising according to all the hints given me, the desire of my heart seems at last within my reach. My dear old brother Reuben says I am to go to London for three months to take singing-lessons from the very best master there. When I look at his worn worried face, with the hair above it already turning gray, his rapidly rounding shoulders, and hands blackened with his hard work as foreman in a machine shop, I feel unwilling to accept this great thing from him, but he says:

"It will please me more than anything has done for years to think of you being over there, and having a chance to develop yourself. *I* think your voice is worth it, sister."

"But what about Mary Holles?"

"Mary and I can wait," he replied. "We've waited for each other for nearly ten years now, and a year or so more or less will not make so much difference to us as it will to you. If you are ever going to sing well enough to earn your living by it, you must not be any longer

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without good lessons, and I believe in going to the top of the tree at once."

"So do I, Rube; but, oh dear! I do wish I knew if it is really in me ever to sing well."

"The best master in London will tell you that right away, and if he says you cannot do it, why, then you can take a look round and see the town, and come home again—start to learn type-writing, or something of that sort."

He is right, for I never shall be satisfied till I find out what can be done with my voice. If I get on well this time, and come home to teach for a while, who knows but I may be able to return in a year or so for some more lessons? for of course I do not expect that these will "finish" me. I can work well if I am only sure that I am working on the right lines. So I am really going.

No. — Gower Street, London, N., May 1st.—Owasso never looked so attractive as on the day I left it. There was an English girl on the steamer crossing who raised her eyebrows when she heard I intended going for lessons to the famous Francis Bacon. She evidently wondered if I considered myself a prima donna in embryo.

Out of the number of addresses in this neighborhood given to me by friends, I fixed upon this place of abode because of the notice in the window, which said "Board and Residence," instead of simply "Apartments," the latter meaning that I should have been obliged to provide my own meals. Then the house looked to me a little cleaner than some of those I inspected, and there is a piano in the dining-room, which the landlady says I am at liberty to use as much as I like out of meal hours.

I started out on my enterprise very boldly this afternoon, got Mr. Bacon's address at a music store, but walked around the block, across the street and back again, before I could nerve myself to the point of ringing his door-bell. The house is in a fashionable part of London, not far from the Langham Hotel, and makes a white spot in a dingy street. I shall know it again by the boxes of marguerites on the window-sill. My ring was a very feeble one at the last, but it brought an impassive-looking manservant promptly to the door, and the next minute the great Francis Bacon himself came out of the back room, where he was giving a lesson, and spoke to me himself. My inward relief when I saw him was so great that I nearly laughed in his face. He is not in the least the sort of a master to strike terror to the heart of any one—rather a jolly little fellow, I imagine. I think it must have been the greatness of the name, both past and present, that scared me. He agreed at once to take me as a pupil for the time I proposed to be in London, and I am to go to-morrow for my first lesson.

May 2d.—Had time to study the very good life-size oil-painting of himself in Mr. Bacon's dining-room, as well as to read some of the "notes" he sent out for my perusal before it was my turn to go into the study. It is a small room with a bracket running along one side, which, as well as the mantel-piece, is thickly adorned with photographs of former pupils and various musical celebrities. The piano is a small upright, and Mr. Bacon certainly handles it like a master. I have no doubt that he is a perfect accompanist, but I am not judging of that from my half-hour with him to-day. That is to be the length of my lesson always, and I am to pay my guinea each time as I leave.

I gained one idea in return for my guinea to-day, and a fine one it is, too, if I can only develop it properly. The inspiratory muscles must control the expiratory; that is, you must press out the sides to prevent the breath from escaping any faster than you wish.

Mr. Bacon demonstrated this by putting his hands on my shoulders and shoving me across the room, he thereby representing the one set of muscles and I the other. It seemed to me rather a stupid illustration, but I suppose the little man gets tired sitting at the piano stool all day, and is glad of an excuse to stretch his legs a bit. He also showed me how he could take a number of quick breaths, out and in, with no motion whatever in the upper part of the chest.

"I cannot do that, Mr. Bacon."

"If you could, you need not come to me," was his reply.

May 6th.—I find I shall have to economize in my omnibus fares and my lunches if I mean to stay here as long as I had planned. I take just breakfast and six-o'clock dinner in this house, and my lunch outside. This scheme would work well were my landlady more liberal in her table; but one cannot expect everything for twenty-five shillings a week.

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My second lesson emphasized what I had been told in my first, and the idea becomes a little clearer. Mr. Bacon said he could not afford to indulge himself in the sort of "upper-chest" breaths that I take. His theory is similar to that propounded by Emil Behnke in his *Voice, Song, and Speech;* and yet it is not exactly the same either. Behnke insists on abdominal breathing, while Bacon's strong point is the "hold" of the breath at the waist after inspiration. I was wrestling hard with this idea, as he explained it to me this afternoon, when the still small voice of the manservant, who announces at the study door the name of each person who calls, called out one which was evidently new to Mr. Bacon, for he went out into the hall to interview the owner thereof, and so ended my lesson. But I should not grumble at that, for he did the same thing for me the day I first came to see him.

May 9th.—I asked Mr. Bacon to-day if he thought it was worth my while taking these lessons, for he had promised that he would not let me waste my money.

"Most decidedly I do think your voice is worth cultivating. It is not a great voice, but a very pretty one, and if you stay with me till the end of July and are not greatly improved, you are not the woman I take you for; and, moreover, I'll give you a little note from myself." He added that last remark, I fancy, because I told him I would rather teach than sing in public. He says he has so many Americans coming over to him that he thinks he will have to stop taking English pupils at this season. They can get their lessons in the winter. He appears to have a great many casual pupils. There has not yet been the same one ahead of me, and nearly every day I hear a penetrating voice in the hall with the familiar home twang.

My lesson to-day was the same thing over again, but I feel that I am getting a little nearer it all the time, though it is the most uninteresting thing I have ever yet tried to practise. There must be no strain at the throat; the muscles at the shoulders must be relaxed.

"Have your throat and jaws loose, so that the tone comes out naturally. Laugh it out," he said.

May 12th.—Yesterday I met a Chicago girl who has been studying singing and piano at the Royal Academy of Music for a couple of years. She patronized me, of course, and therefore I did not lay much weight upon what she said of Mr. Bacon:

"He is greatly run after by Americans, but I don't think you'll find that he takes much interest in casual pupils."

"But I don't call three months' hard study with two lessons a week being exactly a casual pupil."

"True, but unless he thinks you are going to do him great credit professionally, or in London society as an amateur, he will not waste his best energies on you."

Well, I have more faith in Mr. Bacon than that, and when he told me to-day to get "Pensées d'Automne" by Massenet, which he declared was written for me, and that he would see that I sang it, I walked out of his house with my nose so high in the air that no number of girls from Chicago could lower it.

I am becoming very friendly with a certain Scotch spinster, Miss Guthrie by name, who boards in this house. She is taking painting-lessons from one of the best masters here; but years ago she studied singing, and is therefore much interested in my progress. She had always heard that Mr. Bacon could teach well if he chose to take the trouble. He certainly is not an inspiring mortal.

"How much should I practise, Mr. Bacon?" said I to-day.

"Just as much as you feel inclined."

"But I don't feel inclined at all."

"Then don't practise."

Mr. Bacon is not yet satisfied with my breathing. "Aren't you tired?" he asked me, with one of those upward looks from the piano stool which he seems to consider extremely fetching.

"No, I'm not."

"Then you can't be doing it right, or you would feel tired—very tired round the waist, but not at the throat. You are awfully proud of your strength, aren't you? You remind me of a tenor I had in here the other day, who said, like you: 'Oh no, I'm not tired. I never get tired.' But pretty soon I had him rolling on the floor."

He heard me sing half through the song of Massenet's, but did nothing but correct my French accent; and there is no English translation. What is the use of a French song in Owasso, Michigan?

Came away to-day thoroughly discouraged, and was not buoyed up by a letter from Reuben I found awaiting me.

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"Stick to it, little sister," he writes. "I am working overtime just now, so that you may have something for extras. London is a big place and a dear place, and I have no doubt that it is costing you more to live than we calculated."

It is indeed. I have begun to go without lunch altogether, but am afraid I cannot keep that up, our breakfasts here are so very unsatisfactory. If the piano were only in tune, and I could use it comfortably, I should not grumble; but I am beginning to think it may be a good thing to fall in with Miss Guthrie's proposition. She is not satisfied here either, and proposes that we should look for furnished rooms elsewhere, and take all our meals out that we cannot cook ourselves by the aid of a spirit-lamp.

May 19th.—At last I have met Miss Burton, the New York elocutionist, to whom I had a letter of introduction. Her throat had begun to trouble her, and she is here taking a course of lessons from Emil Behnke. She asked me to go to one of them with her, and I did so. *That* was a lesson worth while. He gave her three solid quarters of an hour for her guinea, and spent every minute of it in teaching. Miss B. thinks I ought to change from Mr. Bacon to her master, but I hardly like to do so, not feeling yet that I have given my teacher a fair chance.

"Mr. Behnke is a tone specialist," said I, "and Mr. Bacon says my tone is good, and that only my breath is wrong."

"But don't you think he finds the same fault with everybody?" she replied. "He is a breath specialist, and, mark my words, he will teach you nothing else all the time you are here."

I am beginning to be afraid of that. What is the use of his having given me a beautiful song by Massenet, or anybody else, when he treats it merely as a breathing exercise, and shows me not at all how it ought to be sung? To-day I thought I should get the better of him, for I had written a translation in English verse above the French lines; but I repented having done so when I found that he took up at least five of my all too precious twenty minutes to criticise my translation. I never get more than twenty minutes' solid teaching, and generally not that much. Every singing student that I meet has a different master to propose, but one can use only one's own judgment. I approve most thoroughly of everything that Mr. Bacon does tell me, and the only fault I have to find with him is that he does not tell me quite so much as I think he might.

May 23d.—More discouragement! Of course I know that the weather is very warm, and that when one is giving twenty lessons a day it is not easy to keep braced up to the teaching-point all the time, but I wish devoutly that Mr. Bacon would not so frequently relax in my lesson. He sits on that piano stool and yawns till I feel like suggesting the lounge and a pillow. Nothing revives him but a joke, and I try an American one on him occasionally, but find that my time is wasted all the more in consequence.

It is all very well for the "smart" young ladies who are driven to and from his door in the smartest of carriages, and who do not grudge a guinea for twenty minutes' amusement and the pleasure of calling themselves Bacon's pupils; but when I think of Reuben toiling away in the heat, and working overtime for the sake of putting a few more dollars into this man's pocket, my blood boils.

"It is the way of the world," says Miss Guthrie. She and I have rooms together now, further up Gower Street; and I have hired my own piano, and can practise comfortably at last.

May 30th.—It hardly seems worth while writing this diary, I am getting so few ideas to put into it. Every other lesson is generally a fairly good one; and sometimes Mr. Bacon tells me so much in five minutes that I gain an idea of what he might do if he chose. The other day I heard of a pupil for whom he had done a great deal, introducing her both as a singer and a teacher. Probably he thinks he can make nothing of me; but if so, why is he not honest about it? "You ought to be flattered that he takes you at all," says Miss Guthrie. "I've heard of girls that he sent away after a lesson or two."

June 2d.—Miss Guthrie went with me to my lesson to-day, and was agreeably surprised after the descriptions I had given her.

The great small man did not once give my hand the friendly squeeze that he seems to think makes up for any lack of attention to business, and he kept me at work for fully twenty minutes. Miss G. thinks I have been too hard on him, and maybe I have.

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"I am sure he does take an interest in you, Jean," she said. "Why, the way he gazed up at you put me in mind of that speech in the *Heart of Mid-Lothian*, 'Oh, Jeanie, will ye no tak me?'"

"I never complained that he does not take an interest in me. He does personally, but not as a singer."

"Well, you may be thankful he doesn't try to make you fall in love with him, as a lot of them do. They seem to think it a fine way to improve their own emotional execution. That was what disgusted me with singing-masters long ago, and I have never been sorry that I gave up the study for painting. To get on at all, it struck me that you either had to be in love with your master or make him think that you were in order to get anything out of him."

"Perhaps I go to the other extreme, and am a little too brusque with Mr. Bacon."

"I should not wonder, Jean, if you were. Why not give him a little of what you Americans call 'taffy,' and see how it acts?"

"The other day he asked me if I did not think that my voice was improving, and I said that I could not see it. 'Why, don't you notice that it is becoming brighter and less "wooly"?' 'No, I don't,' said I; and then he told me I was a most unsatisfactory pupil, and gave a person no encouragement."

"You see, he's only human," laughed Miss Guthrie.

June 13th.—Met another singing-student to-day, who simply raved about her master, an Italian.

"He would put enthusiasm into any one. I feel that I can do wonders when he plays my accompaniments."

"But what are you like when you are away from him?" said I.

"You have me there!" she laughed. "I am afraid to try anything in public without a great amount of coaching from Signor D——, and I never can sing so well with another accompanist."

"What sort of songs does he give you?"

"Italian, of course. There is no other language for the voice."

"I don't know that they would believe that in Owasso, Michigan."

"Perhaps not; but give me a foreign master and a foreign language every time. An Englishman would be ashamed to gush over music the way my Italian does, and when he is particularly pleased with me he gets so worked up that he actually embraces me."

"Humph! I am glad I have an Englishman."

"My dear Miss Forsyth, the yarns I could tell you about the amount of humbug there is in the profession of teaching singing here in London—more, it seems to me, than in any other branch of industry! In piano-playing there are certain standards accepted by all, and the same is true of any other instrument; but when it comes to the voice, every man has his own method. He starts off on his hobby-horse, and drags after him as many poor pupils as will submit to be tied to his stirrups. We singers need to be fed on flattery, and if a man plays our accompaniments sympathetically, and, gazing up into our eyes, tells us we have voices like angels, we pay him our guinea without a groan. I think your Mr. Bacon is honest, as men go."

"He certainly doesn't flatter me."

"Stick to him, then, my dear, and see that he gives you the 'little note' he promised you when you go away. 'There's millions in it'—in America."

June 16th.—Miss Guthrie seems determined to stand up for Mr. Bacon, spite of all I can say, though she may do it just to keep me practising.

"Do you really think he is acting fairly by me?" I asked.

"So far as I could judge the other day, he is, but you tell me that was an exceptionally good lesson."

"Yes, it was. I could have cried this afternoon when for the third time he heard me sing half through that song of Massenet's and told me, 'We'll take the rest next time.' Don't you think he might give me a conception of the whole thing, how it ought to be sung?"

"I don't know much about singing, but the best master in painting is not the one who puts in your shading or your colors where you are weak."

"But, Miss Guthrie, if you only knew how hard I have worked at home for years, studying the songs of Schubert, Schumann, Brahms, and Franz, just to prepare myself for learning to sing them properly if ever I had the chance of good lessons!"

"Don't you see, Jean, my dear, that that is not what Mr. Bacon proposes to do for you at all? He only aims to teach you the use of your tools: you must do

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the rest yourself. Your own interpretation of Schumann, or any of those other men, is the only one that is of any value to you.

"But I think it an utter waste of time to practise any of these silly modern English ballads."

"Well, use the better music for breathing exercises, just as Mr. Bacon does, and in time the meaning of the composition will become more clear to you, and you will also have gained the power to express it to others. What would you think of a public reader who learnt his pieces off like a parrot from some one else, rising inflection here, falling there, and so on? Would you not say that he was a fraud, that he ought to study his author thoroughly until he had caught his spirit, and was thereby enabled to convey to others the ideas that were meant to be expressed? If you must learn by imitation, why not go to all the good concerts?"

"I have been to several, as you know, but I hardly ever hear a song I could think of tackling myself. They are mostly Italian arias or English twaddle. Every letter I get from home has congratulations from some one or other on the great opportunity of a lifetime it is for me to be within reach of so famous a master. If they knew all about it, they would not envy me."

"And for goodness' sake never tell them—never let *anybody* know that you have been in the least disappointed in your lessons; for I have no doubt there will be plenty of jealous ones ready to say, 'Of course Mr. Bacon would not take any pains with *her!*' If you wish to teach when you go back, you should give yourself out to be his favorite pupil, and charge half a guinea a lesson."

"Oh, nonsense! I never could get that price in Owasso."

"Charge as high as you dare, then. You can teach pupils to breathe, if you can do nothing else."

June 20th.—Mr. Bacon told me to-day that of course I was a contralto, for I had no head tones.

"But, please, Mr. Bacon, I think I have."

"Indeed! Let me hear them."

I gave some samples, and he said:

"Oh yes, so you have; but of course you do not produce them properly;" and then he yawned and turned to something else.

Now, was it not his business to have shown me what was the matter with those tones? I shall be afraid to sing above E for the rest of my natural life. It is as good as a pantomime to watch the variety of gestures by which he tries to express his meaning, and does not always succeed very well.

"I have to save my voice," he says. He must do some good work. I heard a lovely voice in the study to-day, and when the owner of it came out, I saw a very plain, practical-looking person.

"What a grand voice, Mr. Bacon!" said I.

"Ah! very fair," replied the *blasé* little man. Some one told me afterwards that the same young lady was a singing-teacher in Edinburgh, who came up to London every year to get the very latest ideas from Mr. Bacon. There is no doubt that he is progressive. He is constantly learning at the expense of his pupils, and frequently writes down notes during his daily lessons, which he sends out to his waiting students to read as they sit in the dining-room. Here is what I had to digest to-day: "If one grips at medium register through having no right breath-control, it makes the upward transition to head voice almost impossible; thus comes a spurious head voice. If one sings the right head voice, one often loses the breath while finding it; and then if the note goes down into a mixed voice at the transition, the grip appears immediately. Often on discovering we have no hold of the breath the very note changes to spurious head."

I can understand this better: "How to get every note of the different registers to *sound* without losing control of the breath in the effort of starting them is the real difficulty of the singer—how to recognize breath-hold and not mistake throat-hold for it."

Perhaps Mr. Bacon thinks he gives me as much as I can take in, but I wish I had not constantly the feeling of holding a mental revolver at his head to make him teach my full time. I must not forget that I am but one of the shoal of Americans who cross on purpose to get lessons from him, and some of them may take home a very different tale; but I can only speak for myself. If I knew of any first-rate pupil of his who had not yet started to travel on his reputation, I think I should make a change, but I am

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afraid to try any of the other men who are recommended to me. One needs to take half a dozen lessons at least before one can decide on the merits of a master, and I cannot afford to experiment.

June 27th.—When I was passing the Langham to-day on my way from my lesson, who should come out but Bessie Belknap, straight from Owasso! Her father is making money in lumber, and this is the second trip that she and her mother have had to Europe. Of course I was glad to see her, and she walked all the way here with me, telling me the news.

"And, oh, Jean," she said, "I am just dying to hear you sing! The girls are counting the weeks till you go back, they hope to have such a treat in hearing you and getting all the latest points. Will you sing for me now if I go into your rooms with you?"

"What shall I sing? Lamperti's 'Bravura Studies'?"

"Surely you have got something else."

"Yes—Schumann's 'Frauenlieder.'"

"Oh, dreadful! I think I'll wait till we are back in Owasso, and you will condescend to something less high-toned."

Thankful to have stood her off, I asked how Reuben was looking.

"Not well at all, I'm sorry to say. I saw him a few days before I left, and asked him if he were not going to take a holiday trip somewhere, for he looked as if he needed it. He laughed, and said no, that he wanted you to do the holidaying for the family this year."

Poor Rube! I am the most selfish, heartless creature on the face of the earth to be staying over here wasting your substance for naught. I am going straight home by the very next steamer, and shall send him off to the sea-side, where Mary Holles has gone with her family.

"But what will you say to Mr. Bacon?" inquired Miss Guthrie, when I announced my decision to her.

"I shall not go near him again, for he would be sure to talk me into staying. I'll write and tell him I am going home sooner than I expected."

"Be sure to remind him of the 'little note' from himself that he promised you."

"Do you imagine for one minute that he'll give it to me?"

"Perhaps not; but you can at least ask him for the names of some songs to take home with you, and he will surely be enough of a gentleman to do that much for you."

"I may ask what I choose, but you'll find that he will not answer my letter."

June 30th.—I have reasoned the matter out with myself, and to sail on Saturday seems the only honorable thing I can do. Mr. Bacon is not going to give me any more ideas in the next six or eight lessons. For the last ten he has just been enforcing those he gave me in the first two or three, and that I can do for myself. As I expected, Mr. Bacon has not seen fit to reply to my note of farewell.

Somehow it seems to me of infinitely less importance than it did whether I ever sing at all or not. Mr. Bacon's indifference may be the cause of that feeling, or it may be the result of hearing lovely singing over here at every turn. Many a time I have stopped my own practice to listen to a girl across the street with a superb voice going through her vocal gymnastics. I feel quite sure that I am "not in it," as they say at home, and never will be. But when I get back to Owasso, and hear the way they sing there, I'll want to show them how it ought to be done, and I'll mount a platform—to find out that I cannot do it myself.

Owasso, Michigan, July 20th.—When Reuben met me at the station here I could scarcely look at him for crying, he seemed so old and careworn. My conscience smote me terribly, and I would not let him say "singing" to me till his valise was packed for the sea-side. Then I said:

"I cannot tell yet whether I am improved or not, Reuben. It is not at the time that one gets the good of lessons, it is by working afterwards on the hints one has received. I am going to study hard the rest of the summer, and if there is anything in Mr. Bacon's ideas, I'll get it out."

September 23d.—All through the hot weather I fairly slaved at my singing, feeling that I owed it to myself and to Reuben not to be an utter failure after my "great advantages." I feel that I have gained more control over my voice, and I appreciated the magic of Mr. Bacon's name when Mrs. Morrow, the wife of the lumber king, called on me to-day and asked me as a great favor if I would give lessons to her two daughters. She never asked me to sing, or questioned me about my terms or my method. I was a pupil of Bacon's, and that was enough—without even the "little note" from himself.

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IN TENEBRAS.

A PARABLE.

BY HOWARD PYLE.

ONE morning, after I had dressed myself and had left my room, I came upon an entry which I had never before noticed, even in this my own house. At the further end a door stood ajar, and wondering what was in the room beyond, I traversed the long passageway and looked within. There I saw a man sitting, with an open book lying upon his knees, who, as I laid one hand upon the door and opened it a little wider, beckoned to me to come and read what was written therein.

A secret fear stirred and rustled in my heart, but I did not dare to disobey. So, coming forward (gathering away my clothes lest they should touch his clothes), I leaned forward and read these words:

"WHAT SHALL A MAN DO THAT HE MAY GAIN THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN?"

I did not need a moment to seek for an answer to the question. "That," said I, "is not difficult to tell, for it has been answered again and again. He who would gain the kingdom of heaven must resist and subdue the lusts of his heart; he must do good works to his neighbor; he must fear his God. What more is there that man can do?"

Then the leaf was turned, and I read the Parable.

I.

The town of East Haven is the full equation of the American ideal worked out to a complete and finished result. Therein is to be found all that is best of New England intellectuality — well taught, well trained; all that is best of solidly established New England prosperity; all that is best of New England progressive radicalism, tempered, toned, and governed by all that is best of New England conservatism, warmed to life by all that is best and broadest of New England Christian liberalism. It is the sum total of nineteenth-century American *cultus*, and in it is embodied all that for which we of these days of New World life are striving so hard. Its municipal government is a perfect model of a municipal government; its officials are elected from the most worthy of its prosperous middle class by voters every one of whom can not only read the Constitution, but could, if it were required, analyze its laws and by-laws. Its taxes are fairly and justly assessed, and are spent with a well-considered and munificent liberality. Its public works are the very best that can be compassed, both from an artistic and practical stand-point. It has a free library, not cumbersomely large, but almost perfect of its kind; and, finally, it is the boast of the community that there is not a single poor man living within its municipal limits.

Its leisure class is well-read and widely speculative, and its busy class, instead of being jealous of what the other has attained, receives gladly all the good that it has to impart.

All this ripeness of prosperity is not a matter of quick growth of a recent date; neither is its wealth inherited and held by a few lucky families. It was fairly earned in the heyday of New England commercial activity that obtained some twenty-five or thirty years ago, at which time it was the boast of East Haven people that East Haven sailing vessels covered the seas from India to India. Now that busy harvest-time is passed and gone, and East Haven rests with opulent ease, subsisting upon the well-earned fruits of good work well done.

With all this fulness of completion one might think that East Haven had attained the perfection of its ideal. But no. Still in one respect it is like the rest of the world; still, like the rest of the world, it is attainted by one great nameless sin, of which it, in part and parcel, is somehow guilty, and from the contamination of which even it, with all its perfection of law and government, is not free. Its boast that there are no poor within its limits is true only in a certain particular sense. There are, indeed, no poor resident, tax-paying, voting citizens, but during certain seasons of the year there are, or were, plenty of tramps, and they were not accounted when that boast was made.

East Haven has clad herself in comely enough fashion with all those fine garments of enlightened self-government, but underneath those garments are, or were, the same vermin that infested the garments of so many communities less clean—parasites that suck existence from

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God's gifts to decent people. Indeed, that human vermin at one time infested East Haven even more than the other and neighboring towns; perhaps just because its clothing of civilization was more soft and warm than theirs; perhaps (and upon the face this latter is the more likely explanation of the two) because, in a very exaltation of enlightenment, there were no laws against vagrancy. Anyhow, however one might account for their presence, there the tramps were. One saw the shabby, homeless waifs everywhere—in the highways, in the byways. You saw them slouching past the shady little common, with its smooth greensward, where well-dressed young ladies and gentlemen played at lawn-tennis; you saw them standing knocking at the doors of the fine old houses in Bay Street to beg for food to eat; you saw them in the early morning on the steps of the old North Church, combing their shaggy hair and beards with their fingers, after their night's sleep on the old colonial gravestones under the rustling elms; everywhere you saw them—heavy, sullen-browed, brutish—a living reproach to the well-ordered, God-fearing community of something cruelly wrong, something bitterly unjust, of which they, as well as the rest of the world, were guilty, and of which God alone knew the remedy.

No town in the State suffered so much from their infestation, and it was a common saying in the town of Norwark—a prosperous manufacturing community adjoining East Haven—that Dives lived in East Haven, and that Lazarus was his most frequent visitor.

The East Haven people always felt the sting of the suggested sneer; but what could they do? The poor were at their doors; they knew no immediate remedy for that poverty; and they were too compassionate and too enlightened to send the tramps away hungry and forlorn.

So Lazarus continued to come, and Dives continued to feed him at the gate, until, by-and-by, a strange and unexpected remedy for the trouble was discovered, and East Haven at last overcame its dirty son of Anak.

II.

Perhaps if all the votes of those ultra-intelligent electors had been polled as to which one man in all the town had done most to insure its position in the van of American progress; as to who best represented the community in the matter of liberal intelligence and ripe culture; as to who was most to be honored for steadfast rectitude and immaculate purity of life; as to who was its highest type of enlightened Christianity—an overwhelming if not unanimous vote would have been cast for Colonel Edward Singelsby.

He was born of one of the oldest and best New England families; he had graduated with the highest honors from Harvard, and finished his education at Göttingen. At the outbreak of the rebellion he had left a lucrative law practice and a probable judgeship to fight at the head of a volunteer regiment throughout the whole war, which he did with signal credit to himself, the community, and the nation at large. He was a broad and profound speculative thinker, and the papers which he occasionally wrote, and which appeared now and then in the more prominent magazines, never failed to attract general and wide-spread attention. His intelligence, clear-cut and vividly operating, instead of leading him into the quicksands of scepticism, had never left the hard rock of earnest religious belief inherited from ten generations of Puritan ancestors. Nevertheless, though his feet never strayed from that rock, his was too active and living a soul to rest content with the arid face of a by-gone orthodoxy; God's rain of truth had fallen upon him and it, and he had hewn and delved until the face of his rock blossomed a very Eden of exalted Christianity. To sum up briefly and in full, he was a Christian gentleman of the highest and most perfect type.

Besides his close and profound studies in municipal government, from which largely had sprung such a flawless and perfect type as that of East Haven, he was also interested in public charities, and the existence of many of the beneficial organizations throughout the State had been largely due to his persistent and untiring efforts. The municipal reforms, as has been suggested, worked beautifully, perfectly, without the grating of a wheel or the creaking of a joint; but the public charities—somehow they did not work so well; they never did just what was intended, or achieved just what was expected; their mechanism appeared to be perfect, but, as is so universally the case with public charities, they somehow lacked a soul.

It was in connection with the matter of

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public charities that the tramp question arose. Colonel Singelsby grappled with it, as he had grappled with so many matters of the kind. The solution was the crowning work of his life, and the result was in a way as successful as it was paradoxical and unexpected.

Connected with the East Haven Public Library was the lecture-room, where an association, calling itself the East Haven Lyceum, and comprising in its number some of the most advanced thinkers of the town, met on Thursdays from November to May to discuss and digest matters social and intellectual. More than one good thing that had afterward taken definite shape had originated in the discussions of the Lyceum, and one winter, under Colonel Singelsby's lead, the tramp question was taken up and dissected.

He had, Colonel Singelsby said, studied that complex question very earnestly and for some time, and to his mind it had resolved itself to this: not how to suppress vagrancy, but how to make of the vagrant an honest and useful citizen. Repressive laws were easily passed, but it appeared to him that the only result achieved by them was to drive the tramp into other sections where no such laws existed, and which sections they only infested to a greater degree and in larger numbers. Nor in these days of light was it, in his opinion, a sufficient answer to that objection that it was the fault of those other communities that they did not also pass repressive laws. The fact remained that they had not passed them, and that the tramps did infest their precincts, and such being the case, it was as clear as day (for that which injures some, injures all) that the wrong of vagrancy was not corrected by merely driving tramps over the limits of one town into those of another. Moreover, there was a deeper and more interior reason against the passage of such repressive laws; to his thinking it behooved society, if it would root out this evil, to seek first the radix from which it drew existence; it behooved them first to very thoroughly diagnose the disease before attempting a hasty cure. "So let us now," said he, "set about searching for this radix, and then so drive the spade of reform as to remove it forever."

The discussion that followed opened a wide field for investigation, and the conclusion finally reached during the winter was not unlike that so logically deduced by Mr. Henry George at a later date. The East Haven Lyceum, however, either did not think of or did not care to advocate such a radical remedy as Mr. George proposes. They saw clearly enough that, apart from the unequal distribution of wealth, which may perhaps have been the prime cause of the trouble, idleness and thriftlessness are acquired habits, just as industry and thrift are acquired habits, and it seemed to them better to cure the ill habit rather than to upset society and then to rebuild it again for the sake of benefiting the ill-conditioned few.

So the result of the winter's talk was the founding of the East Haven Refuge, of which much has since been written and said.

Those interested in such matters may perhaps remember the article upon the Refuge published in one of the prominent magazines. A full description of it was given in that paper. The building stood upon Bay Street overlooking the harbor; it was one of the most beautiful situations in the town; without, the building was architecturally plain, but in perfect taste; within, it was furnished with every comfort and convenience—a dormitory immaculately clean; a dining-room, large and airy, where plain substantial food, cooked in the best possible manner, was served to the inmates. There were three bath-rooms supplied with hot and cold water, and there was a reading and a smoking room provided not only with all the current periodicals, but with chess, checkers, and backgammon boards.

At the same time that the Refuge was being founded and built, certain municipal laws were enacted, according to which a tramp appearing within the town limits was conveyed (with as little appearance of constraint as possible) to the Refuge. There for four weeks he was well fed, well clothed, well cared for. In return he was expected to work for eight hours every day upon some piece of public improvement: the repaving of Main Street with asphaltum blocks was selected by the authorities as the initial work. At the end of four weeks the tramp was dismissed from the Refuge clad in a neat, substantial, well-made suit of clothes, and with money in his pocket to convey him to some place where he might, if he chose, procure permanent work.

The Refuge was finished by the last of March, and Colonel Singelsby was unani-

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mously chosen by the board as superintendent, a position he accepted very reluctantly. He felt that in so accepting he shouldered the whole responsibility of the experiment that was being undertaken, yet he could not but acknowledge that it was right for him to shoulder that burden, who had been foremost both in formulating and advocating the scheme, as well as most instrumental in carrying it to a practical conclusion. So, as was said, he accepted, though very reluctantly.

The world at large was much disposed to laugh at and to ridicule all the preparation that Dives of East Haven made to entertain his Lazarus. Nevertheless there were a few who believed very sincerely in the efficacy of the scheme. But both those who believed and those who scoffed agreed in general upon one point—that it was altogether probable that East Haven would soon be overrun with such a wilderness of tramps that fifty Refuges would not be able to supply them with refuge.

But who shall undertake to solve that inscrutable paradox, human life—its loves, its hates?

The Refuge was opened upon the 1st of April; by the 29th there were 32 tramps lodged in its sheltering arms, all working their eight hours a day upon the repaving of Main Street. That same day—the 29th—five were dismissed from within its walls. Colonel Singelsby, as superintendent, had a little office on the ground-floor of the main building, opening out upon the street. At one o'clock, and just after the Refuge dinner had been served, he stood beside his table with five sealed envelopes spread out side by side upon it. Presently the five out-going guests slouched one by one into the room. Each was shaven and shorn; each wore clean linen; each was clad in a neat, plain, gray suit of tweed; each bore stamped upon his face a dogged, obstinate, stolid, low-browed shame. The colonel gave to each the money enclosed in the envelope, thanked each for his service, inquired with pleasant friendliness as to his future movements and plans, invited each to come again to the Refuge if he chanced to be in those parts, shook each by a heavy, reluctant hand, and bade each a good-by. Then the five slouched out and away, leaving the town by back streets and byways; each with his hat pulled down over his brows; each ten thousand times more humiliated, ten thousand times more debased in his cleanliness, in his good clothes, and with money in his pocket, than he had been in his dirt, his tatters, his poverty.

They never came back to East Haven again.

The capacity of the Refuge was 50. In May there were 47 inmates, and Colonel Singelsby began to apprehend the predicted overflow. The overflow never came. In June there were 45 inmates; in July there were 27; in August there were 28; in September, 10; in October, 2; in November, 1; in December there were none. The fall was very cold and wet, and maybe that had something to do with the sudden falling off of guests, for the tramp is not fond of cold weather. But even granting that bad weather had something to do with the matter, the Refuge was nevertheless a phenomenal, an extraordinary success—but upon very different lines than Colonel Singelsby had anticipated; for even in this the first season of the institution the tramps began to shun East Haven even more sedulously than they had before cultivated its hospitality. Even West Hampstead, where vagrancy was punished only less severely than petty larceny, was not so shunned as East Haven with the horrid comforts of its Refuge.

III.

As was said, the records of the Refuge showed that one inmate still lingered in the sheltering arms of that institution during a part of the month of November. That one was Sandy Graff.

Sandy Graff did not strictly belong to the great peregrinating leisure class for whose benefit the Refuge had been more especially founded and built. Those were strangers to the town, and came and went apparently without cause for coming and going. Little or nothing was known of such—of their name, of their life, of whence they came or whither their footsteps led. But with Sandy Graff it was different; he belonged identically to the place, and all the town knew him, the sinister tragedy of his history, and all the why and wherefore that led to his becoming the poor miserable drunken outcast—the town "bummer"—that he was.

There is something bitterly enough pathetic in the profound abasement of the common tramp—frouzy, unkempt, dirty, forlorn; without ambition further than to fill his belly with the cold leavings from decent folks' tables; without other pride

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than to clothe his dirty body with the cast-off rags and tatters of respectability; without further motive of life than to roam hither and yon—idle, useless, homeless, aimless. In all this there is indeed enough of the pathetic, but Sandy Graff in his utter and complete abasement was even more deeply, tragically sunken than they. For them there was still some sheltering ægis of secrecy to conceal some substratum in the uttermost depths of personal depravity; but for Sandy—all the world knew the story of his life, his struggle, his fall; all the world could see upon his blotched and bloated face the outer sign of his inner lusts; and what deeper humiliation can there be than for all one's world to know how brutish and obscene one may be in the bottom of one's heart? What deeper shame may any man suffer than to have his neighbors read upon his blasted front the stamp and seal of all, all his heart's lust, set there not only as a warning and a lesson, not only a visible proof how deep below the level of savagery it is possible for a God-enlightened man to sink, but also for self-gratulation of those righteous ones that they are not fallen from God's grace as that man has fallen?

One time East Haven had been Sandy Graff's home, and it was now the centre of his wanderings, which never extended further than the immediately neighboring towns. At times he would disappear from East Haven for weeks, maybe months; then suddenly he would appear again, pottering aimlessly, harmlessly, around the streets or byways; wretched, foul, boozed, and sodden with vile rum, which he had procured no one knew how or where. Maybe at such times of reappearance he would be seen hanging around some store or street corner, maundering with some one who had known him in the days of his prosperity, or maybe he would be found loitering around the kitchen or out-house of some pitying Bay-Streeter, who also had known him in the days of his dignity and cleanliness, waiting with helpless patience for scraps of cold victuals or the dregs of the coffee-pot, for no one drove him away or treated him with unkindness.

Sandy Graff's father had been a cobbler in Upper Main Street, and he himself had in time followed the same trade in the same little, old-fashioned, dingy, shingled, hip-roofed house. In time he had married a good, sound-hearted, respectable farmer's daughter from a neck of land across the bay, known as Pig Island, and had settled down to what promised to be a decent, prosperous life.

So far as any one could see, looking from the outside, his life offered all that a reasonable man could ask for; but suddenly, within a year after he was married, his feet slipped from the beaten level pathway of respectability. He began taking to drink.

Why it was that the foul fiend should have leaped astride of his neck, no man can exactly tell. More than likely it was inheritance, for his grandfather, who had been a ship-captain—some said a slave-trader—had died of *mania a potu*, and it is one of those inscrutable rulings of Divine Providence that the innocent ones of the third and fourth generation shall suffer because of the sins of their forebears, who have raised more than one devil to grapple with them, their children, and children's children. Anyhow Sandy fell from grace, and within three years' time had become a confirmed drunkard.

Fortunately no children were born to the couple. But it was one of the most sad, pitiful sights in the world to see Sandy's patient, sad-eyed wife leading him home from the tavern, tottering, reeling, helpless, sodden. Pitiful indeed! Pitiful even from the outside; but if one could only have looked through that outer husk of visible life, and have beheld the inner workings of that lost soul—the struggles, the wrestling with the foul grinning devil that sat astride of him—how much more would that have been pitiful! And then, if one could have seen and have realized as the roots from which arose those inner workings, the hopes, the longings for a better life that filled his heart during the intervals of sobriety, if one could have sensed but one pang of that hell-thirst that foreran the mortal struggle that followed, as that again foreran the inevitable fall into his kennel of lust, and then, last and greatest, if those righteous neighbors of his who never sinned and never fell could only have seen the wakening, the bitter agony of remorse, the groaning horror of self-abasement that ended the debauchery— Ah! that, indeed, was something to pity beyond man's power of pitying.

If Sandy's wife had only berated and abused him, if she had even cried or made

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a sign of her heart-break, maybe his pangs of remorse might not have been so deadly bitter and cruel; but her steadfast and unrelaxing patience—it was that that damned him more than all else to his hell of remorse.

At last came the end. One day Sandy went to New Harbor City to buy leather for cobbling, and there his devil, for no apparent reason at all, leaped upon him and flung him. For a week he saw or knew nothing but a whirling vision of the world seen through rum-crazy eyes; then at last he awoke to find himself hatless, coatless, filthy, unshaved, blear-eyed, palsied. Not a cent of money was left, and so that day and night, in spite of the deadly nausea that beset him and the trembling weakness that hung like a leaden weight upon every limb, he walked all the thirty-eight miles home again to East Haven. He reached there about five o'clock, and in the still gray of the early dawning. Only a few people were stirring in the streets, and as he slunk along close to the houses, those whom he met turned and looked after him. No one spoke to him or stopped him, as might possibly have been done had he come home at a later hour. Every shred and filament of his poor remorseful heart and soul longed for home and the comfort that his wife alone could give him, and yet at the last corner he stopped for a quaking moment or so in the face of the terror of her unreproachful patience. Then he turned the corner—

Not a sign of his house was to be seen—nothing but an empty, gaping blackness where it had stood before. *It had been burned to the ground!*

Why is it that God's curse rests very often and most heavily upon the misfortunate? Why is it that He should crush the reeds that are bruised beneath His heel? Why is it that He should seem so often to choose the broken heart to grind to powder?

Sandy's wife had been burned to death in the fire!

From that moment Sandy Graff was lost, utterly and entirely lost. God, for His terrible purposes, had taken away the one last thread that bound the drowning soul to anything of decency and cleanliness. Now his devil and he no longer struggled together; they walked hand in hand. He was without love, without hope, without one iota that might bring a flicker of light into the midnight gloom of his despairing soul.

After the first dreadful blast of his sorrow and despair had burned itself out, he disappeared, no one knew whither. A little over a month passed, and then he suddenly appeared again, drunken, maudlin, tearful. Again he disappeared, again he reappeared, a little deeper sunken, a little more abased, and henceforth that was his life. He became a part of the town, and everybody, from the oldest to the youngest, knew him and his story. He injured no one, he offended no one, and he never failed, somehow or somewhere, to find food to eat, lodging for his head, and clothing to cover his nakedness. He had been among the very first to enter the Refuge, and now, in November, he was the last one left within its walls. He was the only one of the guests who returned, and perhaps he would not have done so had not his aching restlessness driven him back to suffer an echo of agony in the place where his damnation had been inflicted upon him.

Between Colonel Singelsby upon the one side, the wise, the pure, the honored servant of God, and Sandy Graff upon the other side, the vile, the filthy, the ugly, the debased, there yawned a gulf as immeasurably wide and deep as that which gaps between heaven and hell.

IV.

The winter of the year that saw the opening of the East Haven Refuge was one of the most severe that New England had known for generations. It was early in January that there came the great snowstorm that spread its two or three feet of white covering all the way from Maine to Virginia, and East Haven, looking directly in the teeth of the blast that came swirling and raging across the open harbor, felt the full force of the icy tempest. The streets of the town lay a silent desert of drifting whiteness, for no one who could help it was abroad from home that bitter morning.

The hail and snow spat venomously against the windows of Dr. Hunt's office in one of those fine old houses on Bay Street overlooking the harbor. The wind roared sonorously through the naked, tortured branches of the great elm-trees, and the snow piled sharp and smooth in fence corners and around north gables of the house.

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Dr. Hunt shuddered as he looked out of the window, for while all his neighbors sat snug and warm around their hearths, he had to face the raging of the icy blast upon the dull routine of his business of mercy—the dull routine of bread-getting by comforting the afflictions of others. Then the sleigh drew up to the gate, the driver already powdered with the gathering whiteness, and Dr. Hunt struggled into his overcoat, tied the ribbons of his fur cap under his chin, and drew on his beaver gloves. Then, with one final shudder, he opened his office door, and stepped out into the drift upon the step.

Instantly he started back with a cry: he had trodden upon a man covered and hidden by the snow.

It was Sandy Graff. How long he had been lying there, no one might tell; a few moments more, and the last flicker of life would have twinkled mercifully out. The doctor had him out of the snow in a moment, and in the next had satisfied himself that Sandy was not dead.

Even as he leaned over the still white figure, feeling the slow faint beating of the failing heart, the doctor was considering whether he should take Sandy into the house or not. The decision was almost instantaneous: it would be most inconvenient, and the Refuge was only a stone's-throw away. So the doctor did not even disturb the household with the news of what had happened. He and the driver wrapped the unconscious figure in a buffalo-robe and laid it in the sleigh.

As the doctor was about to step into the sleigh, some one suddenly laid a heavy hand upon his shoulder. He turned sharply, for he had not heard the approaching footsteps, muffled by the thick snow, and he had been too engrossed with attention to Sandy Graff to notice anything else.

It was young Harold Singelsby; his face was very white and drawn, and in the absorption of his own suppressed agitation he did not even look at Sandy. "Doctor," said he, in a hoarse, constrained voice, "for God's sake, come home with me as quickly as you can: father's very sick!"

I had often wondered how it is with a man when he closes his life to this world. Looking upon the struggling efforts of a dying man to retain his hold upon his body, I had often wondered whether his sliding to unconsciousness was like the dissolving of the mind to sleep in this life.

That death was not like sleep was at such times patent enough—it was patent enough that it was the antithesis of sleep. Sleep is peaceful; death is convulsed—sleep is rest; death is separation.

That which I here following read in the book as it lay open upon the man's knees seemed in a way dark, broken, indistinct with a certain grim obscurity; yet if I read truly therein I distinguished this great difference between death and sleep: Sleep is the cessation of consciousness from an interior life to exterior thought; death is the cessation of consciousness from the exterior mind to an interior life.

When Sandy Graff opened his eyes once more, it was to find himself again within the sheltering arms of the Refuge. That awakening was almost to a full and clear consciousness. It was with no confusion of thought and but little confusion of sight, except for a white mist that seemed to blur the things he saw.

He knew, instantly and vividly, where he was. Instantly and vividly everything found its fit place in his mind—the long row of cots; the bald, garishly white walls, cold and unbeautiful in their immaculate cleanliness; the range of curtainless windows looking out upon the chill, thin gray of the winter day. He was not surprised to find himself in the Refuge; it did not seem strange to him, and he did not wonder. He dimly remembered stumbling through the snowdrifts and then falling asleep, overpowered by an irresistible and leaden drowsiness. But just where it was he fell, he could not recall.

He saw with dim sight that three or four people were gathered about his bed. Two of them were rubbing his legs and feet, but he could not feel them. It was this senselessness of feeling that first brought the jarring of the truth to him. The house-steward stood near by, and Sandy turned his face weakly toward him. "Mr. Jackson," said he, faintly, "I think I'm going to die."

* * * * * *

He turned his face again (now toward the opened window), and was staring unwinkingly at a white square of light, and

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it seemed to him to grow darker and darker. At first he thought that it was the gathering of night, but faint and flickering as were his senses, there was something beneath his outer self that dreaded it—that dreaded beyond measure the coming of that darkness. After one or two efforts, in which his stiff tongue refused to form the words he desired to speak, he said at last, "I can't see; it's—getting—dark."

* * * * * *

He was dimly, darkly conscious of hurry and bustle around him, of voices calling to send for the doctor, of hurrying hither and thither, but it all seemed faint and distant. Everything was now dark to his sight, and it was as though all this concerned another; but as outer things slipped further and further from him, the more that inner life struggled, tenaciously, dumbly, hopelessly, to retain its grip upon the outer world. Sometimes, now and then, to this inner consciousness, it seemed almost as though it were rising again out of the gathering blackness. But it was only the recurrent vibrations of ebbing powers, for still again, and even before it knew it, that life found itself quickly deeper and more hopelessly in the tremendous shadow into which it was being inexorably engulfed.

He himself knew nothing now of those who stood about the bed, awe-struck and silent, looking down upon him; he himself sensed nothing of the harsh convulsive breathing, and of all the other grim outer signs of the struggle. But still, deep within, that combat of resistance to death waged as desperately, as vividly, as ever.

* * * * * *

A door opened, and at the sudden noise the dissolving life recrystallized for one brief instant, and in that instant the dying man knew that Dr. Hunt was standing beside his bed, and heard him say, in a slow, solemn voice, sounding muffled and hollow, as though from far away and through an empty space, "Colonel Singelsby has just died."

Then the cord, momentarily drawn tense, was relaxed with a snap, and the last smoky spark was quenched in blackness.

Dr. Hunt's fingers were resting lightly upon the wrist. As the last deep quivering breath expired with a quavering sigh, he laid the limp hand back upon the bed, and then, before he arose, gently closed the stiff eyelids over the staring glassy eyes, and set the gaping jaws back again into a more seemly repose.

V.

So all this first part of the Parable had, as I read it, a reflected image of what was real and actual; of what belonged to the world of men as I knew that world. The people of whom it spoke moved and lived, maybe not altogether as real men of flesh and blood move and live, but nevertheless with a certain life of their own—images of what was real. All these things, I say (excepting perhaps the last), were clear and plain enough after a certain fashion, but that which followed showed those two of whom the story was written—the good man and the wicked man—stripped of all their outer husk of fleshly reality, and walking and talking not as men of flesh and blood, but as men in the spirit.

So, though I knew that which I was reading might indeed be as true, and perhaps truer, than that other which I had read, and though I knew that to such a state I myself must come, and that as these two suffered, I myself must some time suffer in the same kind, if not in the same degree, nevertheless it was all strangely unreal, and being set apart from that which I knew, was like life as seen in a dream.

Yet let it not be thought that this Parable is all a vague dream, for there are things which are more real than reality, and being so, must be couched in different words from such as describe the things that one's bodily eyes behold of the grim reality of this world. Such things, being so told, may seem as strange and as unsubstantial as that which is unreal, instead of like that which is real.

So that which is now to be read must be read as the other has been read—not as a likeness of life in its inner being, but as an image of that life.

Sandy Graff awoke, and opened his eyes. At first he thought that he was still within the dormitory of the Refuge, for there before him he saw cold, bare white walls immaculately clean. Upon either hand was the row of beds, each with its spotless coverlet, and in front was the long line of curtainless windows looking out upon the bright daylight.

But as his waking senses gathered to a

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more orderly clearness, he saw very soon that the place in which he was was very different from the Refuge. Even newly awakened, and with his brain clouded and obscured by the fumes of sleep, he distinguished at once that the strange, clear, lucid brilliancy of the light which came in through the row of windows was very different from any light that his eyes had ever before seen. Then, as his mind opened wider and fuller and clearer, and as one by one the objects which surrounded him began to take their proper place in his awakened life, he saw that there were many people around, and that most of the beds were occupied, and in every case by a man. The room in which he lay was somewhat longer than the dormitory of the Refuge, and was connected at the further end with what appeared to be a sort of waiting-room beyond. In and out of the connecting doorway people were coming and going. Some of these seemed to be friends of those who were lying in the beds, being in every case led to some particular bedside, the occupant of which had newly awakened; others, who seemed to be attendants of the place, moved constantly hither and thither, busying themselves around other of the beds, where lay such as seemed to need attention.

Sandy looked slowly around him from left to right. Some of the occupants of the beds—and one of these lay in the cot next to him—were not yet awake, and he saw, with a sort of awe, that each of these lay strangely like a dead man—still, motionless, the face covered with a linen napkin. Two of the attendants seemed to have these sleepers especially in their charge, moving continually hither and thither, to the bedside first of one and then another, evidently to see if there were yet any signs of waking. As Sandy continued watching them, he saw them at last softly and carefully lift a napkin from one of the faces, whereupon the man immediately awoke and sat up.

This occurred in a bed not very far from where he himself lay, and he watched all that passed with a keen and thrilling interest. The man had hardly awakened when word was passed down the length of the room to the antechamber beyond. Apparently some friends of the sleeper were waiting for this word to be brought to them, for there entered directly two women and a man from the further doorway. The three came straight to the bed in which the man lay, and with great noise of rejoicing seemed to welcome the new-comer. They helped him to arise, handed him his clothes piece by piece from the chair at the bedside, and the man began dressing himself.

It was not until then, and until his ear caught some stray words of those that were spoken, that Sandy began to really realize where he was and what had happened to him. Then suddenly a great and awful light broke upon him—he had died and had come to life again—his living senses had solved the greatest of all mysteries—the final mystery; the mystery of eternity.

It happens nearly always, it is said, that the first awakening thought of those who die is of the tremendous happening that has come upon them. So it was with Sandy. For a while he lay quite still, with his hands folded, and a strange awful brooding, almost as though of fear, breathlessly wrapping his heart roundabout. But it was not for a long time that he lay thus, for suddenly, like a second flash of lightning in the gathering darkness of a cloud, the thought shot through him that no friends had come to meet and to greet him as they had come to meet and greet these others. Why had his wife not come to him? He turned his head; the chair beside him was empty; he was without even clothes to wear.

For a while he lay with closed eyes like one stunned. Then a sudden voice broke upon his ear, and he opened his eyes again and looked up. A tall man with calm face—almost a stern face—stood beside the bed looking down at him.

Somehow Sandy knew that he had no business in the bed now that he was awake, and, with a half-muttered apology, he made a motion as if to arise, then, remembering that there were no clothes for him to wear, he sank back again upon the pillow.

"Come," said the man, giving his cane a rap upon the floor, "you must get up; you have already been here longer than the law allows."

Sandy had been too long accustomed to self-abasement in the world he had left to question the authority of the man who spoke to him. "I can't help lying here, sir," said he, helplessly. "I've no clothes to wear." Then he added: "Maybe if you let my wife come to me, she'd bring me something to wear. I hear say, sir, that

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I've died, and that this is heaven. I don't know why she hasn't come to me. Everybody else here seems to have somebody to meet him but me."

"This is not heaven," said the man.

A long silence followed. "It's not hell, is it?" said Sandy at last.

The man apparently did not choose to answer the question. "Come," said he, "you waste time in talk. Get up. Wrap the sheet around you, and come with me."

"Where are you going to take me?" said Sandy.

"No matter," said the other. "Do as I tell you." His voice was calm, dispassionate; there was nothing of anger in it, but there was that which said he must be obeyed.

Sandy drew the sheet upon which he lay about him, and then shuddering, half with nervous dread and half with cold, arose from the warm bed in which he lay.

The other turned, and without saying a word led the way down the length of the room, Sandy following close behind. The noise of talking ceased as they passed by the various beds, and all turned and looked after the two, some smiling, some laughing outright. Sandy, as he marched down the length of the room, heard the rustling laugh and felt an echo of the same dull humiliation he had felt when he had marched with the other guests of the East Haven Refuge to their daily task of paving Main Street. There as now the people laughed, and there in the same manner as they did now; and as he had there slouched in the body, so now he slouched heavily in the spirit after his conductor.

Opposite the end of the room where was the door through which the friends and visitors came and went was another door, low and narrow. Sandy's guide led the way directly to it, lifted the latch, and opened it. It led to a long entry beyond, gloomy and dark. This passageway was dully lighted by a small square window, glazed with clouded glass, at the further end of the narrow hall, upon which fronted a row of closed doors. The place was very damp and chill; a cold draught of air blew through the length of it, and Sandy, as the other closed the door through which they had just entered, and so shut out the noise beyond, heard distinctly the sound of running water. Without turning to the left or to the right, Sandy's guide led the way down the hall, stopping at last when he had reached a door near the further end. He drew a bunch of keys from his pocket, chose one from among them, fitted it into the lock, and turned it.

"Go in there," said he, "and wash yourself clean, and then you shall have clothes to wear."

Sandy entered, and the door was closed behind him. The place in which he found himself was very cold, and the floor beneath his feet was wet and slimy. His teeth chattered and his limbs shuddered as he stood looking around him. The noise of flowing water sounded loud and clear through the silence; it was running from a leaden pipe into a wooden tank, mildewed and green with mould, that stood in the middle of the room. The stone walls around, once painted white, were now also stained and splotched with great blotches of green and russet dampness. The only light that lit the place came in through a small, narrow, slatted window close to the ceiling, and opposite the doorway which he had entered. It was all gloomy, ugly, repellent.

There were some letters painted in red at the head of the wooden tank. He came forward and read them, not without some difficulty, for they were nearly erased.

This is the water of death!

Sandy started back so suddenly that he nearly fell upon the slippery floor. A keen pang of sudden terror shot through him; then a thought that some grotesque mockery was being played upon him. A second thought blew the first away like a breath of smoke, for it told him that there could be no mockery in the place to which he had come. His waking and all that had happened to him had much of nightmare grotesquery about it, but there was no grotesquery or no appearance of jesting about that man who had guided him to the place in which he now found himself. There was a calm, impassive, unemotional sternness about all that he said and did — official, automatonlike — that precluded the possibility of any jest or meaningless form. This must indeed be the *water of death*, and his soul told him that it was meant for him.

He turned dully, and walked with stumbling steps to the door. He felt blindly for a moment for the latch, then his hand touched it, and he raised it with a click. The sharp sound jarred through the silence, and Sandy did not open the door. He stood for a little while staring

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stupidly down upon the floor with his palm still upon the latch. Was the man who had brought him there waiting outside? Behind him lay the *water of death*, but he dared not open the door and chance the facing of that man. The sheet had fallen away from him, and now he stood entirely naked. He let the latch fall back to its place—carefully, lest it should again make a noise, and that man should hear it. Then he gathered the now damp and dirty sheet about him, and crouched down upon the cold floor close to the crack of the door.

There he sat for a while, every now and then shuddering convulsively with cold and terror, then by-and-by he began to cry.

There is something abjectly, almost brutally, pathetic in the ugly squalor of a man's tears. Sandy Graff crying, and now and then wiping his eyes with the damp and dirty sheet, was almost a more ugly sight than he had been in the maudlin bathos of his former drunkenness.

So he sat for a long time, until finally his crying ended, only for a sudden sob now and then, and he only crouched, wondering dully. At last he slowly arose, gathering the sheet still closer around him, and creeping step by step to the tank, looked down into its depth. The water was as clear as crystal; he dipped his hand into it—it was as cold as ice. Then he dropped aside the sheet, and stood as naked as the day he was born. He stepped into the water.

* * * * * *

A deathly faintness fell upon him, and he clutched at the edge of the tank; but even as he clutched his sight failed, and he felt himself sinking down into the depths.

"Help!" he cried, hoarsely; and then the water closed blackly over his head.

* * * * * *

He felt himself suddenly snatched out from the tank, warm towels were wrapped about him, his limbs were rubbed with soft linen, and at last he opened his eyes. He still heard the sound of running water, but now the place in which he was was no longer dark and gloomy. Some one had flung open the slatted window, and a great beam of warm, serene sunlight streamed in, and lay in a dazzling white square upon the wet floor. Two men were busied about him. They had wrapped his body in a soft warm blanket, and were wiping dry his damp, chilled, benumbed hands and feet.

"What does this mean?" said Sandy, faintly. "Was I not then to die, after all? Was not that the *water of death?*"

"*The water of death?*" said they. "You did not read the words aright; that was *the water of life.*" They helped him dress himself in his clothes—clothes not unlike those which the East Haven Refuge had given its outgoing guests, only somehow these did not make him feel humiliated and abased as those had made him feel. Then they led him out of that place. They traversed the same long passageway through which he had come before, and so came to the bedroom which he had left. The tenants were all gone now, and the attendants were busied spreading the various beds with clean linen sheets and coverlets, as though for fresh arrivals.

No one seemed to pay any attention to him. His conductors led the way to the anteroom which Sandy had seen beyond.

A woman was sitting patiently looking out of the window. She turned her head as they entered, and Sandy, when he saw her face, stood suddenly still, as though turned to stone. *It was his wife!*

VI.

With Colonel Singelsby was no such nightmare awakening as with Sandy Graff; with him were no such ugly visions and experiences; with him was no squalor and discomfort. Yet he also opened his eyes upon a room so like that upon which they had closed that at first he thought that he was still in the world. There was the same soft bed, the same warmth of ease and comfort, the same style of old-fashioned furniture. There were the curtained windows, the pictures upon the wall, the bright warm fire burning in the grate.

At first he saw all these things drowsily, as one does upon newly awakening. With him, as with Sandy, it was only when his conscious life had opened wide and clear enough to observe and to recognize who they were that were gathered around him that with a keen, almost agonizing thrill he realized where he was and what had befallen him. Upon one side of his bed stood his son Hubert; upon the other side stood his brother James. The one had died ten, the other nineteen years before. Of all those who had gone

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from the world which he himself had just left, these stood the nearest to him, and now, in his resurrection, his opening eyes first saw these two. They and other relatives and friends helped him to arise and dress, as Sandy had seen the poor wretches in the place in which he had awakened raised from their beds and dressed by their friends.

All Colonel Singelsby's teachings had told him that this was not so different from the world he had left behind. Nevertheless, although he was prepared somewhat for it, it was wonderful to him how alike the one was to the other. The city, the streets, the people coming and going, the stores, the parks, the great houses—all were just as they were in the world of men. He had no difficulty in finding his way about the streets. There, in comfortable houses of a better class, were many of his friends; others were not to be found; some, he was told, had ascended higher; others, he was also told, had descended lower.

Among other places, Colonel Singelsby found himself during the afternoon in the house of one with whom he had been upon friendly, almost intimate terms in times past in the world. Colonel Singelsby remembered hearing that the good man had died a few months before he himself had left the world. He wondered what had become of him, and then in a little while he found himself in his old friend's house. It had been many years since he had seen him. He remembered him as a benign, venerable old gentleman, and he had been somewhat surprised to find that he was still living in the town, instead of having ascended to a higher state.

The old gentleman still looked outwardly venerable, still outwardly benign, but now there was under his outer seeming a somewhat of restless querulousness, a something of uneasy discontent, that Colonel Singelsby did not remember to have seen there before. They talked together about many things, chiefly of those in the present state of existence in which they found themselves. It was all very new and vivid upon Colonel Singelsby's mind, but the reverend gentleman seemed constantly to forget that he was in another world than that which he had left behind. It seemed to be always with an effort that he brought himself to talk of the world in which he lived as the world of spirits. The visit was somehow unpleasant to Colonel Singelsby. He was impressed with a certain air of intolerance exhibited by the other. His mind seemed to dwell more upon the falsity of the old things than upon the truth of the new, and he seemed to take a certain delight in showing how and in what everybody but those of his own creed erred and fell short of the Divine intent, and not the least disagreeable part of the talk to Colonel Singelsby was that the other's words seemed to find a sort of echo in his own mind.

At last he proposed a walk, and the other, taking his hat and stick, accompanied him for a little distance upon the way. The talk still clung much to the same stem to which it had adhered all along.

"It is a very strange thing," said the reverend gentleman, "but a great many people who have come to this town since I came hither have left it again to ascend, as I have been told, to a higher state. I think there must have been some mistake, for I cannot see how it is possible—and in fact our teachings distinctly tell us that it is impossible—for one to ascend to a higher state without having accepted the new truths of the new order of things."

Colonel Singelsby did not make answer. He was not only growing tired of the subject itself, but of his old friend as well.

They were at that moment crossing an angle of a small park shaded by thin, spindly trees. As the colonel looked up he saw three men and a woman approaching along the same path and under the flickering shadows. Two of the men walked a little in advance, the other walked with the woman. There was something familiar about two of the group, and Colonel Singelsby pointed at them with his finger.

"Who are they?" said he. "I am sure there is somebody I know."

The other adjusted his glasses and looked. "I do not know," said he, "except that one of the men is a new-comer. We somehow grow to know who are new-comers by the time we have lived here a little while."

"Dear me!" cried Colonel Singelsby, stopping abruptly, "I know that man. I did not know that he had come here too. I wonder where they are going?"

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"I think," said the reverend gentleman, dryly—"I think that this is one of those cases of which I just spoke to you. I judge from the general appearance of the party that they are about to ascend, as they call it here, to a higher state."

"That is impossible!" said Colonel Singelsby. "That man is a poor wretched creature whom I have helped with charity again and again, it cannot be that he is to go to a higher state, for he is not fit for it. If he is to be taken anywhere, it must be to punishment."

The other shrugged his shoulders and said nothing, he had seen such cases too often during his sojourn to be deceived.

The little party had now come close to the two, and Colonel Singelsby stepped forward with all his old-time frank kindness of manner. "Why, Sandy," said he, "I did not know that you also had come here."

"Yes, sir," said Sandy; "I died the same night you did."

"Dear me!" said the colonel, "that is very singular, very singular indeed! Where are you going now, Sandy?"

"I don't know," said Sandy; "these gentlemen here are taking me somewhere, I don't know where. This is my wife," said he. "Don't you remember her, sir?"

"Oh yes," said the colonel, with his most pleasant air, "I remember her very well, but of course I am not so much surprised to see her here as I am to see you. But have you no idea where you are going?" he continued.

"No," said Sandy; "but perhaps these gentlemen can tell you." And he looked inquiringly at his escort, who stood calmly listening to what was said.

So far, the Parable, as I had read it, progressed onward with some coherence and concatenation, a coherence and concatenation growing perhaps more disjointed as it advanced. Now it began to be broken with interjectory sentences, and just here was one, the tenor of which I could not altogether understand, but have since comprehended more or less clearly. I cannot give its exact words, but only its general form.

"O wretched man," it said, "how pitiful are thy vain efforts and strivings to keep back by thine own strength that fiery flood of hell which grows and increases to overwhelm thy soul! If the inflowing of good which Jehovah vouchsafes is infinite, only less infinite is the outflowing of that which thou callest evil and wickedness. How, then, canst thou hope to stand against it and to conquer? How canst thou hope to keep back that raging torrent of fire and of flame with the crumbling unbaked bricks of thine own soul's making! Poor fool! Thou mayst endeavor, thou mayst strive, thou mayst build thy wall of defence higher and higher, fearing God, and living a life of virtue, but by-and-by thou wilt reach the end, and then wilt find thou canst build no higher! Then how vain shall have been thy life of resistance! First that flood shall trickle over the edge of thy defence; then it shall run a stream the breadth of a man's hand; then it shall gush forth a torrent; then, bursting over and through and around, it shall sweep away all that thou hast so laboriously built up, and shall rush, howling, roaring, raging, and burning through thy soul with ten thousand times the fury and violence that it would have done if thou hadst not striven to keep it back, if thou hadst not resisted and fought against it. For bear this in mind: Christ said he came not to call the good to repentance, but the evil, and if thou art full of thine own, how then canst thou hope to receive of a God that asketh not for sacrifice, but for love?"

Hence again the story resumed.

Colonel Singelsby had not before noticed the two men who were with Sandy, now he observed them more closely. They were tall, middle-aged men, with serious, placid, unemotional faces. Each carried a long white staff, the end of which rested upon the ground. There was about them something somehow different from anything Colonel Singelsby had ever seen before. They were most quiet, courteous men, but there was that in their personal appearance that was singularly unpleasant to Colonel Singelsby. Why, he could not tell, for they were evidently gentlemen, and, from their bearing, men of influence. He turned to Sandy again.

"How has it been with you since you have been here?" said he.

"It has been very hard with me," said Sandy, patiently; "very hard indeed; but I hope and believe now that the worst is over, and that by-and-by I shall be happy, and not have any more trouble."

"I trust so, indeed," said the colonel;

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"but do not hope for too much, Sandy. Even the best men coming to this world are not likely to be rid of their troubles at once, and it is not to be hoped for that you, after your ill-spent life, should find your lot easier than theirs."

"I know, sir," said Sandy, "and I am very sorry."

There was a meek acceptance of the colonel's dictum that grated somehow unpleasantly upon the colonel's ears. He would rather that Sandy had made some protest against that dictum. He approached half a step and looked more keenly at the other, and then for the first time he saw that some great, some radical, some tremendous change had happened. The man before him was no doubt Sandy Graff, but all that was low-browed, evil, foul, was gone, as though it had been washed away, and in its place was a translucent, patient meekness, almost like— There was something so terribly vital in that change that Colonel Singelsby shuddered before it. He looked and looked, and then he passed the back of his hand across his eyes. "All this is very unreal," said he, turning to his friend the minister. "It is like a dream. I begin to feel as though nothing was real. Surely it is not possible that magic changes can go on, and yet I cannot understand all these things in the least."

For answer, the reverend gentleman shrugged his shoulders almost sourly.

"Gentlemen," said Colonel Singelsby, turning abruptly upon Sandy's escort, "let me ask you is this a certain man whom I used to know as Sandy Graff?"

One of the men nodded his head.

"And will you tell me," said he, "another thing? Will you kindly tell me where you are taking him?"

"We are about to take him," said the man, looking steadily at the colonel as he answered—"we are about to take him to the outskirts of the First Kingdom."

At the answer Colonel Singelsby actually fell back a pace in his amazement. It was almost as though a blow had fallen upon him. "The outskirts of the First Kingdom?" said he. "Did I understand you? The outskirts of the First Kingdom? Surely there is some mistake here! It is not possible that this man, who died only yesterday, filthy and polluted with iniquity, stinking in the nostrils of God with ten thousand indulged and gratified lusts—it is not possible that you intend taking him to that land, passing by me, who all my life have lived to my best endeavors in love to God and my neighbor?"

It was the voice of his minister that broke the answer. "Yes, they do," said he, sharply; "that is just what they do mean. They do mean to take him, and they do mean to leave us, for such is the law in this dreadful place. We, the children of light, are nothing, and they, the fuel of hell, are everything. Have I not been telling you so?"

Colonel Singelsby had almost forgotten the presence of his acquaintance. He felt very angry at his interference, and somehow he could no longer govern his anger as he used to do. He turned upon him and fixed him with a frown, and then he observed for the first time that a little crowd had begun gathering, and now stood looking on, some curious and unsmiling, some grinning. The colonel drew himself to his height, and looked haughtily about him. They who grinned began laughing. And now, at last, it was come Colonel Singelsby's turn to feel as Sandy Graff had felt—as though all that was happening to him was happening in some hideous nightmare dream. As in a dream, the balancing weights of reasoning and morality began to melt before the heat of that which burned within; as in a dream, the uncurbed inner motives began to strive furiously. Then a sudden fierce anger, quite like the savage irrational anger of an ugly dream, flamed up quickly and fiercely. He opened his lips as though to vent his rage, but for an instant his tottering reason regained a momentary poise. Checking himself with an effort ten thousand times greater than that he would have used in his former state and in the world, he bowed his head upon his breast and stood for a little while with fingers interlocked, clinching his trembling hands together. So he stood for a while, brooding, until at last Sandy and his escort made a motion as if to pass by. Then he spoke again.

"Stop a bit!" said he, looking up—"stop a bit!" His voice was hoarse and constrained, and he looked neither to the right nor to the left, but straight at that one of the men to whom he had spoken before. "Sir," said he, and then clearing his husky voice—"sir," again, "I have learned a lesson—the greatest lesson of my life! I have looked into my heart,

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and I have seen—I have seen myself—God help me, gentlemen!—I—maybe I am no better than this man."

The crowd, which had been increasing, as crowds do, began to jeer at the words, for, like most crowds, it was of a nether sort, and enjoyed the unusual sight of the gentleman and the aristocrat abasing and humiliating himself before the reformed drunkard.

At the sound of that ugly jeering laugh Colonel Singelsby quivered as though under the cut of a lancet, but he never removed his eyes from the man to whom he spoke. For a moment or two he bit his nether lip in his effort for self-control, and then repeated, in a louder and perhaps harsher voice, "I am no better than this man!" He paused for a moment, and the crowd ceased its jeering to hear what he had to say. "I ask only this," he said, "that you will take me where you are taking him, and that I may enjoy such happiness as he is about to enjoy."

Instantly a great roar of laughter went up from the crowd, which had now gathered to some twenty or thirty souls. The man to whom Colonel Singelsby had spoken shook his head calmly and impassively.

"It cannot be," said he.

Colonel Singelsby turned white to the very lips, his eyes blazed, and his breath came thick and heavily. His nostrils twitched spasmodically, but still, with a supreme effort—a struggle so terrible that few men happily may ever know it or experience it—he once more controlled the words that sprang to his lips and struggled for utterance. He swallowed and swallowed convulsively. "Sir," said he at last, in a voice so hoarse, so horribly constrained, that it seemed almost to rend him as it forced utterance—"sir, surely I am mistaken in what I understand; it is little I ask you, and surely not unjust. Yesterday this man was a vile debauched drunkard, surely that does not make him fitter for heaven! Yesterday I was a God-fearing, law-abiding man, surely that does not make me unfit! I am not unfit, am I?"

"You are not yet fit for heaven," answered the man, with impassive calmness. And again, for the third time, the crowd roared with evil laughter.

Within Colonel Singelsby's soul that fiery flood was now lashing dreadfully close to the summit of its barriers. His face was as livid as death, and his hands were clinched till the nails cut into his palm. "Let me understand for once and for all, for I confess I cannot understand all this. You say he is to go, and that I am not to go! Is it, then, God's will and God's justice that because this man for twenty years has led a life of besotted sin and indulgence, and because I for sixty years have feared God and loved my neighbor, that he is to be chosen and I am to be left?"

The man did not reply in words, but in the steady look of his unwinking eyes the other read his answer.

"Then," gasped Colonel Singelsby, and as he spoke he shook his clinched and trembling fist against the still, blue sky overhead—"then, if that be God's justice, may it be damned, for I want none of it."

Then came the end, swiftly, completely. For the fourth time the crowd laughed, and at the sound those floodgates so laboriously built up during a lifetime of abstinence were suddenly burst asunder and fell crashing, and a burning flood of hell's own rage and madness rushed roaring and thundering into his depleted, empty soul, flaming, blazing, consuming like straws every precept of righteousness, every fear of God, and Colonel Edward Singelsby, the one-time Christian gentleman, the one-time upright son of grace, the one-time man of law and God, was transformed instantly and terribly into—what? Was it a livid devil from hell? He cursed the jeering crowd, and at the sound of his own curses a blindness fell upon him, and he neither knew what he said nor what he did. His good old friend, who had accompanied him so far and until now had stood by him, suddenly turned, and maybe fearing lest some thunder-bolt of vengeance should fall upon them from heaven and consume them all, he elbowed himself out of the crowd and hurried away. As for the wretched madman, in his raging fury, it was not the men who had forbidden him heaven whom he strove to rend and tear limb from limb, but poor innocent, harmless Sandy Graff. The crowd swayed and jostled this way and that, and as madness begets madness, the curses that fell from one pair of lips found an echo in curses that leaped from others. Sandy shrunk back appalled before the hell-blast that breathed upon him, and he felt his wife clutch him closer. Only two of those

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that were there stood unmoved; they were the two men who acted as Sandy's escort. As the tide of madness seemed to swell higher, they calmly stepped forward and crossed their staves before their charge. There was something in their action full of significance for those who knew. Instantly the crowd melted away like snow under a blast of fire. Had there not been two men present more merciful than the rest, it is hard to say what terrible thing might not have happened to Colonel Edward Singelsby—deaf and dumb and blind to everything but his own rage. These two clutched him by the arms and dragged him back.

"God, man!" they cried, "what are you doing? Do you not see they are angels?"

They dragged him back to a bench that stood near, and there held him, whilst he still beat the air with his fist and cried out hoarse curses, and even as they so held him, two other men came—two men dark, silent, sinister—and led him away.

Then the other and his wife and his two escorts passed by and out of the gate of the town, and away toward the mountain that stood still and blue in the distance.

So far I read, and then I could bear to read no more, but placed my hand upon the open page of the book. "What is this dreadful thing?" I cried. "Is, then, a man punished for truth and justice and virtue and righteousness? Is it, then, true that the evil are rewarded, and that the good are punished so dreadfully?"

Then the man who held the book spoke again. "Take away thy hand and read," said he.

Then I took away my hand, and read as he bade me, and found these words:

"How can God fill with His own that which is already filled by man? First it must be emptied before it may be filled with the true good of righteousness and truth, of humility and love, of peace and joy. O thou foolish one who judgest but from the appearance of things, how long will it be before thou canst understand that while some may be baptized with water to cleanliness and repentance, others are baptized with living fire to everlasting life, and that they alone are the children of God?"

Then again I read these words:

"Woe to thee, thou who deniest the laws of God and man! Woe to thee, thou who walkest in the darkness of the shadow of sin and evil! But ten thousand times woe to thee, thou who pilest Pelion of self-good upon Ossa of self-truth, not that thou mayst scale therefrom the gate of Heaven, but that thou mayst hide thyself beneath from the eye of the Living God! By-and-by His Day shall come! His Terrible Lightning shall flash from the East to the West! His Dreadful Flaming Thunder-bolt shall fall, riving thy secret fastnesses to atoms, and leaving thee, poor worm, writhing in the dazzling effulgence of His Light, and shrivelling beneath the consuming flame of His Loving-kindness!"

Then the leaf was turned, and there before me lay the answer to that first question, "What shall a man do that he may gain the kingdom of Heaven!" There stood the words, plain and clear. But I did not dare to read them, but turning, left that place, shutting the door to behind me.

Never have I found that door or entered that room again, but by-and-by I know that I shall find them both once more, and shall then and there read the answer that forever stands written in that book, for it still lies open at the very page, and he upon whose knees it rests is Israfeel, the Angel of Death.

But what of the sequel? Is there a sequel? Are we, then, to suffer ourselves to do evil for the sake of shunning pain in the other world? I trow not! He who sets his foot to climb must never look backward and downward. He who suffers most must reach the highest. There must be another part of the story which lies darkly and dimly behind the letter. One can see, faintly and dimly but nevertheless clearly, what the poor man was to enjoy—the poor man who from without appeared to be so evil, and yet within was not really evil. One can see a vision faint and dim of a simple little house cooled by the dewy shade of green trees forever in foliage; one can see pleasant meadows and gardens forever green, stretching away to the banks of a smooth-flowing river in whose level bosom rests a mirrored image of that which lies beyond its further bank—a great town with glistering walls and gleaming spires reaching tower above tower and height

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above height into the blazing blue, the awful serenity of a heavenly sky. One can know that toward that town the poor man who had sinned and repented would in the evenings gaze and wonder until his soul, now ploughed clean for new seed, might learn the laws that would make it indeed an inhabitant of that place. It is a serene and beautiful vision, but not different from that which all may see, and enjoy even, in part, in this world.

But how was it with that other man—with that good man who had never sinned until his earthly body was stripped away that he might sin and fall in the spirit—sin and fall to a depth so profound that even one furtive look into that awful abysm makes the minds of common men to reel and stagger? When that God-sent blast of fire should have burned out the selfhood that clung to the very vitals of his soul, what then? Who is there that with unwinking eyes may gaze into the effulgent brilliancy of the perfect angelhood? He who sweats drops of salt in his life's inner struggles shall, maybe, eat good bread in the dew of it, but he who sweats drops of blood in agony shall, when his labor is done, sit him, maybe, at the King's table, and feast upon the Flesh of Life and the very Wine of Truth.

Was it so with that man who never sinned until all his hell was let loose at once upon him?

GREAT AMERICAN INDUSTRIES.

EDITED BY R. R. BOWKER.

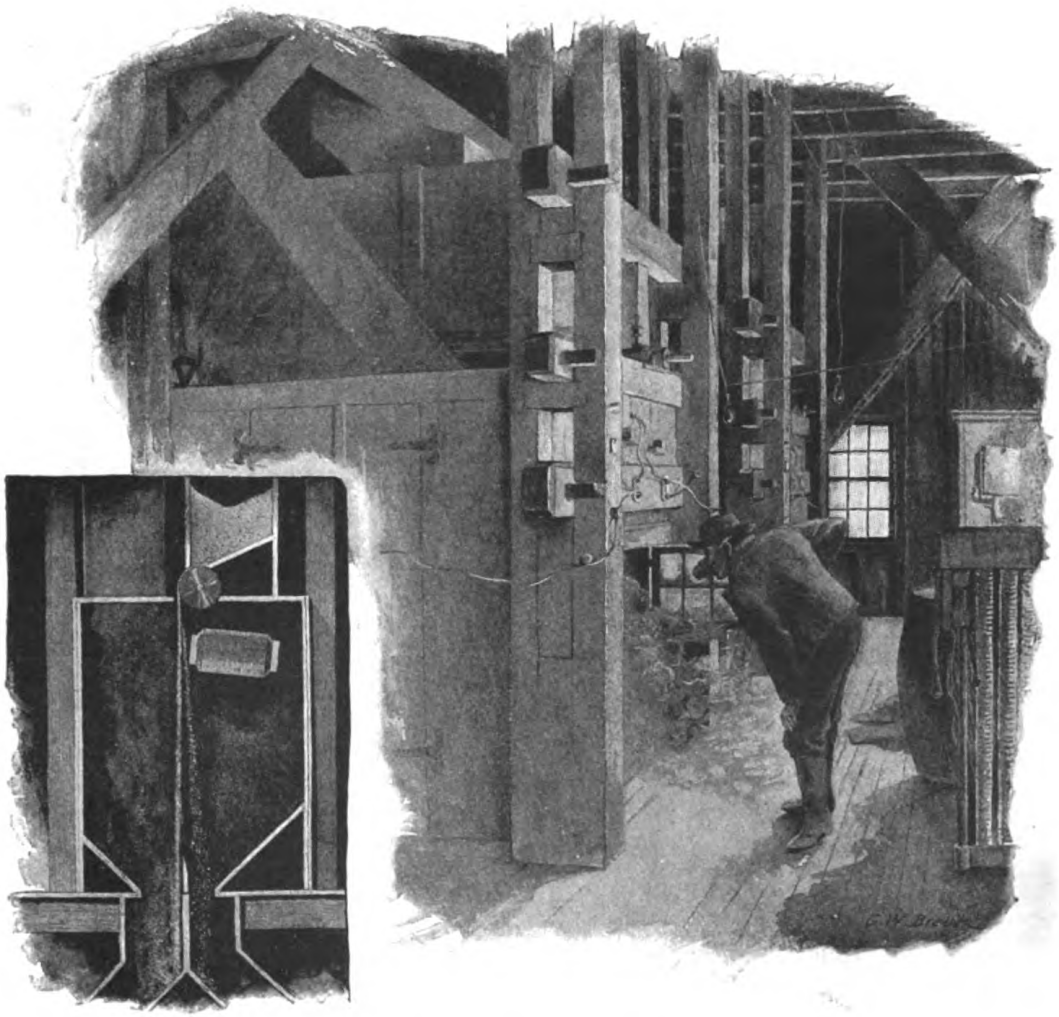
X.—A BAR OF IRON.

IRON is almost everywhere in nature. Our planet is bombarded from cosmic spaces by aerolites of nearly pure iron, and the spectroscope finds it in stars so distant that the naked eye sees only emptiness in the abysses wherein they burn. It makes a twelfth of the crust of our earth. Its particles are mingled in the dust of every country road, in the air we breathe, in the water we drink, in the food we eat. It is the great colorist of nature, and gives the red to our blood. While iron has played so great a part in the story of creation, it has had a still more shining function in the epic of humanity.

Iron, known to chemists by the symbol Fe, from its Latin name *ferrum*, is found pure only in the laboratory—though native iron nearly pure comes to us in aerolites, is found imbedded in the basaltic lava of Greenland, and is supposed to exist in the interior of the earth in sufficient quantity to take up all the oxygen of our air, should it come to the surface, and leave us mortals dead in a desert of iron rust. The Gibbs meteorite, brought from the Red River to Yale College, weighs 1635 pounds, and one discovered in South America is estimated at 32,000 pounds. Berzelius found the chemically pure metal to be nearly as white as silver, shiny, scaly, soft, but tenacious. Its name *iron* (German, *Eisen*) probably means shiny, and is perhaps analogous with ice (German, *Eis*). Commercially, it is obtained from ores, mostly in association with oxygen (O) and carbon (C), as oxides and carbonates, conjoined with various impurities, which ores geologists find in the rocks of all ages, from the primary or metamorphic to those which are even now forming in meadows and bogs. The United States is richest and strongest among nations in its wealth of ores.

In order of richness, the first of the ores is magnetite, or magnetic oxide (Fe_3O_4), containing when pure seventy-two per cent. of iron. This is found mostly in the crystalline rocks, where its molecules have been attuned by Nature responsive to the magnetic currents, and one of its varieties is the lodestone—itself a magnet. It gives always a black streak when scratched, and is sometimes found disintegrated as a blackish earth in bogs. It was possibly the ore earliest used, and it has yielded much of the best iron and steel of commerce. It is mined abroad in Scandinavia and Finland, in the Ural Mountains, in Piedmont and Saxony, and on the borders of Greece and Turkey; it forms here the enormous deposits of our Adirondack Mountains, and is found also in Putnam County, New York; in the great Cornwall mine at Lebanon, Pennsylvania; in northern New Jersey; in the famous Cranberry lode of North Carolina; and in the Michigan mines. Franklinite, found in New Jersey, is a

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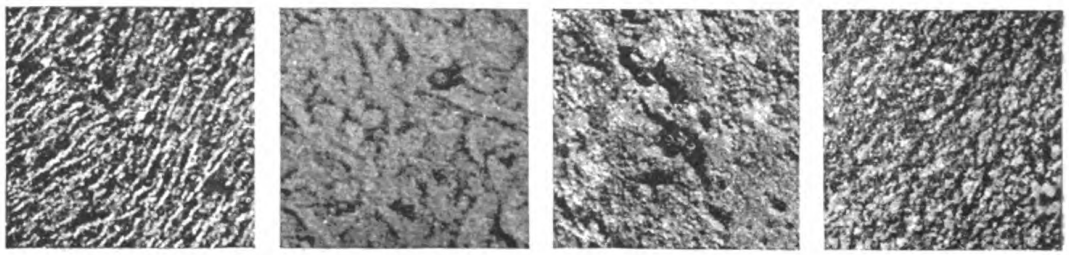


THE EDISON MAGNETIC PROCESS.

similar ore, containing molecules of manganese and of zinc ($FeMnZnO_4$), in place of some of the molecules of iron, and yielding the spiegeleisen so useful in iron-making, while chromite ore, found near Baltimore and elsewhere, replaces an iron molecule with one of the metal chromium. "Iron-sand" is a form of magnetite found occasionally on the shores of the sea, consisting of silicious particles mixed with grains of iron ore.

Hematite proper, the sesquioxide of iron (Fe_2O_3), usually known as red hematite, is the ore next in richness, containing seventy per cent. of iron; it gives a red streak, and is really common "iron rust." This also is found mostly in the Archæan rocks. One variety, specular iron, occurs in splendent steel-gray crystals; another is the "blood-stone" (whence the name hematite, from the Greek *haima*, blood), used by the Babylonians and Egyptians for their intaglios; another, an earthy disintegration sometimes found in bogs, is the red ochre of the paint-maker. This ore forms the mines of Elba, worked from the earliest ages; it results from volcanic action at Vesuvius and Ætna; its curious "rosettes" are the *Eisenrosen* (iron roses) of the St. Gothard Pass; great deposits in Algeria and Spain furnish much of the ore for Bessemer pig, and it is found also in Scandinavia, Germany, and Great Britain. But the immense Marquette beds near Lake Superior, the huge masses of Iron Mountain and Pilot Knob, Missouri (now nearly exhausted), the rich stores of Minnesota and Wisconsin, and the enormous fossil deposits in the Clinton formation, ranging from New

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WHITE PIG IRON. GRAY PIG IRON. ROLLED BAR IRON. CRUCIBLE TOOL STEEL.

FRACTURES OF IRON AND STEEL BARS.

York to Alabama—perhaps the most extensive iron bed in the world—make the American deposits the most notable of all. Ilmenite, or titanic iron $(FeTi)_2O_3$, so called from the Ilmen Mountains, in the southern Ural region, is an ore in which one of the iron molecules of hematite is replaced by the metal titanium, found usually in admixture with magnetite in many parts of this country.

Limonite, so called from the Greek *leimon*, meadow, because it is found chiefly in wet places, as marsh ore, lake ore, or bog ore, is a hydrous hematite ($Fe_2O_3 + H_2O$), that is, a hematite which has absorbed a particle of water. It is commonly spoken of as brown hematite; it gives a brown or yellow instead of a red streak, and is the yellow ochre of the paint-maker. The extensive mines of Styria and Carinthia, in Austria, the famous Nassau-on-the-Rhine deposits, and some of the best English ores are limonite, as also are the deposits in some of the valleys of Pennsylvania, Virginia and West Virginia, and the other Southern iron-making States, in Michigan and Wisconsin, in Colorado, and the rich mines of Salisbury and Kent, Connecticut.

Siderite, or spathic ore, so called from its sparry or glassy crystals, is the combination of iron with carbonic acid ($FeOCO_2$), containing forty-nine per cent. of metal. One variety has a molecule of manganese in the place of iron, giving it special value in iron-making. In Carinthia and Westphalia it is the foundation of immense industries, and it is mined in the Spanish Pyrenees and in southern Europe; but though it is found in various places in this country, it is not an important American ore.

"Clay iron-stone" is a name given promiscuously to several iron ores mixed with clay, but it applies specifically to an impure carbonate ore containing from thirty-three to forty per cent. of iron, which, though the leanest of iron ores, is one of the most valuable. This owes its importance to its universal proximity to limestone and coal beds—a geological necessity, the result of which gives the iron-master his metal, his flux, and his fuel side by side. It was deposited in ages when huge animals fed on the great plants of the carboniferous or coal period, and rotted away with them, so that the iron is mingled not only with the carbon from the plants, but with the phosphorus from the animal remains. This intractable ore was, until recent years, the main foundation of the immense industries of England and western Pennsylvania; but it has assumed less importance as cheap freights have enabled the iron-master to transport richer ores from distant regions to mix with those near to his hand.

Pyrites, or "fools' gold," is an ore frequent in America and elsewhere, composed of iron and sulphur (FeS_2), or of iron, copper, and sulphur; but this is used primarily in obtaining sulphur, the residue, known as "blue billy," being then treated for iron.

Nature has endowed our own country with a profusion of the richest ores, so that the United States is sure to take the lead of the world more and more in the production of iron. Iron ores are considered rich when they contain above 50 per cent. of iron; average, when they contain between 50 and 35 per cent.; poor, when between 35 and 25 per cent., and useless when below 25 per cent. But the useless ores, of magnetic character, and the refuse from older mines may yet be utilized by an American process, so that in another sense America is likely to lead the world in iron production. Edison has a habit of achieving commercial success where others before him have failed, and his genius has of re-

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cent years been applied largely in this direction at his experimental works near Ogden, New Jersey. He is there working at his new process, which, by the use of a huge electro-magnet, winnows the particles of metal from their baser allies as a stream of pulverized ore drops past its face, deflecting the metal so that it falls into one receiver, while the dross drops directly into another, and thus easily and cheaply makes the poorest ores yield up their treasures. The modern art of metallurgy has, indeed, been stimulated to its greatest achievements by the necessity of using the less pure ores and of finding a substitute for charcoal as the forests were exhausted.

Iron-mining is in some fields underground work, under conditions similar to coal and other subterranean mining; in others, surface work. In some of the hematite mines of New Jersey the process is reduced to its simplest terms—the shovelling out of the surface soil, and its transportation to mills immediately adjoining. A new device for mining on a large scale, second only to the hydraulic system of gold-mining in use on the Pacific slope, is in course of development at the West. This is a steam-shovel, of two tons or more capacity, digging into an open cut and loading cars at the rate of four tons per minute. It is claimed that one shovel of this size can handle in four minutes as much as the ordinary miner can handle in a day, and it is said to be profitable to work the plant in cuts thirty feet below surface, the superincumbent soil being previously stripped to that depth.



SURFACE MINING—HEMATITE ORE, NEAR TREXLERTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA.

Iron-making is a kind of cookery on a huge scale. The earthy impurities must be "roasted" or melted out from iron ore; the necessary carbon must then be properly mixed in from the fuel, or the unnecessary carbon burned out. This is all there is of it—all there is of the complicated processes of the most modern iron or steel works, costing millions of dollars. The right amount of carbon can be had in two ways, by taking out carbon where there is too much, or by adding carbon where there is too little; this is the difference between the decarburizing processes, like the puddling, Bessemer, and open-hearth methods, and the carburizing processes, like cementation and the crucible. Iron and steel differ chiefly in the carbon which is mingled or combined with the pure iron molecules. Wrought iron contains little carbon, steel some, cast iron more—this is most of the story, but not all. Thus steel can be produced by taking carbon from cast iron, or adding carbon to wrought iron. In general, wrought iron contains less than $\frac{20}{100}$ of 1 per cent. of carbon; the various qualities of steel from $\frac{10}{100}$ to $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.; a greater percentage makes cast iron. But the distinction between wrought iron and steel is not solely the proportion of carbon; there is a marked difference in molecular structure, a natural result of the processes

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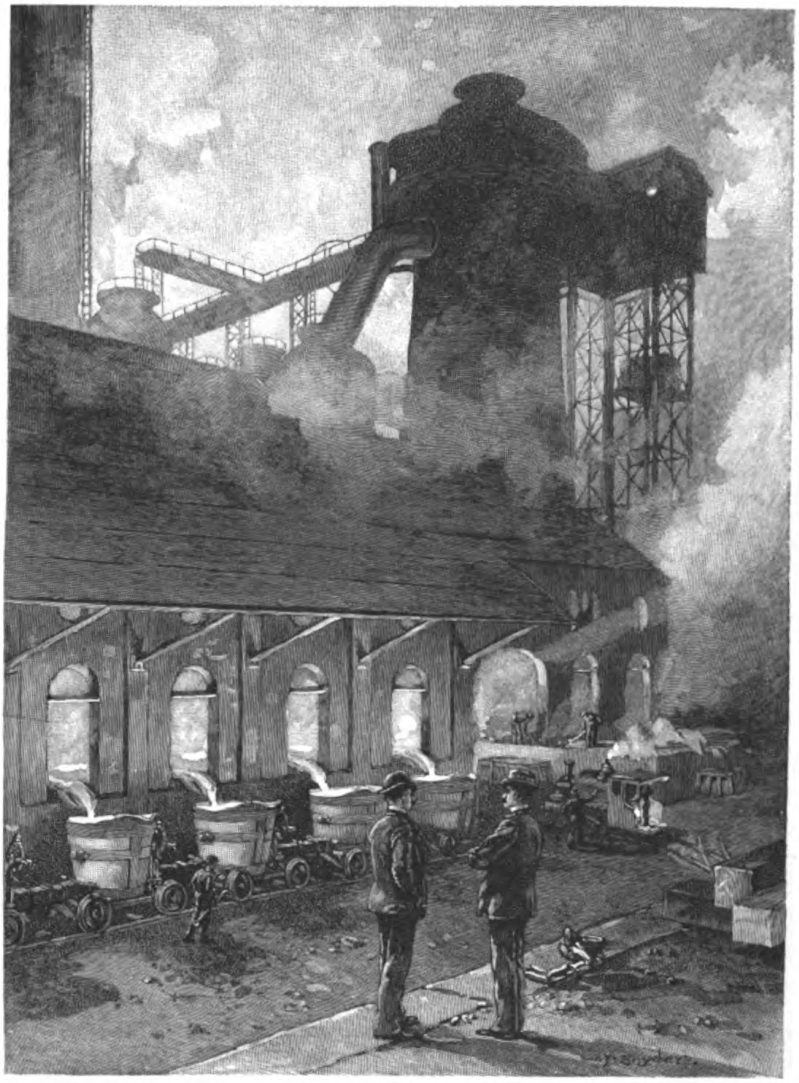
of manufacture. A wrought-iron bar or plate is always obtained from a puddle ball, an aggregation of grains of iron in a pasty, semi-fused condition, interspersed with a greater or less amount of cinder or slag. Under the powerful action of the rolls the grains are welded together and a large part of the cinder is squeezed out, but enough remains interposed between the iron granules to prevent them from welding thoroughly and forming a homogeneous mass. The welded lumps elongate under the process of rolling, and the resulting bar resembles a bunch of iron fibres or sinews with minute particles of slag interspersed here and there. Such iron varies in resistance according to whether the power is applied with or against the fibre. Steel is the result of a fusing process. It may be crucible, Bessemer, or open-hearth steel, but in all cases it has been cast from a thoroughly melted and fluid state into an ingot mould, where it solidifies and is ready for subsequent treatment, such as hammering or rolling. The slag being lighter than the steel, it rises on top of the melted bath, and does not mingle with the metal, which remains clean and unobstructed, and after being cast in the mould, cools into a crystalline homogeneous mass in which no amount of rolling can develop a fibre. Thus steel possesses a structure more regular and compact than wrought iron. Its resistance to strains and stresses is more equal in all directions, and its adaptability to structural use is vastly increased. Iron of a steely nature, called puddled steel, was formerly produced by stopping the puddling process before the complete elimination of carbon, but the process is obsolete.

Some metallurgical chemists of to-day recognize a definite chemical compound known as carbide of iron (Fe_4C), never found in nature, but producing steel by the saturation of metallic iron with this metalloid alloy, something as tin soaking into iron produces tin plate. Wrought or malleable iron shows under the microscope a fibrous structure. Steel, on the contrary, shows a crystalline structure, its fracture having the brilliancy of silver; in high-grade crucible steel these crystals can even be seen by the eye in regular form and orderly arrangement. As the carbon percentage decreases, the crystals become exceedingly minute and finely diffused, but their grouping is still evident under the microscope. No steel is known in nature except in steely buttons found sometimes near coal beds, where intense heat has "roasted" iron ore and carbon together. It is more than likely that a steely iron was the form of iron first known to men, for the shiny magnetic ore, rich in metal, found on the earth's surface, when reduced with charcoal fuel, would give a product containing some carbon, and most of the ancient iron found in museums would be called a mild steel by the metallurgists of to-day.

Iron was used before history was written. The stone records of Egypt and the brick books of Nineveh mention it. Genesis (iv., 22) refers to Tubal-cain as "an instructor of every artificer in brass and iron," and in Deuteronomy (iii., 11) the bedstead of the giant Og was "a bedstead of iron." The galleys of Tyre and Sidon traded in this metal: Chinese records ascribed to 2000 B.C. refer to it; Homer speaks of it as superior to bronze. The bronze age came before the iron age, because copper, found as a nearly pure metal, easily fuses, and with another soft metal—tin or zinc—alloys into hard bronze; while iron, found only as an ore, must have the impurities burnt and hammered out by great heat and force before it can be made into a tool. The word sometimes translated "steel" in our English Bible really means bronze or brass, but steel was distinctively known to the later ancients. Pliny the elder wrote in the first century of our era: "Howbeit as many kinds of iron as there be, none shall match in goodness the steel that comes from the Seres [Chinese], for this commodity also, as hard ware as it is, they send and sell with their soft silks and fine furs. In a second degree of goodness is the Parthian iron." Asia probably made more iron and steel thirty centuries ago than it does to-day. About the time of the first Olympiad, 776 B.C., there is authentic record of the use of iron in Greece, and Lycurgus used it for the money of Sparta. Iron and steel weapons of war began to displace those of bronze before the battle of Marathon. The Romans learned iron-making from the Greeks and the Etruscans, their mysterious and highly civilized neighbors, and obtained iron largely from Corsica, where the mines had been worked from the prehistoric pe-

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riod. The Roman legionaries found in Spain steel weapons of the finest temper, and Diodorus says that the weapons of the Celtiberians were so keen "that there is no helmet or shield which cannot be cut through by them." Toletum (now Toledo) was then as famous for its sword blades as afterwards in the Middle Ages. Cæsar found the painted Britons fighting with spear-heads of bronze, but wearing armlets of iron, and remains of pre-Roman forges are still found in England and Wales. The Germans knew the art of sword-forging, and their legends of dwarfs and trolls with magic swords point to an earlier people, adepts in mining and metallurgy.



A MODERN BLAST-FURNACE, BESSEMER, PENNSYLVANIA—TAPPING THE FURNACE INTO LADLES.

But for forty centuries before Christ and fourteen centuries after there was little progress in iron-making. The Hindoo, four thousand years ago, like his countryman of to-day, used the purest ores, free from phosphate and silica, and melted these with the best fuel, charcoal, in the ancient bloomary—a low stack, from three to six feet high, and a foot or more in diameter, with air-holes—placing alternate layers of ore and charcoal within, and reducing the charge by a blast from a skin or leather bellows, like that of a blacksmith's forge, lasting from four to eighteen hours. The soft composite mass of iron was rapidly separated from the cinder by repeated hammering and reheating, and a mild steel was produced by melting this bloom mixed with dried wood or leaves, possibly charcoal, in a crucible of clay. Thus there is still produced in India the wootz-steel, an ingot of which Porus offered to Alexander the Great as a precious tribute. A rude art of tempering forged steel, by plunging the heated metal into oil, water, or other liquid, followed the development of steel. Here are the essentials of the story of iron up to the great inventions of modern times. Yet from these crude methods the finest art flowered. The world is to-day a better artisan but scarcely so good an artist as of yore, in iron as in all else.

The Corsican forge, the early form of bloomary used probably by the Greeks

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and Romans, has all but disappeared from Europe. The Catalan forge, now used in the French and Spanish Pyrenees, may be assumed to be, with improvement, that of the old Celtiberians under the Roman dominion. The early German bloomary



PRIMITIVE HINDOO IRON-WORKERS.

was a type of which the American forge common in the Adirondacks is to-day a close parallel; the German stückofen, or high bloomary, seems to have been the first step in the evolution of the modern blast-furnace. These were the leading European types.

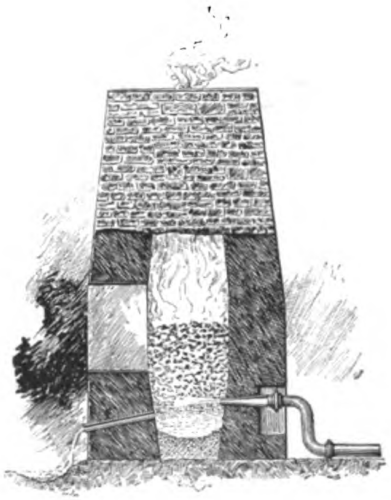
The Corsican forge, which consumes eight pounds of charcoal to make one of iron, gave way to the Catalan. This consists essentially of a rectangular hearth made of heavy iron plates, in its greatest dimensions 40 by 32 inches, and from 20 to 24 inches deep, the tuyeres or pipes through which the blast enters being from 12 to 15 inches above the bottom of the hearth. The tuyeres slope downward at an angle of 30 degrees, and the wall facing the blast-pipes slopes outward toward the top. The ore is broken into lumps not larger than two inches in diameter, while nearly one-half is of a size to be screened through $\frac{4}{10}$-inch openings. The larger part of the ore charge is heaped against the sloping wall, occupying nearly one-half the cavity of the furnace, the rest being filled with charcoal fuel. The finer ore is thrown on the fire from time to time as the operation progresses. The process lasts about six hours, and results in a mass of pasty iron, which is then forged into blooms. The Catalan forge requires, to produce 100 pounds of iron, 340 pounds of charcoal and 312 pounds of ore containing nearly 50 per cent. of iron, involving a large waste. A portion of the oxide of iron is always consumed in bloomary processes in fluxing the impurities of the ore, while in the blast-furnace process this is saved by the use of lime or other fluxes, made practicable by the greatly increased heat of the operation. The German bloomary is an evolution of the Catalan forge designed to reap the benefit of continuous working. In the older process the entire charge of ore must be renewed for each operation. In the later method the hearth is made of iron plates cased with fire-brick, varying in diameter from 14 to 21 inches, and about the same in depth. The blast is supplied through horizontal tuyeres, and all the ore, broken small, is shovelled by degrees on the mass of ignited charcoal. The loop of soft iron is withdrawn from time to time as the reduction continues. As operated in the United States, where it was introduced in the early part of the last century, the German bloomary is known as the Jersey or Champlain forge, and is somewhat modified from the original. In the Adirondack region, in which it now has the principal vogue, the hearth is made of heavy cast-iron plates with downward sloping sides, from 27 by 30 inches to 28 by 32 inches, and with a depth of from 28 to 40 inches. The blast is heated by passing through siphon tubes in a chamber above the furnace before reaching the fire. The liquid slag is drawn off from time to time through an opening in the front plate, and the loops of iron are reheated in the bloomary fire before passing under the hammer. It requires nearly two and a quarter pounds of charcoal to make a pound of iron by this method. The small capital needed to build and run a forge, the cheapness of charcoal in a forest region, and the richness of the ores have kept the bloomary in favor with the iron-master of northern New York, though it has been superseded almost everywhere else by more scientific and economical methods.

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Complete reduction is never attainable by this process. The heat being low, a portion of the iron unites with the impurities of the ore, and is lost in the slag. In Europe, at an early period, the diminution of the richer ores induced the iron-maker to increase the height of his furnace, thereby raising the heat and lessening the cost of manufacture. But in doing this fluid iron was produced, for a long time a waste product, as there seemed to be no way of utilizing it. With the increased height of the furnace, the increased blast, and the more intense heat, iron absorbs carbon, and on account of the combination thus formed, melts at a lower temperature and runs out of the furnace in a highly carburized state. Thus pig or cast iron, as it has since been named, a highly carburized and otherwise impure form of the metal, incapable of being forged, presented a fresh problem in the natural course of things to the metallurgist. It was not till a means of utilizing cast iron, and of making malleable metal by decarburizing and purifying the pig was discovered, instead of producing it directly from the ore in soft loops, that the epoch of scientific iron-making began.

There is some reason to suspect that pig iron was made useful by casting it into sand moulds in ancient times; but the evidence runs largely to conjecture, except that which relates to this knowledge on the part of the Chinese, who crudely antedated so many important modern inventions. The authentic production of castings does not carry us earlier than the close of the fifteenth century. Cannon and kitchen utensils of cast iron were made to a notable extent in France and England during the next hundred years; and prior to the middle of the sixteenth century the secret of producing wrought iron by exposing the melted pig metal to a cold blast—the refinery process, so called—became known, which process, as perfected by Bessemer within the last generation, has immortalized his name.

The stückofen furnace (from *Stück*, a piece or bloom, and *Ofen*, furnace) was an improvement on the osmund furnace (*Ose*, scoop, and *Mund*, mouth). The latter was a truncated cone of masonry, supported by timber-work, with a furnace lined with fire-brick, and charged with fuel and ore in a fashion similar to the German bloomary. The stückofen was a structure of two truncated cones, one inverted on the other, and this type of form has been preserved in the modern blast-furnace. The greatly increased heat which was attained reduced the ore to a liquid form when it was highly impure, or to a spongy mass of malleable iron when better qualities of ore were used. The bloomary method of making iron, however, held its own until about the middle of the eighteenth century, though the refinery process of treating pig metal was largely depended upon to obtain malleable metal. It was then that economical needs still further increased the height of the stack and the force of the blast, to secure more perfect reduction of all the iron in low-grade and refractory ores. This brought into vogue the flüssofen furnace, which was about 25 feet in height. The latter, again, was enlarged into the blauofen or blaseofen furnace, from 25 to 48 feet in height, with still increased energy of heat. The iron-master, except in regions where



THE CATALAN FORGE.

there was still ready access to rich ores, now began to produce all his iron in the first stage of impure and highly carburized pig metal, and to depend on the refinery to obtain the malleable product.

Chemistry makes the process of iron-reduction clear. In treating iron oxide with charcoal (the simple bloomary process), the carbon of the fuel, greedy for oxygen, obtains it, probably from the air of the blast, possibly from the ore—as to which

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metallurgists differ—in sufficient quantity to make carbonic oxide (CO), a gas containing one atom of carbon and one of oxygen. Carbonic oxide needs an extra atom of oxygen to make carbonic acid (CO_2), another gas which is the final product of the combustion of carbon. But in the midst of unburnt charcoal, itself afire for oxygen, it cannot get this oxygen from the air, or, if it gets it, cannot keep it. The charcoal will decompose carbonic acid at the very moment of its formation, seize its newly acquired atom of oxygen, and reduce it back to carbonic oxide. But as the fire gets hotter the affinity of oxygen for the iron of the ore becomes feebler than its affinity for the carbon of the carbonic oxide, and when a certain temperature is reached the oxygen leaves the ore for the carbonic oxide, the result being metallic iron on one hand and carbonic acid on the other. The metallic iron is less fusible than the oxide, and as its oxygen departs the metal partially solidifies into a spongy mass, easily compacted by the hammer. But if this iron finds itself in the presence of free carbon, or of such impurities as silicon, sulphur, and phosphorus, it makes compounds so easily fusible that at a comparatively low temperature they become a liquid, which will soak through more solid materials, just as water soaks through the ground, and reach the bottom of the furnace. It is thus that cast iron, an impure admixture of iron and carbon, is produced, either as the accidental result of imperfect processes or as the purposed result of the necessary evil of using low-grade ores.

The art of making castings was so successfully practised in England that, in the latter part of the sixteenth century, the iron-works of Sussex and the adjoining counties had acquired a European reputation, especially for cannon-founding. So great was the devastation of timber for charcoal-making that it threatened to change the whole face of the country; and it was the cause of an act, passed in Elizabeth's reign, prohibiting the further extension of iron-smelting. This restriction led finally to great discoveries. Simon Sturtevant, and a little later Dud Dudley, during the first quarter of the seventeenth century, were successful in utilizing coal for iron-making, the latter having thought out the device of using the fuel in the form of coke, thus establishing one of the great corner-stones of modern metallurgy. The history of the struggles of this famous old iron-master (a grandson of the great Lord Leicester) is recorded in a quaint and curious volume—*Dud Dudley's Metallum Martis, or Iron made with Pitcole, Seacole, etc., etc.*

Though Dudley succeeded in making both cast and malleable iron with mineral coal, in quality and quantity surpassing his rivals, yet, strange to say, his secret died with him; and as late as 1740 the iron output of Great Britain, which was then only 17,430 tons, was all charcoal-made. Abraham Darby, in 1735, and a Mr. Ford, in 1747, were both successful in illustrating the value of coking coal (that is, distilling off its gaseous components) for iron-manufacturing, yet it was not till Henry Cort developed his process for puddling the pig product that the full effect of using pit-coal and its modifications was commercially established. It is worthy of note that the essential evolution of the modern blast-furnace in its earlier form of the flüssofen from the stückofen, thus enabling white pig iron to be continuously made without going out of blast, and greatly cheapening the product, the puddling process for refining the crude pig and reducing it to the state of malleable or wrought iron, and James Watt's complete development of the steam-engine, whereby the power of the artificial blast was increased tenfold, all occurred within a few years of each other in the latter half of the eighteenth century. From this time the progress of iron metallurgy has been swift and unbroken. The effective work of the blast-furnace was greatly enhanced in the year 1827 by the discovery of the superior power of a hot over a cold blast by Mr. James Neilson, of Glasgow, Scotland. This added almost as much to the practical value of the process as did the application of the steam-engine to the blowing apparatus forty years earlier.

The fundamental conditions of the modern blast-furnace, which is only the perfected form of the stückofen, are that the process shall be continuous, and that everything pitched into the throat shall come out as liquid or gas. To accomplish this with uniform success, the fuel and the iron ore in the furnace charge must be mixed with a flux, which acts as a purgative agent. The principle of fluxing is not that it helps the liquefaction of

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iron, as some metallurgists have thought, but that it gathers together the impurities of the ore, and converts them into a glass which easily fuses and runs down with the molten metal, thus preventing the formation of any infusible substance which would choke the furnace. All the needs of a flux are united in lime. It is a powerful base; it is very abundant and cheap; it is found in the form of limestone in the near vicinity of coal and clay iron-stone; and its glass melts more easily than iron, and being lighter, floats on the top and is easily tapped off. It is as caustic lime or oxide, and not as limestone or the carbonate of lime, that the union with the silica is accomplished, which causes the fluxing. Therefore before lime can achieve its work of purification it must be "burned" and the carbonic acid driven off. This is usually done in the upper part of the furnace itself by the heat rising from below. Certain ores, black band and other carbonates, must in like manner be roasted. The oxidation drives off the carbonic acid of the ore, and leaves it in the condition of black or magnetic oxide, free from water, highly porous, and easily permeable by the gases of the furnace, which are the active reducing agents. Again, before coal can do effective work in the blast-furnace it must be coked, that is to say, there must be a distillation of the combustible gases, as in gas-works, and the fuel thus be freed from part of its sulphur. Sulphur is one of the two great foes to the constitution of good iron or steel, phosphorus being the other.

Let us now examine carefully the construction and operation of those wonderful fire-laboratories which we call blast-furnaces, and try to make clear the salient principles of one of the most complex chemical processes in the manufacturing arts. They vary from 50 to 90 feet or more in height. In the United States, where there is a vast supply of high-grade ores, to a degree surpassing the mining resources of all other countries, the height rarely exceeds 80 feet, with a maximum diameter of 23 feet. The internal shape of the blast-furnace follows the general type of two truncated cones united at the widest parts, the maximum diameter being about one-third the way up. The angle of juncture is rounded off, so that the whole is in form not unlike an inverted soda-water bottle, with most of the neck and conical bottom cut off. The topmost section is known as the *throat*—very properly, for it swallows the charge. That portion extending downward from the throat to the largest diameter is called the *stack*. The

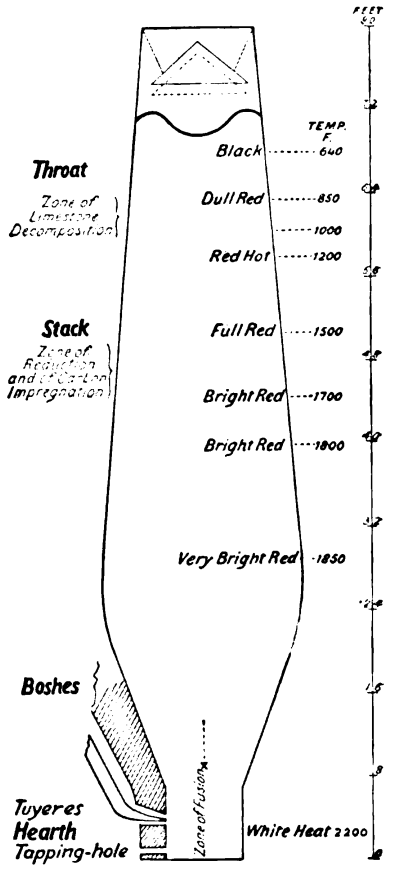


DIAGRAM OF A MODERN BLAST-FURNACE.

lower portion, of narrowing diameter, is known as the *boshes*. The lowest section, cylindrical in shape, is the *hearth* or *crucible*. In the brick walls of this portion are built hollow cones of metal, from two to ten in number, called *tuyeres*, which receive the nozzles of the air-pipes. In that part of the hearth below the tuyeres the molten metal accumulates, with its accompanying floating mass of slag or cinder, before it is tapped off. Around it is a strong cast or wrought iron crucible jacket, kept cool by a water spray. Toward the front is the *dam-plate*, at the bottom of which a channel, known as the

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tapping-hole, taps the metal from the crucible. Over a notch in the upper surface of the crucible jacket flows the discharge of slag. Flues and openings in the body of the masonry are provided for the free escape of gases and steam. The charging platform on the top of the furnace is supported on hollow cast-iron columns, which also serve to carry the combustible gases. These, which would otherwise escape, can be made economically valuable as fuel for heating the blast of the blowing-machines, and for the calcination of the materials of the charge, when this operation is effected outside of the blast-furnace. There are several devices for preventing the waste of gases at the throat, and diverting them into the conducting pipes, the best being known as the cup and cone, or hopper and bell, the cone or bell being raised or lowered at will.

While the above description follows the general type, the dimensions and constructions of blast-furnaces vary greatly, ranging from 50 to 90 feet in height, from six to 25 feet in maximum diameter, and from 500 to 40,000 cubic feet in capacity. These differences are determined by the quality of the ore most available for use in the district. The first crude apparatus for the production of the blast was almost identical with a blacksmith's bellows. About the middle of the seventeenth century the *tromp* was introduced, working by a suction of air into a stream of water falling from a tank through an orifice close to the surface. When Watt perfected the steam-engine, in the latter half of the eighteenth century, a more perfect apparatus became available, greatly increasing the production of a furnace.

The blast-furnace swallows and digests iron ore in a manner closely parallel to the work done by the human organs. The food is prepared before it passes down the throat; it is fully digested by the process of intense heat; waste matter is separated, and functions of excretion go on in a similar fashion; and the great fire-tower breathes through the tuyeres analogous to the human lungs, using the oxygen and expelling carbonic acid gas.

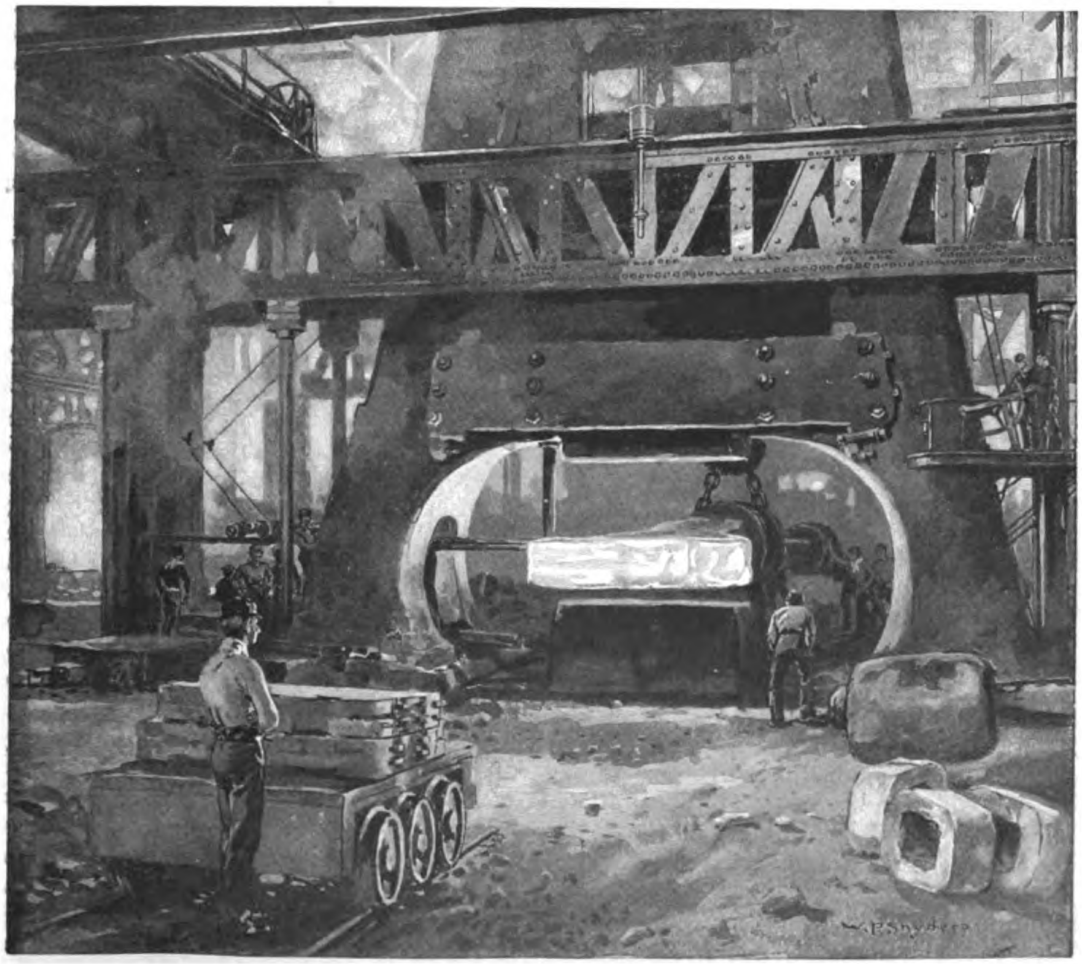
Let us now look inside at the flame and fury of the process, to trace the operation as far as possible. As the "charge" sinks lower and lower in the throat, the limestone, at dull red heat, begins to lose its carbonic acid. With a full red heat, about 1500° F., the iron oxide becomes spongy iron, similar in texture and softness to the loop which comes from a bloomary furnace, and the limestone has changed to quick-lime. At this stage the special work of the modern blast-furnace begins. The charge is now well down, and the molecules of iron begin to get into evil company. They unite with the phosphorus, which comes from the phosphoric acid in the animal remains inherent in the ore; and so, too, they greedily pick up the sulphur separated from the pyrites of the coal, the carbon from the fuel, and the silicon from the silica of the ore. As the charge further descends through the boshes into the narrower part of the furnace, the ratio of these impurities increases, forming iron compounds. But such compounds are far more fusible than iron, and have power to melt the pure metal in their fiery maw. As the mouths of the tuyeres are reached the metal is at white heat, the concentrated heat results in fusion of the iron and its compounds as well as the impurities of the ore, for the quick-lime has been hard at work, and has united with the greater part of the silica, the alumina, and other earthy oxides, and even the sulphur if the furnace is working sufficiently hot. This union induces glassy compounds, and when complete fusion is reached their lower specific gravity causes them to float on the top of the iron as fluid cinder. This excrement runs off, and the melted metal is tapped into large sand troughs, and thence flows over into smaller moulds. When the metal cools, the larger masses are called "sows," and the smaller "pigs." It will be seen that this iron product is contaminated with sulphur, carbon, and phosphorus, in greater or less degree as the original ores used were of low or high grade, the sulphur being derived mainly from the fuel, the phosphorus from the ore, and the carbon from both. Some of the silicon, too, lingers obstinately in spite of the action of the quick-lime.

The great bulk of iron now manufactured is reduced from the ore by the blast-furnace process, with pig iron as the first stage. Nevertheless, even to-day, in regions where ore of great purity and richness is found, the bloomary process with charcoal fuel is still in use. The product is too small and too costly, though,

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to be in demand except for tool steel. Wrought iron is highly malleable, ductile, weldable, but fusible with great difficulty. Pig iron is the exact reverse. Easily melted, it can be cast in moulds, and it is much harder, more rigid, and quite brittle. These qualities vary, however, through a considerable range, the difference being due to the temperature at which the iron was melted. Gray pig is darker in color, of a softer texture, and most of the carbon is uncombined, diffused as scales of graphite or plumbago (natural carbon). It always contains more or less silicon. White pig is supposed to have its carbon chemically combined, is crystalline, and very hard, and contains very little silicon. Mottled pig presents carbon in both mechanical and chemical combination. Spiegeleisen, or specular iron, another form of cast iron, possesses an element of manganese, and is valuable as a medium of this essential purgative element in steel-making. Silvery or glazy iron is an occasional or by product, with but little use in the arts. The darker shades of pig are more suitable for castings, while the lighter colors are found better adapted for conversion into malleable iron.

The succeeding process in the logic of modern iron-making is that technically called "puddling." It is precisely analogous to washing the dirt out of soiled linen, except that fire and air take the place of water and soap as solvents. Before the invention of Henry Cort in 1774, the various kinds of refineries of pig iron could be classified as the low-hearth refinery and the bloomary. In the former the pig metal is melted down into a square, open, shallow hearth, and the surface is subjected to agitating currents of air through tuyeres. The fluid, blown



THE GREAT STEAM-HAMMER, SOUTH BETHLEHEM, PENNSYLVANIA.

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into little waves, becomes more or less oxidized by the air, and when the operation proceeds far enough, it is tapped off into a shallow trough of sand about three inches deep, and is known as fine or plate iron. This method is still sometimes found of value as a preliminary to puddling. The bloomary is only useful for crude iron, reduced by charcoal from rich ores free from phosphorus. Metal alloyed only with carbon melts more slowly than the impure pigs; and as it trickles drop by drop from the upper hearth the carbon is rapidly oxidized by the blast, and there remains a bloom nearly pure, which only needs to be squeezed or hammered to make good malleable iron. This furnace is also still used for reworking steel and iron scrap. From the old refinery Bessemer probably obtained his crude suggestions of making iron and steel through the energy of an air-blast in burning out the impurities of pig metal. It was at this point that Henry Cort's puddling process found its function, and became such an important stage in iron-making.

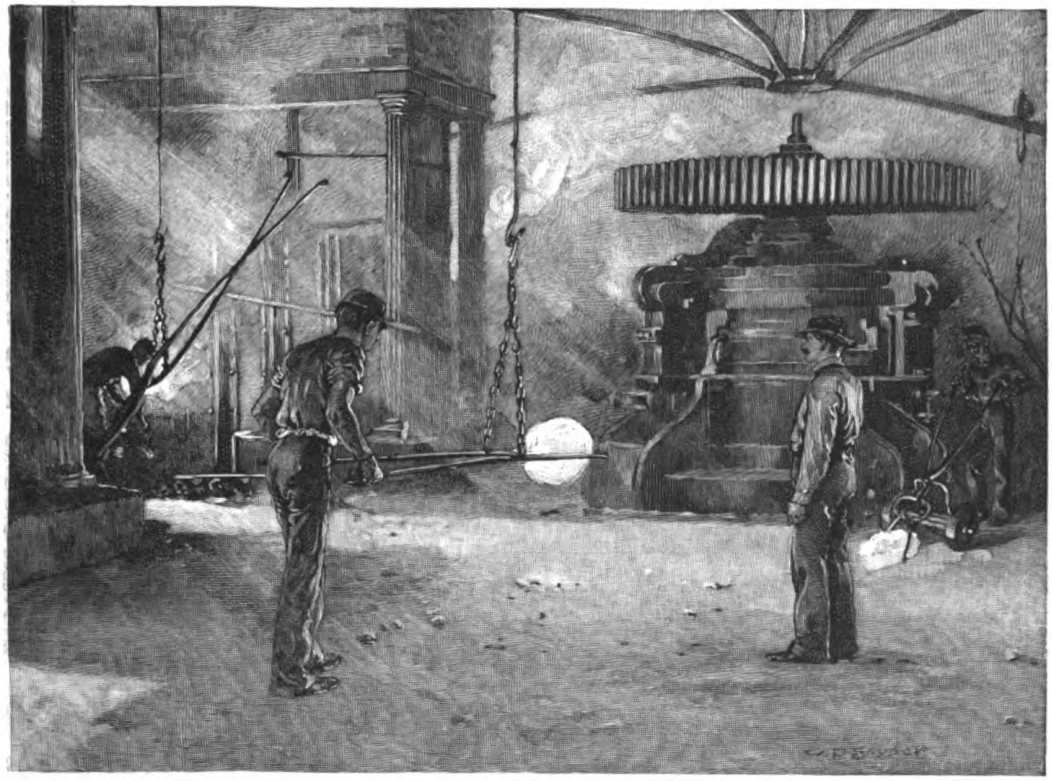
The puddling furnace belongs to the "reverberatory" class. Such a furnace consists of two main features, the fireplace and the laboratory part, the fuel being separated from the material to be heated by means of a *fire bridge*, a wall of refractory brick, with orifices to redirect air into the furnace. The flames pass over this bridge and *reverberate* into the laboratory, where they act on the charge. A flue connects the chimney with the laboratory, carries off the unconsumed gases, and serves also for the production of draught. By the damper in the flue, in connection with the thickness of the layer of fuel burnt in the fireplace, the flame may be made oxidizing, neutral, or reducing, at the will of the puddler. Cort originally used a sand bottom, but in 1818 iron was substituted. This bottom is now covered with a thick layer of furnace cinder or of malleable scrap, which has been highly oxidized, and so becomes refractory. The fireplace is considerably larger than the hearth or laboratory, sometimes nearly double the size, and the draught is a natural one derived from a high chimney. The hearth, either rectangular or oval, is bound by cast-iron plates lined with fire-brick. The side castings are sometimes hollow, as also the brick ends or bridges, to allow the circulation of air. There are recesses in the sides to hold the "fettling" material, which is generally rich iron ore, or sometimes roasted cinder.

The primary stage in puddling is fusing the charge, which consists of broken white or mottled pig. The molten metal is thoroughly stirred or "rabbled" to make it uniform and secure the incorporation of the "fettle." The temperature is now raised, and carbonic oxide is released, causing a violent boiling of the mass and a burning on the surface with a blue flame. The rabbling proceeds with greater energy, being effected by a long iron instrument with a hoe-shaped blade fortified with refractory cement, till finally the fierce ebullition ceases and the blue flame expires. Bright grains of iron now appear in the fluid mass, for the metal is "coming to nature." As these particles multiply, the puddler begins balling the pasty iron, first reducing the temperature by turning off the damper. The iron is thus gradually collected and consolidated into lumps of from sixty to eighty pounds each, and they are ready for the hammer or squeezer. As Bessemer received his first suggestion from the old finery, so probably Siemens conceived his first notion of the "open-hearth" steel method from the puddling furnace.

The philosophy of puddling may be explained as follows: Pure iron, itself almost infusible, is easily melted in a bath of its own fusible compounds, such as silicides, carbides, phosphides, etc., pig iron being such an alloy. As the carbon and silicon in the early stages of puddling become oxidized by the oxygen of the fettling material, the solvent of the bath is diminished, and the iron tends to solidify in small particles. But each granule is enveloped in fusible slag containing sulphide or phosphide, less than enough to effect solution, but not sufficiently adherent to resist oxidation. The puddler, by his violent rabbling, washes this film into the cinder, precisely as greasy dirt is washed from soiled linen into soapy water by the pounding and rubbing of the laundress. The action of hammering, squeezing, and rolling removes adhering particles of the cinder in the last stage of production, similarly to the wringing of clothes.

No operation in iron-making means such severe and protracted labor, and it may be said scarcely any demands more

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FROM THE PUDDLING-FURNACE TO THE SQUEEZER.

intelligence and judgment. Many attempts have been made to replace hand labor by machine-work. Conditions vary so much during the continuance of the process, which lasts from one and a half to two hours, that the kind and energy of the stirring of the iron pudding and the graduation of the heat must be left to the discretion of the workman, who is guided by his experience. Several machines, however, have been successfully operated, and among these are the so-called rotary "puddlers" invented by Mr. Samuel Danks, of Cincinnati, and modified later by Crampton, Sellers, and others. In these the laboratory chamber is detached from the fireplace; it is cylindrical, and is made to revolve by a special engine. The jacket of the laboratory is usually water-cooled. The lining is built up on the jacket by fusing together lumps of refractory ores and topped off by a layer of scrap iron. The usual ore fettling is then used. The rotary motion of the chamber answers to the rabbling of the hand workmen, though more regular and more energetic, and the result gives an iron of greater purity. The yield is also increased. The gradual replacement of puddled iron by mild steel has checked the development of mechanical puddling, which, on account of the greater weight of puddle balls made, requires a radical change in the usual plant. It is used now only in making very pure blooms for the manufacture of the highest grades of open-hearth steel.

After the balls of pasty iron come from the puddling furnace they are taken to the steam hammer or squeezer, sometimes to both. The squeezer operates with the revolution of a corrugated cylinder, which condenses the ball and crushes out much of its cinder; and hence it is transferred, still hot, to the rolls, and passing through different sizes of grooves, it becomes what is called muck or puddled bar. It must not be supposed that this process of wringing is ended in one set of operations. Iron must be worked over and over again to expel the cinder and become homogeneous. The "muck bar" is broken up, bunched together, raised to a welding heat, and again and again carried through the rolls, until the work is supposed to be complete. We have now

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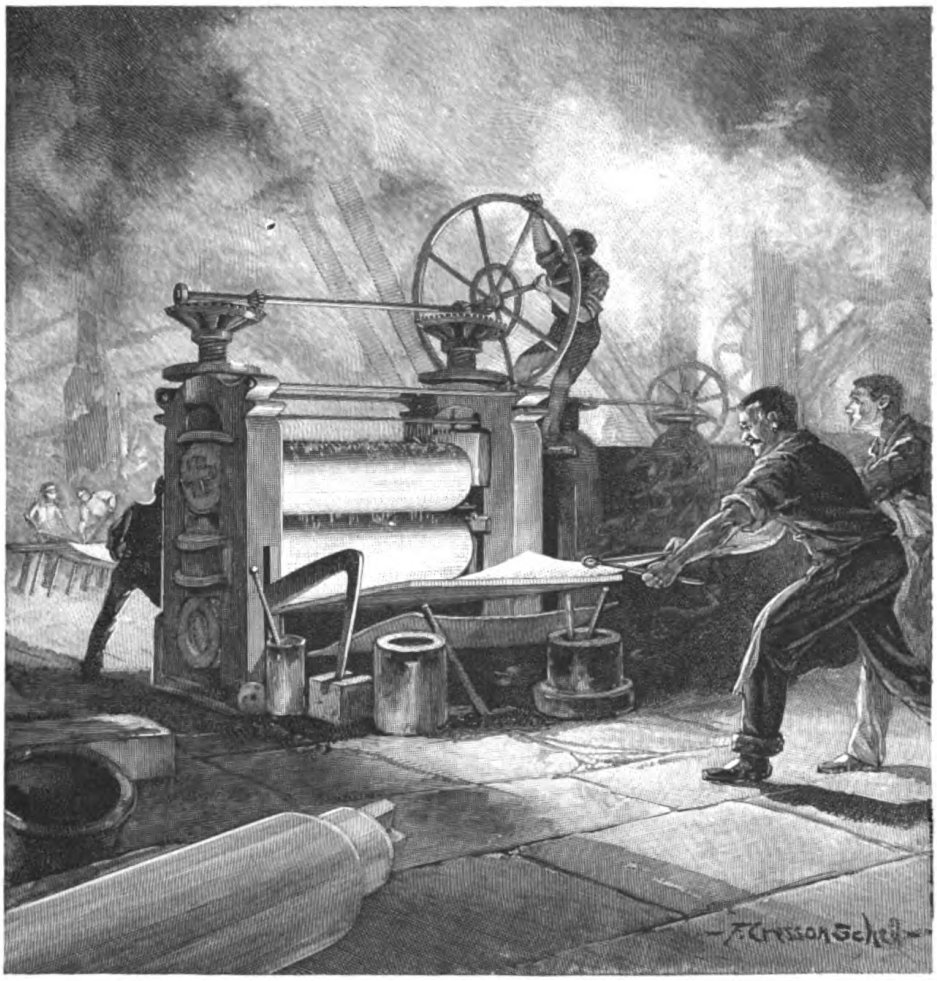
good malleable iron, easily transformed into the higher grades of steel, and serving a thousand important purposes where metal needs to be forged or drawn and great tensile strength is needed.

The importance of machine tools in finishing the series of processes by which iron and steel are wrought into the condition which makes them available for their multitude of uses can scarcely be overstated. By this is not meant an operation in shaping the metal for a special service, as, for example, a steamer shaft or a steel rail. The steam-hammer and the rolling-train are essential in perfecting the work of manufacturing the raw material. However far the puddling furnace may carry the metal, it is the tremendous beating which it receives from the power-hammer and the crushing hug that squeezes the molecules together in the embrace of the rolls that release the product from many of its last traces of lurking impurities, and help to make the structure dense and homogeneous. Before James Nasmyth's great invention of the steam-hammer, trip or tilt and helve hammers had been the forging tools.

The first step in this direction was the Hercules—a ponderous mass of iron attached to a vertical guide-rod, originally lifted by a gang of men with ropes, but afterwards by water and steam power. As the demand for wrought iron increased, the necessity of more rapid and powerful hammer strokes was felt, and uniform-acting power-hammers were devised. The helve-hammer and the trip-hammer are essentially the same—that is to say, each consists of a heavy head attached to a beam mounted on gudgeons, which is lifted at regular intervals by a cam carried by a revolving shaft. The difference between them is the relative position of that portion of the beam at which the power is applied, one giving heavy, the other lighter but more rapid blows, both, however, invariable in the weight and time of the stroke. Nasmyth's invention of the steam-hammer in 1842 was a revelation of new possibilities in mechanical engineering. Though some improvements were made, it is essentially the same as at the beginning. This ponderous tool was suggested to Nasmyth by his observation of the operation of a spile-driver at Plymouth docks. It strikes the heaviest and the lightest blows with equal facility, and at the will of the foreman, who has but to speak to the engineer who is a part of the living apparatus of the work, for each hammer has its own engine. It is said that the late German Emperor William once, when visiting the Krupp works at Essen, laid his jewelled watch on the anvil under the stroke of a 50-ton hammer. The blow was stopped just as it grazed the crystal without cracking the glass. The operation of this titanic tool depends on the device of attaching the hammer head to the lower end of a piston-rod working in an inverted steam-cylinder. The power to produce the massive forgings in iron and steel demanded by the modern mechanical arts is largely dependent on the Nasmyth hammer in some of its forms. The various adaptations of the upright hammer are divided into two classes—that in which the steam is applied above the piston to augment the weight of the blow, and that in which the piston and the piston-rod are rigid with the frame and the cylinder is made movable, its weight being thus added to the impact of the stroke. There is scarcely an important iron or steel workshop in the world which does not use these great tools. The largest hammer, that at the South Bethlehem Iron-Works, in Pennsylvania, strikes a blow of one hundred and twenty-five tons. Among the important modifications of the steam-hammer to suit special needs, one for forging armor-plate may be cited, working with horizontal strokes by the impact of two hammer heads on the opposite sides of the plate.

The rolling-train is of equal importance with the power-hammer, alike in finishing the original product of iron and steel, and manufacturing them into their ultimate forms. After a bloom or ingot has been heated to the proper temperature it is passed through cast-iron grooved rolls, of the same diameter and made to revolve at the same speed, but geared to rotate in opposite directions, so that the opposed faces of the rolls that meet the metal run in the same direction. Shaped by the grooves, it now becomes finished bar or rail. The grooves through which the object passes are of various sizes and shapes, plane, circular, and corrugated, to suit the purpose intended. The first roll trains used were "two high," having only two rolls, one over the other. These worked continuously in the same direction, so that it was necessary to return the piece

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A TRAIN OF ROLLS—ROLLING SHEET-IRON.

over the top roll before it could enter the next groove on the front side. This style of train is still widely used in rolling iron and steel bars. Puddle trains, in which puddle balls are made into muck bars, are always two-high. The "three-high train" is of American origin, and has three superposed rolls. The bar enters between the bottom and middle rolls, and is returned to the next groove between the middle and top rolls, so that the work of reduction goes on continuously, and not in one direction only, as in the two-high train. This style has been used in this country for "blooming trains," or trains in which ponderous steel ingots are reduced to smaller-sized masses called blooms, and for steel-rail trains; but the tendency now is toward the two-high reversing train, where, after the piece has passed through a groove in one direction, the driving engine is reversed and the piece is returned through the next groove, and so on, forward and backward, till the bar is finished. This saves lifting the piece from lower to upper roll, which, in the case of a modern steel ingot weighing many thousands of pounds, becomes a complicated problem. There is also the combination machine called the "universal mill," consisting of one horizontal and one vertical pair just behind it, which at the same time compress the mass laterally and vertically. The diversity of machine rolls is very great, so that beyond a general description of the principle on which they operate it is scarcely practicable to convey a notion of their special forms. Metal is generally worked at a white heat, especially where it is in large masses and has to be passed through a series of rolls with graduated sizes of grooves. It

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is sometimes, however, finished cold, as it is found that the increased compression gives steel and iron much greater stiffness and elasticity. For this purpose a different rolling-train is found necessary.

The progress of iron metallurgy in the American colonies was of course somewhat behind that of the mother country, but the Englishmen in the New World began promptly to display that ambition and ingenuity which now enable their descendants to lead the van of the world. Mr. J. M. Swank, secretary of the American Steel and Iron Association, in his exhaustive work, *Iron in All Ages*, has given a very interesting review of the growth of the most important manufacturing industries in this country. The first iron-works were erected at Lynn, Massachusetts, in 1645, and up to 1731 New England could only boast of nineteen bloomaries and six casting-furnaces. The other colonies which made iron were New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, and Virginia, but the sum total was limited to fifteen furnaces and thirty bloomaries. The Catalan forge was used mostly for making malleable iron, and there is but little doubt that a furnace closely following the earliest model of the blast-furnace, the stückofen, was also operated here in the early part of the eighteenth century. This was also the fact as to the old finery, the precursor of puddling. For a long time the needs of the iron trade were for the small rods and bars necessary in the production of nails, wire, and articles of household hardware, or for castings. In 1731 the first rolling and "slitting" mill operated in America was erected in Massachusetts Bay. With a two-high train the iron bloom was lengthened into a bar, and then in the slitting-machine this bar was cut into longitudinal sections by means of rotary cutters, consisting of steel disks. This was the method of manufacturing rods, which entered into so many of the merchantable products of the period. In 1750 an act of Parliament which forbade the erection of rolling and slitting mills in the colonies was put in force, and though bar and pig iron continued to be manufactured, there was but little progress made in the iron industry till after the Revolution. During the latter period, it need scarcely be said, there was very little advance in scientific iron-making, but the demand for cannon, anchors, chains, and similar material kept the iron mills busy on the old lines. Eli Whitney, in 1798, erected at Whitneyville, Connecticut, the first fire-arms works in the United States, and among other great improvements invented the system of interchangeable parts, which, as applied to so many important products, has been of enormous value in cheapening their cost and increasing their usefulness.

The introduction of regular puddling-furnaces and of improved rolling-mills with corrugated grooves occurred in 1816, and from this time the advance of the iron-manufacturing interest was rapid, progress keeping equal pace with the introduction of changed methods in England. But the great stimulus, which made itself felt in every part of this multifarious industry, was the successful utilization of both anthracite and bituminous coal in iron-smelting, which was finally effected between 1830 and 1840. Mr. David Thomas, of Catasauqua, Pennsylvania, was the promoter of this great change of base (charcoal had been used at an earlier period), and it made Pennsylvania the most important iron-manufacturing State in the Union, a glory which she has ever since retained. Almost simultaneously with the success of Thomas with raw anthracite, coke was successfully applied in the Lonaconing furnace in Alleghany County, Maryland, though its value had long before been theoretically admitted. The rapidity with which coke has made its way as fuel for the blast-furnace is shown in the fact that at the present time nearly three-quarters of the pig-metal yield of the country is derived from this source.

It is scarcely worth while to follow the details of development in America, for they are in no special way to be distinguished from those of the Old World, except so far as American ingenuity in these latter days has displayed its power and versatility in perfecting or inventing apparatus and improving the construction and arrangement of manufacturing plants. We have now arrived at what may be called *par excellence* "the age of steel," and its story, with the statistics of iron and steel production, must be told in a following article. Both in iron and steel the great strength of the United States has been in the line of developing production to its full possibilities, rather than in discovering great fundamental processes.

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A TRANSPLANTED BOY.

BY CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

I.

THE old Rondinelli Palace at Pisa has been for many years a boarding-house, or *pension*, called Casa Corti. The establishment is a large one, and Madame Corti, the proprietress, believes that it has much distinction.

One evening in the spring of 1880 a pretty little American, who looked not more than twenty-five years old, but who was thirty-three, left the drawing-room where the seventy boarders were assembled after dinner, and mounted to her own quarters. She did not care for tea, or whist, or books on art, or wool-work; and, besides, her little boy Maso was waiting for her.

"Oh, how early you've come up! I'm awful glad," said Maso, as she entered her bedroom on the third floor. It was a large room, shabbily furnished in yellow, the frescoed walls representing the Bay of Naples. Maso was lying on the rug, with his dog by his side.

"Why are you in the dark?" said his mother. There was a smouldering fire on the hearth; for though the day had been fine (it was the 15th of March), the old palace had a way of developing unexpected shivers in the evening. In spite of these shivers, however, this was the only room where there was a fire. Mrs. Roscoe lighted the lamp and put on the pink shade; then she drew the small Italian sticks together on the hearth, threw on a dozen pine cones, and with the bellows blew the whole into a brilliant blaze. Next she put a key into the Bay

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of Naples, unlocked a wave, and drew out a small Vienna coffee-pot.

"Are we going to have coffee? Jolly!" said the boy.

His mother made the coffee; then she took from the same concealed cupboard, which had been drilled in the solid stone of the wall, a little glass jug shaped like a lachrymal from the catacombs, which contained cream; sugar in a bowl; cakes, and a box of marrons glacés. Maso gave a Hi! of delight as each dainty appeared, and made his dog sit on his hind legs. "I say, mother, what were they all laughing about at dinner? Something you said?"

"They always laugh; they appear never to have heard a joke before. That about the bishops, now, that is as old as the hills." Leaning back in her easy-chair before the fire, with Maso established at her feet, enjoying his cake and coffee, she gave a long yawn. "Oh, what a stupid life!"

Maso was well accustomed to this exclamation. But when he had his mother to himself, and when the room was so bright and so full of fragrant aromas, he saw no reason to echo it. "Well, *I* think it's just gay!" he answered. "Mr. Tiber, beg!" Mr. Tiber begged, and received a morsel of cake.

Mrs. Roscoe, after drinking her coffee, had taken up a new novel. "Perhaps you had better study a little," she suggested.

Maso made a grimace. But as the coffee was gone and the cakes were eaten, he complied; that is, he complied after he had made Mr. Tiber go through his tricks. This took time; for Mr. Tiber, having swallowed a good deal of cake himself, was lazy. At last, after he had been persuaded to show to the world the excellent education he had received, his master decided to go on with his own, and went to get his books, which were on the shelf at the other end of the long room. It pleased him to make this little journey on his heels, with his toes sharply upturned in the air—a feat which required much balancing.

"That is the way you run down the heels of your shoes so," his mother remarked, glancing at his contortions.

"It doesn't hurt them much on the *carpet*," replied the boy.

"Mercy! You don't go staggering through the streets in that way, do you?"

"Only back streets."

He was now returning in the same obstructed manner, carrying his books. He placed them upon the table where the lamp was standing; then he lifted Mr. Tiber to the top of the same table and made him lie down; next, seating himself, he opened a battered school-book, a United States History, and, after looking at the pictures for a while, he began at last to repeat two dates to himself in a singsong whisper. Maso was passing through the period when a boy can be very plain, even hideous, in appearance, without any perception of the fact in the minds of his relatives, who see in him the little toddler still, or else the future man; other persons, however, are apt to see a creature all hands and feet, with a big uncertain mouth and an omnipresent awkwardness. Maso, in addition to this, was short and ill developed, with inexpressive eyes and many large freckles. His features were not well cut; his complexion was pale; his straight hair was of a reddish hue. None of the mother's beauties were repeated in the child. Such as he was, however, she loved him, and he repaid her love by a deep adoration; to him, besides being "mother," she was the most beautiful being in the whole world, and also the cleverest.

While he was vaguely murmuring his dates, and rocking himself backwards and forwards in time with the murmur, there came a tap at the door. It was Miss Spring. "I have looked in to bid you good-by," she said, entering. "I am going to Munich to-morrow."

"Isn't that sudden?" said Mrs. Roscoe. "The torn chair is the most comfortable. Have a marron?"

"Thank you; I seldom eat sweets. No, it is not sudden."

"Shall I make you a cup of coffee?"

"Thank you; I don't take coffee."

Mrs. Roscoe pushed a footstool across the rug.

"Thank you; I never need footstools."

"Superior to all the delights of womankind!"

Miss Spring came out of her abstraction and laughed. "Not superior; only bilious, and long-legged." Then her face grew grave again. "Do you consider Pisa an attractive place for a permanent residence?" she inquired, fixing her eyes upon her hostess, who, having offered all the hospitable attentions in her power,

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was now leaning back again, her feet on a hassock.

"Attractive? Heavens! no."

"Yet you stay here? I think I have seen you here, at intervals, for something like seven years?"



"MR. TIBER, BEG."

"Don't count them; I hate the sound," said Mrs. Roscoe. "My wish is—my hope is—to live in Paris; I get there once in a while, and then I always have to give it up and come away. Italy is cheap, and Pisa is the cheapest place in Italy."

"So that is your reason for remaining," said Miss Spring, reflectively.

"What other reason on earth *could* there be?"

"The equable climate."

"I hate equable climates. No, we're not here for climates. Nor for Benozzo; nor for Niccola the Pisan, and that everlasting old sarcophagus that they are always talking about; nor for the Leaning Tower either. I perfectly hate the Leaning Tower!"

Miss Spring gazed at the fire. "I may as well acknowledge that it was those very things that brought me here in the beginning, the things you don't care for: Niccola and the revival of sculpture; the early masters. But I have not found them satisfying. I have tried to care for that sarcophagus; but the truth is that I remain perfectly cold before it. And the Campo Santo frescoes seem to me out of drawing. As to the Shelley memories, do you know what I thought of the other day? Supposing that Shelley and Byron were residing here at this moment—Shelley with that queerness about his first wife hanging over him, and Byron living as we know he lived in the Toscanelli palace—do you think that these ladies in the pension who now sketch the Toscanelli and sketch Shelley's windows, who go to Lerici and rave over Casa Magni, who make pilgrimages to the very spot on the beach where Byron and Trelawny built the funeral pyre—do you think that a single one of them would call, if it were to-day, upon Mary Shelley? Or like to have Shelley and Byron dropping in here for afternoon tea, with the chance of meeting the curates?"

"If they met them, they couldn't out-

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talk them," answered Violet, laughing. "Curates always want to explain something they said the day before. As to the calling and the tea, what would *you* do?"

"I should be consistent," responded Miss Spring, with dignity. "I should call. And I should be happy to see them here in return."

"Well, you'd be safe," said Violet. "Shelley, Byron, Trelawny, all together, would never dare to flirt with Roberta Spring!" She could say this without malice, for her visitor was undeniably a handsome woman.

Miss Spring, meanwhile, had risen; going to the table, she put on her glasses and bent over Maso's book. "History?"

"Yes, 'm. I haven't got very far yet," Maso answered.

"Reader. Copy-book. Geography. Spelling-book. Arithmetic," said Miss Spring, turning the books over one by one. "The Arithmetic appears to be the cleanest."

"Disuse," said Mrs. Roscoe, from her easy-chair. "As I am Maso's teacher, and as I hate arithmetic, we have never gone very far. I don't know what we shall do when we get to fractions!"

"And what is your dog doing on the table, may I ask?" inquired the visitor, surveying Mr. Tiber coldly.

"Oh, he helps lots. I couldn't study at all without him," explained Maso, with eagerness.

"Well!" said Miss Spring. She never could comprehend what she called "all this dog business" of the Roscoes. And their dog language (they had one) routed her completely.

"Why did you name him Mr. Tiber?" pursued the visitor, in her grave voice.

"We didn't; he was already named," explained Mrs. Roscoe. "We bought him of an old lady in Rome, who had three; she had named them after Italian rivers: Mr. Arno, Mr. Tiber, and Miss Dora Ripaira."

"Miss Dora Ripaira—well!" said Miss Spring. Then she turned to subjects more within her comprehension. "It is a pity I am going away, Maso, for I could have taught you arithmetic; I like to teach arithmetic."

Maso made no answer save an imbecile grin. His mother gesticulated at him behind Miss Spring's back. Then he muttered, "Thank you, 'm," hoping fervently that the Munich plan was secure.

"I shall get a tutor for Maso before long," remarked Mrs. Roscoe, as Miss Spring came back to the fire. "Later, my idea is to have him go to Oxford."

Miss Spring looked as though she were uttering, mentally, another "well!" The lack of agreement in the various statements of her pretty little countrywoman always puzzled her; she could understand crime better than inconsistency.

"Shall you stay long in Munich?" Violet inquired.

"That depends." Miss Spring had not seated herself. "Would you mind coming to my room for a few minutes?" she added.

"There's no fire; I shall freeze to death!" thought Violet. "If you like," she answered aloud. And together they ascended to the upper story, where, at the top of two unexpected steps, was Miss Spring's door. A trunk, locked and strapped, stood in the centre of the floor; an open travelling-bag, placed on a chair, gaped for the toilet articles, which were ranged on the table together, so that nothing should be forgotten at the early morning start—a cheap hair-brush and stout comb, an unadorned wooden box containing hair-pins and a scissors, a particularly hideous travelling pin-cushion. Violet Roscoe gazed at these articles, fascinated by their ugliness; she herself possessed a long row of vials and brushes, boxes and mirrors, of silver, crystal, and ivory, and believed that she could not live without them.

"I thought I would not go into the subject before Maso," began Miss Spring, as she closed her door. "Such explanations sometimes unsettle a boy: his may not be a mind to which inquiry is necessary. My visit to Munich has an object. I am going to study music."

"Music?" repeated Mrs. Roscoe, surprised. "I didn't know you cared for it."

"But it remains to be seen whether I care, doesn't it? One cannot tell until one has tried. This is the case: I am now thirty-seven years of age. I have given a good deal of attention to astronomy and to mathematics; I am an evolutionist, a realist, a member of the Society for Psychical Research; Herbert Spencer's works always travel with me. These studies have been extremely interesting. And yet I find that I am not fully satisfied, Mrs. Roscoe. And it has been a disappoint-

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ment. I determined, therefore, to try some of those intellectual influences which do not appeal solely to reason. They appear to give pleasure to large numbers of mankind, so there must be something in them. What that is I resolved to find out. I began with sculpture. Then painting. But they have given me no pleasure whatever. Music is third on the list. So now I am going to try that."

Mrs. Roscoe gave a spring and seated herself on the bed, with her feet under her, Turkish fashion; the floor was really too cold. "No use trying music unless you like it," she said.

"I have never *dis*liked it. My attitude will be that of an impartial investigator," explained Miss Spring. "I have, of course, no expectation of becoming a performer; but I shall study the theory of harmony, the science of musical composition, its structure—"

"Structure? Stuff! You've got to *feel* it," said Violet.

"Very well. I am perfectly willing to feel; that is, in fact, what I wish. Let them *make* me feel. If it is an affair of the emotions, let them rouse *my* emotions," answered Roberta.

"If you would swallow a marron occasionally, and drink a cup of good coffee with cream; if you would have some ivory brushes and crystal scent-bottles, instead of those hideous objects," said Violet, glancing towards the table; "if you would get some pretty dresses once in a while—I think satisfaction would be nearer."

Miss Spring looked up quickly. You think I have been too ascetic? Is that what you mean?"

"Oh, I never mean anything," answered Violet, hugging herself to keep down a shiver.

"I knew I should get a new idea out of you, Mrs. Roscoe. I always do," said Roberta, frankly. "And this time it is an important one; it is a side light which I had not thought of myself at all. I shall go to Munich to-morrow. But I will add this: if music is not a success, perhaps I may some time try your plan."

"Plan? Horrible! I haven't any," said Violet, escaping towards the door.

"It's an unconscious one: it is, possibly, instinctive truth," said Miss Spring, as she shook hands with her departing guest. "And instinctive truth is the most valuable."

Violet ran back to her own warm quarters. "You don't mean to say, Maso, that you've stopped studying already?" she said, as she entered and seated herself before her fire again, with a sigh of content. "Nice lessons you'll have for me to-morrow."

"They're all O. K," responded the boy. He had his paint-box before him, and was painting the Indians in his History.

"Well, go to bed, then."

"Yes, 'm."

At half past ten, happening to turn her head while she cut open the pages of her novel, she saw that he was still there. "Maso, do you hear me? Go to bed."

"Yes, 'm." He painted faster, making hideous grimaces with his protruded lips, which unconsciously followed the strokes of his brush up and down. The picture finished at last, he rose. "Mr. Tiber, pim."

At eleven, Mrs. Roscoe finished her novel and threw it down. "Women who write don't know much about love-affairs," was her reflection. "And those of us who have love-affairs don't write!" She rose. "Maso, you here still? I thought you went to bed an hour ago!"

"Well, I did begin. I put my shoes outside." He extended his shoeless feet in proof. "Then I just came back for a minute."

His mother looked over his shoulder. "That same old fairy-book! Who would suppose you were twelve years old?"

"Thirteen," said Maso, coloring.

"So you are. But only two weeks ago. Never mind; you'll be a tall man yet—a great big thing striding about, whom I shall not care half so much for as I do for my little boy." She kissed him. "All your father's family are tall, and you look just like them."

Maso nestled closer as she stood beside him. "How did father look? I don't remember him much."

"Much? You don't remember him at all; he died when you were six months old—a little teenty baby."

"I say, mother, how long have we been over here?"

"I came abroad when you were not quite two."

"Aren't we ever going back?"

"If you could once see Coesville!" was Mrs. Roscoe's emphatic reply.

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II.

"Hist, Maso! Take this in to your lady mother," said Giulio. "I made it myself, so it's good." Giulio, one of the dining-room waiters at Casa Corti, was devoted to the Roscoes. Though he was master of a mysterious French polyglot, he used at present his own tongue, for Maso spoke Italian as readily as he did, and in much the same fashion.

Maso took the cup, and Giulio disappeared. As the boy was carrying the broth carefully towards his mother's door, Madame Corti passed him. She paused.

"Ah, Master Roscoe, I am relieved to learn that your mother is better. Will you tell her, with my compliments, that I advise her to go at once to the Bagni to make her recovery? She ought to go to-morrow. That is the air required for convalescence."

Maso repeated this to his mother: "'That is the air required for convalescence,' she said."

"And 'this is the room required for spring tourists,' she meant. Did she name a day—the angel?"

"Well, she did say to-morrow," Maso admitted.

"Old cat! She is dying to turn me out; she is so dreadfully afraid that the word fever will hurt her house. All the servants are sworn to call it rheumatism."

"See here, mother, Giulio sent you this."

"I don't want any of their messes."

"But he made it himself, so it's good." He knelt down beside her sofa, holding up the cup coaxingly.

"Beef tea," said Mrs. Roscoe, drawing down her upper lip. But she took a little to please him.

"Just a little more."

She took more.

"A little *teenty* more."

"You scamp! You think it's great fun to give directions, don't you?"

Maso, who had put the emptied cup back on the table, gave a leap of glee because she had taken so much.

"Don't walk on your hands," said his mother, in alarm. "It makes me too nervous."

It was the 12th of April, and she had been ill two weeks. An attack of bronchitis had prostrated her suddenly, and the bronchitis had been followed by an intermittent fever, which left her weak.

"I say, mother, let's go," said Maso. "It's so nice at the Bagni—all trees and everything. Miss Anderson 'll come and pack."

"If we do go to the Bagni we cannot stay at the hotel," said Mrs. Roscoe, gloomily. "This year we shall have to find some cheaper place. I have been counting upon money from home that hasn't come."

"But it *will* come," said Maso, with confidence.

"Have you much acquaintance with Reuben John?"

He had no very clear idea as to the identity of Reuben John, save that he was some sort of a dreadful relative in America.

"Well, the Bagni's nice," he answered, "no matter where we stay. And I know Miss Anderson 'll come and pack."

"You mustn't say a word to her about it. I have got to write a note, as it is, and ask her to wait for her money until winter. Dr. Prior too."

"Well, they'll do it; they'll do it in a minute, and be glad to," said Maso, still confident.

"I am sure I don't know why," commented his mother, turning her head upon the pillow fretfully.

"Why, mother, they'll do it because it's you. They think everything of you; everybody does," said the boy, adoringly.

Violet Roscoe laughed. It took but little to cheer her. "If you don't brush your hair more carefully they won't think much of *you*," she answered, setting his collar straight.

There was a knock at the door. "Letters," said Maso, returning. He brought her a large envelope, adorned with Italian superlatives of honor and closed with a red seal. "Always so civil," murmured Mrs. Roscoe, examining the decorated address with a pleased smile. Her letters came to a Pisan bank; the bankers reenclosed them in this elaborate way, and sent them to her by their own gilt-buttoned messenger. There was only one letter to-day. She opened it, read the first page, turned the leaf, and then in her weakness she began to sob. Maso in great distress knelt beside her; he put his arm round her neck, and laid his cheek to hers; he did everything he could think of to comfort her. Mr. Tiber, who had been lying at her feet, walked up her back and gave an affectionate lick to her

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"WE MUST SINK OR SWIM TOGETHER, MASO."

hair. "Mercy! the dog too," she said, drying her eyes. "*Of course* it was Reuben John," she explained, shaking up her pillow.

Maso picked up the fallen letter.

"Don't read it; burn it—horrid thing!" his mother commanded.

He obeyed, striking a match and lighting the edge of the page.

"Not only no money, but in its place a long, hateful, busybodying sermon," continued Mrs. Roscoe, indignantly.

Maso came back from the hearth, and took up the envelope. "Mrs. Thomas R. Coe," he read aloud. "Is our name really Coe, mother?"

"You know it is perfectly well."

"Everybody says Roscoe."

"*I* didn't get it up; all I did was to call myself Mrs. Ross Coe, which is my name, isn't it? I hate Thomas. Then these English got hold of it and made it Ross-Coe and Roscoe. I grew tired of correcting them long ago."

"Then in America I should be Thom-as Ross Coe," pursued the boy, still scanning the envelope, and pronouncing the syllables slowly. He was more familiar with Italian names than with American.

"No such luck. Tommy Coe you'd be now. And as you grew older, Tom Coe—like your father before you."

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BENJAMIN FRANKLIN WATERHOUSE.

They went to the Bagni, that is, to the baths of Lucca. The journey, short as it was, tired Mrs. Roscoe greatly. They took up their abode in two small rooms in an Italian house which had an unswept stairway and a constantly open door. Maso, disturbed by her illness, but by nothing else—for they had often followed a nomadic life for a while when funds were low—scoured the town. He bought cakes and fruit to tempt her appetite; he made coffee. He had no conception that these things were not the proper food for a convalescent; his mother had always lived upon coffee and sweets.

On the first day of May, when they had been following this course for two weeks, they had a visitor. Dr. Prior, who had been called to the Bagni for a day, came to have a look at his former patient. He staid fifteen minutes. When he took leave he asked Maso to show him the way to a certain house. This, however, was but a pretext, for when they reached the street he stopped.

"I dare say ye have friends here?"

"Well," answered Maso, "mother generally knows a good many of the people in the hotel when we are staying there. But this year we ain't."

"Hum! And where are your relatives?"

"I don't know as we've got any. Yes, there's one," pursued Maso, remembering Reuben John. "But he's in America."

The Scotch physician, who was by no means an amiable man, was bluntly honest. "How old are you?" he inquired.

"I'm going on fourteen."

"Never should have supposed ye to be more than eleven. As there appears to be no one else, I must speak to you. Your mother must not stay in this house a day longer; she must have a better place—better air and better food."

Maso's heart gave a great throb. "Is she—is she very ill?"

"Not yet. But she is in a bad way; she coughs. She ought to leave Italy for a while; stay out of it for at least four months. If she doesn't care to go far, Aix-les-Bains would do. Speak to her about it. I fancy ye can arrange it—hey? American boys have their own way, I hear."

Maso went back to his mother's room with his heart in his mouth. When he came in she was asleep; her face looked wan. The boy, cold all over with the new fear, sat down quietly by the window with Mr. Tiber on his lap, and fell into anxious thought. After a while his mother woke. The greasy dinner, packed in greasy tins, came and went. When the room was quiet again he began, tremulously: "How much money have we got, mother?"

"Precious little."

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"Mayn't I see how much it is?"

"No; don't bother."

She had eaten nothing. "Mother, won't you please take that money, even if it's little, and go straight off north somewhere? To Aix-les-Bains."

"What are you talking about? Aix-les-Bains? What do you know of Aix-les-Bains?"

"Well, I've heard about it. Say, mother, do go. And Mr. Tiber and me'll stay here. We'll have lots of fun," added the boy, bravely.

"Is that all you care about me?" demanded his mother. Then seeing his face change, "Come here, you silly child," she said. She made him sit down on the rug beside her sofa. "We must sink or swim together, Maso (dear me! we're not much in the swim now); we can't go anywhere, either of us; we can only just manage to live as we're living now. And there won't be any more money until November." She stroked his hair caressingly. His new fear made him notice how thin her wrist had grown.

III.

"You will mail these three letters immediately," said Mr. Waterhouse, in Italian, to the hotel porter.

"Si, signore," answered the man, with the national sunny smile, although Waterhouse's final gratuity had been but a franc.

"Now, Tommaso, I must be off; long drive. Sorry it has happened so. Crazy idea her coming at all, as she has enjoyed bad health for years, poor old thing! She may be dead at this moment, and probably, in fact, she *is* dead; but I shall have to go, all the same, in spite of the great expense; she ought to have thought of that. I have explained everything to your mother in that letter; the money is at her own bank in Pisa, and I have sent her the receipt. You have fifty francs with you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Fifty francs — that is ten dollars. More than enough, much more; be careful of it, Tommaso. You will hear from your mother in two days, or sooner, if she telegraphs; in the mean while you will stay quietly where you are."

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Waterhouse shook hands with his pupil, and stepping into the waiting carriage, was driven away.

Benjamin F. Waterhouse, as he signed himself (of course the full name was Benjamin Franklin), was an American who had lived in Europe for nearly half a century, always expecting to go home "next summer." He was very tall, with a face that resembled a damaged portrait of Emerson, and he had been engaged for many years in writing a great work, a Life of Christopher Columbus, which was to supersede all other Lives. As his purse was a light one, he occasionally took pupils, and it was in this way that he had taken Maso, or, as he called him (giving him all the syllables of the Italian Thomas), Tommaso. Only three weeks, however, of his tutorship had passed when he had received a letter announcing that his sister, his only remaining relative, despairing of his return, was coming abroad to see him, in spite of her age and infirmities: she was the "poor old thing" of her dry brother's description, and the voyage apparently had been too great an exertion, for she was lying dangerously ill at Liverpool, and the physician in attendance had telegraphed to Waterhouse to come immediately.

The history of the tutorship was as follows: Money had come from America after all. Mrs. Roscoe (as everybody called her) had been trying for some time, so she told Maso, "to circumvent Reuben John," and sell a piece of land which she owned in Indiana. Now, unexpectedly, a purchaser had turned up. While she was relating this it seemed to her that her little boy changed into a young man before her eyes. "You've just got to take that money, mother, and go straight up to Aix-les-Bains," said Maso, planting himself before her. "I sha'n't go a single step; I ain't sick, and you are; it's cheaper for me to stay here. There isn't money enough to take us both, for I want you to stay up there *ever* so long; four whole months."

This was the first of many discussions, or rather of astonished exclamations from the mother, met by a stubborn and at last a silent obstinacy on the part of the boy. For of late he had scarcely slept, he had been so anxious; he had discovered that the people in the house, with the usual Italian dread of a cough, believed that "the beautiful little American," as they called his mother, was doomed. Mother and son had never been separated; the mother shed tears over the idea of a sep-

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aration now; and then a few more because Maso did not "care." "It doesn't seem to be anything to *you*," she declared, reproachfully.

But Maso, grim-faced and wretched, held firm.

In this dead-lock Mrs. Roscoe at last had the inspiration of asking Benjamin Waterhouse, who was spending the summer at the Bagni, and whom she knew to be a frugal man, to take charge of Maso during her absence. Maso, who under other circumstances would have fought the idea of a tutor with all his strength, now yielded without a word. And then the mother, unwillingly and in a flood of tears, departed. She went by slow stages to Aix-les-Bains; even her first letter, however, much more the later ones, exhaled from each line her pleasure in the cooler air and in her returning health. She sent to Maso, after a while, a colored photograph of herself, taken on the shore of Lake Bourget, and the picture was to the lonely boy the most precious thing he had ever possessed; for it showed that the alarming languor had gone; she was no longer thin and wan. He carried the photograph with him, and when he was alone he took it out. For he was suffering from the deepest pangs of homesickness. He was homesick for his mother, for his mother's room (the only home he had ever known), with all its attractions and indulgences.

Now Maso was left alone, not only schoolless but tutorless. When the carriage bearing the biographer of Columbus had disappeared down the road leading to Lucca, the boy went back to the porter, who, wearing his stiff official cap adorned with the name of the hotel, stood airing his corpulent person in the doorway. "Say, Gregorio, I'll take those letters to the post-office if you like; I'm going right by there."

Gregorio liked Maso; all Italian servants liked the boy and his clever dog. In addition, the sunshine was hot, and Gregorio was not fond of pedestrian exercise; so he gave the letters to Maso willingly enough. Maso went briskly to the post-office. Here he put two of the letters into the box, but the third, which bore his mother's address, remained hidden under his jacket. Returning to the hotel, he went up to his room, placed this letter in his trunk, and locked the trunk carefully; then, accompanied by Mr. Tiber, he went off for a walk. His thoughts ran something as follows: "'Tany rate, mother sha'n't know; *that's* settled; I ain't going to let her come back here and get sick again; no, sir! She's getting all well up there, and she's *got* to stay four whole months. There's no way she can hear that old Longlegs" (this was his name for the historical Benjamin) "has gone, now that I've hooked his letter; the people she knows here at the Bagni never write; besides, they don't know where she's staying, and I won't let 'em know. If they see me here alone they'll suppose Longlegs has arranged it. I've got to tell lies some; I've got to pretend, when I write to her, that Longlegs has sprained his wrist or his leg or something, and that's why he can't write himself. I've got to be awful careful about what I put in my letters, so that they'll sound all right; but I guess I can do it bully. And I'll spend mighty little (only I'm going to have ices); I'll quit the hotel, and go back to that house where we staid before the money came."

The fifty francs carried the two through a good many days. Mr. Tiber, indeed, knew no change, for he had his coroneted bed, and the same fare was provided for him daily—a small piece of meat, plenty of hot macaroni, followed by a bit of cake and several lumps of sugar. When there were but eight francs left, Maso went to Pisa. Mr. Waterhouse, who was very careful about money affairs, had paid all his pupil's bills up to the date of his own departure, and had then sent the remainder of the money which Mrs. Roscoe had left with him for the summer to her bankers at Pisa. Maso, as a precaution, carried with him the unmailed letter which contained the receipt for this sum. But he hoped that he should not be obliged to open the letter; he thought that they would give him a little money without that, as they knew him well. When he reached Pisa he found that the bank had closed its doors. It had failed.

Apparently it was a bad failure. Nobody (he inquired here and there) gave him a hopeful word. At the English bookseller's an assistant whom he knew said: "Even if something is recovered after a while, I am sure that nothing will be paid out for a long time yet. They have always been shaky; in my opinion, they are rascals."

Maso went back to the Bagni. In the

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bewilderment of his thoughts there was but one clear idea: "'Tany rate, mother *sha'n't* know; she's got to stay away four whole months; the doctor said so."

IV.

After a day of thought, Maso decided that he would leave the Bagni and go down to Pisa, and stay at Casa Corti. Madame Corti would not be there (she spent her summers at Sorrento), and officially the pension was closed; but Giulio would let him remain, knowing that his mother would pay for it when she returned; he had even a vision of the very room at the top of the house where Giulio would probably put him—a brick-floored cell next to the linen-room, adorned with an ancient shrine, and pervaded by the odor of freshly ironed towels. It would be no end of a lark to spend the summer in Pisa. Luigi would be there. And the puppet-shows. And perhaps Giulio would take him up on Sundays to the house on the hill-side, where his wife and children lived; he had taken him once, and Maso had always longed to go again. But when he reached Pisa with his dog and his trunk he found the Palazzo Rondinelli wearing the aspect of a deserted fortress; the immense outer doors were swung to and locked; there was no sign of life anywhere. It had not been closed for twenty years. It was the unexpected which had happened. Maso went round to the stone lane behind the palace to see Luigi. It was then that he learned that his friend had gone to live in Leghorn; he learned, also, that the Casa Corti servants, having an opportunity to earn full wages at Abetone for two months, had been permitted by Madame Corti to accept this rare good fortune; the house, therefore, had been closed. Maso, thus adrift, was still confident that the summer was going to be "huge," a free banditlike existence, with many enjoyments; pictures of going swimming, and staying in as long as he liked, were in his mind; also the privilege of having his hair shaved close to his head, of eating melons at his pleasure, and of drinking lemonade in oceans from the gayly adorned jingling carts. Of course he should have to get something to do, as his money was almost gone. Still, it would not take much to support him, and there was going to be an exciting joy in independence, in living in "bachelor quarters." He found his bachelor quarters in the Street of the Lily, a narrow passage that went burrowing along between two continuous rows of high old houses. The Lily's pavement was slimy with immemorial filth, and, in spite of the heat, the damp atmosphere was like that of an ill-kept refrigerator. At the top of one of the houses he established himself, with Mr. Tiber, in a bare room which contained not much more than a chair and a bed. Nevertheless, the first time he came out, locked his door, and descended the stairs with the key in his pocket, he felt like a man; and he carried himself like one, with a swagger. The room had one advantage, it contained a trap-door to the roof, and there was a ladder tied up to the high ceiling, its rope secured by a padlock; the boy soon contrived means (this must have been his Yankee blood) to get the ladder down when he chose; then at night he went up and cooled himself off on the roof, under the stars. There were two broken statues there—for the old house had had its day of grandeur; he made a seat, or rather a bed, at their feet. Mr. Tiber was so unhappy down below that Maso invented a way to get him up also; he spread his jacket on the floor, made Mr. Tiber lie down upon it, and then fastening the sleeves together with a cord, he swung the jacket round his neck and ascended with his burden. Mr. Tiber enjoyed the roof very much.

Having established himself, selected his trattoria, and imbibed a good deal of lemonade as a beginning, the occupant of the bachelor quarters visited the business streets of Pisa in search of employment. But it was the dullest season in a place always dull, and no one wished for a new boy. At the Anglo-American Agency the clerk, languid from the heat, motioned him away without a word; at the Forwarding and Commission Office no one looked at him or spoke to him; so it was everywhere. His friend the bookseller's assistant had gone for the summer to the branch establishment at Como.

Mrs. Roscoe, who detested Pisa, had established no relations there save at the confectioner's and at the bank. But the bank continued closed, and the confectioner objected to boys of thirteen as helpers. In this emergency Maso wrote to Luigi, asking if there was any hope of a place in Leghorn.

"There is sure to be a demand at the

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large establishments for a talented North American," Luigi had answered, with confidence.

But Maso went up and down the streets of Leghorn in vain; the large establishments demanded nothing.

"Say, Maso, couldn't you *look* a little different?" suggested Luigi, anxiously, as they came out of an office, where he had overheard the epithet "sullen-faced" applied to his American friend.

The two boys spoke Italian; Luigi knew no English.

"Why, I look as I'm made. Everybody looks as they're made, don't they?" said Maso, surprised.

"Ah, but expression is a beautiful thing—a sympathetic countenance," said Luigi, waving his hand. "Now you—you might smile more. Promise me to try a smile at the next place where we go in to ask."

At three o'clock Maso appeared at Luigi's shop. Luigi was dusting goblets. "Well?" he said, inquiringly.

Maso shook his head.

"Didn't you smile?"

"Yes, I did it as I took off my hat. And every time they seemed so surprised."

"I've a new idea, Maso; behold it; the consul of your country!"

"Is there one in Leghorn?" asked Maso, vaguely.

"Of course there is; I have seen the sign many a time." And Luigi mentioned the street and the number.

The proprietor of the shop, who was packing a case of the slender Epiphany trumpets, now broke one by accident, and immediately scolded Luigi in a loud voice; Maso was obliged to make a hasty departure.

The office of the representative of the United States government was indicated by a painted shield bearing the insignia of the republic, and a brass plate below, with the following notification: "Consolato degli Stati-Uniti d' America." The first word of this inscription rouses sometimes a vague thrill in the minds of homesick Americans in Italy coming to pay a visit to their flag and the eagle.

As it happened, the consul himself was there alone. Maso, upon entering, took off his hat and tried his smile, then he began: "If you please, I am trying to get a place—something to do. I thought perhaps, sir, that you might—"

He stopped, and in his embarrassment put the toe of his shoe into a hole in the matting, and moved it about industriously.

"Don't spoil my matting," said the consul. "You're a very young boy to be looking for a place."

"I'm going on fourteen."

"And of what nation are you?" demanded the consul, after another survey.

"Why, I'm American," said Maso, surprised.

"I shouldn't have taken you for one. What is your name?"

"Maso—I mean Thom-as Ross Coe," replied the boy, bringing out the syllables with something of an Italian pronunciation.

"Tummarse Errosco? Do you call that an American name?"

"I'll write it," said Maso, blushing. He wrote it in large letters on the edge of a newspaper that was near him.

"'Thomas R. Coe,'" read the consul. "Coe is your name, then?"

"Yes, sir."

"You want something to do, eh? What do you want, and why do you come here for it?"

Maso told his story, or rather a tale which he had prepared on his way to the consulate. It was a confused narrative, because he did not wish to betray anything that could give a clew to his mother's address.

The consul asked questions. "A failure, eh? What failure?"

"It—it wasn't in Leghorn."

"And your mother will be back in September? Where is she at present?"

"She—she is North; she isn't very well, and—" But he could not think of anything that he could safely add, so he stopped.

"We haven't any places for boys. Did you expect me to take you in here?"

"No, sir. I thought perhaps you'd recommend me."

"On general principles, I suppose, as an American, seeing that I don't know anything else about you. And you selected the Fourth as a nice good patriotic day for it?"

"The Fourth?"

"I suppose you know what day it is?"

"Yes, sir—Tuesday."

The consul looked at him, and saw that he spoke in good faith. "*You* an American boy? I guess not! You may go." And dipping his pen in the ink, he resumed his writing.

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Maso, though disturbed and bewildered, held his ground. He certainly was an American boy. What could the man mean?

"I'm American. True as you live, I am," said Maso, earnestly.

Something in his face made the consul relent a little. "Perhaps you've got some American blood hidden in you somewhere. But it must be pretty well thinned out not to know the Fourth of July! I suppose you've never heard of the Declaration of Independence either?"

A gleam of light now illumined the darkness of Maso's mind. "Oh yes; I know now; in the History." He rallied. "The Indians took a *very* bloody part in it," he added, with confidence.

"Oh, they did, did they? Where were you brought up?"

"In Italy, most; a little in other places. I came abroad before I was two."

"I see—one of the expatriated class," said Maclean, contemptuously. He had a great contempt for Americans who leave their own country and reside abroad. The dialogue ended, after a little more talk, in his saying: "Well, you get me a note from your mother (I suppose you write to her?) telling me something more about you. Then I'll see what I can do." For the boy's story had been a very vague one.

As Maso, heavy-hearted, turned towards the door, Maclean suddenly felt sorry for him. He was such a little fellow, and somehow his back looked so tired. "See here, my son," he said, "here's something for the present. No use telling you to buy fire-crackers with it, for they haven't got 'em here. But you might buy rockets; can't look out of the window summer nights in this place without seeing a lonely rocket shooting up somewhere." He held out two francs.

Maso's face grew scarlet. "I'd rather not, unless I can work for it," he muttered. It was a new feeling to be taken for a beggar.

"You can work enough for that if you want to. There is a printed list on that desk, and a pile of circulars; you can direct them. Show me the first dozen, so that I can see if they'll pass."

Maso sat down at the desk. He put his hat in six different places before he could collect his wits and get to work. When he brought the dozen envelopes for inspection, Maclean said:

"You seem to know Eyetalian well, with all these Eyetalian names. *I* can't make head or tail of 'em. But as to handwriting, it's about the worst I ever saw."

"Yes, I know," answered Maso, ashamed. "I've never had regular lessons, 'cepting this summer, when—" He stopped; Mr. Waterhouse's name would be, perhaps, a clew. He finished the circulars: it took an hour and a half. The consul shook hands with him, the mechanical hand-shake of the public functionary. "You get me that note, and I'll see."

Maso went back to Pisa.

When he arrived at his door in the Street of the Lily, the wife of the cobbler who lived on the ground-floor handed him a letter which the postman had left. The sight of it made the boy's heart light: he forgot his weariness, and climbing the stairs quickly, he unlocked his door and entered his room, Mr. Tiber barking a joyous welcome. Mr. Tiber had been locked in all day; but he had had a walk in the early morning, and his solitude had been tempered by plenty of food on a plate, a bowl of fresh water, and a rubber ball to play with. Maso sat down, and, with the dog on his knees, tore open his letter. It was directed to him at Pisa, in a rough handwriting, but within there was a second envelope, enclosing a letter from his mother, which bore the address of the hotel at the Bagni di Lucca, where she supposed that her son was staying with his tutor. She wrote regularly, and she sent polite messages to Waterhouse, regretting so much that his severe sprain prevented him from writing to her in reply. Maso, in his answers, represented himself as the most hopelessly stupid pupil old Longlegs had ever been cursed with; in the net-work of deception in which he was now involved he felt this somehow to be a relief. He had once heard an American boy call out to another who was slow in understanding something, "You're an old gumpy"; so he wrote, "Longlegs yels out every day your an old gumpy," which greatly astonished Mrs. Roscoe. The boy exerted every power he had to make his letters appear natural. But the task was so difficult that each missive read a good deal like a ball discharged from a cannon: there was always a singularly abrupt statement regarding the weather, and another about the food at the hotel; then

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followed two or three sentences about Longlegs; and he was her "affecshionate son Maso. P.S.—Mr. Tiber is very well." He sent these replies to the Bagni; here his friend the porter, taking off the outer envelope, which was directed to himself, put the letter within with the others to go to the post-office; in this way Maso's epistles bore the postmark "Bagni di Lucca." For these services Maso had given his second-best suit of clothes, with shoes and hat, to the porter's young son, who had aspirations.

The present letter from Mrs. Roscoe was full of joyousness and jokes. But the great news was that she intended to make a tour in Switzerland in August, and as she missed her little boy too much to enjoy it without him, she had written urgently to America about money, and she hoped that before long (she had told them to cable) she could send for him to join her. Maso was wildly happy; to be with his mother again, and yet not to have her return to Italy before the important four months were over, that was perfect; he got up, opened his trunk, and refolded his best jacket and trousers with greater care, even before he finished the letter. For he wore now continuously his third-best suit, as the second-best had been left at the Bagni. At last, when he knew the letter by heart, he washed his face and hands, and, accompanied by Mr. Tiber, tail-wagging and expectant, went down to get supper at the trattoria near by.

The next day he tried Pisa again, searching for employment through street after street. His mother had written that she hoped to send for him early in August. It was now the 5th of July, so that there were only four or five weeks to provide for; and then there would be his fare back to the Bagni. But his second quest was hardly more fortunate than the first. The only person who did not wave a forefinger in perspiring negative even before he had opened his lips was a desiccated youth, who, sitting in his shirt sleeves, with his feet up and a tumbler beside him, gave something of an American air (although Maso did not know that) to a frescoed apartment in which sewing-machines were offered for sale. This exile told him to add up a column of figures, to show what he could do. But when he saw that the boy was doing his counting with his fingers, he nodded him toward the door. "Better learn to play the flute," he suggested, sarcastically.

Maso was aware that accountants are not in the habit of running a scale with the fingers of their left hand on the edge of their desks, or of saying aloud, "six and three are nine," "seven and five are twelve," and "naught's naught." He had caught these methods from his mother, who always counted in that way. He clinched his fingers into his palm as he went down the stairs; he would never count with them again. But no one asked him to count, or to do anything else. In the afternoon he sought the poorer streets; here he tried shop after shop. The atmosphere was like that of a vapor bath; he felt tired and dull. At last, late in the day, a cheese-seller gave him a hope of employment at the end of the week. The wages were very small; still, it was something; and, refreshed by the thought, he went home (as he called it), released Mr. Tiber, and, as the sun was now low, took him off for a walk. By hazard he turned toward the part of the town which is best known to travellers, that outlying quarter where the small cathedral, the circular baptistery, and the Leaning Tower keep each other company, folded in a protecting corner of the crenellated city wall. The Arno was flowing slowly, as if tired and hot, under its bridges; Pisa looked deserted; the pavements were scorching under the feet.

V.

The cheese shop was blazing with the light of four flaring gas-burners; the floor had been watered a short time before, and this made the atmosphere reek more strongly than ever with the odors of the smoked fish and sausages, caviare and oil, which, with the cheese, formed the principal part of the merchandise offered for sale. There was no current of air passing through from the open door, for the atmosphere outside was perfectly still. Tranquilly hovering mosquitoes were everywhere, but Maso did not mind these much; he objected more to the large black beetles that came noiselessly out at night; he hated the way they stood on the shelves as if staring at him, motionless save for the waving to and fro of their long antennæ. A boy came in to buy cheese. It was soft cheese; Maso weighed it, and put it upon a grape leaf. "It just gets hotter and hotter!" he remarked, indignantly. The Italian lad did not seem to

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mind the heat much; he was buttery with perspiration from morning until night, but as he had known no other atmosphere than that of Pisa, he supposed that this was the normal summer condition of the entire world. It was the 27th of July.

On the last day of July, when Maso's every breath was accompanied by an anticipation of Switzerland, there had arrived a long disappointed letter from his mother; the hoped-for money had not come, and would not come: "Reuben John again!" The Swiss trip must be given up, and now the question was, could Mr. Waterhouse keep him awhile longer? "Because if he cannot, I shall return to the Bagni next week." Maso, though choked with the disappointment, composed a letter in which he said that old Longlegs was delighted to keep him, and was sorry he could not write himself, but his arm continued stiff; "probly heel never be able to write agane," he added, darkly, so as to make an end, once for all, of that complicated subject. There was no need of her return, not the least; he and Mr. Tiber were well, "and having loads of fun"; and, besides, there was not a single empty room in the hotel or anywhere else, and would not be until the 6th of September; there had never been such a crowd at the Bagni before. He read over what he had written, and perceiving that he had given an impression of great gayety at the Italian watering-place, he added, "P.S. peple all cooks turists." (For Mrs. Roscoe was accustomed to declare that she hated these inoffensive travellers.) Then he signed his name in the usual way: "your affeeshionate son, Maso." He never could help blotting when he wrote his name—probably because he was trying to write particularly well. Mrs. Roscoe once said that it was always either blot "so," or "Ma" blot; this time it was "Ma" blot.

This letter despatched, the boy's steadiness broke down. He did not go back to the cheese-seller's shop; he lived upon the money he had earned, and when that was gone he sold his clothes, keeping only those he wore and his best suit, with a change of under-clothing. Next he sold his trunk; then his school-books, though they brought but a few centimes. The old fairy-book he kept; he read it during the hot noon-times, lying on the floor, with Mr. Tiber by his side. The rest of the day he devoted to those pleasures of which he had dreamed. He went swimming, and staid in for hours; and he made Mr. Tiber swim. He indulged himself as regarded melons; he went to the puppet-show accompanied by Tiber; he had had his hair cut so closely that it was hardly more than yellow down; and he swaggered about the town in the evening smoking cigarettes. After three weeks of this vagabond existence he went back to the cheese-seller, offering to work for half wages. His idea was to earn money enough for his fare to the Bagni, and also to pay for the washing of his few clothes, so that he might be in respectable condition to meet his mother on the 6th of September; for on the 6th the four months would be up, and she could safely return. This was his constant thought. Of late he had spoken of the 6th in his letters, and she had agreed to it, so there was no doubt of her coming. To-day, August 27th, he had been at work for a week at the cheese-seller's, and the beetles were blacker and more crafty than ever.

It was Saturday night, and the shop was kept open late; but at last he was released, and went home. The cobbler's wife handed him his letter, and he stopped to read it by the light of her strongly smelling petroleum lamp. For he had only a short end of a candle upstairs; and, besides, he could not wait, he was so sure that he should find, within, the magic words, "I shall come by the train that reaches Lucca at—" and then a fixed date and hour written down in actual figures on the page.

The letter announced that his mother had put off her return for three weeks: she was going to Paris. "As you are having such a wonderfully good time at the Bagni this summer, you won't mind this short delay. If by any chance Mr. Waterhouse cannot keep you so long, let him telegraph me. No telegram will mean that he can." She spoke of the things she should bring to him from Paris, and the letter closed with the sentence, "I am so glad I have thought of this delightful idea before settling down again in that deadly Casa Corti for the winter." (But the idea had a human shape: Violet Roscoe's ideas were often personified; they took the form of agreeable men.)

"Evil news? Tell me not so!" said the cobbler's wife, who had noticed the boy's face as he read.

"Pooh! no," answered Maso, stoutly.

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He put the letter into his pocket and went up to his room. As he unlocked his door, there was not the usual joyful rush of Mr. Tiber against his legs; the silence was undisturbed. He struck a match on the wall and lighted his candle end. There, in the corner, on his little red coverlid, lay Mr. Tiber, asleep. Then, as the candle burned more brightly, it could be seen that it was not sleep. There was food on the tin plate and water in the bowl; he had not needed anything. There was no sign of suffering in the attitude, or on the little black face with its closed eyes (to Maso that face had always been as clearly intelligible as a human countenance); the appearance was as if the dog had sought his own corner and his coverlid, and had laid himself down to die very peacefully without a pain or a struggle.

The candle end had long burned itself out, and the boy still lay on the floor with his arm round his pet. It seemed to him that his heart would break. "Mr. Tiber, dear little Tiber, my own little doggie—dying here all alone!—kinnin little chellow!" Thus he sobbed and sobbed until he was worn out. Towards dawn came the thought of what must follow. But no; Mr. Tiber should not be taken away and thrown into some horrible place! If he wished to prevent it, however, he must be very quick. He had one of the large colored handkerchiefs which Italians use instead of baskets; as the dawn grew brighter he spread it out, laid his pet carefully in the centre, and knotted the corners together tightly; then, after bathing his face, to conceal as much as possible the traces of his tears, he stole down the stairs, and passing through the town, carrying his burden in the native fashion, he took a road which led toward the hills.

It was a long walk. The little body which had been so light in life weighed now like lead; but it might have been twice as heavy, he would not have been conscious of it. He reached the place at last, the house where Giulio's wife lived, with her five children, near one of the hillside villages, which, as seen from Pisa, shine like white spots on the verdure. Paola came out from her dark dwelling, and listened to his brief explanation with wonder. To take so much trouble for a dog! But she was a mild creature, her ample form cowlike, her eyes cowlike also, and therefore beautiful; she accompanied him, and she kept the curious crowding children in some kind of order while the boy, with her spade, dug a grave in the corner of a field which she pointed out. Maso dug and dug in the heat. He was so afraid of the peasant cupidity that he did not dare to leave the dog wrapped in the cotton handkerchief, lest the poor little tomb should be rifled to obtain it; he gave it, therefore, to one of the children, and gathering fresh leaves, he made a bed of them at the bottom of the hole; then leaning down, he laid his pet tenderly on the green, and covered him thickly with more foliage, the softest he could find. When the last trace of the little black head had disappeared he took up the spade, and with eyes freshly wet again in spite of his efforts to prevent it, he filled up the grave as quickly as he could, levelling the ground smoothly above it. He had made his excavation very deep, in order that no one should meddle with the place later: it would be too much trouble.

It was now nearly noon. He gave Paola three francs, which was half of all he possessed. Then, with one quick glance towards the corner of the field, he started on his long walk back to Pisa.

VI.

"Do you know where you'll end, Roberta? You'll end with us," said Mrs. Harrowby.

"With you?"

"Yes; in the Church. You've tried everything, beginning with geology and ending with music (I can't help laughing at the last; you never had any ear), and you have found no satisfaction. You are the very kind to come to us; they always do."

The speaker, an American who lived in Naples, had entered the Roman Catholic Church ten years before; in Boston she had been a Unitarian. It was the 10th of September, and she was staying for a day in Pisa on her way southward; she had encountered Miss Spring by chance in the piazza of Santa Caterina at sunset, and the two had had a long talk with the familiarity which an acquaintance in childhood carries with it, though years of total separation may have intervened.

"There is one other alternative," answered Miss Spring; "it was suggested

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by a pretty little woman who used to be here. She advised me to try crystal scent-bottles and dissipation." This being a joke, Miss Spring had intended to smile; but at this instant her attention was attracted by something on the other side of the street, and her face remained serious.

"Crystal scent-bottles? Dissipation? Mercy!" exclaimed Mrs. Harrowby. "What *do* you mean?"

But her companion had gone; she was hurrying across the street. "It isn't possible, Maso, that this is *you!*" She spoke to a ragged, sick-looking boy.

Two hours after her question Maso was in bed in the Palazzo Rondinelli. Madame Corti never came back till October, and the *pension* was not open, but the servants were there. The housekeeper went through the form of making protest: "The signora has always such great alarm about fever."

"You will refer Madame Corti to me; I will pay for her alarm," answered Roberta, marching past her to direct the driver of the carriage, who was assisting Maso up the stairs. "It's not infectious fever. Only malarial." Roberta was something of a doctor herself. She superintended in person the opening of a large cool room on the second floor, the making of the bed, and then the installation of Maso between linen sheets. The servants were all fond of the boy; in addition, Madame Corti was in Sorrento, and Miss Spring's francs were here. Her francs were few, but she spent them for Maso as generously as though they had been many.

The boy, as soon as he was in bed, whispered to Giulio, "Pencil; paper." Then, when Miss Spring had left the room, he scrawled on the page, Giulio holding a book under it, "My dog is ded," and signed his name. He told Giulio to give this to her when she came in; then, as he heard her step, he quickly closed his eyes.

Miss Spring read, and understood. "He was afraid I should ask. And he could not speak of it. He remembers, poor little fellow, that I did not care for the dog."

Maso had refused to tell her where his mother was. "She's coming, on the 22d, to the Bagni di Lucca"; this was all he would say. The next morning at daylight she left him with the nurse (for she had sent immediately for Dr. Prior and for one of the best nurses in Pisa), and driving to the Street of the Lily, she ascended the unclean stairs, with her skirts held high and her glasses on, to the room at the top of the house. Maso had himself gathered his few possessions together after his meeting with her in the piazza of Santa Caterina, but he had not had the strength to carry them down to the lower door. Miss Spring took the two parcels, which were tied up in newspapers, and after looking about to see that there was nothing left, she descended in the same gingerly way, and re-entered the carriage which was waiting at the door, its wheels grazing the opposite house. "Yes, he is ill; malarial fever. But we hope he will recover," she said to the cobbler's wife, who inquired with grief and affection, and a very dirty face.

To find Mrs. Roscoe's address, so that she could telegraph to her, Miss Spring was obliged to look through Maso's parcels. She could not ask his permission, for he recognized no one now; his mind wandered. One of the bundles contained the best suit, still carefully saved for his mother's arrival. The other held his few treasures: his mother's letters, with paper and envelopes for his own replies; the old fairy-book; and Mr. Tiber's blanket, coverlid, and little collar, wrapped in a clean handkerchief. The latest letter gave the Paris address.

"My dear little boy! If I could only have known!" moaned Violet Roscoe, sitting on the edge of the bed with her child in her arms. She had just arrived; her gloves were still on. "Oh, Maso, why didn't you tell me?"

Maso's face, gaunt and brown, lay on her shoulder; his eyes were strange, but he knew her. "You mustn't get sick again, mother," he murmured, anxiously, the fixed idea of the summer asserting itself. Then a wider recollection dawned. "Oh, mother," he whispered with his dry lips, "Mr. Tiber's dead. Little Tiber!"

A month later Mr. Reuben J. Coe, of Coesville, New Hampshire, said to his brother David: "That foolish wife of Tom's is coming home at last. In spite of every effort on my part, she has made ducks and drakes of almost all her money."

"Is that why she is coming back?"

"No; thinks it will be better for the boy. But I'm afraid it's too late for that."

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THE FLOWER OF DEATH.

BY FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.

IT was Mrs. and Miss Winthrop's last "Wednesday" of the season, when most of society was making ready for the summer hegira or had fled. Henry Selden came late, and found that he was the only caller, which fact pleased him exceedingly.

"I should have been surprised if you had not come," said Margaret, smiling, as she welcomed him, "for we regard you as the chief support of our days at home. This is the second Wednesday you have saved from being a hollow mockery—for if there is anything that makes you feel absolutely foolish it is to be ready and waiting to receive people who never come."

Selden bowed, and blushed like a boy. "Thank you," he murmured. "It is doubly delightful to be praised for what you do as a pleasure."

"We have been packing all day," began Margaret, watching the doorway, "and day after to-morrow we close the house and take flight. It will be quite a relief to get away, and I am longing for the country. We are going to be very quiet this summer, staying most of the time with mamma's brother in Pennsylvania, and the change will be delightful."

"Yes," assented Selden, slowly. "I'm going away myself. I feel like taking a long, long journey. I've finished the picture that I've been working on all the spring and I want some rest. I—I suppose I won't see you until the fall?"

He said this somewhat wistfully, but Margaret thought best to pass it over.

"I am so glad your picture is done," she returned. "Now the next thing, I presume, will be a purchaser."

Selden shook his head and shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, probably," he answered, carelessly. "I've been thinking of other things. Other thoughts—other dreams have engrossed me. Margaret," he said, growing suddenly earnest and bending forward, "I have been thinking and dreaming of you."

The girl started. A frightened look came into her eyes for a moment and her face paled, but Selden did not notice it. "Of you," he repeated; "and the world holds nothing else to me. I must tell you now—I cannot wait until the fall without seeing you. I had not expected to say this when I came this afternoon; but all the sunshine of my life is gone if you—if you—"

Margaret made an involuntary movement as the young man hesitated. Her deep brown eyes had grown deeper and more serious. There was a womanly grace and sweetness in her face that Selden had never seen before, and she spoke so tenderly, so sweetly.

"Please say no more, Mr. Selden. I had not thought of this. We have been such good friends that—"

"Don't, don't!" cried Selden, vehemently, interrupting her; "don't, I pray you! Wait — wait — until the fall, and then tell me—not now."

"That would be unfair to you," she rejoined, gently. "My regard is too strong to allow you to labor under any deception. You have misunderstood me—you do not know me—and it would be wrong to let you believe otherwise. I am very, very sorry if I pain you. Unintentionally, I know, you have saddened me—because I never dreamed of this. You can forget me before long."

They had risen to their feet, and Selden had grown stern. "Good-by," he said, holding out his hand. "I ask your pardon."

"It is for me to crave forgiveness of you," answered Margaret, taking his hand, and looking at him with a frank, open glance. "I have been blind."

For a moment Selden hesitated, as if about to speak; then he bent and kissed her hand and walked hurriedly away.

"Good-by," he repeated, turning at the door; "I trust your summer—your life—may be happy." He was too far away to see the tears which filled the woman's eyes as she inclined her head, and then, after a brief look, he went out.

Henry Selden came down the steps of the house slowly and carefully, as a man walks in his sleep. To him the street was changed. The sun shone through a haze. Shadow of black was merged into the gray stone on which it fell. At the corner of the street he halted mechanically to allow a cab to pass; and then he wondered why he had not gone on and let the cab run over him if the driver so fancied. For what was life to him any longer; what cared he for living?

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He walked down the street without thought of where he was going; he did not care for the present. But unconsciously, as he went along, he turned his steps toward his club, where so many of his friends usually gathered at the dinner hour. He found himself at the door before he quite realized it; and as he glanced at the little park opposite, watching the warm sunshine of the dying day gild and play among the fresh green leaves, the beauty of all life had so passed from him that he felt apart from all his surroundings. Could he have screamed outright like a petulant child, he knew that he would have felt better.

Once inside the familiar building he grew more composed, and smiled and nodded at his friends, feeling proud that some familiar faces still crossed his path at whom he could smile and nod. It was a strange feeling. Three men whom he knew well were at a table on the rear balcony, awaiting their dinner, and Selden joined them. Two were lawyers, possessing larger incomes than practices, while the other was Bartow, an enthusiastic lover of nature, whose wanderings took him to all parts of the world. He had returned, in fact, only a short time before from the little-known South American countries.

"Selden in his new rôle as understudy to Melancholy," laughed Jackson, as Selden stepped through the open window which led to the veranda.

"He's probably sold a picture," suggested Gardner, "and seeks to conceal his joy."

But Bartow only laughed, and pointed to the vacant chair at the table. "Dinner is ordered," he said. "Sit down; summon the minion, and you can quench your thought in drink."

"Just the thing," returned Selden, with a forced laugh; "a draught of Lethe is exactly what I want."

During the meal that followed Selden was almost fierce in his mood at times, laughing loudly at all jests and indulging in wild, wayward humors. His friends remarked only upon his high spirits, for he kept them amused with the wildest fancies and turns of thought. He tried hard to forget himself. With the advent of the coffee and cigars, Bartow was pressed to tell something of his adventures and experiences in his late travels.

"Which reminds me," he said. "Come round to my house now, and I'll show you something you never saw before;" and the four men went out.

Bartow lived immediately around the corner, and entering the house, he led his friends to a conservatory in the rear, just off his study. He stopped before a small box resting upon a shelf, covered with a sash which was bolted down securely at both ends. Under the glass were two plants in blossom, one bearing a red and the other a yellow flower, oval in shape. The blooms were not alike in any respect, nor did the leaves of the plants resemble each other, and both were unfamiliar to the visitors.

"Here," said Bartow, pointing to the box, "is my prize curiosity. One of these is an ordinary wild flower of the Andes, the other is what the Indians call the 'Flower of Death,' but I don't know which the other is. A seed of the Flower of Death was given to me by an old chief, a remnant of the tribes whom Pizarro conquered. In some way I got the seed of the ordinary plant mixed with it, and now of those two I cannot tell which is which. So, in order to avoid possible trouble, I have planted and kept them together in this box. One is perfectly harmless; and one, according to the tales of the Indians, is deadly. It is said that a man who inhales its perfume is surely doomed. The effects are pleasant and slow, but none the less fatal. Now, of course I do not know that this is really so," added Bartow, as he saw the others smile, "but I have seen so many strange things in nature that I want to be on the safe side. I'm not going to fool with any such growths to determine the truth, and in keeping these two together I believe the noxious one will kill the other eventually."

"Pretty good story," laughed Gardner. "Easy way to commit suicide. A friend of mine has a pet parrot I'd like to bring around for experimental purposes."

"Don't be too sceptical," advised Bartow, leading the way back to the library and setting out a bottle and cigars; "you can't afford to jest with dreadful uncertainties. I heard the story of this fatal flower from a number of persons at different times, and I believe it; but I wish that in my chuckle-headed asininity I hadn't mixed them up."

"A disappointed lover might be will-

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ing to find out the truth for you," suggested Jackson, holding a glass up to the light to determine the quality of the stock.

Selden threw himself on a lounge and laughed harshly. "Disappointed lovers are not so unselfish," he said, in a rough way. "It is seldom that a man is willing to give up life for a mere crossing of his affections—the memory of a girl."

"Right you are," cried Gardner; "one girl doesn't make the world."

"She does to the true lover," interposed Bartow; "and she unmakes it as well. True love—"

"True nonsense!" retorted Selden, rather more fiercely than the occasion seemed to warrant. "Are we a lot of callow boys trying to solve the problem of love? Bah!"

"All right, bah," said Bartow, quietly; "but wait until you are taken, old man, and there will be a reversal of ideas."

"Bartow knows," put in Jackson, "for I am acquainted personally with three girls—"

Selden rose from his seat hurriedly. "I'd like to make a sketch of those blossoms," he said, turning to Bartow; "they interest me, and when I get back I hope we can discuss some intelligent subject."

Bartow nodded. "Go ahead," he answered; "you won't see many such flowers; they're genuine curiosities."

Selden went alone into the conservatory, lighted by a single lamp. He was angry and pained. It seemed almost as though his friends had been making sport of him. He stood before the glass for several moments, not looking at the flowers beneath, but thinking, thinking; then, almost unconsciously, he tried one of the bolts. It slipped easily in its place, and Selden turned to see if he could be observed from the other room, and found that he was hidden. Suppose he should leave all to Fortune—to chance—and risk one smell? If one flower really was deadly and he should inhale it, what difference would it make to him? But if Margaret did love him, or would learn to love him, then Fate would lead him to the harmless blossom. By all the laws of nature, he reasoned, he would not be sacrificed to a moment's caprice when a certainty of bliss was assured. So thinking, he released the other bolt, and bending over the flower nearest to him, drew in one long breath of its fragrance. It exhaled a sickish-sweet odor, different from any he knew of. Then he lowered the glass, bolted it, and hurriedly made a sketch of the flowers to satisfy his friends. As he turned away he smiled at the childishness of his act in thus accepting an old Indian legend, and then pretending to play at a game with Fate. It was a piece of foolishness, and laughing at it, he also blushed. Then he joined his friends.

They were discussing modern society; and Selden, feeling no interest in the subject, sat silently smoking and looking at his sketches. He wanted to have company about him, for he wished to forget the horror of the day—it was to him as the memory of something terrible. All might be different on the morrow, and as he held the sketches before him, he tried to think which flower he had smelt, the red or the yellow. Then he blushed again at his nonsense, and broke into the conversation with some wholly absurd and irrelevant remark. For an hour or two they chatted, examined the sketches, and then the three visitors went out together, Selden leaving his friends at the corner of the street.

He walked slowly to his studio, thinking over his lost love, but feeling somewhat more hopeful than in the afternoon. He knew nothing more, but grasping at any idea which brought peace of mind, he did not stop to reason. As he opened his door he noticed an envelope lying just inside, and picking it up, found it to be a telegram. With trembling fingers, after lighting the gas, he opened it and read:

"*I was mistaken this afternoon, and spoke without thinking. Come to me.*
Margaret."

A sense of perfect happiness, of supreme peace, entered into Henry Selden's soul at the moment. He would obey her injunction the first thing in the morning, and meanwhile would send a telegram in answer. Sitting down at once, he wrote the address and the words, "*Your message received,*" and then stopped. It was not necessary for him to send it, for she knew he would come at the very first opportunity, and it was too late that night for telegram or call. He looked around for the message he had received, and failed to find it. Then high and low he searched, going through drawers and boxes not disturbed or opened for days, until another

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thing caught his eye and gave him a new thought. The telegram was all forgotten. Before him on the easel rested a landscape of May, the picture which he had just finished. It was his best work, he believed, and as he looked at the light green of the trees and grass, the pink and white of the orchard blossoms, the face of Margaret rose before his eyes. What a beautiful background it would make for her portrait! and as the thought came, he sat down before the easel and began the outline. He needed no model, no guide; the sweet face was too deeply imprinted on his soul for him ever to forget it. Nervously he worked, taking no note of the passage of time until it was complete. He dashed on the color with a sweep and a swing entirely different from his usually slow, painstaking method of painting; but, urged on by happiness and excitement, he was able to work fast. The labor of weeks was destroyed in a few hurried minutes; but to his mind the world held a single joy, one figure, which he vainly sought to reproduce on canvas. . . .

Yet, after all, it was well done, he thought, as he laid aside his palette and drew up his easy-chair before the easel. The sweet, proud face looked serenely at him from out the mass of blossoms—eyes so tender, so pleading, invested with all the strength of love. Selden gazed longingly, ardently, on the work of his midnight frenzy, praying that the morrow might hasten, when he would see her. Suppose he had smelt the wrong flower—the Flower of Death? Then he laughed heartily at the idea of ever having been so down-hearted or sceptical as to believe or seek to prove the Indian fable. He started to rise for his pipe, but the loving face that for him was gazing out from the canvas caught his eye again, and he lay back entranced. He seemed to be in a dream—music came to his ears. . . .

His three friends alone guessed at the truth. In the box by the two flowers were scattered the ashes which fell from Henry Selden's cigar.

"There are three things which can never be explained," remarked Bartow, gravely, a day later: "Why did he cover that picture with daubs of paint picked at random from the palette and having no outline? Why did he address a message to Miss Winthrop, when she stated positively that she had sent him no telegram? The poor girl is completely prostrated to-day, for she really truly loved Hal. And thirdly," continued Bartow, after a moment's pause, "which flower is the Flower of Death?"

AN ANONYMOUS LETTER.

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

"SILLY sort of a play, I call it," said Van Bibber, as they left the theatre.

"I don't know," his friend dissented, slowly. "Why?"

"Well, about that letter, for instance," Van Bibber continued. "The idea of a girl throwing a man over like that just because some one sent her an anonymous letter about him! Of course if she'd really cared for the man she'd have given him a chance to explain; she wouldn't have believed it at once. Still," he added, magnanimously, "if she *had* asked him about it there wouldn't have been any more play. The author had to do something."

But Travers disagreed. "Oh, I don't know," he said. "I think it's very true to life myself. I know I'd hate to have any one writing letters like that about me."

Van Bibber laughed easily. "Nice sort of friends you have," he said.

"They're your friends."

"Some of them are," Van Bibber corrected; "but I think better of them than you do, apparently. I'm sure I'm willing you should write all the anonymous letters to them you please about me."

"That," said Travers, mockingly, "is because you're so good."

"Not at all," Van Bibber answered, hotly. "It isn't whether the letter told the truth; the point is that the girl is willing to believe it. That's what I object to. That's where the chap who wrote the play shows that he doesn't know anything about women."

"Well, as I said," Travers repeated, stubbornly, "I think you are altogether wrong. She acted just as any of the girls we know would have acted, and, as I said,

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I should hate to have any one write a letter like that to my friends."

"And as I said," reiterated Van Bibber, warmly, "you can write all the letters you choose about me, and my friends can stand it, and so can I."

Travers stopped and looked back over his shoulder as they mounted the steps of the club. "Do you mean that?" he asked, seriously.

"I do," said Van Bibber, laughing. Then they went into the club, and scowled at all the other men as though they were intruders, and talked about deviled kidneys.

Van Bibber slept peacefully that night in spite of the deviled kidneys, but Travers sat up until late composing an anonymous letter, which he hoped would fall like a bomb-shell into the camp of his friends. The morning found him still intent upon it and mischief, and by the time he had finished breakfast his plans of campaign were already made.

He first went to a type-writer in one of the big hotels, and dictated four letters to him announcing the date of a women's meeting for a charitable purpose. The envelopes for these were addressed to four different women. He tore up the letters when he reached the street, but put the envelopes with their non-committal type-written addresses in his pocket. On Sixth Avenue he purchased a half-dozen sheets of cheap paper and carried them to his room, where he locked himself in, and wrote with his left hand, on four separate sheets, the following communication:

"DEAR MADAM,—When Mr. Van Bibber calls on you again, ask him how well he knows Maysie Lindsey. If he denies knowing her, ask him to show you the tintype of the woman which he wears in a locket on a chain about his neck.

A FRIEND."

"There," said Travers, proudly, "I think that is calculated to spread doubt and confusion in the stoutest heart." He put the letters in the envelopes with the type-written addresses, and posted them that same morning. Then he wrote to Van Bibber and told him of what he had done.

"And I call it a piece of d——d impertinence," said that gentleman that same evening.

"You're afraid now," said Travers, easily. "Last night you could trust your friends better than I could; now you're afraid."

"That's not it," said Van Bibber. "I *can* trust them. I don't care what you said about *me*, but by sending letters like that to those girls you intimated that they take an interest in me, that they are more or less concerned about me, which is a piece of presumption I wouldn't be guilty of myself, and a thing which you had no business to assume. Suppose they find out that you wrote those letters, they'll ask me: 'Why did he send one to me? What have I to do with you? Why should I care what women you know or don't know?' It was impertinent to them, that's what I say. You can leave me out of it entirely, but you had no business to put them in the light of caring about me."

"But they do care about you, don't they?" Travers asked, innocently.

"That's not for me to say, nor you. I'm ashamed of you. Practical joking is all very well between idiots like ourselves, but you had no business to drag women into it."

"Well," sighed Travers, "you can't make me rude by being rude yourself, you know. You told me distinctly that I could write the letter, and I have written it, and if you've any confidence in your friends you will do nothing about it, but let them work it out their own way. I call it a most excellent test of their confidence. You ought to be obliged to me for giving you such a chance of finding out what dear good friends you have."

"I shall treat the whole thing with absolute contempt, as they will," said Van Bibber, stiffly. "It is beneath my notice, and so are you. Maysie Lindsey, indeed! Who the devil is Maysie Lindsey?"

"I don't know," said Travers, pleasantly. "She is merely a beautiful creature of my imagination. Rather pretty name, I think, don't you?—Maysie Lindsey." Then he asked, with a touch of misgiving, "You don't *happen* to wear anything around your neck, do you?"

"Certainly not, confound you!" said Van Bibber.

Van Bibber had as large a nodding acquaintance with men in New York as almost any other man in it, but the women he knew were not so many and much more near. He argued that a man who could not get along without the help and

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companionship of other men was hardly worth helping, but that every man ought to be willing to admit that the women he knew did help him, and that he should be proud to acknowledge it. The four women of whom he saw the most were those to whom Travers had sent the anonymous letters. He was in the habit of seeing them at their own houses and at other people's houses as often as once a week or more frequently, and he decided that instead of writing them at once, and explaining that a friend of his had sent them an anonymous letter about him, and that he begged that they would overlook the impertinence, he would wait until he saw them and then explain the situation verbally. But as the week wore on, the temptation to let the matter take its course got the better of his first determination, and his curiosity and his desire to see just how far his friends trusted him overcame his original purpose of setting things right.

Mrs. "Jimmy" Floyd was from one of the Western cities; she had married Floyd while abroad and had entered into the life of New York with all the zeal and enthusiasm of a new convert. She had adapted herself to her surroundings, though she had not herself been adopted. But now she was undoubtedly an important personage, and very many people paid court to her, not for herself so much as for what she could do for them. There were a number of men to whom she was at home every day after five, and Van Bibber came to see her then very frequently. She knew him well enough to ask him to fill a place when some one had failed her, and he thought her amusing, but only that. He had a youthful horror of having it thought that he was attached to married women, and made it a rule to come late in the afternoon and to be among the first to go. Owing to this no one had ever found him or left him with Mrs. Floyd, and the men, especially those whom he allowed to outstay him, were grateful to him in consequence. Her drawing-room was a place for gossip, and Van Bibber told her once that he came because it saved him from reading the papers, and that if she would fine herself a penny every time she or her friends said 'I suppose you have heard,' she would be able to pay for a box at the Horse Show with the money. He called there a week after Travers had sent forth his letters, and found her for the first time alone. When she nodded to him brightly, and told the servant in the same breath that she was not at home to any one else, Van Bibber smiled grimly to himself and regarded her with a masklike countenance. He saw that he had been trapped into a *tête-à-tête*, and that one of the letters had evidently reached the home of the Floyds.

Mrs. Floyd's attitude as she sank back in her cushions was an unsettled one, and her whole manner expressed pleasurable expectancy. Her visitor observed this with amused disapprobation, but as she seemed so happy in believing what she had read of him, he thought it would be rather a pity to spoil her enjoyment of it by telling her the truth.

"Well," she said, "and what have you been doing with yourself lately?" She spoke quite gayly, as though her recently acquired knowledge of him gave to whatever he might have to say a fresh interest.

Van Bibber observed this also with a cynical sense of amusement, and saw that she had placed him under the light of a standing lamp, which threw his face into strong relief, while hers was in shadow. "Just," as he said later to Travers, "as though she were keeping a private detective agency." The talk between Mrs. Floyd and her visitor ran on unevenly. She was eager to question him, and yet afraid of being too precipitate, and he was standing on his guard. At last something he said of a young Frenchman visiting the city seemed to give her the chance she wanted.

"Oh yes," she commented, indifferently, "I remember him at Homburg. He is rather a sentimental youth, I fancy. He wears a bangle, and a chain around his neck. We could see them when he played tennis."

Van Bibber gazed thoughtfully into the open fire. "Yes," he said, politely.

Mrs. Floyd looked at the fire also. She was afraid she had begun too clumsily, and yet she still continued recklessly in the same opening. "It is rather feminine in a man, I think; not unmanly exactly, either, but rather a pose, like writing in a diary. You pretend that you write it without thinking of any one's seeing what you have written, but you always have the possibility in your mind, don't you? And men always know that some day some one will see their bangle or their locket. They think it gives them a mysterious or sentimental interest. Don't you think so?"

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Van Bibber changed his gaze from the fire to the point of his shoe, and then, as an idea came to him suddenly, smiled wickedly. He looked up as quickly to see if Mrs. Floyd had noticed his change of expression, and then relapsed into gloom again. "The only man I know who goes in for that sort of thing," he said, "is Travers. Travers wears a gold chain around *his* neck, and he keeps it on all the time. I've seen it at the Racquet Club. There is a picture of a girl on one side, a tintype, and on the other, two initials in diamonds. The initials are M. L."

"M. L.!" exclaimed Mrs. Floyd, confusedly.

"In diamonds," added Van Bibber, impressively.

"M. L. in diamonds! Why," Mrs. Floyd exclaimed, "that's—" and then correcting herself midway, she added, tamely, "that's very curious."

"Curious?" asked Van Bibber, politely. "Why curious? They're not your initials, are they?"

"I was told," said Mrs. Floyd, seriously, "that is—some one told me," she began again, "that *you* wore a locket just like that around *your* neck."

"Fancy!" said Van Bibber, with a gasp of amusement. "Who told you that, if I may ask?"

"No one that you know," Mrs. Floyd replied, hastily. "But he must have confused you two; don't you suppose that is it? It is because you are so much together."

"Told you I wore a locket around my neck?" repeated Van Bibber, with some severity. "How absurd! It is very evident that he has mixed us up. We don't look alike much, do we? Perhaps he saw us at a Turkish bath. Every man looks like every other one when he is wrapped in a cloud of steam and a bath robe. Only the other day I took old man Willis for an attendant, and told him to hurry up my coffee. I suppose that's how it happened. You had better ask Travers about it next time he comes and see what he says. He'll deny it, probably; but I assure you I have seen it; so you can charge him with it with perfect safety."

Mrs. Floyd looked at Van Bibber doubtfully for a moment, but he returned her look with a smile of such evident innocence that she smiled in return, and then they both laughed together.

"And I thought it was you all the time," she said. "What an odd mistake!"

"Very humorous indeed," said Van Bibber. He rose, and Mrs. Floyd made no effort to detain him. Her suddenly acquired interest in him had departed. "Don't forget the initials," said Van Bibber.

"I shall not," Mrs. Floyd answered, laughing. "I shall remember."

"And in diamonds, too," added Van Bibber, as he bowed at the door.

Miss Townsend was a young woman who took everything in life seriously but herself. She was irritatingly but sincerely humble when her own personality was concerned, and was given to considering herself an unworthy individual only fit to admire the actions of real personages. She received deserved compliments either mockingly or as sarcasms at her expense, and made her friends indignant by waxing enthusiastic over people whom they did not consider one-fourth as worthy of such enthusiasm as she was herself. She was a very loyal friend, and when she was with Van Bibber had the tact not to talk of those things which might be beyond his reach. Still, when she did venture with him on those matters of life and conscience and conduct which most interested her, she found his common-sense and his sense of humor vastly disturbing to her theories. She received him this afternoon with a preoccupied air, which continued until her mother, who had been with her when he had entered, had left the room.

"I do not know how soon I shall have the chance to see you alone again," she began at once, "and I have something to say to you. I have thought it over for some time, and I have considered it very seriously; I think I am doing the right thing, but I cannot tell."

Van Bibber wanted to assure her that it was not to be taken seriously, and felt fresh indignation that she should have been troubled so impudently. But he only said "yes," sympathetically, and waited.

"I want to ask you," she said, regarding him with earnest eyes, "if you know that you have an enemy."

Van Bibber bit his lips to hide a smile, and felt even more ashamed of himself for smiling. "Oh dear, no," he said, "of course not. We don't have enemies nowadays, do we? There are lots of people

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"DO YOU KNOW THAT YOU HAVE AN ENEMY?"

who don't like one, I suppose; but enemies went out of date long ago, with poisoned cups and things like that, didn't they?"

"No; you are wrong," she said. "There is some one who dislikes you very much, who wants to injure you with your friends, and who goes about doing it in a mean and cowardly way. In so low a way that I should not notice it at all; and then again I think that it is my duty to tell you of it, so that you can be on your guard, and that you may act about it in whatever way you think right. That is what I have been trying to decide, whether I am a better friend if I say nothing, or whether I ought to speak and warn you." She stopped, quite breathless with anxiety, and Van Bibber felt himself growing red. "What do you think?" she said.

"Oh, I don't know," said Van Bibber, unhappily. "Suppose you tell me all about it. Of course whatever you do would be the right thing," he added. She put her hand in the pocket of her frock, and drew out a letter with a type-written address. Van Bibber anathematized Travers anew at the sight of it.

"Last week," Miss Townsend began, impressively, "I received this letter. It is an anonymous letter about you. What it says does not concern me or interest me in the least. That is what I want you to understand. No matter what was said of one of my friends, if it came to me in such a way, it could not make the least difference to me. Of course I would not for an instant consider anything from such a source, but the point, in my mind, is that some one is trying to do you harm, and that it is my duty to let you know of it. Do you understand?" Van Bibber guiltily bowed his head in assent. "Then here it is," she said, hand-

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ing him the offensive letter as though it were a wet and dirty rag. "Don't open it here, and never speak to me of it again. If you did—if you explained it or anything, I would feel that you did not believe me when I say that I believe in you, and that I only speak of this thing at all because I want to put you on your guard. Some man, or some woman more likely, has written this to hurt you with me. He or she has failed. That is the point I want you to remember, and I hope I have done right in speaking of it to you. And now," she exclaimed with a sigh of relief, and with a sudden wave of her hands, as if she was throwing something away, "*that* is over."

Van Bibber's first impulse was to put the letter in the fire, and tell her the truth about it; but his second thought was that this girl had for a week been considering as to how she could act in his best interest, and that to show her now that she had been made a joke of would be but a poor return of her thoughtfulness of him. So he placed the letter in his pocket, and thanked her for her warning, and sincerely for her confidence, and went away. And as he left the house his sense of pleasure in the thought that his friend trusted him was mixed with an unholy desire to lay hands upon Travers. He determined to end and clear up the matter that afternoon, at once and forever, and with that object in view took a hansom to the house of Miss Edith Sargent.

Miss Sargent was a friend of both Travers and himself. She was an unusual girl, and the fact that she was equally liked by men and women proved it. She frequently regretted she had not been born a boy, and tried to correct this injustice by doing certain things better than most men could do them, and so gained their admiration. Van Bibber agreed with her that it was a pity that she was not a man, as, so he explained it, there were too few attractive men, while there were so many attractive women that it kept him continually in trouble. Miss Sargent was the president of a society for the lower education of women, the members of which were required to know as much about polo as they did of symbolic and impressionist pictures, and were able to keep quite separate the popular violinist or emotional actress of the day as a person from the same individual as an artist; they did not sob over the violinist's rendering of music which some one else had written, on one afternoon, and then ask him to tea the next. They did not live on their nerves or on their feelings, but on their very rich fathers, on whom they drew heavily for gowns, hunters, and pianos, on which last they could play passably well themselves.

Travers, it was believed, was sentimentally content that Edith Sargent had been born a girl, and spoke of her as Miss Sargent, and not as Edith Sargent, as the other men did. Van Bibber considered this a very dangerous sign.

Miss Edith Sargent was getting out of her brougham as Van Bibber drew up in his hansom. She greeted him brightly with a nod, and told him that she was half frozen, and that he was just in time for some tea. He waited until she gave some directions to the footman for the evening, and then walked up the steps beside her.

"You've saved me from writing you a note," she said. "I wanted to see you about getting up a coaching party for the game on Thanksgiving day. Do you think it's too late?"

Van Bibber observed her covertly, but she did not seem to be conscious of anything beyond what she was saying, and regarded him frankly and without embarrassment. He decided that she had not received the letter, and felt a temporary sense of relief.

"It is rather late," he said; "most of the coaches are engaged so far ahead, you know; but we might be able to get a private one."

They walked into the drawing-room together, and she threw her sable boa and muff on the divan and went to the fire to warm her fingers.

"Whom could we ask?" she said. Van Bibber was regarding her so intently that she stopped and looked up at him curiously. "Whom could we ask?" she repeated, and added, after a pause, "You're not listening to what I'm saying."

They continued looking at each other for a short moment, and then the girl, with a sudden exclamation of intelligence, walked back into the library beyond, returning with an envelope in her hand. Van Bibber saw that the address upon it was type-written.

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"HERE'S THAT LETTER YOU AND TRAVERS SENT ME."

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"Here's that letter you and Travers sent me," she said. She put it in his hand and left him standing gazing dumbly down at it, while she returned to the open fire and stretched her fingers out before it. As he continued silent, she turned and looked over her shoulder at him, and then, as she caught his look of embarrassment, laughed easily at the sight of it. "Don't you think," she said, "it's about time you two became accustomed to the fact that you have grown up?"

Van Bibber gazed at her blankly and shook his head. "Travers told you," he said, ruefully.

"Travers told me," she repeated with disdain. "You both told me. I do hope I've intelligence enough to keep up with you two and your games and foolishnesses. There's no one else who would do anything so silly." She laughed a triumphant, mocking laugh. "You and your Maysie Lindsey and gold lockets, you're a pretty trio, aren't you? And you thought you were going to have such a fine joke on me. Oh, you're so clever, you two; you're so deep and subtle. How long have you ceased wearing velvet suits and red sashes?"

"That's all right," said Van Bibber, sulkily, "but I want you to know I've had trouble enough about this thing, and it's all Travers'—"

"There is some other game, perhaps," she said, nodding her head at him, "that you play better than this."

"Oh, I'm going," said Van Bibber. He stopped at the door and shook his high hat at her impressively. "If you have any regard for your young friend Travers," he said, "you'd better send him word to keep out of my way for a week or two."

"Wait and have some tea," she called after him, but Van Bibber pulled open the front door, and as he did so heard an echo of mocking laughter and something that sounded like "Give my love to Maysie Lindsey."

There was still one other girl to see, and Van Bibber kicked viciously at the snow at the thought of it as he strode hurriedly towards her house. He wished that he might find her out, but she was in, the man said, and she herself said that she was glad to see him.

Miss Norries was a peculiarly beautiful girl, who almost succeeded in living in a way that was worthy of her face. If she did not do so, it was not through lack of effort on her own part. And yet to others there seemed to be no effort; people said of her that she had been born fine and good, and could not be otherwise had she tried. "It is only we poor souls who know what temptation is," they said, "that deserve credit for overcoming them. Grace Norries always does the right thing because she doesn't know there is any other thing to do."

But Miss Norries had her own difficulties. She had once said to Van Bibber, "The trouble is that there are so many standards, even among one's best friends, among the people that you respect most, that it makes it hard to keep to one's own."

To which Van Bibber had replied, flippantly: "*You* have no right to complain. All you have to do when you get up in the morning is to look in the glass and say, 'To-day I must live up to *that*.' It's a pretty high standard to live up to, I know, but it's all your own." At which Miss Norries had gazed coldly at nothing, and Van Bibber had wished he had not complimented her on the one thing for which she could not possibly take any credit.

She received him now graciously, as a much older woman might have done, but told him he could not stay, as she had to dress for dinner.

"It won't take long to say what I came to say," Van Bibber answered her. "I came on purpose to say it, though. It's rather serious; at least it didn't start out so, but it's getting serious." He did not look at her, but at the fire, as though he was trying to draw confidence from it. But his anxiety was unnecessary, for Miss Norries regarded him tranquilly and without loss of her usual poise. She was always ready to laugh with those who laughed, or to weep with those who wept, giving out just enough of her own personality to make her sympathy of value, and yet never allowing it to carry her away.

"Perhaps," said Van Bibber, with a sudden inspiration, "you have something to say to me."

"No, I don't know that I have," the girl answered, considering. "Has anything happened? I mean, is there anything I ought to speak about that I haven't? Are you to be congratulated or condoled with? Is that it?"

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"Well, you ought to know," Van Bibber answered, "whether I am to be condoled with or not. I'm certainly not to be congratulated."

"I don't understand," she said, smiling.

"Oh, well, then," he exclaimed, with a sigh of relief, "it's probably all right. Only I thought you would have received it by this time, and if you had, I wanted to explain. But if you haven't received it you probably won't now, and so I needn't say anything about it."

"Received what?" asked Miss Norries, with a perplexed laugh. "But," she added, "if you don't wish to speak of it we will talk of something I do understand. Oh, you mean the package of books you sent me. I ought to have written you about them. They were just the ones I wanted. I was so very—"

"Books! no," said Van Bibber, with disgust. "It's a letter," he blurted out. "Some one told me—at least I happened to find out—that some one sent you an anonymous letter about me. And I thought you might have received it, and—"



"VAN BIBBER PUT HIS HAT FIRMLY ON HIS HEAD."

He stopped in some confusion, for he liked Miss Norries better than he did the other women, and he found it, for some reason, harder to talk to her about the letter than to those others.

"Yes, I received it," she said.

He looked at her a moment with startled surprise.

"No!" he exclaimed. "You don't say so! You did receive it? Well, but then—I don't understand. Why didn't you tell me?"

"Tell you what?" said Miss Norries, gently, but with some hauteur. "Why should I speak to you of it? I do not see that it concerns you. It was an anonymous letter addressed to me, and I threw it in the fire." She looked at him inquiringly for a moment, and then turned her attention to the falling snow against the window.

"Yes, I know," said Van Bibber, thinking very fast and talking to make time, "but the letter was about me, you know, and suggested—that is, it put me in rather an unpleasant light."

The girl gave a slight laugh of annoyance and stood up. "I fail to see how it concerns you," she said. "It was insulting to me, that's all. I did not consider it farther than that. What it said about you has nothing whatever to do with it that I can see. All that I could understand was that some one had tried to annoy me by sending me an anonymous letter." She stopped and smiled. "You must have a rather poor opinion of yourself and your friends if you think they

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consider you and anonymous letters with equal seriousness. Now you have to go," she added, "or I shall be late. Thank you ever so much for the books, and come in to-morrow early, and tell me what you think about them; but now I really must hurry, so good-by."

Van Bibber put his hat firmly on his head as he went down the steps, and then turned and gazed at the closed door of the house he had just left with a look of settled bewilderment. "Well," he said, with a sigh, "it's all part of the day's work, I suppose. For which," he added, impressively, "Travers will have to pay."

A long dinner and a large open fire in the almost deserted club had melted his anger by ten o'clock to such a degree that Travers ventured to ask for the details of the day's adventure, and Van Bibber was so far pacified as to give them.

"Well, I must say," declared Travers, rubbing his knees and gazing with much satisfaction into the open fire, "it turned out to be a very interesting experiment, didn't it? But it hasn't proved anything that I can see. I don't see that it has shown which of the girls cares the most about you, has it? What do you think?"

"I don't know," said Van Bibber, lowering his voice and glancing over his shoulder. "Which do you think, now?"

WALKING STICKS.

BY SAMUEL H. SCUDDER.



A LEAF INSECT, PHYLLIUM SCYTHE, FROM SILHET: NATURAL SIZE.

THERE is perhaps no large group of insects all the members of which present such extraordinary forms as the so-called walking sticks. Their very name indicates the surprise of those who encounter them; and as they are all, for insects, large objects, they have the more come under general notice, and have also been christened with characteristic names, such as spooken in Dutch, and spectres in French. They are less known to us who live in temperate climes than to the natives of the tropics, where they abound. Nearly a thousand species have already been described.

When they were first brought to the notice of those in whose countries they were not inhabitants they created a genuine surprise. Thus Richard Bradley, a fellow of the Royal Society, and at one time Professor of Botany in the University of Cambridge, picturing on the plates of one of his works one of the kind known as walking leaves, from the resemblance of their broad green and veined wings lying flat upon the back to an ordinary leaf of a tree, writes in 1721 that it was a "Creature which, if we take the Story of it right, partakes both of *Insectal* and *Vegetative* Life, being nourish'd, as I have observ'd, as well by the Juices of the *Tree*, which the Mother *Insect* lays its *Eggs* in, as by its own"; and not content with this bald statement, eighteen years later he calmly tells this cock-and-bull story about it:

"The *Insect*, when it has found its

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proper Tree of Nourishment, lays its Eggs separately in the Buds of it, which hatch when the Buds begin to shoot; the *Insect* then is nourished by the Juices of the Tree, and grows together with the Leaves, till all its Body is perfected; and at the Fall of the Leaf, drops from the Tree with the Leaves growing to its Body like Wings, and then walks about; this is not common enough with us to be easily believed, and what I should not have ventured to mention in this place, if the *Insects* themselves were not to be met with in the curious Cabinets of our own Country.

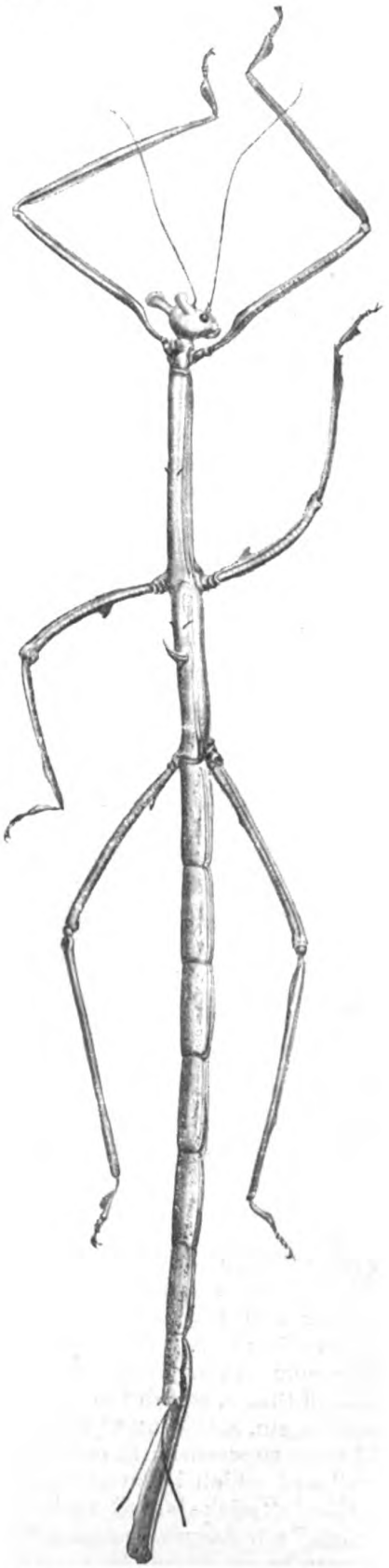
"What I account the most curious Point belonging to this Relation is, That the *Sap* of any Tree should be so naturally adapted to maintain at once both *Vegetable* and *Animal* Life; and by that means to unite the Parts of two Beings, so distinct from one another as *Plants* and *Animals*, and circulate the same Juices equally in the Vessels of both. Indeed we have Instances enough to show us how necessary the Juices of *Plants* are to the breeding up of some *Insects;* and even to confirm that some kinds of *Insects* cannot be brought to live, without their Eggs are properly lodg'd in and entirely invelop'd with some certain Parts of *Plants;* as those *Insects*, for example, which Nature has allotted for the Leaves of the *Oak*, and which make the *Oak-berries;* but that a *Leaf* of a *Plant* should so unite itself with an *Insect* as to make one distinct living Body, is wonderful."

Yes, "wonderful" indeed!

More than a century later, through the repeated efforts of a Scottish lady, the eggs of one of these insects were introduced from India to Edinburgh, where they hatched, and the living insects were kept for eighteen months in the Royal Botanic Garden, and all their transformations observed by the late Mr. Andrew Murray, to whom I am indebted for specimens of both eggs and adult reared so far from home.

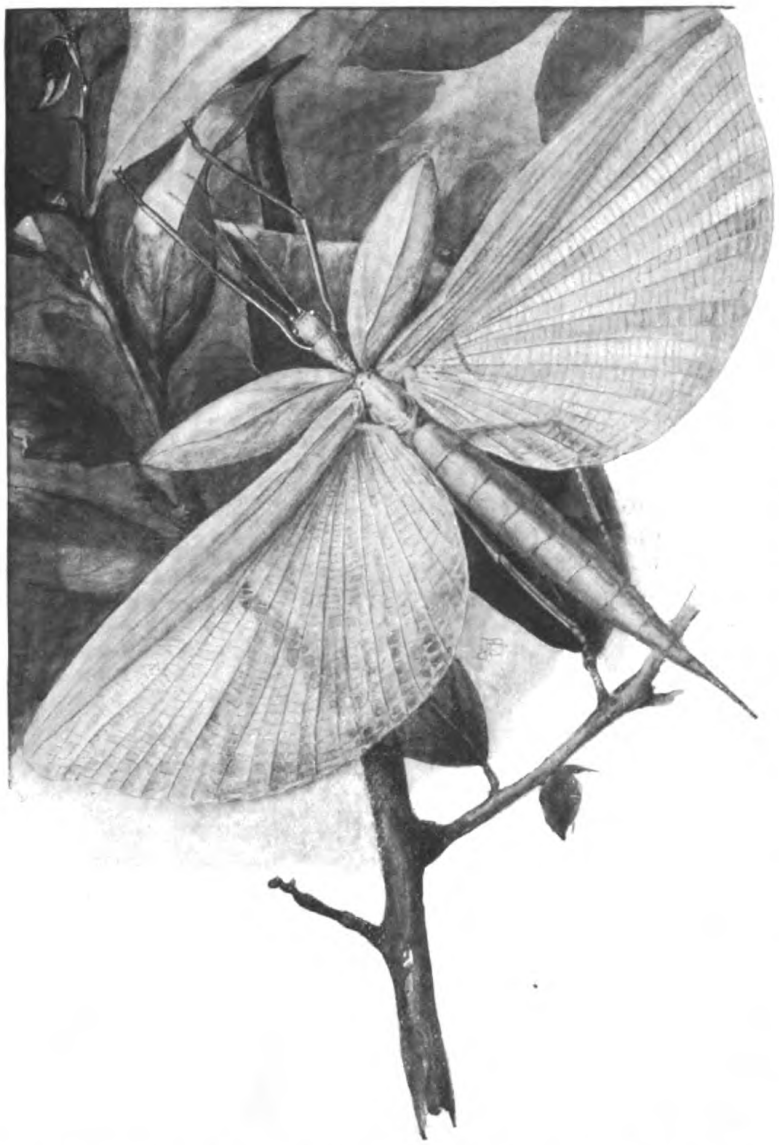
As will be seen from the figure, the resemblance to a leaf is very striking—which color would render still more apparent—and the foliate expansions of the legs must add greatly to the deceptive appearance in their native haunts.

But this form of walking stick is exceptional. Besides these walking leaves (of which perhaps twenty species are known, all natives of the Old World tropics—of the genus Phyllium, as they are appropriately called by naturalists) there are



PHIBALOSOMA, FROM BRAZIL: CONSIDERABLY REDUCED.

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PODACANTHUS, FROM AUSTRALIA—GREEN AND ROSEATE: TWO-THIRDS AS LONG AS IN NATURE.

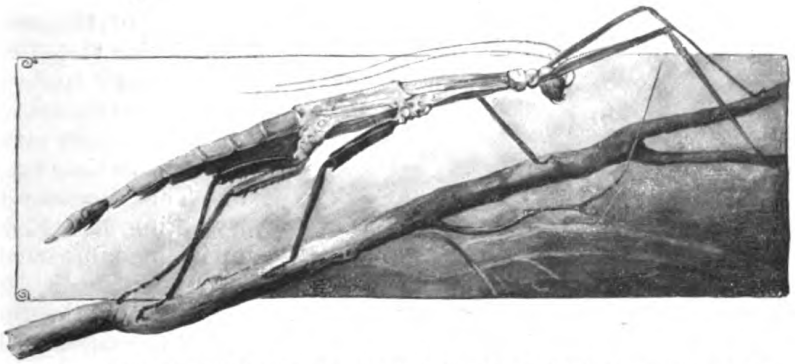
no others which have such expanded bodies. All the rest are remarkable for their lank and usually slender bodies, with sprawling legs. Take, for example, the form common over the greater part of the United States, which the country people near Salem, Massachusetts (is it a relic of old-time superstition?), call "witches' horses," and which in some other States are dubbed "stick-bugs" and "prairie alligators," our *Diapheromera femorata*.

It may be compared to an animated straw; and when at rest, hugging the stem of a bush, with its legs stretched at full length close beside the body, the front pair reaching forward to the utmost and the antennæ snugly tucked between them, none but the most sharp-sighted creature would be in the least likely to detect its presence. Arouse it into activity, and slowly the straw will rise, one leg after another be drawn forward or backward, the antennæ will part, and the creature sprawl away over the leaves with its knitting-needle legs. The males, which have the slenderer bodies, can move with great rapidity, scurrying up the trunk of a tree with an agility which shows how useful such length of leg and lightness of body may be; but the females, especially when burdened with eggs, are far more sluggish as they creep over the leaves and twigs, and have a curious lateral swaying motion, much like a rope-walker, and as if in a state of unstable equilibrium, which, when we consider what a breadth of base their wide-extended legs furnish, seems all the more ludicrous.

Our native forms nearly all belong to this same type, but they are not all so small. In southern Texas we have a much larger and stouter kind, *Diapheromera denticrus*, the body alone of which sometimes reaches the length of half a foot. As it is also proportionately stouter, it has a far more bulky appearance. But in warmer regions are many kinds which are even longer bodied than this, and hardly thicker than a knitting-needle. In Mexico, for instance, we find one sort,

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Phanocles, the whole length of which, when extended, is about eleven inches, and, except at the base of the legs, is nowhere stouter than a crochet-needle. In most kinds, as in this and in the witches' horses of the United States, the antennæ are so long as just to reach beyond the outstretched fore legs, so that their sensitive tips would be the first part touched by an enemy approaching in front.



THE TEXAN WALKING STICK. DIAPHEROMERA DENTICRUS: ONE-HALF AS LONG AS IN NATURE.

All our species, too, are wingless. This is by no means the case in the tropics, where a very considerable number can fly, being furnished with ample wings, sometimes gayly colored. Look, for instance, at the giant species of Anchiale of Australia (page 458), too large to appear of full size on this page, the tessellated expanded wings of which stretch fully eight inches, and support a cylindrical body fully as long as that, and as stout as one's little finger. What a startling object to have fly in one's face! Or the different kinds of Tropidoderus and Podacanthus, also from Australia, some of which expand nine inches in flight, and have a still stouter though shorter and tapering body. Here the front portion of the wings, like the short wing-covers, is of a grass-green, like the body, while the rest of the wings is of a lovely roseate pink ; when closed, the wings shut like a fan, and every trace of pink is lost; the entire body is then as green as the leaves upon which they feed. These bulky forms seem like elephants among the lesser herd.

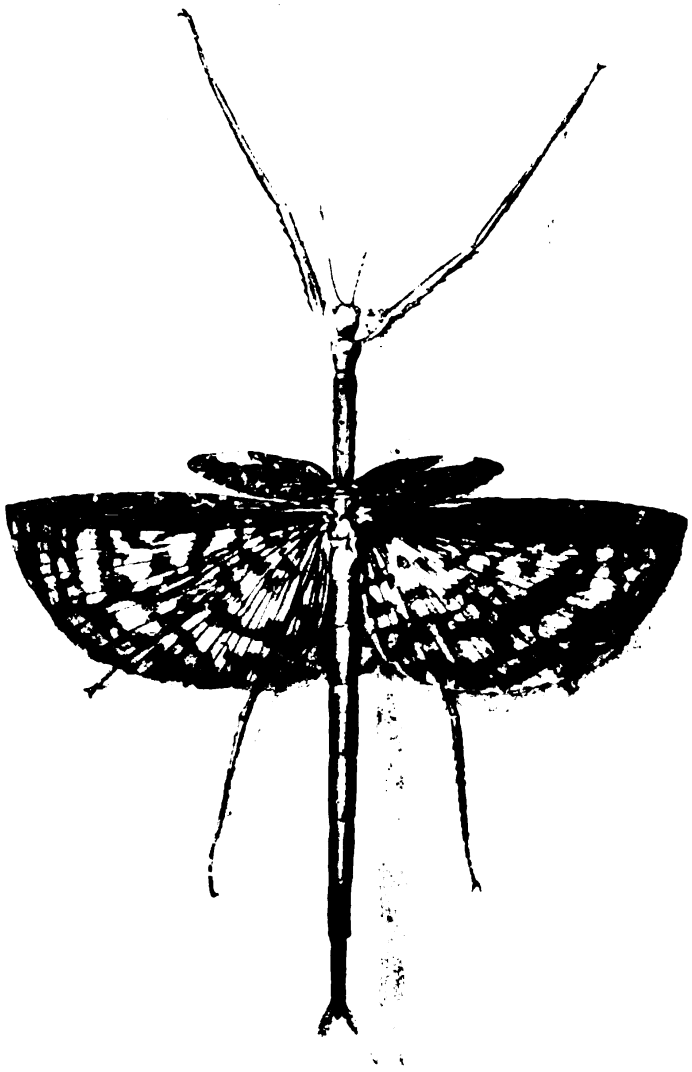
But this in no way exhausts the list of strange forms. Almost all of which we have spoken are nearly smooth-bodied, or have merely little roughnesses of skin; but there are very many which are prickly and spiny all over, or have the head surmounted by a pair of horns, or have a generally *noli-me-tangere* look which defies description. See the Ceroys (page 459) pictured from Nicaragua; how leaves seem to be sprouting all over it! How would one pick up such a thing? In what receptacle would even an ardent entomologist place it? An insect like this is referred to by Kirby and Spence when, in speaking of mimicry, they say it is sometimes "so exquisite that you would mistake the whole insect for a portion of the branching spray of a tree." Or turn to the bulky prickly giants collected by Wallace in Borneo, a kind of Heteropteryx. If one is not an enthusiast, one is glad they live so far away, and thinks it fortunate their wings are too brief for flight.

These are only samples taken almost at random to show what bizarre shapes walking sticks assume ; they could easily be multi-



PHANOCLES, FROM MEXICO: ABOUT TWO-THIRDS AS LONG AS IN NATURE.

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ANCHIALE TITAN, FROM AUSTRALIA: TWO-FIFTHS AS LONG AS IN NATURE.

plied from any considerable collection. These insects are generally sluggish creatures, and their form, their color, and their armature may in all cases be looked on as developed for protective purposes. Even those provided with the most expansive wings use them rather as a parachute than for anything properly called flight — merely for a momentary transport to a safer place. Variegated colors are very rarely assumed, and in the few cases where the wings are adorned, these are displayed only during the brief flight, and at other times are always absolutely concealed. An insectivorous foe spying such a one in flight, and going for it, would search in vain for what he had seen; it has transformed itself completely as soon as alight.

There is, perhaps, no other group of insects which in form and color are so generally imitative, and which naturalists have found more difficult to detect in their haunts. Their bodies often resemble the roughened bark of the trees among which they live; or they seem to have growing to them little flecks of lichen or moss, which add to the deception. The disguise of the walking leaf Phyllium is the more striking to a naturalist because he will notice that whereas among all other members of the tribe the wing-covers (when they exist) are greatly abbreviated, the very opposite is true in Phyllium, the wing-covers, the only members which could be made to resemble a leaf to perfection, being greatly developed, while the wings are aborted, as if the wing-covers were here developed for the express purpose of this mimicry.

Twenty-five years ago, at the Jardin d'Acclimatation at Paris, some of these walking leaves were exhibited alive. They were placed on growing plants, from which the larger part of the leaves were stripped, that the insects might not too easily conceal themselves. If a large placard announcing the presence of these creatures had not drawn attention to them, certainly no one would have recognized anything extraordinary; and even as it was, many a person, after examining the case with care, left without seeing anything but the plant, and with the opinion that what the placard told them to look for was some minute object too microscopic for their sight. Even those who knew what to expect had often a

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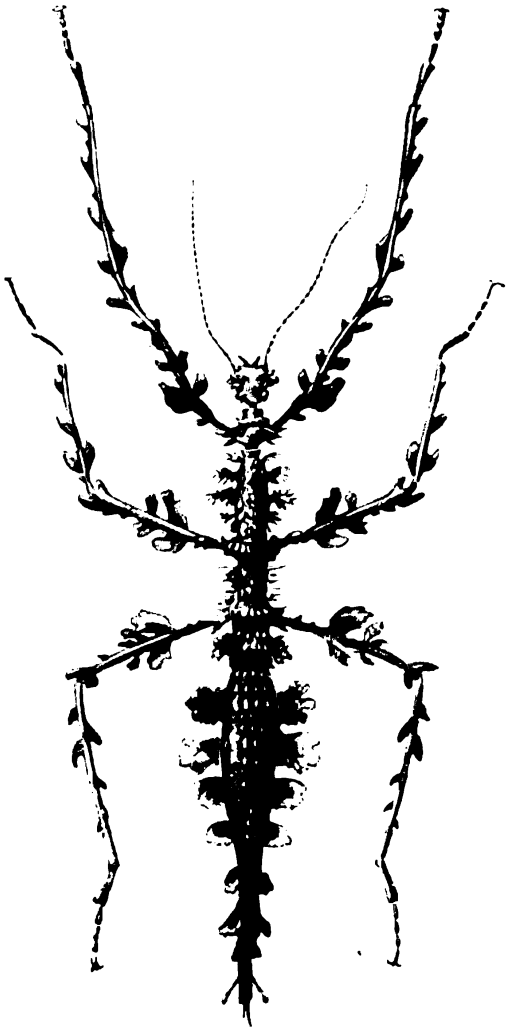
long search to discover what was in reality in full sight.

The same was true of the living specimens at Edinburgh. Of one of them Murray says: "For the greatest period of its life it so exactly resembled the leaf on which it fed that when visitors were shown it they usually, after looking carefully over the plant for a minute or two, declared that they could see no insect. It had then to be more minutely pointed out to them; and although seeing is notoriously said to be believing, it looked so absolutely the same as the leaves among which it rested that this test rarely satisfied them, and nothing would convince them that there was a real live insect there but the test of touch. It had to be stirred up to make it move."

Undoubtedly this imitative resemblance is most striking in the walking leaf, but it is quite as complete in many of the walking sticks proper. The naturalist Wallace, familiar with them in tropical forests, says that in the Moluccas they are found "hanging on the shrubs that line the forest paths; and they resemble sticks so exactly in color, in the small rugosities of the bark, in the knots and small branches imitated by the joints of the legs, which are either pressed close to the body or stuck out at random, that it is absolutely impossible by the eye alone to distinguish the real dead twigs which fall down from the trees overhead from the living insects." And he adds that he has "often looked at them in doubt, and has been obliged to use the sense of touch to determine the point." He adduces many further particulars to show the minute manner in which the details of resemblance may be traced.

The end gained by this wholesale mimicry is, of course, protection against attack. Indeed, with creatures incapable, as a general rule, of rapid movement or of flight, it is not surprising that this mimicry has assumed so important and general a character. But for some of the walking sticks, at least, it is not their only safeguard. The thorny spines with which some are clothed —like the Heteropteryx we have figured, and many others—must make them ugly things for an insectivorous creature to assail; and there are many which have even a more potent means of defence in the possession of glands secreting a nauseous fluid, which may be exuded or spurted as a sort of spray from openings on either side the body just behind the bead. One species has been named *Phasma putidum*, from the offensive nature of this glandular secretion; and a sluggish creature common in Florida and Texas, Anisomorpha, will, when seized, spurt a strong vapor which slightly burns a man's skin. When dissected, the glands which furnish the supply will often be found of exceptional size, quite filling the sides of the thorax.

A curious and interesting thing about these creatures is their power of reproducing injured or lost parts. Their slender sticklike legs certainly look remarkably fragile, and as if such power would be well bestowed. Specimens are sometimes captured in which one of the legs is absurdly smaller than its fellows, though perfectly formed throughout, giving, in-



CEROYS, FROM NICARAGUA: NATURAL SIZE.

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HETEROPTERYX, FROM BORNEO: ONE-FOURTH NATURAL SIZE.

deed, a more crippled look than if the leg were quite absent. The specimen of our common species which is figured is a case of this sort, and was chosen to show it. Experiment shows that if during growth—*i. e.*, at any time before their final moult—a leg be injured beyond the base of the thigh so as to cripple it, the whole leg as far as the base of the thigh is sloughed off before the next moult, and that at this moult a new leg in miniature makes its appearance, and grows with each succeeding moult with exceptional rapidity, though it never gains its normal size; if, however, the injury to the leg be more deeply seated, no restoration is effected.

The strange thing about the growth of the leg is that it takes place only during the brief period of the moult itself. It is one of the oddest things to witness; for before one's very eyes one can see drawn out from the pellicle of the old leg (which momentarily retains its form and size) a new leg, very much larger, and especially longer, than the skin out of which it has that moment been drawn; it has all the appearance of a juggler's trick.

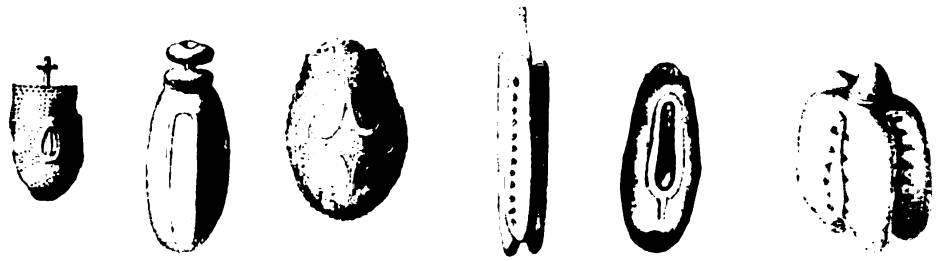
The same thing is seen when the creature hatches from the egg, where it is packed away in the most crowded manner possible. In the full-grown insect the three parts of the thorax, each of which carries one pair of legs, are of very unequal length, as a glance at any of our illustrations will show, the front pair of legs being attached to a very short section of the thorax; while in the egg all three parts are of nearly equal length, so as to allow the legs to come close together and pack more snugly. But the instant the creature is out of the egg the difference in the length of the several parts of the thorax is almost as apparent as when mature; yet the change has come about simply during the scramble out of the egg.

And here a word may be said about these eggs themselves, for they are certainly curious objects, and very different from insects' eggs in general. Those of our common Diapheromera resemble minute beans with an oblique yellow punctured cap at one end; they are glistening brown, with one edge (which shows an elongated pit) broadly banded with pale yellow. In other species the cap becomes a sort of knob, while the sides of the egg itself, especially about that part which has a sunken pit, and which may be called the front, may be curiously carved, as will be seen from a few illustrations here given. Perhaps that of the walking leaf is the most curious. It is of a brown earth-color and as large as a fair-sized pea, though not of its shape. The front is flat, with a slender fusiform plate overlying the middle; the back is coarsely ridged, while the two sides have high double ridges, and all except the front is stabbed with deep holes; the cap resembles a Phrygian cap roughly sculptured, and pierced around



THE COMMON WALKING STICK OF THE NORTHERN STATES, DIAPHEROMERA FEMORATA: NATURAL SIZE.

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EGGS OF DIFFERENT WALKING STICKS, ALL MUCH ENLARGED.

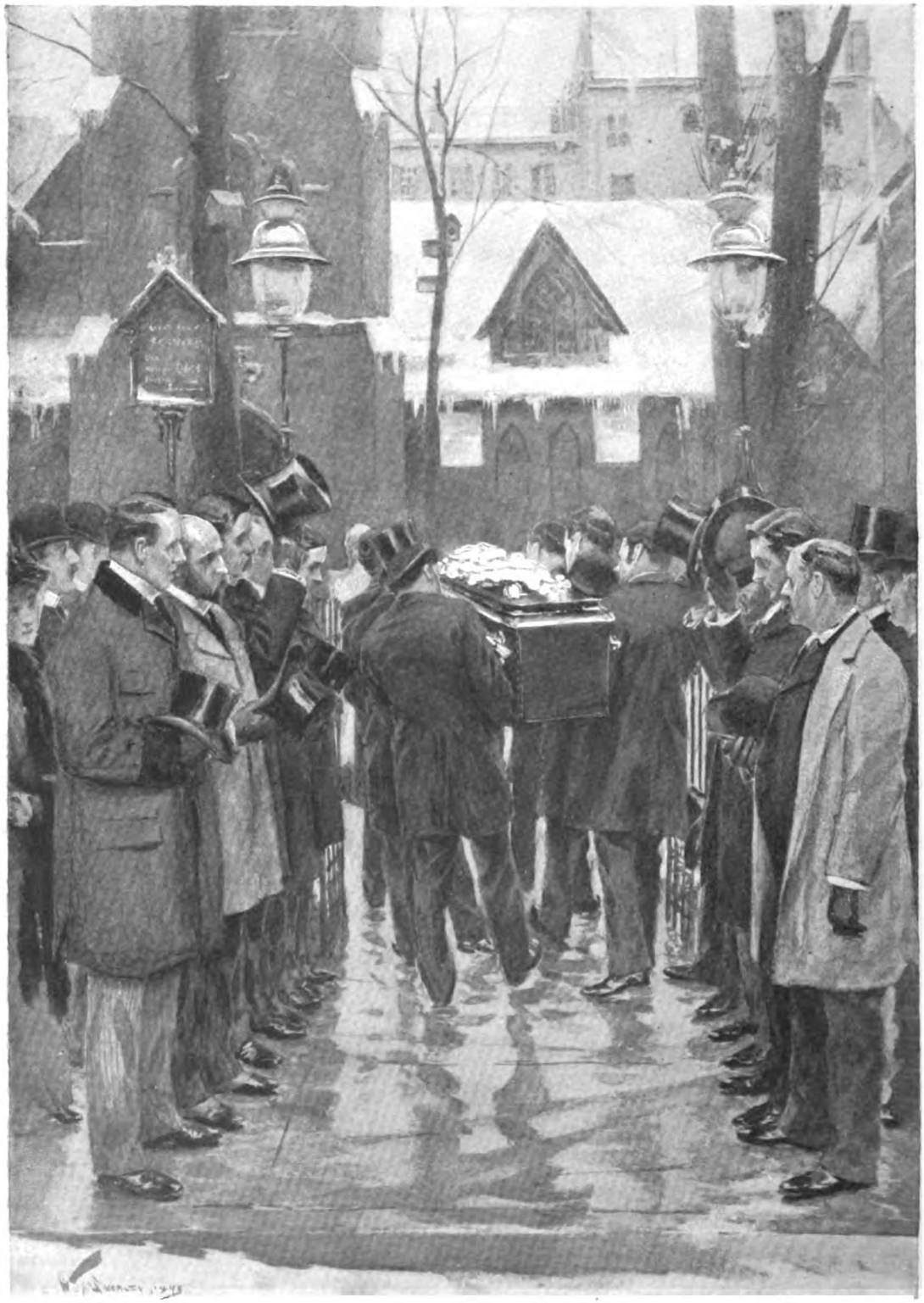
the base with a series of holes. The eggs of these creatures are not attached to any object, but are dropped loosely on the ground, and the insect escapes by pushing off the cap.

It was one of the interesting recent finds in paleontology to discover that walking sticks came of a remote antiquity. Before 1878 all we knew of fossil walking sticks were one or two forms from amber, belonging to the early part of the tertiary period. Now, thanks mainly to a French naturalist of distinguished scientific ancestry, Brongniart, we are introduced to a whole race of them back in the coal period of paleozoic times. So far as we know them, they differed from those of to-day by being always winged, and in that the front pair of wings—what we now call wing-covers, or tegmina—were not leathery and opaque, as now, serving only as protective flaps to the closed wings, but were just as large and diaphanous as the hind wings, and equally used for flight. Our last illustration is an attempt to restore one of these ancient walking sticks, which might perhaps be better termed flying sticks. There were a great many kinds of them, but they are principally known to us by their wings, many of which have been recovered from the rocks of our own country; but whether in Europe or America none are yet known from the great intermediate formations of the mesozoic period. Some of the remains from the coal explain the origin of our living giants, for they had a spread of wing of at least seven inches, and a length of body of about ten inches. They further differed from our living types in having the three parts of the thorax more nearly equal—similar, in fact, to the condition of ours while still in the egg; and thus once more, as so often in other branches of paleontology, we may draw a parallel between the early condition of existing types and the permanent condition of early types.



RESTORATION OF A FOSSIL TITANOPHASMA FROM THE COAL MEASURES, ONE OF THE EARLIEST WALKING STICKS KNOWN: ABOUT ONE-TWENTIETH NATURAL SIZE.

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THE FUNERAL.

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III.—IN THE LITTLE CHURCH DOWN THE STREET.

THE little church stands back from the street, with a scrap of lawn on either side of the path that winds from the iron gate to the church door. On this chill January morning the snow lay a foot deep on the grass-plots, with the water frozen out of it by the midnight wind. The small fountain on one side was sheathed with ice; and where its tiny spirtle fell a glittering stalagmite was rising rapidly, so the rotund sparrows had difficulty in getting at their usual drinking-trough. The sky was ashen, yet there was a hope that the sun might break out later in the morning. A sharp breeze blew down the street from the river, bearing with it, now and again, the tinkle of sleigh-bells from the Avenue, only fifty yards away.

There was the customary crowd of curious idlers gathered about the gate as the hearse drew up before it. The pall-bearers alighted from the carriages which followed, and took up their positions on the sidewalk, while the undertaker's assistants were lifting out the coffin. Then the bareheaded and gray-haired rector came from out the church porch, and went down to the gate to meet the funeral procession. He held the Prayer-book open in his hand, and when he came to the coffin he began to read the solemn words of the order for the burial of the dead:

"I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die."

Preceding the pall-bearers the rector led the way to the church, which was already filled with the dead actor's comrades and with his friends, and with mere strangers who had come out of curiosity, and to see actresses by daylight and off the stage. The interior was dusky, although the gas had been lighted here and there. The Christmas greens still twined about the pillars, and still hung in heavy festoons from the low arched roof. As the coffin passed slowly through the porch, the rector spoke again:

"We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the Name of the Lord."

Throughout the church there was a stir, and all heads were turned toward the entrance. There were tears in the eyes of more than one man, for the actor had been a favorite, and not a few women were weeping silently. In a pew near the door were two young actresses who had been in the same company with the dead man when he had made his first appearance on the stage, only three years before; and now, possessed by the emotion of the moment, these two sobbed aloud. By their side stood a tall, handsome, fair-haired woman clad in simple black; she gave but a single glance at the coffin as it passed up the aisle, half hidden by the heaped-up wreaths of flowers, and then she stared straight before her, with a rigid face, but without a tear in her eye.

Slowly the rector preceded the pall-bearers up the central aisle of the church, while the vestured choir began the stately anthem:

"Lord, let me know my end, and the number of my days; that I may be certified how long I have to live.

"Behold, thou hast made my days as it were a span long, and mine age is even as nothing in respect of thee; and verily every man living is altogether vanity."

It was for a young man that this solemn anthem was being sung—for a man who had died in his twenty-fifth year, at the moment of his first success, and when life opened temptingly before him. He bore a name known in American history, and

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"AND THEN SHE STARED STRAIGHT BEFORE HER."

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his friends had supposed that he would be called to the bar, like his father and his grandfather before him. He was a handsome young fellow, with a speaking eye and a rich alluring voice; and his father's friends saw in him a moving advocate. But the year he was graduated from college his father had died, and his mother also, and he was left alone in the world. As it happened, his father's investments were ill advised, and there was little or no income to be hoped from them for years. In college he had been the foremost member of the dramatic club, and in the summer vacations he had taken part in many private theatricals. Perhaps it had always been his secret wish to abandon the bar for the stage. While he was debating the course he should take, chance threw in his way the offer of an engagement in the company which supported a distinguished tragedian. He had accepted what opportunity proffered, and it was not as a lawyer but as an actor that he had made his living; it was as an actor that his funeral was now being held at "the little church down the street."

While the choir had been singing the anthem, the coffin had been borne to the chancel and set down before the rail, which was almost concealed from sight by the flowers scattered about the steps and clustering at the foot of the pulpit and in front of the reading-desk. The thick and cloying perfume of the lilies was diffused throughout the church.

The rector had taken his place at the desk in the chancel to read the appointed lesson, with its message of faith and love. There were sobs to be heard when he declared that this mortal shall put on immortality.

"Then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

There were those present, old friends of his boyhood, come from afar to give the dead man the last greeting of affection, who knew how high had been his hopes when he went upon the stage; and they knew also how hard that first year had been, with the wearisome drudgery of his apprenticeship, with the incessant travelling, with ambition baffled by lack of opportunity. Some of them were aware how the second year of his career in the theatre had seen a change in his fortunes, and how discouragement had given place to confidence. There had been dissensions in the company to which he belonged, and the tragedian had parted with the actor who played the second parts. Here was a chance for the young man, and he proved himself worthy of the good fortune. No more youthful and fiery Laertes had been seen for years, no more passionate Macduff, no more artful and persuasive Mark Antony. He had the gifts of nature—youth, and manly beauty, and the histrionic temperament; and he had also the artistic intelligence which made the utmost out of his endowment. Before the end of his second season on the stage he was recognized as the most promising actor of his years. He had played Mark Antony for the first time only twelve months before; and now he lay there in his coffin, and the little church was filled with the actors and actresses of New York who had come to bid him farewell.

When the rector had finished the reading of the lesson, there was a hush throughout the church. A faint jingle of sleigh-bells came floating down from the Avenue.

A few straggling rays of sunshine filtered through the windows on the right side of the little church, and stained with molten colors the wood-work of the pews on the left. There was a movement among the members of the vestured choir, and a dark and stately woman took her stand before the organ; she was the contralto of a great opera company, and it was with skill and power and feeling that she sang "Rock of Ages."

In a pew between the organ and the pulpit sat a slight graceful woman, young still and charming always, although the freshness had faded from her face. This was the celebrated actress with whom the dead man had been acting only a week before. She was the ideal Juliet—so the theatre-goers thought—and never before had she been aided by so gallant and so ardent a Romeo. Never before had the tragedy been produced with so much splendor, and with dramatic effect so certain and so abundant. Never before had *Romeo and Juliet* been performed for a hundred and fifty nights without interruption. And for once the critics had been in accord with the public, so potent was the glamour of youth and beauty

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and passion. It was a joy to all discerning lovers of the drama to see characters so difficult interpreted so adequately. Thus it was that the tragedy had been played for five months to overflowing audiences; and its prosperity had been cut short only by the death of the fiery wooer—of the Romeo who lay now in the coffin before the chancel, while the Juliet, with the tears gliding down her cheeks, sat there by the side of the middle-aged merchant she was soon to marry. The young actor, to catch a glimpse of whom silly school-girls would watch the stage door, and to whom foolish women sent baskets of flowers, now lay cold in death, with lilies and lilacs in a heap over his silent heart.

When the final notes of the contralto's rich and noble voice had died away, the rector went on with the ritual:

"Man, that is born of a woman, hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery. He cometh up, and is cut down, like a flower; he fleeth as it were a shadow, and never continueth in one stay."

The dead man had been the last of his line, and there were no near kindred at the funeral. There was no mother there, no sister, no wife. Friends there were, but none of his blood, none who bore his name. Yet there was a shiver of sympathy as the tiny clods of clay rattled down upon the coffin lid, and as the rector said "earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust."

Then the service drew to an end swiftly, and the pall-bearers formed in order once again, and the coffin was lifted and carried slowly down the aisle.

As the sorrowful procession passed before the pew where the tall fair-haired woman stood, stolid, with averted head, and a stare fixed on the floor, one of the bearers stumbled, but recovered himself at once. The woman had raised her hand, and she had checked a cry of warning; but the coffin was borne before her steadily; and they who bore it little guessed that they were carrying it past the dry-eyed mother of the dead man's unborn child.

THE-MAN-THAT-DRAWS-THE-HANDCART.

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON.

I SING of arms and a man, for whether I consider him in his patient hardihood, his incredible physical endurance, his unsurpassed marksmanship, pedestrianism, wood-craft, prairie-craft, hunter-craft, and Indian-craft, or consider his ardor for his own intellectual culture in his hard surroundings, or recall his spotless moral purity in evil associations, and his admirable courage and chivalrous feeling, I am able to say, here was a man. And indeed it gives me pain now, nearly thirty years after his death, to think that I shall never see again my friend, nor ever, indeed, see any man his match or like again. For as there was but one Sir Galahad among the knights of Arthur's table, so was there among all frontiersmen but one George Northrup. He was the fine flower of his class, perfect in all its accomplishments, and superadding to them a degree of intellectual culture unknown to most of his kind, and a rectitude and grace of moral character little known in any class.

The story I have to tell is not fictitious. I cannot hope that it is in all respects accurately correct, for some of the incidents have been collected and sifted with difficulty from the associates of Northrup; others, however, I had from his own lips, always loath to speak of himself and his achievements. I have attempted no embellishment, but have set down the facts as I understand them, from full accounts written out by me soon after his death, while yet all was fresh in my memory.

I had heard of Northrup before I saw him, for accounts of his daring exploits now and then found their way into the St. Paul papers, and his expedition with a handcart had been matter of newspaper notice throughout the country. In the summer of 1860, while I was living in St. Paul, I joined a scientific party going to British America to observe a total eclipse. The leader of this party was at that time an obscure young man: none other than Professor Simon Newcomb, now of the Naval Observatory at Washington, and known as widely as astronomy itself. Mr. Ferrel, the eminent mathematician, now deceased, was the

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assistant astronomer. Mr. Samuel Scudder, the now famous entomologist, was the young man who represented Professor Agassiz and natural history. After crossing some two hundred miles of what were at that time virgin prairies, from St. Cloud to Georgetown on the Red River of the North, we took the little pioneer steamer, then in its first or second season on that river. Nothing could have been more awkward than that tub of a boat, plunging every now and again headlong into the banks despite the frantic exertions of the pilot, aided by the long steering-oar on the bow. We steamed some three hundred miles, according to the estimate of the boatmen, without seeing on the banks a human being or a house.

On the first morning of our voyage, while Mr. Scudder and myself stood on the boiler-deck of the boat in conversation, there came to us a young man with long brown hair falling to his shoulders. He was clad in a frontier coat made of a white blanket, and reaching to the knees, with bits of red flannel sewed on instead of the ornamental buttons that belong on the back of a coat. This young man held nominally the position of watchman on the boat, but he was evidently much more than that, being Indian interpreter, ambassador, topographer, and guide through these strange waters.

"Are you gentlemen naturalists?" he asked.

Mr. Scudder answered in the affirmative, and the young man in the white blanket coat asked if we would like a Red River turtle. He went below and brought up a turtle, weighing about fifty pounds, which he said he had discovered in the water during the night by its audible breathing. He had harpooned it with the fireman's poker, a piece of iron ten feet in length. The blow had broken the dorsal plate, and the end of the iron had rested on the ventral plate. By bearing down on the poker while he walked round the gunwale and then walked the hawser to the bank, our new acquaintance had landed the chelonian monster.

Mr. Scudder, with me for pupil-assistant, dissected the turtle, and I believe that his skeleton, with a skylight in the back, yet rests in the Cambridge Museum. Peace to his carapace! The prudent cook, having an eye, as Emerson would put it, to the culinary use of the world, sent a tin pan, into which we put the many-hued muscles as we stripped them off, so that we had both science and turtle stew out of him.

It was while we were eating turtle and potatoes at the breakfast table the next morning that Captain Sam Painter, commander of our petty steamboat, asked me if I knew the young man at the other end of the table, the captor of the turtle.

"That," said he, "is Northrup."

"You don't mean to say," I answered, in surprise, "that that young fellow is the famous Northrup that we hear so much about—the one the Yanktons tried to kill last winter!"

"Yes," said the captain, with eagerness, "that is George W. Northrup, and he knows more about the frontier than all the rest of them put together."

I had supposed Northrup to be a man of forty-five or fifty, and it puzzled me for a long time to understand how so much of adventure could have been put into the life of a youth of twenty-three.

Having communicated my discovery to the rest of the party, we set ourselves to cultivate our new acquaintance, a task which we did not find easy on account of a sensitive and dignified reserve that always characterized him. He did not like to be lionized.

Our great surprise, next to his youth, was his diction. Not only that he did not swear nor use slang like other frontiersmen, but that he spoke in well-chosen words which had a certain aroma of books about them. He was not what we supposed a man of the wilderness ought to be.

His spare hours during this trip were spent in reading Blair's *Rhetoric;* he was acquainted with Bancroft, Irving, Prescott, Longfellow, and Cooper, but De Quincey was quite his favorite author. I found that he was crammed with the facts of history, ancient and mediæval especially. He was the only man I ever knew who had triumphed over the formidable stupidity of Rollin, having mastered all the facts, the date, place, commander, and number of men on each side, with the details and result of every battle, and all the other useless information that men used to call history. He had gathered about a hundred and fifty volumes, which he kept in a settler's cabin near Fort Abercrombie, at that time two hundred miles

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beyond the lines of settlement. By his camp-fires he had been accustomed to fight over the world's battles in his imagination, until those remote personages who seem like shadows to the rest of us were substantial people to him; he spoke of Gengis Khan in the same familiar way that we do of the Queen of the Sandwich Islands.

Averse to dependence on relatives, he had left his home in central New York on the death of his father. Gerrit Smith's farm adjoined the one on which he lived, and the philanthropist probably saw something of the rare quality of the lad, for on his departure the good man put his hands on George's head and gave him his solemn blessing.

He was about fifteen years of age when he landed at St. Paul, then an Indian trading-post. He had a good education for his age, having even a considerable knowledge of Latin. He is described as a fine young fellow with long hair and kindly blue eyes, so pure in word and speech that some of the rude people about him thought him a girl in disguise.

From the beginning George was always braving the lawless Yankton Sioux on their own ground, and most of his Indian encounters came from his adventuring beyond the line of traders' posts. As a boy he talked to his confidential friends about a project he had of passing from tribe to tribe until he should arrive at Bering Strait, and so pass over into Asia, and reach Eastern civilization by passing westward through the fiery belt of barbarism. No doubt many of his early aggressive explorations had to do with this project, which was identical with the dream that had driven the young Châteaubriand to America.

At a very early period of his life as a trader's clerk he took a wagon-load of goods and drove off into the Yankton country to trade, an enterprise from which almost any other man would have shrunk. After carrying on a traffic for a while, one of the Indians, appreciating the helpless condition of a white man surrounded by wild savages, stole a blanket from Northrup's wagon. Knowing instinctively that any weakness would insure his destruction, the boy trader pursued the savage and wrested the blanket from him. The audacity of the assault saved him; the Indians laughed and applauded, and he returned safely to the post. The Indian thief afterward attempted to take Northrup's life, and when finally prevailed upon to become reconciled, he said, pathetically, to Northrup, "I did not mind the blanket you took away, but you disgraced me in the presence of my people."

When George had spent three years on the frontier, being then eighteen years of age, and well acquainted with the Dakota tongue and the habits of the Indians, he probably thought it time to enter on his exploring expedition. At least he did then undertake to pass from St. Cloud, on the Mississippi, to Fort Benton, and so to the Pacific slope, by following the trail of Governor Stevens's party. His outfit consisted of a handcart laden with the most necessary articles, and his only companion was a faithful dog. The audacity of this attempt to pass alone through many hostile tribes and countless other perils besides is beyond the conception of those who know little of the Indians. But George loved to do impossible things, and so the foolhardy boy set out. He once pointed out to me a beautiful broad brook at a considerable distance west of St. Cloud. It was even then, in 1860, on the very verge of settlements. Here, George said, lived a solitary old man, the last man he saw before plunging into the wilderness. It was on the second day of his journey, and the old man begged him to desist from so rash an adventure, and entreated him to stop there with him. But nothing could turn the resolute fellow. From that hour he was thirty-six days without seeing human face or hearing any voice but his own. He told me that the agony of loneliness became horrible beyond description. The old dog often grew so lonesome that he would leave his station behind the cart and come round in front of Northrup, looking up wistfully into his eyes, begging him to speak. Nothing was so horrible to George as his own voice, but the persistency of the dog would carry the day, and when his master had spoken, the faithful rear-guard would resume his station.

In a maddening monotony of loneliness the river system of the Red River of the North was passed, and George, with awful pluck, was traversing the barren Coteau du Missouri. Here he was no longer able to trace Governor Stevens's trail, and he found himself surrounded by the most appalling dangers. To meet the

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Sioux of the plains on their own ground, in their most peaceful moments, was a peril to daunt the stoutest heart. But, reading the prairies as he did a book, George found everywhere the trail of war parties. The Yanktons, Yanktonnais, and Tetons, vile diabolonians all of them, seem to have been scouring the Coteau in hope of slaughtering some Cree or Assiniboin hunting party that had come down after buffaloes. To fall in with one of these fierce war parties was inevitable death.

To cap the climax, Northrup awoke one morning to find that the contents of his handcart had disappeared. Whether wolf or Indian were the depredator he did not know, but now that his outfit was gone there only remained one chance for life. By one of those incredibly long marches for which he was so famous he must put himself out of the reach of the human wild beasts whose fresh tracks were all about him. So he turned toward the nearest trading-post — at Big Stone Lake. For the last four days he subsisted on raw frogs.

Accounts of this expedition appeared in the New York *Tribune* and the newspapers generally, but Northrup could not bear to talk about it. The Indians seem to have been much impressed by the handcart attempt, for they immediately dubbed Northrup "Chan-pa-hmi-hma Yu-sdo-ha," or "The-Man-that-draws-the-Handcart," which remained his Dakota name to the day of his death.

His next expedition was hardly less adventurous. He joined himself to a band of Assiniboin Indians. During this summer George carried with him a small telescope, with the magical powers of which the savages were highly amused; and they soon learned to put it to practical use in detecting the Sioux scouts who were wont to lurk about the outskirts of the Assiniboin camp in hope of cutting off some stragglers, or attacking some feeble detachment. By means of the telescope the whole wide prairie was scanned, and many a poor Sioux was detected and destroyed when he vainly thought himself out of sight.

One day an Indian was discovered, two or three miles away, on his knees in the grass making many curious and inexplicable motions. A detachment was immediately sent out by the Assiniboins to surprise and capture him, but when the frightened fellow was brought into camp he proved to be, not a Sioux, but an envoy from the friendly Chippewas, who, being something of a dandy, had stopped to make his toilet and paint his face before a pewter-cased pocket-mirror, preparatory to his advent among the belles and beaux of the Assiniboin camp.

Never satisfied with ordinary activity or common adventures, George was accustomed to employ green trappers to work by the month under his direction, then pushing beyond the usual line of trapping into the Yankton country, he would establish a camp out of the way of Indian haunts, and distribute his men up and down the streams to trap. During the winter of 1858-9 he planted his camp on Devil's Lake, a large body of water in what is now northeastern Dakota.

A Sioux chief of the Yankton tribe, whose Indian name signifies "old man," heard that the adventurous handcart-drawer was trapping at that point, and fitted out an expedition for the purpose of robbing him, partly perhaps under pretext of vindicating a Yankton claim to a riparian ownership in all the musk-rat and otter that paddled in the streams of that country, but influenced still more strongly by an Indian's love of plunder.

It was a bright winter morning, and George had followed an elk six miles through the snow. He had just shot it, and was stripping off its coat, when he saw an Indian scalp-lock rising above the top of a little knoll. He threw himself into a thicket, put his hand on his bullet pouch, and found by touch, without counting, that there were fifteen bullets in it, while thirteen Indians soon came into sight. Every bullet must bring a man, he said to himself, when the desperateness of his situation flashed upon him.

"Is The-Man-that-draws-the-Handcart here?" asked one of the Indians, for they knew Northrup's aim too well to approach without caution.

"If any man comes one step nearer," cried George, in the Dakota tongue, "until I know whether this is a war party or not. I will shoot him."

One of the Indians fired off both barrels of his gun into the air, which was a pledge of peaceful intentions, but it put George under the necessity of emptying his gun and trusting to the uncertainties of Indian good faith, or of accepting battle with the odds of thirteen to one. Slipping the cap from one barrel, George ran

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out and fired one barrel of his gun, bringing the hammer down on the capless tube of the other, as though that barrel were empty. He was now virtually a prisoner, but he dexterously replaced the other cap and kept a good hold on his gun. He afterward managed to load the empty barrel without attracting attention.

He understood perfectly the Indian plan. They knew that any attempt to take the life of a man with so sure an eye and quick a hand as George's would probably cost some Indian his life. They meant to detain him on some pretext while a detachment should plunder his camp, guarded only by inexperienced men. Northrup knew that he would lose not only the result of his winter's work, but the provisions on which life depended, if the Indians should reach the camp ahead of him.

The boldest way was the only one. After standing in the Indian camp awhile he confronted the chief and said, quietly, "I'm going home," immediately turning about and taking the trail that led to his camp. The savages were nonplussed by the suddenness of the movement, and they fell into line behind Northrup. At every step of that six miles George expected a rifle ball from behind.

Guns, provisions, furs, were scattered about the trappers' camp in confusion; if the Indians on their arrival should find things so, the camp would be utterly stripped. George tried again what virtue there might be in impudence. Turning to the old chief, when they came in sight of the camp, he said:

"Old-Man, my men are green; they do not know that you are coming in friendship; if you go in now, they might fire on you. Wait here until I go and tell them that you are friends."

In fact, George feared nothing so little as that his men would shoot. But the Indians were deceived, and with a "Ho!" of approval, the Sioux consented to remain until their welcome should be assured. When they reached the camp, George had everything in order, the things all under guard, and the Indians saw themselves outwitted.

There were thirteen savages to six or seven white men; but Indians like to keep their own skins whole, and to attack so vigilant a man as Northrup was dangerous. George overheard them disputing which should have his rifle. "The one that gets you must be quicker than I am," he said to his gun, and his watchfulness foiled every attempt to surprise him.

"Where is your gun?" he demanded of one of his men.

"The Indians are sitting on it and I cannot get it."

George walked up to the row of Indians who had taken the gun in this tentative and diplomatic manner, and eying them sternly, he seized the stock of the gun, whereupon the cowed savages rose up, and he returned the gun to the man and ordered him to hold on to it.

The crisis came at last. There was of flour but thirty-seven pounds in the camp, carefully hoarded against extremity. To George's consternation he found that Old-Man had seized it, while his frightened men did not dare offer resistance. Northrup walked directly up to the place where the chief sat with the sack of flour by his side, and laying hold of it, started off.

"Stop!" cried the Indian, getting to his feet. "Man - that - draws - the - Handcart, bring back my flour!"

George turned about, and with a gesture of that cool dramatic kind which so impresses a savage, he opened the breast of his coat and said,

"Old - Man, if you want to kill me, shoot, but you shall not take away my food and leave me to starve."

"Then," said the chief, fiercely, "Man-that - draws - the - Handcart, you shall go south."

The Dakota tribes believe that the soul, driven out of the body, journeys off to the south, and "to go south" is, among the Sioux, the favorite euphemism for death. George looked unflinchingly at the chief, and said:

"Very well, Old-Man, I will go south, then. But if I go south you have got to go also, and just as many more as I can take with me. But you first."

At this the chief quailed. He saw that he was hostage for the good behavior of his whole party, and, indeed, Northrup had given orders that if a movement toward an attack were made by any Indian, the chief should be killed first. The Indians at last succeeded in stealing an old flintlock musket and a bag of pemmican, with which they made off. As soon as they were gone, George pushed off to a grove far out on the open prairie, which grove he had reason to think the Indians were not acquainted with.

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Among the Yanktons George had a friend, an influential man. While Northrup was a trader's clerk at Big Stone Lake, this Indian had taken a fancy to him. After inquiring of the traders whether George was a likely man or not, and whether his habits were steady, he proposed to George a marriage with one of his three daughters. In vain George pleaded that he was too young; the Indian did not know why the handcart man should not have an Indian wife like the other traders. So importunate was this father of a family that Northrup could escape only by an evasive promise to consider the matter when he got to be older. And though the Indian's hopes of a son-in-law were doomed to perpetual disappointment, he never lost his friendship for the handcart man. When the latter would sometimes visit the Yankton village his friend made a feast for him of boiled dog-meat and birds' eggs well on toward hatching. George ate heartily for his friend's sake, though he confessed to me that dog-meat had "a domestic flavor he could never quite relish." As for the eggs, he got on well enough except now and then when there was an appearance of feathers, in which case he would pass the egg to his friend.

Now when Old-Man was forming his party to attack the trappers, George's friend exerted himself vainly to prevent it. Old-Man's party came back, according to the Indian custom, and sat down without giving any account of their success or failure. You will find a description of such a return in "Hiawatha." There were the gun and the pemmican, which were enough to excite the worst fears of Northrup's friend, who quickly gathered a few followers and started off in search of George. Finding that the trail of the party went out toward the open prairie, as he supposed, and knowing that the open prairie in the winter was death, he concluded that George had become confused and gone out into the prairie to die. He reported this to the traders, who understood it to be a diplomatic way of intimating that Old-Man had massacred the party. Whereupon the newspapers gave accounts of his murder, told the story of his daring life, repeated once more the history of the handcart expedition, and moralized on the untimely loss of so noble a young man on account of his own foolhardy bravery. But the young man and his companions returned in the spring with their peltries.

Soon after this the stage line was opened through from St. Paul to the Red River of the North, upon which river our droll little pioneer steamboat was launched to make the connection through to the Selkirk Settlement, now Manitoba. Northrup mapped the route for this line. The first coach that felt its way over this unknown road was accompanied by Captain Blakely, one of the owners, and by Northrup as guide. Among the passengers were an English baronet and his friends going out to enjoy that manly pastime so much affected then by English and American gentlemen, the shooting of a few harmless buffalo cows, that they might have whereof to boast in the clubs. Besides these there were two Scotch ladies, sisters; one was betrothed to an officer of the Hudson Bay Company, and had journeyed across an ocean and a continent that she might meet her lover in the Selkirk Settlement, whence after their marriage they expected to return to his post in the arctic zone. This devoted sweetheart and her devoted sister, who came as companion, awakened great interest in all who saw them. Northrup, always full of a poetic and knightly sentiment, was ready to be their humble servant.

When the stage reached Georgetown the little steamer which should have taken the passengers to the Selkirk Settlement was immovably fixed on Goose Rapids, thirty-five miles away as the crow flies. Sir Francis ——, the baronet, proposed to depart immediately for the buffalo grounds without making the detour to the Selkirk Settlement, and he offered Northrup large wages to move off at once with him. But what was to become of the forlorn ladies? To go back three hundred miles would have been bitter; to stay where they were was impossible. Northrup spurned every offer of the gentlemen hunters, and resolved to see the ladies safe at their destination. There was nothing left for the baronet and his friends but to go with them. A flat-boat was built and put under Northrup's command, and the members of this party were the first white persons to trace the sinuosities of the Red River.

George went to the plains with the English party in a subordinate capacity, but his manifest superiority carried him

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to the top, and he came back as chief guide. The baronet gave him a pair of ponies and a hunting-coat on parting with him, and sent him from London a fine wire-barrel rifle made to order at a cost of seventy-five pounds. In showing me this gun, George said: "She hasn't got a speck of silver about her, but I love her. She always goes where I tell her to." A year or two later another party came from England with an open letter of directions from Sir Francis, in which he said, "After passing St. Paul, trust George W. Northrup and go no further."

One Sunday some settlers on the upper Red River were chasing a bear which had ventured too near to the site of a hypothetical city, which city contained at that time but one lonesome log cabin. The bear was fleeing toward a wooded ravine, chased and worried by dogs. Once in the brush the pursuers would have to give it up. But now a second danger appeared in the shape of what seemed to be a party of mounted Indians, who would not hesitate to kill the bear and keep it. One of this party left the rest and came galloping toward the hunters. It proved to be Northrup, returning with the party of Sir Francis. He kept his eye on the retreating bear, never giving the hunters on foot so much as a look of recognition as he galloped past them, whipping his pony to the top of his speed. But the bear made the timber, and was to all appearances lost. Northrup did not abate his speed, but rode full tilt at the ravine, leaped off the pony, and disappeared in the brush. Coming out in a minute, he remounted and rode furiously up the ravine for half a mile, reined up, sprang off, and rushed into the brush again. In less than a minute his rifle cracked, and the bear was dead.

The next day Sir Francis wished to see a trial of skill in marksmanship. He got together the dozen or fifteen men—Frenchmen, Scotchmen, half-breeds, and what-nots—that were about the Hudson Bay Company's forwarding station at Georgetown, and bade them shoot, he supplying the ammunition. At one hundred paces there were many fine shots made; at two hundred there were but two or three good ones; at three hundred the shooting became wild. There was, however, one little Irishman who could put a bullet into a three-inch target twice out of three times at this range. Up to this time George had refused to shoot, fearing to excite jealousy; but now Sir Francis commanded him to take part. Northrup stipulated for his own gun; then he cut a hole in the bark of the tree, inserted a half-dollar piece, turned about, and stepped off five hundred paces.

"Now, boys," he said, "if I shouldn't happen to spoil that, the one who gets it may have it!"

But his bullet cut the coin. I have the incident from a trustworthy land-surveyor who participated in the match, and in the foot-race for the half-dollar. It tallies with all that one hears of his shooting. Captain Shelley of Brackett's Battalion of cavalry told me that he had often seen Northrup shoot small birds for fish-bait, but that he always did it by shooting off the bird's head with a revolver.

The ponies given him by Sir Francis were stolen by the Chippewas. I have heard that Northrup recaptured one of them, riding through a village of Indians with two loaded and cocked revolvers in his hands. The Chippewas called him "White Cloud," from a white hat that he wore on his first appearance among them.

The winter after my acquaintance with George began he was engaged in the arduous task of carrying the mail from Fort Abercrombie to Pembina, two hundred miles land journey over a country without a habitation. The journey was made with a dog-sledge and a half-breed assistant. Exposure in winter on the prairies of the Red River Valley is something that the hardiest man might shrink from. The thermometer often touches forty and sometimes even reaches fifty below zero at the northern end of this journey, and the storms of snow and wind are very perilous. In the mail-carrying he was probably always near enough to the streams to find a shelter in the timber or in a ravine during a storm; but in journeys over the open prairie, Northrup, like other *voyageurs*, had sometimes to lie down in the snow, with the sledge-dogs close against his body, and keep still under a blanket of snow for twenty-four or forty-eight hours until the wind should abate. No living thing can travel and survive in one of these blizzards, as we now call them. I speak of these *de profundis*, out of my own memory of them.

In the summer of 1861 George was chief

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guide to another party of English gentlemen. With his usual caution George had avoided the villages and haunts of the Yanktons, in whose neighborhood he was hunting, but he was overtaken by a danger which no foresight could have enabled him to avoid. A band of Teton Sioux from west of the Missouri had come over into the Yankton country, either to hunt, or in hope of scalping some wandering half-breed or Assiniboin hunters. They sprang as from the ground, surrounding the English party, and knocking the head guide from his horse. By a curious instinct George always did the right thing in every difficulty. As soon as he recovered from the blow he bethought him of the ten-gallon keg of brandy among the stores in the cart. Had the Indians drunk this, there would have been no escape for the white men from death or torture. Northrup knocked in the head of the keg with an axe, and the brandy ran out in the sight of the Indians, to whom on this wild prairie it was more precious than gold.

As the prisoners marched in single file toward the Indian camp, a Teton in the advance-guard was smitten with a happy thought. He could avenge the brandy, and glorify himself for all time, by making a string-shot at the whole party. Northrup, who was in the lead of the file of prisoners, saw the Indian's gun aimed directly at him, but by a quick motion he dodged the bullet, which glanced from the cheek-bone of an Englishman behind him.

The Tetons would, perhaps, have destroyed the white men without mercy, but happily at that moment there came up a larger band of Yanktons, and the captives were as glad to see these now as they had been afraid of meeting them before. The Yanktons claimed the prisoners as captured while trespassing on their ground, and making a rush, they "hustled" them out of the hands of the other tribe. It was at once settled that the Englishmen should be set free, but the handcart man, being the guide that had brought them to the buffalo country, must die. He was separated from the others, and put into a lodge by himself under a strong guard.

In the Yankton council there arose a debate. One single man advocated Northrup's release; all the rest were for killing him. That solitary friend was the son of the Yankton who had long held to the vain hope that the drawer of the handcart would marry his daughter—the same who had searched for him after his encounter with Old-Man. Between the Indian and George existed, perhaps, that mysterious freemasonry known among the Sioux as "coda." That relation gave the old Yankton's son a right to shield Northrup from the vengeance of the tribe. So that the minority of one had the veto power over the wrath of the Indians—such is the despotism of custom among them. The young man's plea through the long night in which his tribe endeavored to beat down his steadfastness was substantially this:

"I know that The-Man-that-draws-the-Handcart has come upon our lands. Also, he has not treated our family as he should. He has not married my sister, as we expected he would have done. Yet there is friendship between him and my father. He has eaten in our lodges. By our custom I have a right to save my father's friend. I claim that right, and you must let him go."

At last the party, robbed of provisions and outfit, were released, with an old rack of a pony, and with no food but a quarter of a horse. They made their way to the shipping-post called Georgetown, on the Red River. During the last two of the nine days' journey they had nothing to eat. The frontiersman who ferried them over at Georgetown said to me that "George stood it well enough, but the Englishmen looked awful hollow."

Like many other men who have gone to the frontier in their boyhood, George Northrup chafed with regret that he "had thrown his life away," as he put it. But he declared that the force of habit was so strong now that he could not change. Seeing no other way for him, I suggested that he devote his life to zoology. He was the keenest and most intelligent observer of the habits of animals that I have ever known. Professor Agassiz, on Mr. Scudder's suggestion, offered him an engagement to collect for the Cambridge Museum. But at the outbreak of the war he was seized with a patriotic enthusiasm, and he wrote to the great naturalist almost in these words, "While the war lasts I belong to my country; when the war is over I am at your service." He looked forward with much hope to the prospect of a life of scientific work, and I

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make no doubt that had he lived he would have ranked at least as high as Audubon. I have seen him go down upon his knees in the grass, and by careful examination tell whether it was a fox or a wolf that had lain in a "nest," by the position in which the feet had been placed. Where the ground was beaten under a wild plum-tree he examined the confused tracks critically, tracing them with his fingers, and told me that an old doe elk and her fawn had stood in that place all the day before fighting flies. He was regarded as almost infallible in these matters.

Northrup became orderly sergeant of Company C in Brackett's Battalion of Minnesota cavalry, which for a time was part of the Fifth Iowa cavalry in the Army of the Cumberland.

Always respecting a manly enemy, Northrup had a chivalrous hatred of a skulking one. Jerry Stone, a noted Tennessee bushwhacker, had killed in cold blood an unarmed old man in the neighborhood of Fort Donelson. George vowed to kill him at the first chance. One day as he was in command of an advance-guard he received an order to fall back. But just as his men were mounting, Stone's bushwhackers fired upon them. George ordered a charge, and himself selected the leader, and gave chase. As Stone's horse was the fleetest, Northrup used his revolver first, saving the carbine for close encounter. Jerry Stone fired three times without hitting his pursuer; George shot five balls from his revolver, with one ball wounding Stone's horse, and shooting three through the man. He said afterward that he ought to have killed him, but he could not slay any helpless enemy. It is said that Jerry languished a year in the hospital, and then recovered, and escaped by violating his parole.

George's value as a scout was soon discovered, and he was ordered to report for that service to General Crook, and was, indeed, several times consulted by Major-General Thomas, and sent out under his directions from his headquarters. Once with nine men he penetrated a hundred miles into the Confederate lines, combining forces with the loyalists of the mountains of North Carolina. These illiterate and independent mountaineers, like many other highlanders, lead semi-independent lives, and are loath to acknowledge governmental restraint. During the days of the Confederacy they called themselves Union men, now they are "moonshiners." They do not "lift cattle," like the Scotch Highlander of the last century; they only make illicit whiskey and shoot revenue officers. Among these men of the hills, who carried flint-lock muskets, Northrup camped. Under their guidance he surrounded the house of a savage provost marshal, a Colonel Walker of Texas, who had offered $10,000 in any kind of money for Northrup's party, "dead or alive." They undertook to capture him, but Walker resisted, and was killed. Then Northrup hurried back into the mountains, and escaped between two divisions of the Confederate army into the Union lines at Chattanooga. For his conduct in this dangerous expedition he received high commendation at headquarters.

It was soon after this, while he was on furlough, that I, with others, endeavored to get a commission for him. The Governor offered him a paltry second lieutenant's commission in a new regiment of infantry, but Northrup wrote, after a day or two of consideration: "I am a cavalryman by nature. My place is in the saddle. I cannot recruit. I would rather go back and fight it out with my company." Brackett's Battalion was ordered to the frontier in 1864 to aid in suppressing the Sioux, who had risen against the whites in 1862, and against whom an ineffectual expedition had been sent in 1863.

During the march across the plains George acted as correspondent of the St. Paul *Press* newspaper, and, as I remember them, his letters were written in English of great purity and vigor, and the accounts of the march were enlivened by Indian legends and incidents of adventure suggested by the camping-places. He had always a notion that he should lose his life in a charge, and when the battle of Tah-pah-o-ku-tah drew on he gave several little articles to another correspondent, saying, "Send these home, and write my obituary when I am dead." Perhaps it was only his old deep-seated melancholy. But the Indians in front were his old foes, the Yanktons and Tetons, to whom he was well known, and he had good reason to fear that they would seek to put out of the way one who understood their country so well.

Once in the battle, he dashed out far in front of his company, and began to say

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something to the Indians in their own language. Did he court death, and was he upbraiding them for their cruelties? Or did he hope to secure a parley and so to make peace? No one knows what he said; but the Sioux recognized him, and determined to slay the handcart man. The wild Indians of the plains who had no guns shot at him with arrows. George had a sixteen-shooter, and Brigadier-General Miner Thomas told me that he saw three Indians fall under his rapid fire. I doubt not that every shot took effect. But at last, pierced by three arrows, Northrup fell dead. The Indians tried to secure the body, that they might mutilate it according to their custom, but Major Brackett ordered a corporal to recover it "if it costs the life of every man in your squad."

They buried him, and trod the ground down with their horses' feet that the enemy might not discover his grave. Many of the soldiers of the battalion were accustomed long afterward to carry his photograph with them, and the corporal who recovered the body showed me a soiled picture that he had carried in his breast pocket for a long time. I have seen hardened and weather-worn frontiersmen who could not speak of him without tears.

Thus lived, and thus died at the too early age of twenty-seven, George W. Northrup. No braver, truer, purer, kindlier, or more modest young man ever lived. While he lived he was widely famous on the frontier, and since he died the Minnesota Historical Society has shown some interest in the facts of his life. But no county in that State bears his name, no island in his own Red River of the North is his monument, no village or township commemorates him. Small politicians, Indian chiefs, old French explorers, have borne off the honors. This man Northrup, the most romantic figure in the early history of Minnesota, has nothing but that nameless grave beyond the Missouri and swift forgetfulness for his meed.

EDITOR'S STUDY.

I.

DOES a man reveal his real self in his private letters? Is he more honest with himself in his letters than he is in his diary? Is he not always, when he thinks about himself, in the attitude of justifying himself? When he sits down to write to another person he desires to produce a certain impression, and almost unavoidably he is self-conscious. In his diary — unless it is rigidly a diary of events and of the weather—he is of course self-conscious, and analyzing his own emotions, and the chance is that he is trying to appear in his own record better than he is. The human mind is a juggler; it juggles with conscience notoriously, but not less in regard to its relations with other minds. It is doubtful, therefore, if a person ever reveals his real self except he does it unconsciously. What is the real man, in any case, it is difficult to say, for he makes different impressions upon different people, and probably never is to any one else what he seems to himself to be. But the nearest approach to a definition of himself is the impression he makes upon those most intimate with him, with his appearance, talk, actions, with his daily life. They may get a tolerably correct impression of his personality. But in the case of the author—that is, the person whose mind is in communication with the world—he most completely reveals his real self unconsciously, not when he is self-conscious, as he must be more or less in a letter, but in those writings for the public in which his mind, his innate quality, reveals itself in an unconscious play upon things exterior to itself. Then, if ever, is a man off his guard. This, however, applies only to the honest and sincere writers, and not to the *poseurs*, who are numer-

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ous in literature, and who lie to the public as readily as they lie to themselves. But even these latter, sooner or later, stand in the world for what they are, and so it holds good that the unconscious attitude a man takes in relation to life in his public writings reveals his true character.

The *Letters of James Russell Lowell* suggest many of these inquiries. Whether they reveal more of the man than his public writings is a question that can be answered only by those who were intimate with him. The private letter represents moods, and not always settled convictions, and reminds one of an extempore epigram that Lowell made one day on the G.O.M.:

> "His greatness not so much in Genius lies
> As in adroitness, when occasions rise,
> Life-long convictions to extemporize."

And this witty *jeu d'esprit* might not have represented Lowell's settled opinion of Gladstone. These letters are in a sense autobiographical; they cover the space of his long life, from boyhood to old age, and if they are not absolute revelations of the real person in any one period, they are one of the most curious and interesting studies ever offered to us of the change in the relations of a soul towards what we call the world. And this revelation is absolutely unconscious. The early letters are labored and conscious, lacking spontaneity, but they exhibit a burning ambition for distinction, and a firm belief in his power to achieve it as a poet. Distinction came to him in time, but he hardly recognized it when it came; it was not the thing that he had dreamed of. It was still only preliminary, a preparing of the way for the signal achievement that was to declare what he really was—an achievement that his procrastinating habits always postponed. He had fame—it was forced upon him to know at length that he had that—but it was not the personal thing that the boy expected, and somehow there is an air of delusion about it. One can read between the lines that he felt always the necessity, or rather the desire, to do something to justify this fame. The boyish vanity disappeared, and there came in place of it a consciousness of power, but of power never used as he had expected to use it. As a writer he waited for moods, he felt the glow and joy of inspiration, and the "last" thing always seemed the best; but when the glow had passed, he was unsatisfied with his work, and often wished never to see it again. He could not but know, in time, that he occupied a great place in literature and in the estimation of the world. But we read between the lines that this reputation was somehow external and unreal to him; nay, we read in the lines that the most passionate desire of his heart was to be loved for himself. As we turn these charming pages, which have not a note of pessimism, and are veined with humanity, we have an impression that the world is an illusion, and that a great reputation is little more satisfaction to the soul than great wealth. If money is a man's object, it is impossible for him to get enough to satisfy him; it is not true that Lowell hungered for more reputation, but that he hungered to realize the early dream he had of expressing himself to the world. He never quite gave himself up to reform, he never quite gave himself up to poetry, he never quite gave himself up to scholarship, and only late in life had he a taste of his power in public affairs. He passed along through life accumulating knowledge, acquiring skill, but always, as it seemed to him, limited by circumstances that postponed till to-morrow the decisive hour of his genius.

II.

Many of these letters are an addition to literature. There must be many more as good, which should be given to the world, not for biographical purposes, which is largely the intention of this compilation, but for the profit and pleasure of the world. Unpublished, we should have the right to say, knowing now what the letters are, that Lowell wasted himself in correspondence. Of course our interest in a considerable portion of the letters is purely contemporary; we like to see what he said about our friends, or the causes and events of the day, in which the next generation of readers may not be interested. But there is much that is beyond this, and belongs to the region of permanent ideas in which a superior mind moved. They show a mind furnished for greater work than it ever did. The mind is not only rich, but it is fertile. In the letters of his manhood there is an astonishing display of intellectual resources, a prodigality of wit and allusion. And it seems spontaneous, the pouring out of an over-crowded brain, ideas and fancies tum-

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bling over each other in the haste of exit. And notwithstanding this display, these letters have not a conscious and manufactured air, which many of the early letters have. They show perhaps better than anything else that he knew the possibilities of his genius—a genius that lacked the force of entire surrender in abandon to any one line of effort. "A genius?" queried Lowell in a letter to a lady correspondent. "I was half made for one, but only half." This is an inadequate confession. The matter is more nearly touched when Sienkiewicz makes Leon Ploszowski say, "If I possessed the abilities of a genius, it would be a genius without portfolio, as there are ministers of state without portfolio." A genius without portfolio! That explains much in regard to many men besides Lowell. Was he ever given his portfolio? Certainly not in his professorship. Certainly not in his essay comments upon the work of other geniuses. Never, in full liberty, in his own opinion, as a poet. And only tentatively, and for a short time, in the rôle of a reformer, though in that ministry without portfolio he came nearer to the expression of his original genius in the *Biglow Papers* than in anything else that he did.

III.

Lowell could not be classified as anything but an American. He felt like an American, and he understood the Americans. He was racy of the New England soil. He liked the West, its distinctive Americanism, and he loved to sympathize with his countrymen in the mere bigness of the country. "These immense spaces," he writes, "tremulous with the young grain, trophies of individual, or at any rate of unorganized courage and energy, of the people and not of dynasties, were to me inexpressibly impressive, and even touching. The whole landscape had a neighborly air, such as I feel in no other country." He was equally impressed at the Cincinnati convention by the manliness and intelligence of the men from the far West; they were quiet and self-restrained in their demeanor, and "had an independence and self-respect which are the prime element of fine bearing." He was among the first to recognize the real Lincoln. But he was a humorist also, and saw other traits that foreign observers are pleased to call American. The only time he met Franklin Pierce, ex-President and the friend of Hawthorne, was at a dinner in Boston in 1860. "He is used to public speaking, and so he public-speaks in a *tête-à-tête*, doing the appropriate gestures and all. He placed himself, after a while by me, told me 'how long, sir, he had looked forward, sir,' etc. At last, leaning confidentially towards me, he said, 'Sir, I glory in your fame! I am proud of every man, sir, who does honor to me country!'" Lowell was greatly amused, and adds, "I never saw the real Elijah Pogram before." No one saw more clearly than Lowell the elements of character in the American that made national greatness—he found the Westerner as calm as his prairie—and no one was prouder of what is best in our distinctive Americanism.

And yet it must be said that Lowell had an ancestral consciousness, and that for the man, as he reveals himself in these letters, the New England background seems a little thin. To be sure, he loved New England, and his strength lay there, as his affections did, nor should he be charged with any feeling of poverty in his intellectual surroundings—he himself says that he never found elsewhere so good society as that of the Saturday Club. But when he came to know England, with its clustering traditions and centuries of accumulated culture, with the stored richness of its life, he seemed to be in an atmosphere native to his genius. He did not need there to explain himself. There was a sympathetic response to the best he could be and say. The first obvious comment on this is that here was an American, wholly a product, in education and inherited traits, of American soil, who appeared of larger proportions as a man against this rich storied background. And he felt at home. Even the climate suited him. Is there in this situation a criticism on Lowell, or on his country? Is it any discredit to a young country that one of its foremost men should seem also of the first rank in a country older and richer in the fruits of an ancient civilization? It is, at any rate, to be admitted that in England Lowell discovered aptitudes for commerce with cosmopolitan life not disclosed in the anxious tax-payer of Cambridge, nor in the professor's chair. And moving in this freedom, and in this perspective, he

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seems a larger man than he seems in any of his works. Reputation that endures is composed of many elements, character among them standing side by side with genius. With this man the impression he has left upon the world can be referred to no one achievement, neither that of poet nor scholar nor diplomatist. In the light of his latter days it would seem that the greatest thing he ever did was to be LOWELL.

IV.

In a letter written in 1881 Mr. Lowell, acknowledging the generous remuneration for a poem sent to a periodical, says, "I fear for authorship with these luxurious rates." This reveals in him a keen sense of the relation of art to the world. Later than this he showed an over-sensitiveness in returning more than half of a large sum that was sent to him for his essay on Gray. The sum was more than it was worth, he said, and he would not subject himself to the demoralization or to the temptation which art incurs when it enters the field of competition as merchandise. He was right in his theory, but wrong in this special application. The essay on Gray was written, it had been read in England, and it was worth to the publisher what a publisher was willing to give. It would have been otherwise if the publisher had ordered an essay on Gray of a certain length, and tempted him with an extravagant price. It would have been otherwise if the publisher, for the sake of the advertisement his name would give, had tried to bribe his genius for a price. Lowell had a sense of the dignity of art, and he would not lower it for lucre. He knew that the artist who consciously works for money works for his own deterioration. Let us not be misunderstood. Necessity is a needed stimulus to genius. The expectation of large pecuniary reward for his work is legitimate. There is no danger that a great work of art, either in painting, sculpture, or writing, will be overpaid. It is priceless. Whatever the price, no buyer can adequately reward such a work. Fame is its real compensation. And yet it is true that the great artists were no doubt stimulated to do their best work by the mere worldly prize of pecuniary compensation. But the work of genius is the most sensitive of all products. Its quality can only be maintained by purity of purpose. When an artist of any sort is tempted for money to turn out quantity instead of quality, or to let any consideration of profit enter into the ideal work he is doing, his intellectual demoralization begins. And sooner or later he is paid for his desertion of his flag. For his reputation begins to decline when he allows worldly motives to enter into his art, and soon his pecuniary value in the literary or art market goes down. Lowell's advice to a young writer doubtless would have been: do always the best work you can do, regardless of any extraneous considerations; sell your MS. for the best price you can get, but do not sell your soul.

It may seem odd that the highest price should not command the best work in literature, as it does in industrial art. Is it not just that the painter and the novelist should be well paid, say as well paid as life-insurance "touters"? Is it true that really good poems or stories are too highly paid for even by a "syndicate"? Does not the "syndicate" seem a good method of increasing the audience of the author, of widely distributing his writings, and at the same time of giving him a more adequate reward than a single publisher could afford to give him? Where, then, is the objection to it? A well-known writer recently, when an intimate friend mildly criticised one of his productions, said, "Oh, that is only syndicate work." Ah! Was he writing down to his audience, or were the high prices tempting him to do more work than he could do well? But is not even this better than the days when publishers owned their authors, and made hacks of them—slaves of the pen? Is it not a great pity that promising artists fall into the clutches of frame-makers and picture-dealers, who get a mortgage on their genius, and grow fat on their industry, which never can emancipate itself? Yes. And yet, in these days of "luxurious rates" in literature, would not Mr. Lowell have been more emphatic in his apprehension, "I fear for authorship"? It is not that the profession of letters is too well paid, for the remuneration of the author rarely reaches the fees of the successful lawyer or physician. And no one is so great a benefactor to mankind as the imaginative writer. The matter is a very difficult and delicate one to handle. Can you pay a person for being a good Christian or a good man?

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Yet men do trade upon their religious character. We hear talk about the profit of godliness. After all, does not literature fall under the general law that every man deteriorates when the idea of making money becomes the ruling motive? In manufacturing, the temptation is to produce inferior goods; in literature it is the same. Some men resist this temptation. We can believe that Hawthorne never would have yielded to it. Lowell could not have yielded to writing to order; the very suggestion paralyzed his genius. But the point is not the price a writer gets, but his attitude towards it. Can he maintain an unworldly attitude, and not water his wholesale product in order to get retail prices? There are living writers who have been demoralized to overproduction by this temptation. They have reduced authorship to a trade. It is not simply that they "pad," in the technical term of the craft, but they attempt to draw from unreplenished reservoirs. And there is another evil of our prosperous literary era. Hosts of men and women are attracted to literature as an occupation to make money when they have no call to it. Many of them succeed with a public that has no more discrimination in literature than it has in art. In both cases—that of the good writers who are demoralized, and of those who have no "call"—literature suffers. The remark of a magazine editor that the quality of MSS. offered has recently deteriorated is suggestive and alarming.

V.

There have been many attempts to make Christianity attractive, or, what many people consider the same thing, to insure regular attendance at church. Perhaps a recent device of metropolitan journals, which have this good thing about them, that they make even the service of the higher life contribute to "circulation," will work to this end. This device is nothing more nor less than detailed descriptions on Monday of the new and fascinating toilets at church on Sunday. These are to some people more attractive reading than the reports of sermons. They appeal to the æsthetic sense, and raise emotions which the most eloquent discourses cannot reach. Would not many a sinner be induced to turn his steps to the sanctuary by such announcements as these: "Pretty Women in pretty Gowns," "Pretty Gowns at the Churches," "Faultless Creations worn by the Ladies at the Houses of Worship"? Especially when the names of the women are given in full, so that the descriptions can be verified. The descriptions are not chance shots by dazzled reporters; they are minute and accurate, and could be used by a modiste for the reproduction of the costumes. No mystery of the toilet for effect is left unexplained. Who could resist Miss —— as "the personification of daintiness in an exquisite gown of very pale brown shot with geranium-red"? Or Miss —— "in a peculiarly fetching costume of ribbed diagonal goods in heliotrope"? Or another angel "in a crinkled cloth in the tenderest of salmon tints," the whole described as simplicity itself, topped by "a Tam o' Shanter hat, modified by clusters of," etc.? What tender thoughts must arise in the worshipping mind! In this church, where there was so much to draw one to the contemplation of the divine life, sat in one of the front pews a large-sized French poodle, black as night, and "on top of his head was a bunch of black curls, carefully tied with a ribbon of apple-green in one of the sweetest of tints." Oh, sweet dog! Only to sit in such a place, and have next you, perhaps, a toilet in which "the ornamental galloon was worked with amethyst crystals and edged with sable fur"! Saw St. John ever anything like this? And then, "A cunning velvet hat of medium size, with black wings, rosettes of velvet in front, and an ostrich aigrette between, black gloves, and patent-leather boots." Oh, my brothers, oh, my sisters, how easy it is to be good! The same talented writer who so seductively points out one of the ways to heaven also directs the blushing bride how to march to the commonly called sacrament of marriage. She, the meekly down-looking virgin, is to carry in her hand a prayer-book (an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace) of a color to match the prescribed toilet. "But if she have not a prayer-book," says this symbolizing apostle of the new life, "an ostrich-feather fan will do as well!"

To make church-going as natural and as attractive and as exciting as going to a ball, is not this a great gain? Is the effort wasted when the devout lady sees herself named and painted to the life, to the tip of her hat and the color of her hose, in the

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journal, next morning? This is, however, only a hint at what may be done. The church is not a theatre; it is not an opera-house; it is not a ballroom. And the head-lines quoted above appear only next day in a newspaper. What if the churches had bulletin-boards in front, with big display lines of the attractions within, like the theatre posters? Would not then an unheeding generation know where to go? Is not this union of the newspaper and religion one of the signs of the times? When women study their toilets for the church and have them reported in the newspaper, surely some kind of millennium is at hand. But the newspapers engaged in this work should no longer be called secular.

MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 7th of December.—Complications with Hawaii attracted much attention during November. On the 10th was made public a report of Secretary of State Gresham to the President favoring a restoration of the political conditions which existed in the Sandwich Islands previous to the revolution of January, 1893, so far as United States troops had assisted in that revolution. President Cleveland in his annual message to Congress set forth the ground of his executive action up to that time. Albert S. Willis, the new American minister, arrived at Honolulu on November 4th.

A new tariff bill, named from Mr. Wilson, of West Virginia, was made public by the House Committee of Ways and Means on November 27th. When possible it substitutes *ad valorem* for specific rates of duty, and adds a large number of articles to the free list, including wool, coal, ores, salt, sawed lumber, agricultural implements, and many chemicals.

Congress opened on December 4th. The President's message, in addition to recommending the passage of the Wilson bill, estimated a Treasury deficit for the current year of $28,000,000, urged the abolition of the fee system in Federal courts, discouraged the extension of the free postal delivery system, and advised reform in the land laws.

The message recites that during the year the constitutionality of the Geary Chinese Exclusion Act was sustained by the Supreme Court, relates that negotiations are in progress between the United States and Great Britain to enforce the recommendations of the Bering Sea Tribunal, and calls attention to the financial embarrassment of the Nicaragua Canal Company, and to the importance to the United States of controlling this canal. The receipts of the government during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1893, were shown to be $461,716,561 94, and the expenditures $459,374,674 29. The customs revenues amounted to $205,355,016 73, and the internal revenue levies to $161,027,623 93. Our dutiable imports amounted to $421,656,711, an increase of $52,453,907 over the preceding year, and the non-dutiable imports to $444,544,211, a decrease of $13,455,447. The exports of merchandise amounted to $847,655,194, a decrease from the preceding year of $182,612,954. The amount of gold exported, $108,680,844, exceeded that of any previous year. During the preceding twelve months it was $58,485,517. On November 1, 1893, the amount of money in circulation was $1,718,544,682, or $25 49 per capita. The gold bullion in the Treasury on that date amounted to $96,657,273, and the silver bullion to $126,261,553. The coinage for the year was 97,280,875 pieces, valued at $43,685,178 80. During the year 440,793 immigrants arrived at our ports, or 141,034 fewer than during the previous year. The army consists of 25,778 enlisted men and 2144 officers. The expenditures of the department were $51,966,074 89. The militia enrolment is 112,597 officers and men. Seaboard defence has been strengthened. Four armored ships have been added to the navy during the year, and 22 war-vessels of various classes are under construction. There are 1,055,956 names on the pension rolls; and the sum expended for pensions during the year was $156,740,467 14.

James J. Van Alen, of Rhode Island, on December 3d, declined his appointment as minister to Italy.

Several prominent young French-Canadians were arrested on November 20th while preparing to blow up with dynamite the Nelson Monument in Montreal.

The Italian ministry resigned on November 24th because of the connection of some of its members with gigantic bank scandals.

The French ministry, under Premier Dupuy, resigned on November 25th. A new ministry was formed, with M. Casimir-Perier as Premier.

DISASTERS.

Thirty persons were killed and eighty injured, on November 8th, by the explosion of a dynamite bomb thrown by anarchists in a Barcelona theatre.

More than 300 persons were drowned near Calais, France, and about 200 on the coasts of the United Kingdom, and many vessels were wrecked, in a gale on November 17th.

An earthquake, on November 16th, destroyed the city of Kabushan, in Persia, with loss of life estimated at 12,000.

OBITUARY.

At Boston, November 9th, Francis Parkman, aged seventy years.

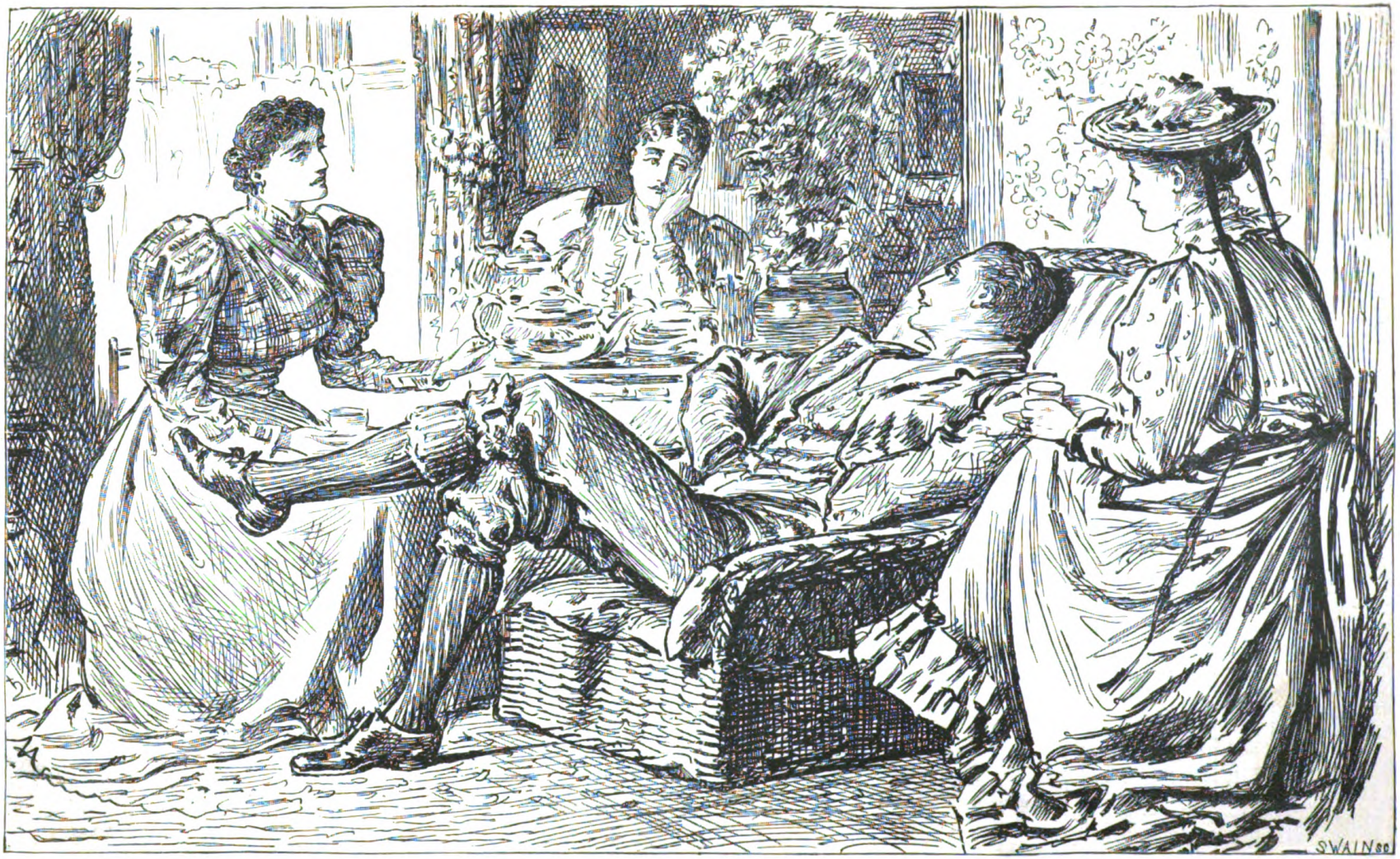
At Grätz, Austria, November 17th, Alexander Joseph of Battenberg, formerly Prince of Bulgaria.

In New York, November 18th, Rev. Dr. Charles F. Deems.

At London, November 21st, Charles Mapleson. At Veroque, Wisconsin, ex-Secretary of Agriculture Jeremiah M. Rusk.

At Haslemere, England, December 4th, John Tyndall, aged seventy-three years.

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AN INFELICITOUS SPEECH.—Drawn by GEORGE DU MAURIER.

"Why—you're looking better already, Sir Ronald!"

"Yes—thanks to your delightful hospitality I've had everything my doctor ordered me: 'Fresh air, good food, agreeable society, and cheerful conversation that involves no strain on the intellect!'"

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EDITOR'S DRAWER

WHEN THE COLONEL WAS A DUELLIST.

BY THOMAS NELSON PAGE.

THE question of duelling was up, and had been discussed. Some approved the code; others were doubtful. The Colonel alone had not participated in it; he had sat through it all calmly smoking his pipe, with his head thrown back against the wall, and his eyes lazily turning from one speaker to another as the talk proceeded. Finally some one said, "Colonel, you have had a duel, of course?"

"Once," he said, and put his pipe back into his mouth, and went on smoking again as before.

"Tell us about it," they said; for the Colonel was a man of wide experience, and of approved courage in the war. The Colonel's eyes turned up to the ceiling, and staid so for some time, while his face took on a reminiscent expression, and when they dropped again there was a look of amusement in them. He waited at least two minutes, then took his pipe out, and emitted a cloud which would have almost concealed a mountain-top.

"Well, when I was as young and almost as big a fool as some of you are," he said, "I thought, like you, duelling was a fine thing. I had read a great deal about it, and talked more. I considered the code the proper recourse of a gentleman, and I so declared myself frequently. This did not prevent me from being disagreeable enough in other ways to get into a number of collisions, in which, as I was a strapping young fellow at the time, I was generally victorious. I was then practising law in the little county town where I started, and I deemed myself easily the greatest lawyer in the circuit, if not in the State. It was necessary to be aggressive, I thought. I had taken Lord Thurlow as my model, and I thought myself like him. There were only two things that stood in my way; there was an older lawyer there who always treated me as if I were about three years old, and the people rather seemed to lean naturally to him. I never went into court with him that he did not make me feel like a fool. I could not pick a quarrel with him and beat him, because he was always most polite when he was most insulting, and besides, he had only one arm, having lost the other, I had heard, in a wheat-machine. I thought he rather took advantage of it, and I used to writhe under his polished sarcasm, and lie awake at night cursing him. At last I could stand it no longer; and once, when he had gone too far for me to endure it, I consulted friends. I selected two young fellows in the village as my advisers: one, a young lawyer; the other had no profession—he was one of the best fellows in the world, but did nothing but drink whiskey. However, he was sober at that time, and as he was a great advocate of the code, I felt that he would keep sober whilst the responsibility was upon him. I consulted them as my friends, and they advised me. The only thing as to which we differed was whether I should give my adversary an opportunity to retract. I maintained that the code required it; they disagreed with me about it. They were so indignant at him that they had taken up the notion that he was really a coward, and that I could unmask him. I might have overcome their arguments if I had not been afraid of being thought a coward. Besides, I was rather in love with a pretty girl in the place, and believed that a duel would make something of a hero of me, and help my cause. (If there were no women and no fools, there'd be no duels, gentlemen.)" After this parenthesis the Colonel proceeded: "Anyhow, they stood out and had their way, and a peremptory challenge was written, and intrusted to Jim Burton. It had all the vigor and venom in it that Jim and Lindman could distil. I thought it too bitter; but Lindman was a lawyer, and a challenge was a felony, anyhow. It was one of the coldest spells I ever remember; the snow was about a foot deep, and had frozen hard on top; and I well recollect how we gathered round Lindman's office fire whilst we waited for the reply to my cartel. I was afraid to go home, for we knew the row and my intention to send the challenge had got out, and the sheriff and his deputy would be after us. We barricaded the door, and pulled down the old blinds at the shutterless windows. Jim staid so long that finally we were about to send Lindman out to look for him, when he gave the three taps agreed on at the window. He was let in, and after warming up a bit, told his story. He had had much difficulty in finding Facton—Facton was his name, I forgot to say—but had finally found him, and had presented the challenge. Facton had read it at first with amusement, Jim thought; then with anger, or fear—he could not tell which. 'Fear, without doubt,' we both decided. I thought of my girl. Then he had said he would send for some one and lay the matter before him, and had told Jim he would let us hear from him in the course of a few hours.

"'Did you tell him where to send?' we asked Jim.

"'Of course,' he said. 'I told him we would sit here all night.'

"'That's right,' we agreed.

"'And he as good as kicked me out of his house, sir,' said Jim.

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"'What!' We were overwhelmed at this breach of decorum, and Jim had to specify. 'Of course he did not lay his hand on me, but he rang the bell, and told that black butler of his to show me the door.' This did look like it; and Jim, who was rather talkative, declared that for a little he would call him out himself.

"'Jim, whom did he say he would send for?' we asked.

"'I did not catch the name exactly, but it sounded like "Drace"; it could not have been him, though; he's the sheriff!'

"'Drace! Are you sure it was Drace? There's only one Drace in the county, and that's the sheriff!' Jim's memory was refreshed by our repetition of the name, and he was positive it was Drace. Here was a bombshell. The whole plot burst on us. He was going to send for the sheriff and have us arrested, and then get the credit of being the only one out. It was diabolical. 'Why in the mischief did you tell him where we were?' we asked; which made Jim rather sulky, and he said truly that we had just praised him for doing that very thing, and said something further about our being a couple of fools. As he was necessary to us, and had done the best he could, we had to mollify him, which was not hard to do. Still, there was the question of arrest to be considered. To be the first arrested in a duel was a crying disgrace. It was decided to send Lindman out to reconnoitre. He had not been gone long when he came rushing back, and began to barricade the door faster than ever. He had run upon the sheriff himself coming out of old Facton's yard, and the sheriff had attempted to arrest him: 'But I knocked him down,' said he, triumphantly. This was a new complication. The sheriff was already the friend and creature of old Facton, who was the commonwealth's attorney, and now to have knocked him down would make him all the more bitter against us. Jim changed the current of our thoughts suddenly by saying: 'Suppose old Facton should choose shot-guns and buckshot? He's one of the best shots with a shot-gun in the world, one-armed or no one-armed.' I had not thought of this, and I was conscious of a sudden and unexplained catching of my breath which left a little taste in my mouth. Then I thought of my girl again. I asked Jim how the Colonel lost his arm. He said in the Mexican war; and I don't know why, but I was conscious again of that same sinking sensation and taste. However, we did not have much time to consider, for just then we heard the 'crunch' of approaching footsteps through the frozen snow, and the next moment there came a thundering knock at the door, and the sheriff was de-



"I WAS IN IT."

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manding admittance. I was sensible of something not unlike a feeling of relief, at which I was rather ashamed, but Lindman seemed to be in a frenzy of excitement. He sprang up and seized a heavy desk. The sheriff and his posse (for there were several in the party, as we could tell from their voices), finding the door locked, dashed against it, and it creaked and cracked, and seemed about to give way, when Lindman got his desk against it and flung himself on top of it. 'Get out of the window,' he whispered; 'hurry; go to Rice's loft. I'll hold it. I'll keep the scoundrels out.' I, of course, had to appear to be trying to get away, so I began to fumble at the window, and would have found a reasonable excuse in its tight sash, if Jim had not solved the difficulty by kicking the window out, sash and all. There was nothing for me to do then but to climb out. But, Jerusalem! how cold it was! I thought the wind would cut me open. I was about to climb back, when Jim pushed me out. (They were the most eager seconds I ever saw.) I told them I could not go out in that wind without a hat and great-coat. They flung me a hat, and asked where my great-coat was. I was looking round with one eye for the coat and the other on the door, hoping it might give way, which it threatened to do every minute, when it did give way with a smash, and the sheriff came in head foremost through the split. Lindman flung himself on him like a tiger, shouting to me to run—he'd hold him—and Jim gave me a shove, so there was nothing else to do, and I got out. It was as cold as Christmas, and as I ran across the lots to Rice's stable I thought the wind would cut me in two. Jim followed, and we climbed up into the loft in the hay. At first I was sensible of relief at getting out of that biting wind, but after a little I began to freeze again. I asked Jim if he thought he could get any whiskey. He said not, and began to preach on temperance in general, and especially on the necessity of sobriety in a duellist. I said, 'Jim, you talk as if you were drunk now.' He was so much offended at this that I apologized. I burrowed down into the hay, but to no purpose. Jim was better off than I, for he had an overcoat. The idea that whiskey would keep me from freezing seemed to take possession of me, and I began to think about it all the time. Presently I thought I began to smell it. This rather scared me, for I thought I must be freezing to death. My feet were already numb. Jim, who had at first been very voluble, had become less and less so, and now only answered from his hole in the hay in grunts, or not at all. How long we were there I don't know, but presently I could get no answer from Jim. The idea seized me that he must be freezing to death. This, with the delusion about the smell of whiskey, aroused me, and after calling him again and again and getting no response, I crawled over to him through the dark, and put my hand on him. The first thing I struck was a whiskey-bottle. It was empty. Jim had been lying up there with that bottle until he was dead-drunk. Well, I was pretty mad. I had a great mind to leave him there, but I was afraid he would freeze to death. My other second I knew was arrested. So there was nothing to do but to go in. I crawled out and took a survey. Not a light was to be seen. I was afraid to arouse any one, so I had to get Jim down out of the loft and back to Lindman's office by myself. He came down the ladder easy enough—too easy. I was afraid he had broken his neck. Did any of you ever try to carry a hundred and sixty pounds of limp humanity a quarter of a mile through a twelve-inch snow? Well, if you have not, don't try it. Next time I'll let him freeze, if he is George Washington.

"When I got into Lindman's office the fire was out, and the door and window looked as if a cyclone had struck them. There were splinters enough, however, lying around to make a fire, and I utilized them. I soon fried Jim out enough to find he was alive; and I never knew just how it happened, but the next thing I knew the sheriff was standing by Lindman's bed, and I was in it. He had one eye in a poultice, and his temper and nose needed one too; but, bad as they were, they were not as bad as Lindman's. Lindman had spent the night in the jail parlor, after one of the most heroical fights ever put up in the county. When he found that I had slept in his bed it capped the climax. It came near bringing on another duel, and would have done so if he could have got anybody to take his challenge that morning. As it was, we were all bound over to keep the peace, and Facton went on our bond, after making a handsome apology to me, and doing all he could to shield us from the public ridicule which threatened to overwhelm us. Lindman became his partner afterwards, and I married his daughter. That was my only duel."

The Colonel stopped, and began to reach for a match.

"What became of your old sweetheart, Colonel, for whom you fought?"

"She married a Methodist preacher, and went as a missionary to China," said the Colonel.

CHECK.

THE man who tries to take advantage of the ignorance of another occasionally gets a Roland for his Oliver. A Boston man once, in England, seeing a laborer digging flints out of chalk, pompously asked him if he thought they grew.

"Sure," was the reply, "I know they do."

"Then put a piece of flint on a table, and see how much it grows in a year."

"And you, sir," said the laborer, "put a potato on the table, and see how much it grows in a year."

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IN UTAH.

THE DEACON. "That's my wife on the piazzy, sir. She's a 'normous big woman; but, ye see, I'm a Mormon, an' since the law only lets us have one wife these days, I got as big a one as I could to make up for the others."

MISS MERRIFIELD'S MISTAKE.

MISS MERRIFIELD accepted the offer of Mr. Brooks's escort from Mrs. Symonds's reception. Miss Merrifield adored Mr. Brooks, and more than half suspected that Mr. Brooks adored her. In fact, she hoped for a declaration that very night.

Just as the pair stepped on the porch, Mr. Brooks was called back by the hostess. A moment later Mr. Enfield passed through the door, and seeing Miss Merrifield apparently unattended, silently offered her his arm. She, supposing him to be Mr. Brooks, took it eagerly, and they started up the street together. Mr. Brooks followed, muttering curses on the fickleness of woman.

A little before reaching the house of Miss Merrifield, Mr. Brooks, still walking behind, saw the young lady break away from her escort, rush frantically up the steps, and disappear within-doors, and his soul rejoiced at these signs of a quarrel.

Somehow the whole thing leaked out the next morning, and before night the friends of all the parties knew exactly what had happened.

It seems that Mr. Enfield, piqued at being called Mr. Brooks by his absent-minded companion, had said, "Please, Miss Merrifield, don't call me Mr. Brooks." At which she, confident the declaration had arrived at last, had murmured, "What shall I call you, dear?" And then the cruel disillusion had come: "Why, call me Mr. Enfield, of course."

Miss Merrifield is reported to have gone South for the winter. A. F. S.

HAUNTED!

I AM haunted, gentle reader; but in such a pleasant way,
I do not fear the "specter" one iota.
In fact, I would consider it a dreary sort of day
In which I was unable to devote a
Good portion of the fleeting hours unto my cheerful "phantom,"
And I'm "*awful* sorry" for the folks who have no "ghost" to "haunt" 'em!

My little "spook" came down the stair to "haunt" me t'other night,
As late I labored o'er a dreary matter.
Through the grim shadows of the hall I caught a glimpse of white,
And heard a tiny slipper's gentle patter;
And presently a baby-voice came thro' the door to greet me:
"Say, popper, did you fink I wuz a gobblun come to eat ye?" CHARLEWYN.

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ALLERBY'S BACKSLIDING DOWN HILL.

WE have no rectory at Lonelyville, because the vestry can't decide whether to build it in the old part of Lonelyville near the church, or up in the new part on the "Heights."

Just at present the senior warden and four vestrymen are Valleyites, and the junior warden and the other four vestrymen are Heightites. The rector has the deciding vote, but declines to cast it, for fear of causing a split in the congregation. Allerby owns a good deal of land on the "Heights," and as the location of a handsome rectory near his property would largely increase its value, he is very anxious to be elected a vestryman next Easter. Accordingly he has been attending the services regularly, and contributing freely to the various charities. Everything seemed to be working in his favor till Christmas came. To secure his election it would be necessary to gain the suffrages of some of the Valleyites, and to have the good-will of the rector. With this end in view, he had given a handsome sum to the Sunday-school Christmas tree, and had taken special pains that certain of the Valley children should get exceptionally nice presents. For the clergyman's fourteen-year-old son he had selected a patent bob-sled that was simply a dream.

He showed it to me on the train the day he brought it out, and asked me if I didn't think the minister would be pleased. But when I reminded him that since the lad had been arrested the previous winter for running a "bob" into a Presbyterian elder, and had been fined ten dollars therefor by a Baptist justice of the peace, bob-sledding had not been a popular amusement at the rectory, Allerby concluded that he would get the boy something else. Accordingly, he gave out that he had bought the sled for his own two-year-old little girl, and got himself largely regarded as an idiot in consequence.

On Christmas morning early Allerby opened my front door, came in, and threw himself down in a chair.

"Well, you've done it," he said.

"Done what?" I asked.

"Why in thunder didn't you let me give that sled to the minister's boy, and be done with it?" Allerby demanded, inconsequently.

"What's the matter now?"

"Matter enough. I took that confounded machine home, and when I said it was for the baby, Mrs. Allerby asked me if people laid down sleds as they do wine, because it would be twelve years before Daisy could use it.

"However, I wasn't going to be bluffed that way, and last night when we swapped presents all around, as usual, Daisy got her sled.

"Well, after the kid was fast asleep, the nurse-maid came and asked could she and the cook borrow the sled and go coasting. You know they're both Nova Scotia girls, and they said they had never done anything else except bob-sledding before they worked out.

"Of course Mrs. Allerby said 'yes.' If they'd asked for her best silk dress and satin slippers to go coasting in she'd have said 'yes' just the same. Off they went, but in a few minutes they came running back, and said that some rough men from the quarries had spoken to them on the hill and frightened them away. Then what did my wife do but suggest that I should put on my cap and ulster and go out and stand guard over them! Now, I realize as well as she does how important it is to make life attractive for servants in the suburbs, but, by Jove! I believe in drawing the line somewhere; and for a man who's running for vestryman a good place to draw it is at sliding down hill with his cook and nurse-maid, especially when they're as good-looking as Delia and Maggie. However, I said I'd go if she'd come too, and off we went.

"Well, it was kind of cold work standing around in the snow watching the maids having an elegant time, and finally Mrs. Allerby said she was going to have a coast, too, or go home, girls or no girls. So the next time they came up the hill, we took the bob. I sat down in front to steer, and Mrs. Allerby was just getting on, when who should come along but the same men who had frightened the girls before. Delia and Maggie said they were afraid to be left alone on the hill with *those men*, so Mrs. Allerby made them get on the bob with me, and gave it a shove, meaning to jump on behind herself.

"The heavy load made the sled start so quickly that she didn't have time, and I found myself speeding down hill with the nurse-maid's arms clasped tightly around my waist, and the cook, who is an excitable creature, shrieking wildly in the rear. The brakes refused to work, and I couldn't stop till we got plumb in front of the church door, just as the dominie emerged with the Hickses and the Sandses and the Dowtons, and a lot of other Valleyites, who'd been trimming the chancel with evergreens."

"That was rather awkward," I commented.

"Awkward!" cried Allerby. "Why, man, I made some sort of a bluff at an explanation, tried to tell them how it was, and blessed if they didn't all climb up the hill with me to see Mrs. Allerby; and—thunder and Mars—"

"Why, what happened?" I asked.

"Happened?" repeated Allerby. "Nothing; only it seems she'd been so frightened at being left alone there with the quarry roughs that she had run home as fast as she could. And the dominie and the Hickses and the Sandses and the Dowtons and the rest, when they found she wasn't waiting for me, just coughed, and turned round and climbed down the hill again."

That was some weeks ago; and in spite of Allerby's elaborate explanations at the station, in the train, and on the ferry-boat, the impression is daily gaining ground that he is not at all a proper person for the position of vestryman.

H. G. PAINE.

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TWO SAFE PROFESSIONS.

A WRITER of verse not wholly unknown to fame rejoices in the possession of a charming little country place not many miles from the metropolis, the lawns of which are carefully looked after by a clever young Irishman. It so happened that during the business depression of last summer the young Irishman's brother was thrown out of employment by the shutting down of the mills which were the chief industry of the town, and John, the poet's gardener, was very much overcome at the prospect of having to support his fraternal relative through the winter.

His employer had frequently asked after the brother's health, and encouraged his gardener to confide his woes in him, believing that sympathy begets good service; and recently John said, in response to one of these inquiries:

"He's shtill out uv worruk, sorr. That's th' throuble wid worrukin' in mills. Oi wuz tellin' Patsey lasht noight he'd betther get into some other thrade—like yure's or moine, sorr."

"Like yours or mine, eh?" said the poet.

"Yis, sorr; for, as oi said to him, sorr, no matther how dull business gets, there's jest as manny weeds to be pulled an' pomes to be writ."

THE BLANKVILLE MANDOLIN QUARTET.

IN a small town in New York State a lady recently engaged for her reception the services of the "Blankville Mandolin Quartet." Upon the stated day three darkies appeared on the scene with banjos.

"Why," cried the hostess, aghast, "I—I engaged the Mandolin Quartet."

"Yassum," said the leader. "We's dey."

LOGIC.

NAMING a horse is sometimes fully as difficult as naming a baby, although the groom of a well-known New-Yorker did not find it so the other day. Mr. Johnson had a valuable horse which he had called Ajax, and only recently was able to buy an excellent mate for it. What to call it was the problem, and in his anxiety to discover just the right name several days went by. At last he went to the stable one day and discovered that his groom had solved the difficulty for him. The word "Ajax" was painted over the stall of the older horse, and over that of the new-comer appeared, in large chalk letters, "Bjax."

ME AND THE CAT.

RICHARD X—— is an incorrigible youngster of ten who has shown a tendency to lay the blame of his misdeeds on other shoulders. His favorite scapegoat was the family feline. A jar of sweets could not be opened, or a bit of gingerbread purloined, or a vase broken to atoms, without a lame excuse of Dick's, "I guess it was the cat," calling forth his mother's reproaches:

"Richard, you must not lay the blame on the cat of all the wickedness you are guilty of in this house."

Not long after one of these upbraidings, in Sunday-school, his teacher asked Richard the question, apropos of the devil's power on earth,

"Who is responsible for the wickedness of this world?"

It was with a mixture of a contrite spirit and the old habit that little Dick answered: "Well, I suppose that I'm partly to blame. But—but I think our cat has her paw in it."

WALTER C. NICHOLS.



A SOCIAL COMPLICATION.

"Now, Ethel dear, the doctor is down-stairs. I want you to see him."
"Oh, mamma! I'm not well enough to see him."

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FOUR DOGS.—By Will Carleton.

I.

THE han'somest dog I ever see
(Said Brooks, with a knowing leer)
Was one the General lent to me,



An' said he was good for deer.
Now everything proceeded right
So long as you kep' the fool in sight;
But all at once perhaps he'd see
A red-tailed squirrel agin a tree,
Or maybe a mother bird distressed
For fear some fellow would find her nest;
An' once a rabbit family meek,
A-playin' the game of hide-an'-seek,
Or often a wavin' bush or limb
Would seem for to make a dive at him;
Whatever would thus appear,
He'd start right off for it, crazy-quick,
The same as a two-foot lunatic;
His mind would probably lose its grip
Concernin' the object of the trip;
An' he'd come home, some time that day,
A-lookin' as if to try to say,
"You're all of ye eq'al queer!"

II.

The savagest dog I ever see
(Said Snooks, with a thoughtful air)



Was one the Governor lent to me,
And said he was good for bear.
An' he was an interestin' sight,
A-gettin' the other dogs to fight;
He'd boldly draw 'em up t' the game,
An' hurl anathemas on the same;
They'd follow him straight, an' own the corn,
That he was a regular leader born;
But when the bear would open his jaws,
An' make a parenth'sis of his paws,
This dog stepped back with merciful smile,
An' let the other ones lead awhile.
But still he would skirmish near,
An' yell, blaspheme, an' tear aroun'
The outer parts of the battle-groun';
An' pass his comrades, wounded red,
To worry the animal when 'twas dead;
Then, spick an' span as a dog could be,
He'd say, with a wag and a wink at me,
"I've human natur' to spare!"

III.

The foolest dog I ever see
(Said Crooks—same afternoon)
Was one the Coroner traded me,
An' said he was good for 'coon.
An' he was a cur of fair appear,
An' carried the blood for a fine career;
But e'en a'most every other night,
As soon as the moon would bob in sight,
He'd chase it off in elegant style,
For somethin' less than a hundred mile;
He'd keep a-goin', an' never stop,
Until he was all prepared to drop;
But if, by chance, he could stay it down,
He'd think he had run it out of town.
An' next day, not too soon,
All covered over with conscious shame,
Because he had failed to bag his game,
He'd sneak it home, with a lengthened jaw,
As if he had married a mother-in-law;
Yet seemed to be sayin', I had a whim,
To them who tried for to laugh at him,
"You've all of you got your moon!"



IV.

The homeliest dog I ever see
(Said Spooks, with an air of thought)
Was one the Minister gave to me,
An' said he was good for naught.
But somehow 'r other, day by day,
He struck his gait, an' he made his way;
He j'ined the family, one by one,
But didn't perform as the pampered son;
He carried a cheerful tail an' face,
But wasn't desirous to embrace;
He didn't go sniffin' along our track,
But al'ays was glad to see us back;
He helped at huntin' an' loved the fun,
But al'ays knowed who carried the gun;
He schemed an' worked an' fought
To keep the thievers from our abode,
But never would superintend the road;
He managed to be our love an' pride;
An' when that fellow fell down an' died,
He had a buryin' such as men
Gets give to 'em only now an' then;
For honesty can't be bought!



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LITERARY NOTES.

BY LAURENCE HUTTON.

A DECADE or so ago there appeared in this country a novel called *The Bread-Winners*.[1] It attracted a great amount of public attention; it was discussed and quoted from California to Maine; it was preached about in pulpits; it was commented upon in political gatherings; it was in everybody's hands. And one irrelevant critic even compared it to "The Beautiful Snow"; not because the story and the "poem" had anything in common, simply because they both appeared anonymously, and because many persons, all over the land, probably not the right persons, professed to have written them. Who did write them has never yet been established. "The Beautiful Snow," as it fell on city streets and on country fields, has long since been swept away, or been permitted to melt away, and is almost forgotten. "The Bread-Winners" we have always with us. They belong to no particular season of the year, and to no particular section of the commonwealth; and they now reveal themselves in a new edition and a new dress, to be studied, no doubt, by a new generation of younger readers who are not familiar with their faces. How much profit they have brought to their creator only their creator can say. That they would bring him no small amount of fame, if he would but step forward and claim it, there can be no question.

The plot or the motive of "The Bread-Winners" need not be fully described here. It deals with the lower stories of our social edifice, and it delineates, with genuine strength and clearness, those of our fellow-men who believe themselves to have been created equal with, if not better than, the occupants of the drawing-room floors of society. They are the men who win their bread, literally, by the sweat of their brows; who work and fret, and sometimes conspire. It is the old story of the struggle of labor against capital, told, however, in a fresh and startling way. It pictures an unsuccessful strike, and the heroism of the central figure, who suppresses, by his prompt and manly action, the attendant deeds of violence. It is peculiarly interesting to re-read now, as being strangely prophetic of the dangerous elements, who have proved themselves possible and real, not only in the New World, but in the Old, where what is called the masses are becoming more dangerous and more desperate, if not more wretched, and are certainly more perfectly organized and more resolutely led than they were when the tale was written.

The question of the authorship of the novel has been as much discussed as the novel itself. An anonymous writer said of the work at the time of its first publication in book form, and in the Editor's Literary Record of this Magazine, that it "treats of a phase of American society rarely depicted in American novels, and very different from any of those depicted in the natty performances of Mr. Henry James, Jun., and the writers of his school." It has a certain affinity of treatment with "The Blood Seedling," one of a collection of short stories, by Mr. John Hay, which antedated it by some years. It assuredly is not natty; it sounds more like "Banty Tim" than like "The Beautiful Snow"; and it *might* have been written by the man who drew Jim Bludso, the engineer of the *Prairie Belle*, as "a man that died for men."

THE *Prairie Belle* and the *Mary Ann* are anything but sister ships, and they sail in very different waters. *The Mate of the "Mary Ann"*[2] does not have to die for men, and the bread she wins is not even the hard-tack which is usually supplied to nautical characters. The *Mary Ann* is a fishing-boat "on the Cape," and her chief officer is Miss Robina Dinsmore, a young girl who has seen some fourteen summers and as many rough and toilsome winters; but she is as brave and helpful and true as was the "Captain Polly" of the military branch of our coast-defenders, to whom Miss Sophie Swett introduced her juvenile friends in one of her earlier stories for boys and girls.

"'Me and her,'" said her young companion, "indicating Robin by a backward jerk of his thumb—'me and her is cap'n and crew and all hands to-day. The cap'n he's gone away. She's mate, anyhow, all the time, and considerable of the time I'm all hands.'" The *Mary Ann* is fortunate in having so good a mate; the little sailor possesses what Thanny calls "know-how," even if she is lacking in physical strength; and this "know-how" she exercises in many ways for the good of the fishing-folk about her. It is this same "know-how" which makes Miss Swett so happy in the clean little how-to-know tales which she writes so pleasantly for Young People.

THE story of *The Transgression of Terence Clancy*,[3] by Mr. Harold Vallings, was not written for young persons, and by young persons it will hardly be understood. Its hero was

[1] *The Bread-Winners.* A Social Study. Post 8vo, Paper, 50 cents. (*Harper's Quarterly.*) New York: Harper and Brothers.

[2] *The Mate of the "Mary Ann."* By SOPHIE SWETT, Author of "Flying Hill Farm," etc. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25. (*Harper's Young People Series.*) New York: Harper and Brothers.

[3] *The Transgression of Terence Clancy.* By HAROLD VALLINGS. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents. (*Harper's Franklin Square Library.*) New York: Harper and Brothers.

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born without the "know-how" instinct; he does not die for anybody but himself, and the bread he wins for himself is manufactured out of the Dead Sea fruit, which is said to grow in the neighborhood of the body of water whose name it bears—to be lovely to look upon, but to be filled with ashes. Upon being struck, or pressed, it explodes with a puff, and, as it is composed chiefly of air, and of bad air, it is reduced to the rind and to a few fibres when it is carefully dissected. Terence Clancy is a perfect specimen of the Apple of Sodom upon which he is fed. His career is one of long duplicity; he is, as his author describes him, a great dominating figure of treachery, with a strange pathetic side of human weakness; a mournful shape, built up, piece by piece, moulded by the unwilling hand of a workman who had many times turned from his task, loathing it and himself, yearning often to shatter it to fragments, but too weak to destroy his own miserable handiwork.

If the hero is purposely built of air and of ashes, the book is moulded of stronger and more enduring stuff. It is a dramatic, philosophical study of life, illustrating, as has been shown, the tendency and the development of badly regulated good-nature, and of spontaneous impulses which are turned in a wrong direction. From the British critics it has received marked and, perhaps, exaggerated and injudicious praise. Some of them have likened it to "Adam Bede" and "The Silence of Dean Maitland." It is certainly exceedingly interesting, if a little sombre; it has a decided literary quality; and it will find many admirers on our own shores of the Atlantic; but it is hardly worthy to stand on a pedestal by the side of the best work of "George Eliot" or "Maxwell Gray."

In a letter to a German publishing firm who wanted to print the story of his life, Von Moltke wrote, in 1877: "I take the liberty of remarking that biographies of living men can hardly be anything else but so many panegyrics, which everybody puts aside as tedious. An impartial judgment must be left till after the death of the person in question . . . The character of a man is a riddle difficult to solve, even for his relations, how much more so for strangers. Your author would not be able to give a true picture of me, even if he could build on the uncertain foundation of personal acquaintance. I should like to leave it to posterity to give its opinion about me." Since Von Moltke died posterity has had ample opportunity to form an opinion concerning him, and the judgment is unquestionably impartial. He has, in his own correspondence, solved, in a measure, the riddle of his character; he has given a fairly true picture of himself; and his relatives have added to its strength by not a few affectionate touches.

Attention has been called in these columns, and during the past few years, to three large volumes relating to the great soldier and the good man. We have reviewed "The Letters of Field-Marshal Count Helmuth von Moltke to his Mother and his Brothers," "The Franco-German War of 1870–71, by Field-Marshal von Moltke," and "Moltke, his Life and Character." Added to these, just issued from the press, are *Von Moltke as a Correspondent*,[4] and two volumes of *Essays, Speeches and Memoirs of Von Moltke*.[5] They are uniform with the preceding; and none of them will any reader be likely to put aside as tedious.

Von Moltke, as he has pictured himself, was a man of fine character, as unusual as it was diversified; air and ashes were not among his component parts. Lord Wolseley said of him that he was "a God-fearing man, full of real piety and sincere faith in his Maker." He was a hard fighter, a thorough patriot, a warm friend, an affectionate husband, and a devoted son and brother; his published writings show that he was possessed of a directness and clearness of literary style which is not associated with life in camps and courts; and two drawings from his own pencil in early life, as reproduced among "The Memoirs," prove him to have had latent in him something very like true artistic skill.

Even a casual reading of these latest volumes concerning Von Moltke will show the many-sidedness of the man; but what the English general calls his real piety and sincere faith are perhaps the most apparent. In an Essay upon "Germany and Palestine," published in 1841, he pleads for the recovery of the Holy Land of the Christians from the hands of the Moslems; and he speaks in terms of sympathetic praise of that enthusiastic desire for the spot where the Redeemer was born, where He lived, taught, and suffered, which once caused millions of pious Christians to give up their homes, and endure unspeakable hardships, in order to tread the consecrated ground of Palestine. The flower of Western knighthood, he says, shed its life-blood in order to wrest the holy places from the dominion of the infidels; he regrets deeply that this religious feeling has cooled; and he believes that by the deliverance of the Holy Sepulchre, Christian Europe would obtain a satisfaction which has been held from her for generations. He proposes to make Palestine a German province, of course, and to hand it over to a sovereign prince of the German nation and of genuine tolerance. He shows that if Jerusalem, with the holy places about it, was made an independent state it would be a state in a deserted, barren district, cut off from the sea,

[4] *Field-Marshal Count Helmuth von Moltke as a Correspondent.* Translated by Mary Herms. 8vo, Cloth, $2 50. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[5] *Essays, Speeches, and Memoirs of Field-Marshal Count Helmuth von Moltke.* The Essays translated by Charles Flint McClumpha, Ph.D., the Speeches by Major G. Barter, D.A.A.G., and the Memoirs by Mary Herms. With Two Portraits. Two Volumes. 8vo, Cloth, $5 00. (In a Box.) New York: Harper and Brothers.

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far from its protectors, surrounded by Arabian bands of robbers, threatened by Moslem neighbors, and rent internally by furious hatred among the sects. And he adds, in righteous indignation, words which will bear quoting in full: "Such a state would certainly be a very unfortunate creation. Truly it is a fortunate thing that the tolerant Moslems have the power in their hands, and not one of the sects which have so completely forgotten the doctrine of gentle toleration and brotherly love at the grave of the Redeemer, that we blush before the infidels."

It is not possible, in the limited space at command here, to give even a summary of the subjects upon which Von Moltke wrote and spoke. It is said that but few men in either of the Houses of the German Parliament possessed, in the same high degree, the power of compelling and holding the attention of an assembly. As he rose to speak, the House assumed at once a changed aspect, deep stillness settled on the whole hall, and from all sides members pressed around for fear of losing any of his words, adversaries and admirers following, with equal attention, utterances the weighty import of which none of them had often the courage to gainsay. His letters, in an entirely different vein, are as interesting as his more serious spoken or written words.

The six volumes form an important contribution to the history of the century in which we live. As a rule, they are well and carefully translated, and they lack nothing but an Index.

THE present reviewer, having spent some little time, about a year ago, in careful personal study of the topography of Jerusalem, and having since read much of the literature of the latest researches regarding it, is peculiarly fitted, he feels, to judge of the merits of Dr. M. G. Easton's *Illustrated Dictionary of the Bible*.[6] It is evidently, as its author states, the result of many months of loving labor; no pains seem to have been spared to make it reliable, thorough, and complete in all respects. The work is presented in a compact form; and in a doctrinal, historical, biographical, archæological, and geographical way it is brought down to date. It is abundantly illustrated with views, sketches, maps, and plans; it contains a number of chronological tables, and it will be found of value not only for uses of ordinary reference at home, but as a guide-book to Palestine and Egypt themselves. Arranged, as it is, in alphabetical order from Aaron, the brother of Moses, to the Zuzims who were smitten in Ham, it will be a most serviceable companion to those who visit Bible Lands. It will tell one, for instance, exactly where Joppa, the chief seaport of Judea, lies, and where it got its name; it gives the history of Joppa, its size, its early and its present population, and it tells how it is connected with Jerusalem by a modern railway, completed in 1893. It explains that it was from this port that Jonah took ship on his ever-memorable voyage, and that here—by the sea-side—lived Simon, the tanner, in whose house Simon Peter resided for many days and had his vision of tolerance; and it devotes six or seven columns to an extended biography of Peter himself, giving, in every instance, chapter and verse. That Dr. Easton does not explain that Andromeda was chained on the jagged reefs through which the voyager passes between ship and shore at Joppa is not a serious omission, because that incident belongs to the mythology of the heathen, rather than to the history of revealed religion.

The only slip which the reviewer has discovered in Dr. Easton's pages is the somewhat careless statement that Bethlehem is "twenty-five hundred and fifty feet above the sea," without mentioning to which sea he refers. Bethlehem lies between the Dead Sea and the Mediterranean, and the level of the latter is thirteen hundred feet above the level of the former. Although the Dead Sea was variously called, in Scripture, "the Salt Sea," "the Sea of the Plain," "the East Sea," and simply "the Sea" (Ezekiel, chapter xlvii, verse 8), it is not the sea to which the author alludes.

"IN Jerusalem, things came to a crisis at the same time [A.D. 66]. The Jews were divided into two parties; the men of moderation, who, putting their trust in the Lord, were ready to endure Roman rule without resistance, and the men of action, who resolved to found the Kingdom of Heaven by the sword. The former were the Pharisees, the latter the zealots, and the power of the zealots was on the increase." Thus writes Mr. J. B. Bury, Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Dublin, in *A History of the Roman Empire*,[7] a manual for students. The author devotes a number of pages to the story of the Revolt of Judea, and the destruction of Jerusalem; and he takes up the history of the Jews in Palestine where Dr. Easton leaves it, at the close of the New Testament chronicles. One of the Kings Agrippa of whom he treats is the Agrippa before whom Paul spoke, and who was almost persuaded by Paul to become a Christian; and if a biographical dictionary were needed for this portion of Mr. Bury's work, Dr. Easton's work would fill the want.

Mr. Bury asserts that there exists no English hand-book, suitable for schools and universities, which relates to the important period he covers—the first two centuries of the Empire, from its foundation to the death of Marcus Aurelius; and this hand-book he furnishes with

[6] *Illustrated Bible Dictionary, and Treasury of Biblical History, Biography, Geography, Doctrine, and Literature.* With Numerous Illustrations and Important Chronological Tables and Maps. By M. G. EASTON, M.A., D.D. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $1.50. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[7] *A History of the Roman Empire, from its Foundation to the Death of Marcus Aurelius.* By J. B. BURY, M.A. Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, $1.50. (*The Student's Series.*) New York: Harper and Brothers.

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no little amount of success. He has gathered his material directly from original sources, but he acknowledges his indebtedness to many of the modern authorities whom he has consulted. His work is well arranged and well constructed; like the "Bible Dictionary," it contains maps, plans, and many illustrations; and, above all, it has an admirable descriptive index, which adds greatly to its value, not only for use in schools and colleges, but as a book of easy reference on the domestic library table.

THE *Index to Harper's New Monthly Magazine*,[8] Vol. I. to Vol. LXXXV., inclusive, presents no less than forty-two references to Fisheries or Fishing, twenty to Rome, eleven to the Holy Land, eight to the Bible, and one each to Von Moltke, the Dead Sea, and "The Bread-Winners." These are, as the case may be, general, special, descriptive, or critical; and they are only an infinitesimal fraction of the fifty-one thousand references the volume contains.

As an Index it is a model of skill, accuracy, patient industry, and thorough system; and it is a key which will open a magnificent storehouse of information and literary wealth. Its alphabetical sequence is never broken. All groups of titles have been set in a different type from the groups of subjects or of authors. Each contribution appears not only under the author's name, but under its title and its subject, as "Abbott, Jacob, Holy Land, Memories of"; "Holy Land, Memories of, by Jacob Abbott"; and "Dead Sea, The, by Jacob Abbott." When authors are known by pseudonyms cross-references are made to the real name; and when articles have obscure titles they are to be found under other and general headings, as, for example, "The First Families of the Atlantic" are identified under the words "Cod," "Herring," and "Mackerel." The entire literary matter has been arranged under some eighty different headings; illustrated articles are indicated by an asterisk, and in all instances the most important illustrations have been noted in the same manner as the text. So much for the Index. What can be said, in a column or two, of the Magazine it indexes? It covers a period of three-and-forty years; and it constitutes a very complete exposition of modern life in every department, literary, æsthetic, industrial, scientific, artistic, historic, and social. Its list of contributors is monumental, and much of its subject-matter has become classic. It is a library in itself; and the man or woman who has read it carefully and understandingly from the beginning is possessed of a liberal education. Its first editor was Henry J. Raymond, and it has been conducted in turn and most ably by George Ripley, A. H. Guernsey, and Mr. Henry M. Alden. Lewis Gaylord Clark, S. Irenæus Prime, W. A. Seaver, Charles Dudley Warner, Thomas Nelson Page, have kept in turn the key to its Editor's Drawer. George William Curtis sat for years in its Editor's Easy Chair, and Mr. Howells founded the Editor's Study, which Mr. Warner now occupies.

Its original prospectus, printed at the beginning of the opening number, June, 1850, and called "A Word at the Start," is interesting and curious reading now; and it will bear quoting, in a fragmentary way. The design of the publishers in issuing this work, it says among other things, was to place within the reach of the great mass of the American people the unbounded treasures of the periodical literature of the day. The leading authors of Great Britain and of France, as well as of the United States, were already constant contributors to the periodical press. Lamartine had just become the editor of a newspaper. Dickens had just established a weekly journal of his own, through which he was giving to the world some of the most delightful creations which ever came from his magic pen. Alison was writing constantly for "Blackwood." Lever was enlisted in the cause of the "Dublin University Magazine." The elder Bulwer and Thackeray were publishing their great and brilliant novels in the pages of the monthly magazines of England; and Macaulay, then the greatest of living essayists and historians, was enriching the "Edinburgh Review" with volumes of the most magnificent productions of English literature. The New Monthly Magazine, its prospectus said, was not intended for any particular class of readers, or for any particular kind of reading. Its publishers, by a careful, industrious, and intelligent use of the various appliances at their hand, had no doubt that they could present a monthly compendium of the periodical productions of the day, which no one who had the slightest relish for miscellaneous reading, or the slightest desire to keep himself informed of the progress and result of the literary genius of his own age, would willingly be without. And they intended to publish it at so low a rate, and to give it a value so much beyond its cost, that they felt it would make its way into the hands and the family circle of every intelligent citizen of the United States.

In this first number were articles from the pens of Ik Marvel, William Howitt, Leigh Hunt, Albert Smith, Southey, Charles Lever, Bulwer, De Quincey, Coleridge, Guizot, Harriet Martineau, and Fredrika Bremer. This was at the start a compendium of the periodical production of the day which no intelligent reader could afford to ignore. The first article of the first number of the Magazine, according to its Index, was the first chapter of Lever's "Maurice Tiernay"; the last article of the present number—not according to the Index—and the last article which any very intelligent person is likely to read—is a Literary Note upon the Index itself.

[8] *Index to Harper's New Monthly Magazine.* Alphabetical, Analytical, and Classified. Volumes I. to LXXXV. inclusive, from June, 1850, to November, 1892. 8vo, Cloth, $5 00. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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[See "At a Private View"]

"SHE OVERHEARD TWO ART STUDENTS DISCUSSING."

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HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXXVIII. MARCH, 1894. No. DXXVI.



IV.—AT A PRIVATE VIEW.

WHEN the Spring Exhibition opened, March had thrown off its lion's skin, and stood revealed as a lamb. There was no tang to the wind that swept the swirling dust down the broad street; and the moonlight which silvered the Renascence front of the building had no longer a wintry chill. Flitting clouds were thickening, and threatened rain; but the carriages, rolling up to the canvas tunnel which had been extemporized across the sidewalk, brought many a pretty woman who had risked a spring bonnet. Not a few of the ladies who had been bidden to the Private View were in evening dress; and it was a brilliant throng which pressed down the broad corridor, past the dressing-rooms, and into the first gallery, where the President of the Society, surrounded by other artists of renown, stood ready to receive them.

Beyond the first gallery, and up half a dozen steps, was a smaller saloon, with a square room yet smaller to its right and to its left. Still further beyond, and up a few more steps, was the main gallery, a splendid and stately hall, lofty and well proportioned, and worthy of the many fine paintings which lined its walls two and three deep. In the place of honor, facing the entrance, was Mr. Frederick Olyphant's startling picture, "The Question of the Sphinx," which bore on its simple frame the bit of paper declaring that it had received a silver medal at the Salon of the summer before. In a corner was another painting by the same artist, a portrait of his friend Mr. Laurence Laughton; and balancing this, on the other side of a landscape called "A Sunset at Onteora," was a portrait of Mr. Rupert de Ruyter, the poet, by a young artist named Renwick Brashleigh, painted vigorously yet sympathetically, and quite extinguishing the impressionistic "Girl in a Hammock," which hung next to it. Here and there throughout the spacious room there were statuettes and busts; one of the latter represented Astroyd, the amusing comedian. Landscapes drenched with sunshine hung by the side of wintry marines; and delicate studies of still life set off purely decorative compositions painted almost in monochrome.

The people who thronged the floor were wellnigh as various as the paintings which covered the walls. There were artists in plenty, men of letters and men about town, women who lived for art and women who lived for society, visitors of both sexes who came to see the exhibition, and visitors of both sexes who came to be seen themselves. There were art-students and art-critics, picture-buyers and picture-dealers, poets and novelists, stock-brokers and clergymen. Among them were Mr. Robert White, of the *Gotham Gazette*, and Mr. Harry Brackett, formerly attached to that journal; Mr. Rupert de Ruyter, who could not be kept away from his own

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"MR. J. WARREN PAYN, THE COMPOSER."

portrait; Mr. Delancey Jones, the architect, with his pretty wife; Mr. J. Warren Payn, the composer; Mr. and Mrs. Martin, of Washington Square; and Miss Marlenspuyk, an old maid, who seemed to know everybody and to be liked by everybody.

Miss Marlenspuyk lingered before Olyphant's portrait of Laurence Laughton, whom she had known for years. She liked the picture until she overheard two young art-students discussing it.

"It's a pity Olyphant hasn't any idea of color, isn't it?" observed one.

"Yes," assented the other; "and the head is hopelessly out of drawing."

"The man has a paintable face too," the first rejoined. "I'd like to do him myself."

"Olyphant's well enough for composition," the second returned, "but when it comes to portraits, he simply isn't in it with Brashleigh. Seen his two yet?"

"Whose?" inquired the first speaker.

"Brashleigh's," was the answer. "Biggest things here. And as different as they make 'em. Best is a Wall Street man—Poole, I think, his name is."

"I know," the first interrupted. "Cyrus Poole; he's president of a big railroad somewhere out West. Lots of money. I wonder how Brashleigh got the job?"

"Guess he did Rupert de Ruyter for nothing. You know De Ruyter wrote him up in one of the magazines."

The two young art-students stood before the portrait a few seconds longer, looking at it intently. Then they moved

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off, the first speaker saying, "That head's out of drawing too."

It gave Miss Marlenspuyk something of a shock to learn that the heads of two of her friends were out of drawing; she wondered how serious the deformity might be; she felt for a moment almost as though she were acquainted with two of the startlingly abnormal specimens of humanity who are to be seen in dime museums. As these suggestions came to her one after the other, she smiled gently.

"I don't wonder that you are laughing at that picture, Miss Marlenspuyk," said a voice at her right. "It's no better than the regulation 'Sunset on the Lake of Chromo,' that you can buy on Liberty Street for five dollars, with a frame worth twice the money."

Miss Marlenspuyk turned, and recognized Mr. Robert White. She held out her hand cordially.

"Is your wife here?" she asked.

"Harry Brackett is explaining the pic-



"MR. DELANCEY JONES, THE ARCHITECT, WITH HIS PRETTY WIFE."

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tures to her," White answered. "He doesn't know anything about art, but he is just as amusing as if he did."

"I like Mr. Brackett," the old maid rejoined. "He's a little — well, a little common, I fear; but then he is so quaint and so individual in his views. And at my time of life I like to be amused."

"I know your fondness for a new sensation," White returned. "I believe you wouldn't object to having the devil take you in to dinner."

"Why should I object?" responded Miss Marlenspuyk, bravely. "The devil is a gentleman, they say; and besides, I should be so glad to get the latest news of lots of my friends."

"Speaking of the gentleman who is not as black as he is painted," said White, "have you seen the portrait of Cyrus Poole yet? It is the best thing here. I didn't know Brashleigh had it in him to do anything so good."

"Where is it?" asked Miss Marlenspuyk. "I've been looking at this Mr. Brashleigh's portrait of Mr. De Ruyter, and—"

"Pretty little thing, isn't it?" White interrupted. "Perhaps a trifle too sentimental and saccharine. But it hits off the poet to the life."

"And life is just what I don't find in so many of these portraits," the lady remarked. "Some of them look as though the artist had first made a wax model of his sitter and then painted that."

They moved slowly through the throng toward the other end of the gallery.

"Charley Vaughn, now, has another trick," said White, indicating a picture before them with a slight gesture. "Since he has been to Paris and studied under Carolus, he translates all his sitters into French, and then puts the translation on canvas."

The picture White had drawn attention to represented a lady dressed for a ball, and standing before a mirror adjusting a feather in her hair. It was a portrait of Mrs. Delancey Jones, the wife of the architect.

Miss Marlenspuyk raised her glasses, and looked at it for a moment critically. Then she smiled. "It is the usual thing, now, I see," she said—"intimations of immorality."

White laughed, as they resumed their march around the hall.

"If you say that of Charley Vaughn's picture," he commented, "I wonder what you will say of Renwick Brashleigh's. Here it is."

And they came to a halt before the painting which had the place of honor in the centre of the wall on that side of the gallery.

"That is Cyrus Poole," White continued. "President of the Niobrara Central, one of the rising men of the Street, and now away in Europe on his honeymoon."

The picture bore the number 13, and the catalogue declared it to be a "Portrait of a Gentleman." It was a large canvas, and the figure was life size. It represented a man of barely forty years of age, seated at his desk in his private office. On the wall beyond him hung a map of the Niobrara Central Railroad with its branches. The light came from the window on the left, against which the desk was placed. The pose was that of a man who had been interrupted in his work, and who had swung around in his chair to talk to a visitor. He was a man to be picked out of a crowd as unlike other men, rather spare, rather below medium height, rather wiry than muscular. Beyond all question he was energetic, untiring, determined, and powerful. The way he sat indicated the consciousness of strength. So did his expression, although there was no trace of conceit to be detected on his features. His hair was dark and thick and straight, with scarce a touch of gray. He had a sharp nose and piercing eyes, while his lips were thin and his jaw massive.

Miss Marlenspuyk looked at the picture with interest. "Yes," she said, "I don't wonder this has made a hit. There is something striking about it—something novel. It's a new note; that's what it is. And the man's is interesting too. He has a masterful chin. Not a man to be henpecked, I take it. And he's a good provider, too, judging by the eyes and the mouth; I don't believe that his wife will ever have to turn her best black silk. There's something fascinating about the face, but I don't see how—"

She interrupted herself, and gazed at the picture again.

"Is it a good likeness?" she asked at last, with her eyes still fixed on the portrait.

"It's so like him that I wouldn't speak to it," White answered.

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"MR. RUPERT DE RUYTER COULD NOT BE KEPT AWAY FROM HIS OWN PORTRAIT."

"I see what you mean," the old lady responded. "Yes, if the man really looks like that, nobody would want to speak to him. I wouldn't have this artist —what's his name?—Mr. Brashleigh?— I wouldn't have him paint my portrait for the world. Why, if he did, and my friends once saw it, there isn't one of them who would ever dare to ask me to dinner again."

White smiled, and quickly responded, "As I said before, you know, even the gentleman you wanted to take you in to dinner is probably not as black as he is painted."

"But I wouldn't want that man to

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take me in to dinner," returned Miss Marlenspuyk, promptly, indicating the portrait with a wave of her hand. "Paint is all very well; besides, it is only on the outside, and women don't mind it; but it is that man's *heart* that is black. It is his inner man that is so terrible. He fascinates me—yes—but he frightens me too. Who is he?"

"I told you," White answered. "He is Mr. Cyrus Poole, the president of the Niobrara Central Railroad, and one of the coming men in the Street. He turned up in Denver ten years ago, and when he had learned all that Denver had to teach him he went to Chicago. He graduated from the Board of Trade there, and then came to New York; he has been here two years now, and already he has made himself felt. He has engineered two or three of the biggest things yet seen in the street. As a result, there are now two opinions about him."

"If this portrait is true," said the old maid, "I don't see how there can be more than one opinion about him."

"There were three at first," White rejoined. "At first they thought he was a lamb; now they know better. But they are still in doubt whether he is square or not. They say that the deal by which he captured the stock of the Niobrara Central and made himself president had this little peculiarity, that if it hadn't succeeded, instead of being in Europe on his honey-moon, Cyrus Poole would now be in Sing Sing. Why, if half they said about him at the time is true—instead of hanging here on the line, he ought to have been hanged at the end of a rope. But then I don't believe half that I hear."

"I could believe anything of a man who looks like that," Miss Marlenspuyk said. "I don't think I ever saw a face so evil, for all it appears frank and almost friendly."

"But I have told you only one side," White went on. "Poole has partisans who deny all the charges against him. They say that his only crime is his success. They declare that he has got into trouble more than once trying to help friends out. While his enemies call him unscrupulous and vindictive, his friends say that he is loyal and lucky."

Miss Marlenspuyk said nothing for a minute or more. She was studying the portrait with an interest which showed no sign of flagging. Suddenly she looked up at White and asked, "Do you suppose he knows how this picture affects us?"

"Poole?" queried White. "No, I imagine not. He is a better judge of values as they are understood in Wall Street than as they are interpreted at the Art Students' League. Besides, I've heard that he was married and went to Europe before the picture was quite finished. Brashleigh had to paint in the background afterwards."

"The poor girl!" said Miss Marlenspuyk. "Who was she?"

"What poor girl?" asked the man. "Oh, you mean the new Mrs. Cyrus Poole?"

"Yes," responded the old lady.

"She was a Miss Cameron," White answered; "Eunice Cameron, I think her name was. I believe that she is a cousin of Brashleigh's. By-the-way, I suppose that's how it happened he was asked to paint this portrait. He is one of the progressive painters a Wall Street man wouldn't be likely to appreciate off-hand. But it couldn't have been given to a better man, could it?"

Miss Marlenspuyk smiled.

"Well," said White, "Brashleigh has a marvellous insight into character; you can see that for yourself. Or at least he paints portraits as if he had; it's hard to tell about these artists, of course, and it's easy to credit them with more than they have. They see so much more than they understand; they have the gift, you know, but they can't explain; and half the time they don't know what it is they have done."

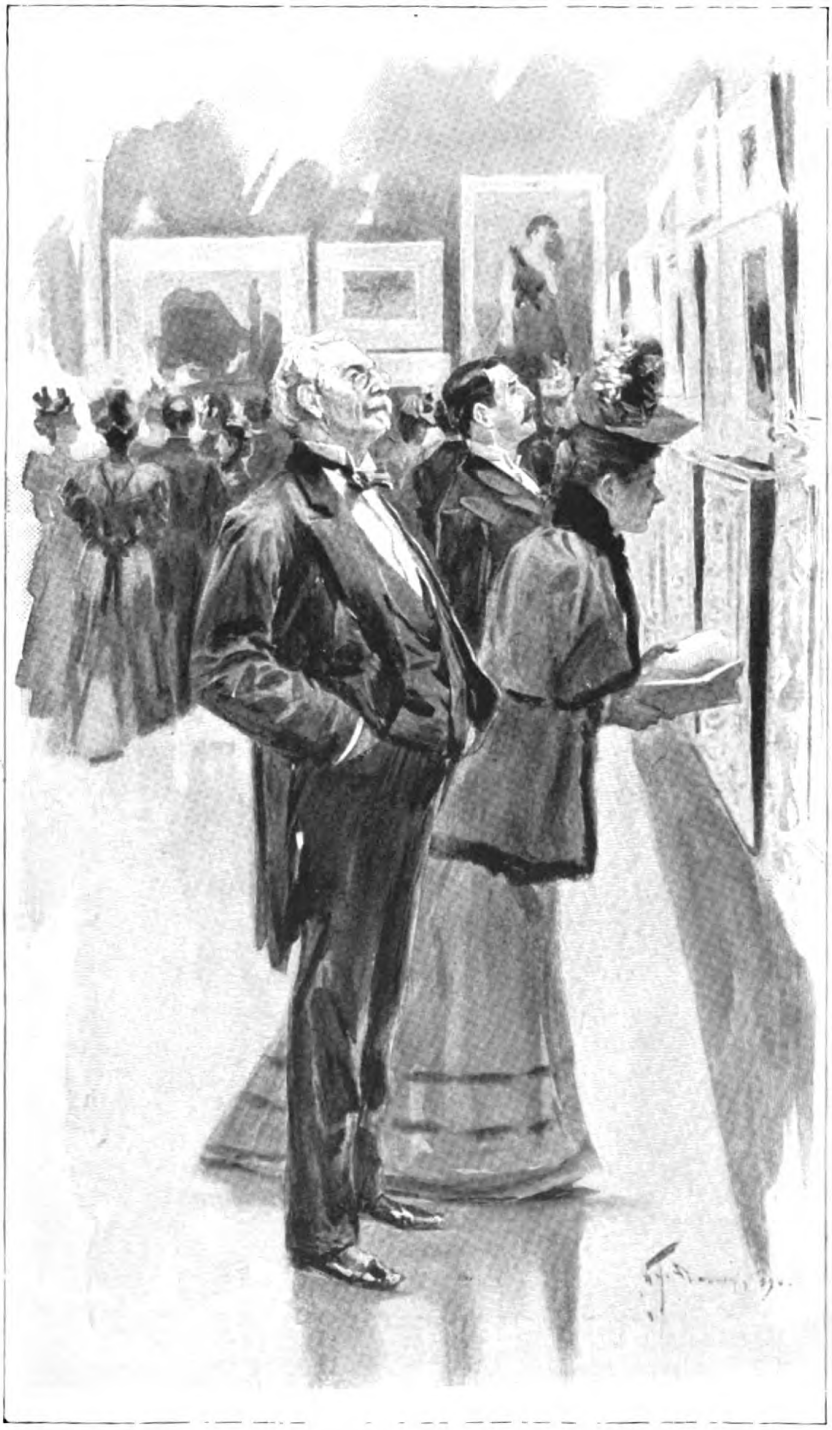
The old lady looked up and laughed a little.

"I think the man who painted that," she said, "knew what he was about."

"Yes," White admitted, "it seems as though no one could do a thing with the astounding vigor of this, unconsciously. But, as like as not, what Brashleigh thought about chiefly were his drawing and his brush-work and his values; probably the revelation of the sitter's soul was an accident. He did it because he couldn't help it."

"I don't agree with you, for once," Miss Marlenspuyk replied. "I find in this portrait such an appreciation of the possibilities of human villany— Oh, the man *must* have seen it before he painted it!"

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"THE PEOPLE WHO THRONGED THE FLOOR WERE WELLNIGH AS VARIOUS AS THE PAINTINGS."

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"It's lucky I'm not a painter by trade," returned White, "or I should feel it my duty to annihilate you on the spot by the retort that laymen always look at painting from the literary side."

Miss Marlenspuyk did not respond for a minute. She was looking at the portrait with curious interest. She glanced aside, and then she gazed at it again.

"Poor girl!" she said at last, with a gentle sigh.

"Meaning Mrs. Poole?" White inquired.

"Yes," the old lady answered. "I'm sorry for her, but I think I understand how she had to give in. I can feel the sinister fascination of that face myself."

Above the babble of many tongues which filled the gallery there was to be heard a rumble of thunder, and then the sharp patter of rain on the huge skylight above them.

"Excuse me, Miss Marlenspuyk," said White, hastily, "but my wife is always a little nervous about thunder now. I must look her up. I'll send you Harry Brackett."

"You needn't mind about me," she answered, as he moved away. "I've taken care of myself for a good many years now, and I think I'm still equal to the task."

The hall was densely crowded by this time, and it was becoming more and more difficult to make one's way in any given direction. The rain fell heavily on the roof, and dominated the rising murmur of the throng, and even the shrill voices now and again heard above it.

Miss Marlenspuyk drifted aimlessly with the crowd, looking at the pictures occasionally, and listening with interest to the comments and the fragmentary criticisms she could not help hearing on all sides of her. She found herself standing before Mr. Charles Vaughn's "Judgment of Paris," when she was accosted by Harry Brackett.

"I've been looking for you everywhere, Miss Marlenspuyk," he began. "White said you were here or hereabouts, and I haven't seen you for many moons."

They chatted for a few minutes about their last meeting, and the friends at whose house they had dined.

Then Harry Brackett, looking up, saw the huge painting before them.

"So Charley Vaughn's 'Judgment of Paris' is a Salon picture, is it?" he asked. "It looks to me better fitted for a saloon. It's one of those nudes that Renwick Brashleigh says are offensive alike to the artist, the moralist, and the voluptuary."

Miss Marlenspuyk smiled; and her smile was one of her greatest charms.

"Do you know Mr. Brashleigh?" she asked.

"I've known him ever since he came back from Paris," Brackett answered. "And he's a painter, he is. He isn't one of those young dudes who teach society girls how to foreshorten the moon. You don't catch him going round to afternoon teas and talking about the spontaneity of art."

"Have you seen his portrait of this Mr. Poole?" inquired the old maid.

"Not yet," he replied, "but they tell me it's a dandy. I've never met Poole, but I used to know his wife. She was Eunice Cameron, and she's a cousin of Brashleigh's. Come to think of it, his first hit was a portrait of her at the Academy three years ago."

"What sort of a girl is she?" Miss Marlenspuyk asked.

"For one thing, she's a good-looker," he responded, "although they say she's gone off a little lately; I haven't seen her this year. But when Brashleigh introduced me to her she was a mighty pretty girl, I can tell you."

The pressure of the crowd had carried them along, and now Miss Marlenspuyk found herself once more in front of the "Portrait of a Gentleman," and once more she was seized by the power and by the evil which the artist had painted on the face of Cyrus Poole.

"They used to say," Harry Brackett went on, not looking at the picture, "that Brashleigh was in love with her. I think somebody or other once told me that they were engaged."

There was a sudden gleam of intelligence in Miss Marlenspuyk's eyes.

"But of course there wasn't any truth in it," he continued.

The smile came back to the old maid's mouth as she gazed steadily at the portrait before her and answered, "Of course not."

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THE BUCKLEY LADY.

BY MARY E. WILKINS.

THE dark slate stones that now slant to their falls in the old burying-ground, or are fallen already, then stood straight. The old inscriptions, now blurred over by moss and lichen, or worn back into the face of the stone by the wash of the heavy coast rains, were then quite plain. The winged cherubim and death-heads—the terrible religious symbols of the Old Testament, made realistic by New England minds under stress of grief—were quite fresh from the artist's hands.

The funeral urns and weeping-willows, a very art of sorrow in themselves, with their every curve the droop of a mourner's head, and all their flowing lines of tears, were yet distinct. Indeed, the man who had graven many of them was still alive, and not yet past his gloomy toil. He lived in his little house not far beyond the burying-ground, and his name was Ichabod Buckley. He had a wife and a son Ichabod, and three daughters, Submit, Rebecca, and Persis. When Persis was twelve years old a great change and a romance came into her life. She was the youngest of the family; her brother was ten years older than she; her sisters were older still. She had always been to a certain extent petted and favored from her babyhood; still, until she was twelve, she had not been exempt from her own little duties and privations. She had gathered drift-wood on the shore, her delicate little figure buffeted and shaken by rough winds. She had dug quahaugs, wading out in the black mud, with her petticoats kilted high over her slender childish legs. She had spun her daily stint, and knitted faithfully on harsh blue yarn socks for her father and brother. In the early autumn, when she was twelve years old, all that was changed.

One morning in September it was hot inland, but cool on the point of land reaching out into the sea where the Buckley house stood. The son, Ichabod, had gone to sea in a whaling-vessel; the father was at home, working in the little slanting shed behind the house. One could hear the grating slide of his chisel down the boughs of a weeping-willow on a new gravestone. A very old woman of the village had died that week.

At the left of the house there was a bright unexpected glint from a great brass kettle which the eastern sun struck. Ichabod Buckley's wife had her dye-kettle out there on forked sticks over a fire. She was dyeing some cloth an indigo-blue, and her two elder daughters were helping her. The two daughters, Submit and Rebecca looked like their mother. The three, from their figures, seemed about of an age—all tall and meagre and long-limbed, moving in their scanty petticoats around the kettle with a certain dry pliability, like three tall brown weeds on the windy marsh.

Persis came up from the shore at the front of the house with her arms full of drift-wood. She was just crossing the front yard when she heard a sound that startled her, and she stood still and listened, inclining her head toward the woods on the right. In the midst of these woods was the cleared space of the graveyard; past it ran the rough path to the main road.

Seldom any but horseback riders came that way; but now Persis was sure that she heard the rumble of carriage-wheels, as well as the tramp of horses' feet. She turned excitedly to run to her mother and sisters; but all at once the splendid coach and four emerged with a great flourish on the open space before the house, and she stood still.

The short coarse grass in the yard had gotten a perpetual slant from the wind. Just now it was still, but that low bending sweep of the grass toward the west made it seem as if the wind were transfixed there. Persis stood there in the midst of this still show of wind, her slender childish figure slanting a little also. All her fair hair was tucked away tidily under a little blue hood tied under her chin. The oval of her face showed like the oval of a pearl in this circle of blue, and it had a beauty that could draw the thoughts of people away from their own hearts. Even the folk of this old New England village, who had in their stern doctrines no value for a fair face, turned for a second, as if by some compelling gleam of light under their eyelids, when this little Buckley maid entered the meeting-house; and her mother and sisters, although they saw her every day, would stop sometimes their work or speech when her face came suddenly before their eyes.

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Persis had her little looking-glass. She looked in it when she had washed her face to see if it were clean, and when she braided her hair to see if it were smooth. Sometimes she paused herself and eyed her face with innocent wonder, but she did not know its value. She was like a child with a precious coin which had its equivalent in goods beyond her ken.

To-day Persis had no idea why these fine strangers in the grand coach sat still with their eyes riveted upon her face.

She stood there in the windy grass, in her little straight blue gown, clasping her bundle of drift-wood to her breast, and stared, turning her back altogether upon her own self, at the coach and the trappings, and the black coachman in his livery, with his head like a mop of black sheep's wool, and his white rolling eyes, which half frightened her. She looked a little more curiously at this black coachman than at the gentleman and lady in the coach, although they were grand enough; and, moreover, the gentleman was very handsome, and not old. He thrust his fair head, which had on it a slight silvery sheen of powder, out of the coach window, and the pale old face and velvet hood of the lady showed over his shoulder, and they both stared at Persis's face.

Then the gentleman spoke, and Persis started, and blushed, and dropped a courtesy. She had forgotten that until now, and felt overcome with shame. "Good-day, my pretty maid," said the gentleman; and as he spoke he stepped out of the coach and approached Persis. She saw, with half-dazzled eyes, his grand fair head, his queue tied with a blue silk ribbon, his jewelled knee-buckles and silk hose, his flowered waistcoat, and the deep falls of lace over his long white hands. No such fine gentleman as this had ever come within her vision. She courtesied again, and looked up in his face when he reached her. Then she looked down again quickly, and the strange salt savor of the drift-wood, overpowering a sweet perfume about the stranger's rich attire, came up in her blushing face. The gentleman looked very kind, and his eyes were very gay and blue, yet somehow she was frightened and abashed. It was as if he saw something within herself of which she had not dreamed, and suddenly forced her to see it also, to her own confusion.

The gentleman laughed softly when she looked down. "Is it the first time you have had another pair of eyes for your looking-glass, little maid?" he asked, with a kind of mocking caress in his tone.

Persis did not lift her eyes from the drift-wood. She blushed more deeply, and her sweet mouth trembled.

"Nay, tease not the child. Ask if her father be in the house," called the lady's soft voice, with a little impatient ring in it, from the coach.

"'Tis but the fault of my eyes, your ladyship," retorted the gentleman, gayly. "They are ever as lakes reflecting flowers in the presence of beauty, and I doubt much if this little maid hath ever seen herself so clearly before, if eyes like mine have come in her way."

Persis's mouth quivered more. She wanted to run away, and did not dare; but suddenly the gentleman spoke again, quite gravely and coldly, and all the gay banter in his voice was gone.

"Is your father, Ichabod Buckley, within, my good maid?" he said.

Persis felt as if a spell which had been cast over her were broken. She dropped a courtesy.

"Please, sir, my father is yonder, cutting a weeping-willow on old Widow Nye's gravestone," she replied, pointing toward the rear of the house; and she spoke with that punctilious courtesy with which she had been taught to address strangers.

"Will you bid him come this way? I would speak with him," said the gentleman.

"And bid him hasten, for this air from the sea is full cold for me!" called the lady from the coach.

Persis dipped another affirmative courtesy toward her, then fled swiftly around the corner of the house. She met her mother and her sister Submit face to face, with a shock. They had been peeping around the corner at the grand folk. Rebecca had run into the house to put on her shoes and a clean kerchief, in case one of the elder women had to go forward to speak to them.

"Father! the gentleman wants father," said Persis, with soft pants. "Oh, mother!"

Her mother caught her arm with a jerk. "Who be they?" she hissed in her ear.

"I—don't know—such—grand folks, and—the coach and the four, and the black man—oh, mother!"

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"Go bid your father come quick."

Sarah Buckley gave her daughter a push, and Persis flew on toward the shed where her father kept his stock of gravestones and worked. But Rebecca had already given him the alarm, and he was at the well washing the slate dust from his hands.

"Go quick, father; they want you," panted Persis.

"Who be they?" queried Ichabod Buckley. His voice was as nervous as a woman's, and he was small and delicately made like one. He shook the water from his small hands, his fingers twitching. The muscles on the backs glanced under the thin brown skin; the muscles on his temples and neck glanced also. Ichabod Buckley had, when nervously excited, a look as if his whole body were based on a system of brown wires.

Persis danced up and down before him, as if his nervous excitement communicated itself to her. "I know not who they be," she panted; "but, oh, father, they be such grand folk!"

When Ichabod Buckley, striving to pace with solemn dignity, as befitted his profession, but breaking, in spite of himself, into nervous runs, went around to the front of the house, Persis slunk at his heels, but her mother arrested her at the corner. "Stay where you be, and not go out there staring at the gentle-folk like a bold hussy!" she ordered. So Persis staid, peeping around the corner with her mother and Submit; and presently Rebecca in her shoes, with her kerchief pinned over her lean bosom, joined them.

Once Persis, advancing her beautiful face a little farther around the corner, caught the gentleman's gay blue eyes full upon her, and she drew back with a great start and a blush.

Listen as they might, the women could not catch one word of Ichabod Buckley's and the gentleman's discourse—they stood too far away. But presently they saw the black coachman turn the coach and four around with a wide careful sweep, and then the gentleman got in beside the lady, and Ichabod beside the coachman, and then the horses leapt forward, and the whole was out of sight behind the spray of pine woods.

Ichabod Buckley was gone about three-quarters of an hour. When he returned he at once told his curious women-folks somewhat that had passed, but his face was locked over more. "You have not told us all," said his wife, sharply. "It may well be, as you say, that the gentlefolk wished to find the grave of the man who was their kin, and died here in the first of the town, but that is not all."

"I pointed out the grave to them beyond a question," said Ichabod, "though there was no stone to it. I knew it well from hearsay. And I am to make at once a fine stone, with a round top and a winged head, and here is the pay already."

Ichabod jingled for the dozenth time a gold coin and some small silver ones in his nervous hand, and his wife frowned.

"You have told us all this before," said she. "There be something else that you keep back."

Ichabod was smiling importantly. He could not control his mouth, but he went back without another word to old Widow Nye's gravestone, and the weeping-willow thereon grew apace under his hands.

However, he could not keep anything to himself long, least of all from his wife, with her imperative curiosity. After dinner that noon he beckoned her into the front room.

"What do you want of me?" she said. "I have the work to do." She felt that his previous silence demanded some show of dignity upon her part.

Ichabod glanced at his staring daughters, and beckoned beseechingly.

"Well, I can't waste much time," said Sarah; but she followed him eagerly into the front room. They were shut in there some time. The daughters, tidying up the kitchen, could hear the low murmur of their parents' voices, but that was all. Persis was polishing the brasses on the hearth—the andirons and the knobs on the shovel and tongs. That was always her task. It roughened her small hands, but nobody ever minded that. To-day, as she was scouring away sturdily, her mother came suddenly out of the front room and caught her plying arm.

"There!" said she; "you need do no more of this. 'Twill get your hands all out of shape, and make them rough. They be too small for such work. Submit, come here and finish scouring the brasses."

Persis looked up at her mother and then at her little red grimy hands in a bewildered way.

"Go and wash your hands, and then

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rub some Injun meal on them, and see if it will not make them a little softer," ordered her mother. "Submit, make haste."

Submit, although she was herself puzzled, and might well have been resentful, knelt obediently down on the hearth, and fell to work on the brasses, rubbing vigorously with salt and vinegar.

Persis washed her hands as her mother bade her, and afterward rubbed on some Indian meal. Then she was ordered to put on her pink-flowered chintz gown, and sit down in the front room with her sampler. Her mother braided her fair hair for her in two tight smooth braids, and crossed them neatly at the back. She even put her own beautiful high tortoise-shell comb in her daughter's head.

"You may wear it a spell if you want to," said she.

Persis smiled delightedly. Her chief worldly ambition had been to wear a shell comb like her mother's.

The window was open. She could hear faintly the rasp of her father's chisel upon the boughs of old Widow Nye's weeping-willow. She could hear the voices of her mother and sisters, who had gone back to their work over the dye-kettle. After a while she saw Submit going down to the shore for more drift-wood. "That is my work," she thought to herself with wonder. She could not understand her mother's treatment of her. It was very pleasant and grand to be sitting in state in the best room, with the tortoise-shell comb in her hair, working her sampler, and be rid of all ruder toil, yet she finally grew uneasy.

She laid down her sampler, and pulled open the front door, which was seldom used, and hard to move, being swollen with the sea dampness. Then she stole around the house toward the group at the dye-kettle. She felt scared and uncertain without knowing why. Her mother called out sharply when she caught sight of her, and waved her back. "Can't I go down for more drift-wood?" pleaded Persis, timidly.

"Back into the house!" ordered her mother, speaking against the wind, which was now blowing hard. "Back with ye! Out here in this wind! Would you be as black as an Injun? Go back to your sampler!"

Persis crept back, bewildered. The other two daughters looked at each other. Then Rebecca spoke out boldly.

"Mother, what is all this?" said she.

"Perhaps you will know sometime," replied Sarah Buckley, smiling mysteriously, and she would say no more.

Persis continued to sit at the front-room window, with her sampler in her hands. She cross-stitched a letter forlornly and laboriously, with frequent glances out at the rosy wind-swept marshes and the blue dazzle of sea beyond. She never dreamed of disputing her mother's wishes farther. Persis Buckley, although full of nervous force, had also a strange docility of character. She stitched on her sampler all the afternoon. When it came time to prepare supper, her mother would not even then let her out in the kitchen to help, as was her wont. "Stay where you be," said she, when Persis appeared on the threshold. And the little maid remained in her solitary state until the meal was ready, and she was bidden forth to it. There was a little sweet cake beside her plate on the table, one of those which her mother kept in a stone jar for company. Nobody else had one. Persis looked at it doubtfully when she had finished her bread. "Eat it," said her mother, and Persis ate it, but it tasted strange to her. She wondered if her mother had put anything different in the sweet cake.

Persis had lately sat up until the nine-o'clock bell rang, knitting or paring sweet apples to dry, but now her mother sent her off to bed at half past seven.

"Can't I sit up and help Submit and Rebecca pare apples?" she begged, but her mother was inexorable.

"I am not going to have your hands spoilt with apple juice," said she. "Besides, if you go to bed early 'twill make you grow faster and keep your cheeks red." There was an unusual softness in Sarah Buckley's voice, and she colored and smiled foolishly, as if she were ashamed of it.

Ichabod Buckley sat on the hearth whittling chips with lightning jerks of his clasp-knife. He did everything swiftly. "Do as your mother bids you," he said to Persis. He chuckled nervously, and looked meaningly at his wife.

Persis went laggingly out of the room.

"Stand up straight," ordered her mother. "The first thing you know you'll be all bent over like an old woman."

Persis threw back her weak girlish shoulders until her slender back hollowed. She had been trained to obedience. She

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clattered slowly up the stairs in her little heavy shoes, still trying to keep her shoulders back, when her mother called again.

"Come back here, Persis," called her mother, and Persis returned to the kitchen. "Sit down here," said her mother, pointing to a chair, and Persis sat down. She did not ask any questions; she felt a curious terror and intimidation. She waited, sitting meekly with her eyes cast down. She heard the snip of shears and the rattle of stiff paper at her back, then she felt a sharp tug at her hair. She winced a little.

"You keep still," said her mother at her back, rolling a lock of hair vigorously. "I ain't going to have your hair as straight as a broom if I can help it."

When Persis went to bed her head was covered with hard papered knots of hair, all straining painfully at the roots. When she laid her head uncomfortably on her pillow, she remembered in a bewildered way how her mother had smoothed and smoothed and smoothed her hair in former days, and how she had said many a time that rough and frowsly locks were not modest or becoming. Her first conviction of the inconsistency of the human heart was upon little Persis Buckley, and she was dazed. The whole of this strange experience did not seem real enough to last until the next day.

But the days went on and on, and she continued to live a life as widely different from her old one as if she had been translated into another world. She sat at the front-room window, with her beautiful face looking out meekly from under her crown of curl-papers. Her mother had a theory that a long persistency in the use of the papers might produce a lasting curl, and Persis was seldom freed from them. She walked abroad on a pleasant day at a genteel pace, with a thick black embroidered veil over her face to protect her complexion. She never ran barefoot, and even her thick cowhide shoes were discarded. She wore now dainty high-heeled red morocco shoes, which made her set her feet down as delicately as some little pink-footed pigeon. All her coarse homespun gowns were laid away in a chest. She wore now fine chintz or soft boughten wool of a week-day, and she even had a gown of silken stuff and a fine silk pelisse for Sabbath days.

Going into the meeting-house beside her soberly clad parents and sisters, she looked like some gay-feathered bird which had somehow gotten into the wrong nest. All the Buckley family seemed to have united in a curious reversed tyranny toward this beautiful child. She was set up as a queen among them, whether she would or no, and she was made to take the best in their lot, whether she wanted it or not.

When Persis was fourteen, her sister Rebecca went some fifty miles away to keep house for a widowed uncle and take care of his family of children. She was not needed at home, and in this way the cost of her support was saved for Persis. Submit was a dull woman, and hard work was making her duller. She broadened her patient back for her own and her sister's burdens without a murmur, and became a contented drudge that Persis might sit in state in the front room, keeping her hands soft and white.

As for Persis's brother Ichabod, nearly all his savings were given to her, but, after all, not with any especial self-denial. This beautiful young sister represented all the faint ambition in his life; he had none left for himself, and nobody had tried to arouse any. He made perilous voyages on a whaling-ship for his living. When he came home, with his face browned and stiffened by his hard fight with the icy winds of the North Atlantic, he sat down by the fire in his father's kitchen. Then he chewed tobacco, and never stirred if he could help it until his next voyage.

At thirty, Ichabod had become as old as his father. All the dreams of youth had gone out of him, and he slumbered in the present like a very old man. Always as he sat chewing by the fire his face wore that look of set resistance, as if the lash of the North Atlantic wind still threatened it. Ever since she could remember, Persis Buckley had seen her brother sit there between his voyages, a dull reflective bulk before the hearth, like some figure-head of a stranded whaler.

The morning after his return from his voyage, Persis, passing her brother, would be arrested by an inarticulate command, and would pause while he dragged out his old leather bag, heavy with his hard-earned coins. Then Persis would hold up her apron by the two lower corners, and he would pour in a goodly portion of his wealth, while his face looked more smiling and animated than she ever saw it at any other time. "'Twill buy you something as good as anybody when you

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go among the grand folk," he would say, with a half-chuckle, when Persis thanked him.

Sarah Buckley hid away all this money for Persis in the till of the chest. "It will come handy some day," she would say, with a meaning smile. This fund was not drawn upon for the purchase of Persis's daily needs and luxuries. Her father's earnings and her mother's thrift provided them, and with seemingly little stint. People said that the materials for Persis Buckley's crewel-work alone cost a pretty sum. After she had finished her sampler she worked a mourning-piece, and after that a great picture, all in cross-stitch, which was held to be a marvel.

Persis's very soul flagged over the house and the green trees, the river, and the red rose-bushes, and the blue sky, all wrought with her needle, stitch by stitch. Once in the depths of her docile heart a sudden wish, which seemed as foreign to her as an impious spirit, leapt up that all this had never been created, since she was forced to reproduce it in cross-stitch.

"I wish," said Persis, quite out loud to herself when she was all alone in the front room—"I wish the trees had never been made, nor the roses, nor the river, nor the sky, then I shouldn't have had to work them." Then she fairly trembled at her wickedness, and counted the stitches in a corner of the sky with renewed zeal and faithfulness.

When Persis was sixteen, her mother, in her zeal to provide her with accomplishments, went a step beyond all previous efforts, and a piano was bought for her. It was the very first piano which had ever come to this little seaport town. Ichabod had commissioned a sea-captain to purchase it in England.

When it was set up on its slender fluted legs in the Buckley front room, all the people came and craved permission to see it, and viewed its satiny surface and inlaid-work in mother-of-pearl with admiration and awe. Then they went away, and discoursed among themselves as to the folly and sinful extravagance of Ichabod Buckley and his wife.

There was in the village an ancient maiden lady who had lived in Boston in her youth, and had learned to play several tunes on the harpsichord. These, for a small stipend, she imparted to Persis. They were simple and artless melodies, and Persis had a ready ear. In a short time she had learned all the maiden lady knew. She could sing three old songs, innocently imitating her teacher's quaver with her sweet young voice, and she could finger out quite correctly one battle piece and two jigs. The two jigs she played very slowly, according to her teacher's instructions. Persis herself did not know why, but this elderly maiden was astute. She did not wish Ichabod Buckley and his family to be tormented with scruples themselves, neither did she wish to be called to account for teaching light and worldly tunes.

"Play these very slowly, my dear," she said. She shook the two bunches of gray curls which bobbed outside her cap over her thin red cheeks; her old blue eyes winked with a light which Persis did not understand.

"Be they psalm tunes?" she inquired, innocently.

"'Tis according to the way you play them," replied her teacher, evasively.

And Persis never knew, nor any of her family, that she played jigs. However, one worldly amusement which was accounted distinctly sinful was Persis taught with the direct connivance of her parents.

This old maiden lady, although she was constant in the meeting-house on the Sabbath day, and was not seen to move a muscle of dissent when the parson proclaimed the endless doom of the wicked, had Unitarian traditions, and her life in her youth had been more gayly and broadly ordered than that of those about her. It had always been whispered that she had played cards, and had even danced, in days gone by. To the most rigidly sanctified nostrils there was always perceptible a faint spiritual odor of past frivolity when she came into the meeting-house, although she seemed to subscribe faithfully to all the orthodox tenets. The parson often felt it his duty to call upon her, and enter into wordy expounding of the truth, and tempt her with argument. She never questioned his precepts, and never argued, yet a suspicion as to her inmost heresy was always abroad. Had it not been so, Sarah Buckley would never have dared make one proposition to her with regard to her daughter's accomplishments.

One day the shutters in the Buckley front room were carefully closed, as if some one lay dead therein: the candles

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were lighted, and this ancient maiden lady, holding with both hands her petticoats above her thin ankles in their black silk hose, taught Persis Buckley some dancing steps. That, nobody in the village ever knew. All the parties concerned would have been brought before the church had that secret been disclosed. The Buckleys scarcely dared mention it to each other.

This old teacher of Persis Buckley had still some relatives left in Boston, and now and then she went to them on a visit. On one of these occasions Sarah Buckley commissioned her to purchase some books for Persis. All the literature in the Buckley house consisted of the Bible, Watts's Hymns, and Doddridge's *Rise and Progress*, and Sarah fancied that another book or two of possibly an ornamental and decorative tendency might be of use in her daughter's education.

When Mistress Tabitha Hopkins returned from Boston she brought with her a volume of Young's *Night Thoughts* and one of Richardson's *Clarissa Harlowe*. The first she presented with confidence, the second with some excuses.

"I know well that the poetry is of a nature that will elevate her soul and tend to form her mind," said she, "and I have myself no doubt as to the other. If it be a tale, 'tis one she can read to her profit, and the pleasure she may take in it may lead her to peruse it more closely. 'Tis well sometimes to season hard doctrines with sugar if you would have them gulped down at all." Mistress Hopkins made a wry face, as if the said doctrines were even then like bitter pills in her mouth, and Sarah Buckley glanced at her suspiciously. However, she took the books, and paid for them a goodly sum, and Persis was henceforth made acquainted with the lofty admonitions to Lorenzo and the woes of the unfortunate and virtuous Clarissa.

It might well have been that Tabitha Hopkins's recommendation of the story of poor Clarissa Harlowe and her desperate experience at the hands of a faithless lover had its object. Mistress Tabitha Hopkins's single life had not predisposed her to implicit reliance upon the good faith or the motives of gay gallants who, in the course of some little trip out of their world, chanced to notice a beautiful rustic maiden. Everybody in the village knew now the reason for Ichabod Buckley's and his wife's strange treatment of their daughter Persis. They knew that the grand gentleman who had come to town with the coach and four had seen Persis, and cried out at her beauty, and made her father give his promise that she should be kept for him until she was grown up, when he would come over seas from England and marry her.

Ichabod had vainly tried to keep this secret, but he had told it before a week had passed to old Thomas Knapp, who was helping him to set Widow Nye's gravestone.

Then the sun had not set before the news was widely spread. Marvellous tales were told of this gentleman and his lady mother, who had come in the coach with him. Persis, when she was wedded, would dwell in marble halls, wear satin and velvet of a week-day, and eat off gold and silver dishes. No wonder that Ichabod Buckley and his wife Sarah were doing their poor best to fit their daughter for such a high estate! No wonder that they kept her all day in the best room embroidering and reading poetry and playing music! No wonder that they never let her walk abroad without morocco shoes and a veil over her face!

"It ain't likely," said old man Knapp, "that she'll ever have any call to so much as dye a hank of yarn or dip a candle arter she's married."

Still, although people acquiesced in the wisdom of fitting Persis for this grand station, if there was any prospect of her reaching it, they were mostly incredulous or envious.

The incredulous said quite openly that Ichabod Buckley always did hear things five times as big as they were, and they doubted much if the grand gentleman ever really meant or said he would come back for Persis. The envious said that if he did come they mistrusted that it would not be for any good and honest purpose, for he would never think Persis Buckley his equal, in spite of all her fine accomplishments and her gaudy attire. And her face might by that time be no more beautiful than some others, after all.

The incredulous moved the parson to preach many a discourse upon the folly of worldly ambition and trust in the vain promises of princes. The envious instigated sermons upon the sin of any other ornament or accomplishment than a meek

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and quiet spirit for the daughters of Zion.

Poor little Persis, in her silken attire, lifting her wonderful face to the parson, never dreamed that the discourse was directed at her and her parents, but Ichabod and Sarah knew, and sat up with bristling stiffness. After that they withdrew themselves largely from intercourse with their neighbors. They felt as if the spiritual watch-dog had been set upon them, and they were justly indignant. Sarah Buckley had always been given to staying at home and minding the affairs of her own household; now she kept herself more closely than ever. Ichabod was by nature sociable, and liked to fraternize with his kind; but now almost his only dealing with people outside his own family lay in his work upon their gravestones.

The Buckleys lived by themselves in their little house on the windy land past the graveyard, following out their own end in life, and all the time were under, as it were, a subtle spiritual bombardment of doubt and envy and disapproval from their neighbors in the village.

People talked much about Submit's patient drudgery, and felt for her the resentment which she did not feel for herself. "It is a shame the way they make that poor girl do all the work to keep her sister in idleness!" said they. They began to call Persis in derision "The Buckley Lady."

Poor Persis Buckley, shut out of the free air and away from all the mates of her youth, was leading the life of a forlorn princess in a fairy tale. She would have given all the money which her brother Ichabod brought her for his privilege of a cruise over the wild seas. Year after year she waited in her prison, cast about and bound, body and spirit, by the will and ambition of her parents, like steel cobwebs, for the prince who never came.

At first the romance of it all had appealed to her childish imagination. When the high destiny which awaited her had been disclosed, her heart leapt. She had been amused and pleased. She liked to watch out for that grand coach and four. When she remembered the gay blue flash of that grand gentleman's eyes she blushed, and laughed to herself.

But after a while all that failed. She did not grow incredulous, for she had a simple and long-suffering faith in her parents, but quietly and secretly frightened at the prospect before her. Poor Persis Buckley sometimes felt herself turn fairly cold with dread at the thought of entering that splendid coach and driving away forever out of her old life at that strange gentleman's side. He became to her as cold and formless as a moving column of mist on the marsh, and even the dreams which sprang of themselves in her girlish heart could not invest him with love and life again.

She did not dare confide her fears to her mother. Sometimes her mother filled her with a vague alarm. Sarah Buckley in ten years grew old, and the eagerness in her face waxed so bright and sharp that one shrank before it involuntarily, as before some blinding on-coming headlight of spirit.

All those years she waited and watched and listened for that grand coach and four which would bring her fortune in her daughter's. All the ambition of her earthly life, largely balked for herself, had centred in this. Her lot in the world had been to tread out a ceaseless round of sordid toil in her poor little home on the stormy coast, but her beautiful daughter could take a flight above it, and her eyes and something of herself could follow her.

She never gave up, although year after year she watched and listened in vain; but finally her body failed under this long strain of the spirit. When Persis was twenty-three her mother died, after a short illness. Then Persis found her father as keen a guardian as her mother had been. Sarah had given him her farewell charges, and during her lifetime had imbued his nervous receptive nature with a goodly portion of her own spirit.

He wrought for his dead wife a fine tall stone, and set thereon a verse of his own composition. Ichabod Buckley was somewhat of a poet, publishing himself his effusions upon his gloomy stone pages. Then he fulfilled his own and her part toward their daughter Persis.

Sarah Buckley had been dead two years, and the Buckley Lady was twenty-five years old, sitting at her window in the front room, watching for the prince who never came.

"The fine gentleman will find an old maid waiting for him if he does not come before long," people said, with sniffs.

But Persis had really grown more and more beautiful. Her complexion, although

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she had lived so much within-doors, was not sickly, but pale and fine as a white lily. Her eyes were like dark stars, and her hair was a braided cap of gold, with light curls falling from it around her face and her sweet neck. Of late Persis had rebelled upon one minor point: she never, even of a morning, would sit at the window with her hair rolled up in curl-papers. She argued with her father, with a duplicity which was unlike her, that should the gentleman arrive suddenly, she would have no time to take them down before he saw her. But that was not the reason. Ichabod never suspected, neither did the stupid Submit, padding faithfully in her household tracks; the son, Ichabod, was away at sea. Nobody knew how the Buckley Lady, sitting in her window watching, had seen Darius Hopkins pass by, with never a coach and four, but striding bravely along on his own stalwart young legs, and how her heart had gone out to him and followed him, whether she would or not.

Darius Hopkins was Mistress Tabitha Hopkins's nephew, and he had come from Boston to pay his aunt a visit. People whispered that he had expectations, and had come with a purpose. Mistress Tabitha had had within two years a legacy, nobody knew how large, by the death of a relative. However that may have been, the young man treated his aunt with exceeding deference and tenderness. Her pride and delight were great. She held her head high, and swung out her slim foot with almost the motion of her old dancing steps when she went up the meeting-house aisle on a Sabbath day, leaning on her nephew's arm. Darius was finely dressed, and he was also a personable young man of whom she might well be proud. She kept glancing at him almost with the shy delight of a sweetheart. Darius had a glossy dark head and a dark complexion, but his eyes were blue and light, and somewhat, as she fondly thought, like her own.

Darius had arrived on a Thursday, and it was on that day Persis Buckley had seen him, and he had seen her at her window. Tabitha Hopkins's house was past the Buckleys', fairly out at sea, on the point, across the marshy meadows.

The young man glanced up carelessly at the Buckley house as he passed; then he started, and fairly stopped, and his heart leapt almost with fear, for it actually seemed to him that he saw the face of an angel in the window.

"Who was the maid in the window of the house back yonder?" he said to his aunt as soon as he had greeted her. He waved his hand carelessly backward, and tried to speak as carelessly, but his aunt gave him a sharp look.

"It must have been Persis Buckley," said she.

"There is not another face like that in the whole country," said the young man, and in spite of himself his tongue betrayed him.

"Yes, it is generally considered that she has a fair face," said Tabitha, dryly. "She has accomplishments also. She can play music, and she has a pretty voice for a song. She can dance, though that's not to be spoke of in this godly town, and she is well versed in polite literature. Persis Buckley is fitted to adorn any high estate to which she may be called."

There was a mysterious tone in Tabitha's voice, and her nephew looked at her with eager inquiry.

"What mean you, aunt?" he said.

"What I have said," replied she, aggravatingly, and would tell him no more. She was secretly a little jealous that her nephew had shortened his greeting to her to inquire about Persis. Old single woman though she was, her feminine birthright of jealousy of the love of men, be they lovers or sons or nephews, still survived in her heart.

The young man dared not ask her any more questions, but the next day he passed the Buckley house many a time with sidelong glances at the window where Persis sat. He would not stare too boldly at that fair vision. And in the evening he stole out and strolled slowly over the meadows, and came to the Buckley house again. She was not at the window then, but the sweet tinkle of her piano came out to him from the candle-lit room, and he listened in rapture to her tender little voice trilling and quavering. Then peeping cautiously, he saw her graceful head thrown back, and her white throat swelling with her song like a bird's.

When he returned, his aunt looked at him sharply, but she did not ask where he had been. When he took his candle to retire for the night, her old blue eyes twinkled at him suddenly.

"How did the little bird sing to-night?" she said.

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The young man stared at her a second, then he blushed and laughed. "Bravely, aunt, bravely," he replied.

"'Tis a bird in the bush, nephew," said she, and her voice was mocking, yet shrewdly tender.

Darius's face fell. "What mean you, aunt?" he said.

"'Tis a bird that will always sing in the bush, and never in hand."

Darius made as if he would question his aunt further, but he did not. He bade her good-night in a downcast and confused manner, and was out of the room like a shy girl.

Mistress Tabitha chuckled to herself, then she looked grave, and sat in her rocking-chair for a long time thinking.

Darius Hopkins marvelled much what his aunt could mean by her warning, and was uneasy over it. But the next day also he had many an errand across the meadows, down the forest road, to the village, and always he saw, without seeming to see, Persis at the window, and always she saw, without seeming to see, him.

On the Sabbath day, when he and his aunt went by the Buckley house on their way to meeting, Persis was not at the window. His aunt surprised his sly glances. "They go to meeting early," said she, demurely. Darius laughed in a shamefaced fashion.

After he and his aunt were seated in the meeting-house, he scarcely dared look up for a while, for he feared, should he see Persis suddenly and near at hand, his face might alter in spite of himself. And, in truth, when he did look up, and saw Persis close before him in a pew at the side of the pulpit, a tremor ran over him, his lips twitched, and all the color left his face. His aunt pressed her bottle of salts into his hand, and he pressed it back almost sharply, and turned red as a girl to the roots of his black hair. Then he sat up straight and looked over almost defiantly at Persis. Her face in her blue satin bonnet, with its drooping blue plume and lace veil thrown to one side, was fair enough to stir the heart of any mortal man who looked at her.

There were, indeed, in that meeting-house, certain godly men who kept their eyes sternly turned away, and would not look upon her, thinking it a sin, although it was a sin to their own hearts alone.

But many a young man besides Darius Hopkins, although he had seen her in that selfsame place Sabbath after Sabbath, still regarded her furtively with looks of almost startled adoration. Not one of them had ever spoken to her or heard her speak, or seen her except in the meeting-house, or at her window, or thickly veiled on the village street.

Persis to-day kept her eyes fixed upon the parson, exhorting under his echoing sounding-board. She never looked around, although she knew that Darius was sitting beside his aunt in her pew. She also was afraid, and she never recovered courage, like Darius. Her father, Ichabod, fiercely intent upon the discourse, his nervous face screwed to a very point of attention, sat on one side; her sister Submit, her back bowed like an old woman's, on the other.

When meeting was over, Ichabod shot down the aisle, with his daughters following, as was his wont, and reached the door before many that sat farther back.

When Darius and his aunt came out of the meeting-house, the Buckleys were quite out of sight. When they emerged from the road past the graveyard through the woods, Persis was already at the window, with her bonnet off, but she kept her head turned far to one side, as if intent upon something in the room, and only the pink curve of one cheek was visible.

Darius had grown bold in the meeting-house; this time he looked, and forgot himself in looking.

"She is a pretty maid, but she is not for you, nor for any other young man unless he come for her with a coach and four, with a black gentleman a-driving," said his aunt's voice half mockingly at his side.

Then the young man turned and questioned her quite boldly. "I beg of you to tell me what you mean, aunt," he said.

Then Mistress Tabitha Hopkins, holding her Sabbath gown high above her hooped satin petticoat as she stepped along, unfolded to her nephew Darius Hopkins the strange romance of Persis Buckley's life.

"'Tis a shame!" cried the young man, indignantly, when she had finished—"a shame, to keep her a prisoner in this fashion!"

"'Tis only a prince with a coach and four can set her free. A prince from over seas, with a black gentleman a-driving," said his aunt.

Darius turned, and stared back across the flat meadow-land at Ichabod Buckley's

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house. It was late August now, and the meadow had great rosy patches of marsh-rosemary flung upon it like silken cloaks of cavaliers, and far-seen purple plumes of blazing-star. Darius studied slowly the low gray walls and long slant of gray roofs in the distance.

"A strong right arm and a willing heart might free her, were he prince or not!" said he. And he flung out his own right arm as if it were the one to do it.

"Were the maid willing to be freed," said Mistress Tabitha, softly.

Darius colored. "That is true, aunt," he said, with a downcast and humbled air, and he turned and went on soberly.

Mistress Tabitha looked at her nephew's handsome face, and thought to herself, with loving but jealous pride, that no maid could refuse him as a deliverer. But she would not tell him so, for her heart was still sore at his preference of Persis to herself.

Darius Hopkins had an uneasy visit at his aunt Tabitha's. He did not speak again of Persis Buckley, but he thought the more. Useless, as he told himself, as either hopes or fears were, they sprang up in his heart like persistent flames, and could not be trodden out.

He told himself that it was not sensible to think that the grand Englishman would ever come for Persis after all these years, and that it was nothing to him if he did. Yet he often trembled when he came in sight of her house lest he see a coach and four standing before it, and see her carried away before his very eyes.

And sometimes he would look at his own comely face in the glass, and look into his own heart, and feel as if the love therein must compel her even against her will; for beautiful as she was, not an angel or a goddess, after all, but only a mortal woman. "She cannot love this man whom she has not seen since she was a child, and he must be an old man now," reasoned Darius, viewing his own gallant young face in the glass. And he smiled with hope, although he knew that he could not reasonably expect to have more of Persis than the sight of her face in the meeting-house or at the window were he to stay in the village a year.

For a long time Darius was not sure that Persis even noticed him when he passed by, but there came a day when he had that at least for his comfort. That day he had not passed her house until late; on the day before her face had been so far turned from the window that his heart had sunk. He had said to himself that he would be such a love-cracked fool no longer; he would not pass her house again unless of a necessity. So all that day he had sat moodily with his aunt, but just before dusk his resolution had failed him. He had strolled slowly across the meadow, while his aunt watched him, smiling shrewdly in her window.

He had not meant to glance even when he passed the Buckley house, but in spite of himself his eyes turned. And there was Persis at the window, leaning toward him, with her face all radiant with joy. It was only a second, and she was gone. Darius had no time for anything but that one look, but that was enough. He felt as if he had already routed the gallant with the coach and four. He meditated all sorts of audacious schemes as he went home. What could he not do, if Persis would only smile upon him? He felt like marching straight upon her house, like a soldier upon a castle, and demanding her of her father, who was her jailer.

But the next day his heart failed him again, for she was not at her window—nor the next, nor the next. He could not know that she was peeping through the crack in the shutter, and that her embroidery and her reading and her old thoughts were all thrown aside for his sake. Persis Buckley could do nothing, day nor night, but think of Darius Hopkins, and watch for him to pass her window.

She did not know why, but she did not like to look fairly out of the window at him any longer. She could only peep through the crack in the shutter, with her color coming and going, and her heart beating loud in her ears.

But when Darius saw no more of Persis at the window, he told himself that his conceit had misled him; that no such marvellous creature as that could have looked upon him as he had thought, and that his bold stare had affronted her.

So he did not pass the Buckley house for several days, and Persis watched in vain. One afternoon she rose up suddenly, with her soft cheek all creased where she had leaned it against the shutter. "He will not come; I will watch no longer," she said to herself, half angrily. And she got out her green silk pelisse and her bonnet, and prepared to walk

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abroad. She went through the kitchen, and her sister Submit stared up at her from the hearth, which she was washing.

"You have not got on your veil, Persis," said she.

"I want no veil," Persis returned, impatiently.

"But you will get burned in the wind; father will not like it," said Submit, with wondering and dull remonstrance.

"Well," sighed Persis, resignedly. And Submit got the black-wrought veil, and tied it over her sister's beautiful face.

Poor Persis, when she was out of the house, glanced hastily through the black maze of leaves and flowers across the meadow, but she saw no one coming. Then she strolled on away down the road through the woods. Just that side of the burying-ground there was an oak grove, and she went in there and sat down a little way from the road, with her back against a tree. It was very cool for the time of year, but the sun shone bright. All the oak-trees trilled sharply with the insects hidden in them, and the leaves rustled together.

Persis sat very stiffly under the oak-tree. Her petticoat was of green flowered chintz, and her pelisse and her bonnet of green silk. She was as undistinguishable as a green plant against the trunk of the tree, and neither Darius Hopkins nor his aunt Tabitha saw her when they passed. Persis heard their voices before they came in sight. She scarcely breathed. She seemed to be fairly hiding within herself, and forcing her very thoughts away from the eyes of Darius and his aunt.

Mistress Tabitha came down the wood, stepping with her fine mincing gait, and leaning upon her nephew's arm. They never dreamed that Persis was near. The green waving lines of the forest met their eyes on either hand, but all unnoted, being as it were the revolutions of that green wheel of nature of which long acquaintance had dimmed their perception. Only an unusual motion therein could arouse their attention when their thoughts were elsewhere, and they were talking busily.

As they came opposite Persis, Mistress Tabitha cried out suddenly, and her voice was full of dismay. "Not to-morrow!" she cried out. "You go not to-morrow, Darius!"

And Darius replied, sadly: "I must, Aunt Tabitha. I must go back to Boston by the Thursday stage-coach, and to-day is Wednesday."

Persis heard no more. She felt faint, and there was a strange singing in her ears. As soon as the aunt and nephew were well past, she got up and hastened back to the house. She took off her bonnet and pelisse, and sat down in her old place at the window, where she had watched so many years through her strange warped youth. When she saw Darius and his aunt returning, all her soul seemed to leap forward and look out of her great dark eyes. But Darius never glanced her way. He knew she was there, for his aunt said, "There is Persis Buckley," and nodded; but he dared not look, for fear lest he look too boldly, and she be offended.

Persis did not nod in response to Mistress Tabitha. She only looked, and looked at the slight, straight figure of the young man moving past her and out of her life. She thought that it was the last time that she should ever see him —the Boston stage left at daybreak. It seemed to her that he would never come again; and if he did, that she could not live until the time, but should ride away first from her old home forever, in gloomier state than had been planned for so many years.

When Darius and his aunt were out of sight she heard her father's voice in the kitchen, and she arose and went out there with a sudden resolve. "Father," she said, standing before Ichabod.

He looked at her in a curious startled way. There was a strange gleam in her soft eyes, and a strange expression about her docile mouth.

"What is it?" he said.

"He will never come, father. I want to be different."

"Who will never come? What do you mean, Persis?"

"The—gentleman—the grand gentleman with—the coach and four. He will never come for me now. I want to be different, father. I want to work with Submit, and not stay in there by myself. If I have to any longer I shall die, I think. I want to be different. He will never come now, father."

Ichabod Buckley trembled with long convulsive tremors, which seemed to leave him rigid and stiff as they passed. "He will come!" he returned, and he shouted out the words like an oath.

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Submit, who was preparing supper, stopped, and stood pale and staring.

Persis quailed a little, but she spoke again.

"It is too long now, father," she said. "He has forgotten me. He has married another in England. He will never come, and I want to be different. And should he come, after all, I should be sorely afraid to go with him now. I could never go with him now, father."

Ichabod turned upon her, and spoke with such force that she shrank, as if before a stormy blast. "I tell ye he will come!" he shouted, hoarsely. "He will come, and you shall go with him, whether you will or no! He will come, and you shall sit there in that room and wait for him until he comes! You should wait there until you were dead, if he came not before. But he will, I tell ye—*he will come!*"

Persis fled before her father back to the best room, and sat there in the gathering dusk. Across the meadows the light of Tabitha Hopkins's evening candle shone out suddenly like a low-hung star, and Persis sat watching it. When Submit called, in a scared voice, that supper was ready, she went out at once, and took her place at the table. There were pink spots in her usually pale cheeks; she spoke not a word, and scarcely tasted the little tidbits grouped as usual around her plate. Her father swallowed his food with nervous gulps, then he left the table and went out. Soon Persis heard the grate of his tools on the gravestone slate, and knew that he had gone to work by candle-light, something he seldom did.

"Father is put out," Submit said, with a half-scared, half-reproachful look at Persis.

"Oh, Submit!" Persis cried out, with the first appeal she had ever made in her life to her slow-witted elder sister, "I must be different, or I think I shall die!"

"Maybe he will come soon," said Submit, who did not understand her sister's appeal. "Maybe he will come soon, Persis. Father thinks so," she repeated, as she rose from the table and padded heavily about, removing the supper dishes.

Then she added something which filled her sister's soul with fright and dismay.

"Father he dreamt a dream last night," said Submit, in her thick drone. "He dreamt that the grand gentleman came with the coach and four, and the black gentleman a-driving, and the grand lady in a velvet hood, just as he came before, and you got in and rode away. And he dreamt he came on a Thursday."

"To-morrow is Thursday," gasped Persis.

Submit nodded. "Father thinks he will come to-morrow," said she. "He bade me not tell you, but I will for your comfort."

Submit stared wonderingly at her sister's distressed face as she ran out of the room; then she went on with her work. She presently, in sweeping the hearth, made a long black mark thereon, and straightway told herself that there was another sign that the gentleman was coming. Submit was well versed in New England domestic superstition, that being her only exercise of imagination.

Persis did not light the candles in the best room. She sat at the window in the dark, and watched again Mistress Tabitha's candle-light across the meadow. She also stared from time to time in a startled way in the other direction toward the woodland road. Persis also was superstitious. She feared lest her father's dream come true. She seemed almost to see now and then that stately equipage emerge as of old from the woods. She almost thought that she heard the far-away rumble of the wheels. She kept reminding herself that it was Wednesday, and her father's dream said Thursday; but what if she did have to go away forever with that strange gentleman only the next day! She thought suddenly, not knowing why, of Clarissa Harlowe and Lovelace in her book. Mistress Tabitha's purpose had not wholly failed in its effect. A great vague horror of something which she was too ignorant to see fairly came over her. The face of that fine strange gentleman, dimly remembered before through all the years, shaped itself suddenly and plainly out of the darkness like the face of a demon. Persis looked away, shuddering, to the candle-gleam over the meadow, and Darius Hopkins's eyes seemed to look wistfully and lovingly into hers.

Persis Buckley arose softly, groped her way across the room in the dark, sliding noiselessly like a shadow, felt for the latch of the door that led into the front entry, lifted it cautiously, stole out into the entry, then opened the outer door

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with careful pains by degrees, and was out of the house.

Persis fled then past the plumy gloom of the pine-trees that skirted the wood, over the meadow, straight toward that candle-gleam in the Hopkins window.

There was a dry northeaster blowing, and it struck her as she fled, and lashed her clothing about her. She had on no outer wraps, and her head and her delicate face, which had always been veiled before a zephyr, were now all roughened and buffeted by this strong wind, which carried the sting of salt in it.

She never thought of it nor minded it. She fled on and on like a love-compelled bird, with only one single impulse in her whole being. The measure of freedom is always in proportion to the measure of previous restraint. Persis Buckley had been under a restraint which no maiden in this New England village had ever suffered, and she had gotten from it an impetus for a deed which they would have blushed to think of.

She fled on, forcing her way against the wind, which sometimes seemed to meet her like a moving wall, and sometimes like the rushing legions of that Prince of the Powers of the Air of whom she had read in the Bible, making as if they would lift her up bodily and carry her away among them into unknown tumult and darkness.

When Persis reached Tabitha Hopkins's door, she was nearly spent. Her life had not trained her well for a flight in the teeth of the wind. She leaned against the door for a minute faint and gasping.

Then she raised the knocker, and it fell with only a slight clang; but directly she heard an inner door open, and a step.

Then the door swung back before her, and Darius Hopkins stood there in the dim candle-light shining from the room within.

He could not see Persis's face plainly at first, only her little white hands reaching out to him like a child's from the gloom.

"Who is it?" he asked, doubtfully, and his voice trembled.

Persis made a little panting sound that was half a sob. Darius bent forward, peering out. Then he cried out, and caught at those little beseeching hands.

"It is not you!" he cried. "It is not you! You have not come to me! It is not you!"

Darius Hopkins, scarcely knowing what he did, he was so stirred with joy and triumph and doubt and fear, led Persis into the house and the candle-lit room. Then, when he saw in truth before him that beautiful face which he had worshipped from afar, the young man trembled and fell down upon his knees before Persis as if she were indeed a queen, or an angel who had come to bless him, and kissed her hand.

But Persis stood there, trembling and pale, before him, with the tears falling from her wonderful eyes, and her sweet mouth quivering. "Do not let him carry me away," she pleaded, faintly.

Then Darius sprang to his feet and put his arms around her. "Who is it would carry you away?" he said, angrily and tenderly. "No one shall have you. Who is it?"

"The—gentleman—from over-seas," whispered Persis. Her soft wet cheek was pressed against Darius's.

"He has not come?" he asked, starting fiercely.

"No; but—father has dreamed that he will—to-morrow."

Then Darius laughed gayly. "Dreams go by contraries," he said.

"Do not let him carry me away," Persis pleaded again, and she sobbed on his shoulder, and clung to him.

Darius held her more closely. "He shall never carry you away, even if he comes, against your will," he said. "Do not fear."

"I will go with nobody but you," whispered Persis in his ear.

And he trembled, scarcely believing that he heard aright. And, indeed, he scarcely believed even yet that he was not dreaming, and that he held this beautiful creature in his arms, and, more than all, that she had come to him of her own accord.

"You—do—not—mean— You cannot —oh, you cannot mean— You are an angel. There is no one like you. You cannot—you cannot feel so about me?" he whispered, brokenly, at length.

Persis nodded against his breast.

"And—that was why—you came?"

Persis nodded again.

Darius bent her head back until he could see her beautiful, tearful face. He gazed at it with reverent wonder, then he kissed her forehead, and gently loosed her arm from his neck, and led her over to a chair.

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He knelt down before her then as if she were a queen upon a throne, and held her hands softly. Then he questioned her as to how she had come, and whether any one knew, and more about the expected coming of her strange gentleman suitor, and she answered him like a docile child.

Mistress Tabitha Hopkins stood for quite a time in the doorway, and neither of them saw her. Then she spoke up.

"I want to know what this means," said she. "How came she here?" She pointed a sharp forefinger at Persis, who shrank before it.

But Darius arose quickly and went forward, blushing, but full of manly confidence. "Come out with me a moment, Aunt Tabitha," he said; "I have something to say to you privately." He took his aunt's arm and led her out of the room, and, as he went, smiled back at Persis. "Do not be afraid, sweetheart," he said.

"Sweetheart!" sniffed Mistress Tabitha, before the door closed.

Persis Buckley had been gone no longer than an hour from her own home when Darius and his aunt Tabitha escorted her back. She was wrapped then in a warm cloak of Mistress Tabitha's, and clung to her lover's arm, and he leaned between her and the rough wind, and sheltered her all he could. Poor Mistress Tabitha, with her skirts whipping about her and her ears full of wind, forced often by the onset of the gale at her back into staggering runs, pressed along after them. She had declined with some asperity her nephew's proffered assistance. "You look out for her," she said, shortly. And then she added, to temper her refusal, that she could better keep her cloak around her if both her arms were free. All her life had Mistress Tabitha Hopkins seen love only from the outside shining in her neighbor's window. It was to her credit to-night if she was not all bitter when its light fell on her solitary old maiden face, but got a certain reflected warmth and joy from it.

Nobody had missed Persis. Submit was fairly knitting in her sleep by the kitchen fire. Ichabod was still out in his shed at work.

Mistress Tabitha stood back a little while her nephew bade Persis good-by at her door. "Remember, do not be frightened, whatever happens to-morrow," he whispered in her ear. "If the gentleman comes with the coach and four, go with him, and trust in me."

"I will do whatever you bid me," whispered Persis. Then Darius kissed her hand, and she stole softly through the dark doorway into the gloom of the house, while her faith in her lover was as a lamp to all her thoughts.

On the next afternoon there was a sensation in this little seaport town. A grand coach and four, with a black man driving, a fine gentleman's head at one window, and a fine lady's at another, came dashing through the place at two o'clock. The women all ran to the doors and windows. Lounging old men straightened themselves languidly to stare, and turned their vacant faces over their shoulders. A multitude of small lads, with here and there a little petticoat among them, collected rapidly, and pelted along in the wake of this grand equipage. They followed it quite through the town to the road that led through the woods, past the graveyard, to the Buckley house, then up the road, panting but eager, the smaller children dragging at the hands of their elder brothers. When they reached the Buckley house, this small rabble separated itself into decorously silent, primly courtesying rows on either side of the way. Then the grand coach and four at length turned about, and moved between the courtesying rows of children, while Ichabod Buckley stood proudly erect in his best green surtout watching it, and poor Submit, with a scrubbing-cloth in her hand, peeped around the house corner, and the Buckley Lady rode away.

And all the people saw the coach and four dash at a rattling pace back through the town, with the Buckley Lady's face set like a white lily in a window, and her grand suitor's fair head opposite. They also saw another lady beside Persis; her face was well hidden in her great velvet hood and wrought veil, but she sat up with a stately air.

The children followed the coach on the Boston road as far as they were able, then they straggled homeward, and the coach went out of sight in a great billow of dust.

It was several days before the people knew what had really happened — that Persis Buckley had gone away with Darius Hopkins, with a fair wig over his black hair, and the fine lady in the velvet hood had been nobody but Mistress Tabitha.

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Darius Hopkins had sent a letter to the parson, and begged him to acquaint Ichabod Buckley with the truth, and humbly to crave his pardon for himself and Persis, who was now his wife, for the deceit they had practised. "But, in truth," wrote Darius Hopkins, "my beloved wife was not acquaint with the plan at all, it being contrived by my aunt, who hath a shrewd head, and carried out by myself; and I doubt much if she fairly knew with whom she went at the very first, being quite overcome by her fright and bewilderment." And Darius Hopkins begged the parson also to acquaint Ichabod Buckley, for his comfort, with this fact: Although his daughter Persis had not wedded with a gentleman of high estate from over-seas, yet he, Darius Hopkins, was of no mean birth, and had a not inconsiderable share of this world's goods, with more in expectation, as his esteemed aunt bade him mention. And furthermore, Darius Hopkins stated that had he believed any other way than the one he had taken to be available for the purpose of winning his beloved wife and freeing her from a hard and unhappy lot, he would much have preferred it. But he had taken this believing there was no other, in all honesty and purity of purpose, and he again humbly begged Ichabod Buckley's pardon.

One afternoon the parson paced solemnly up to the Buckley house with the great red-sealed letter in his hand. Ichabod was not at work. His nervous old face was visible at the window where his daughter's beautiful one had been so long, and the parson went in the front door.

It was two hours before he came out, and went with his head bent gravely down the road. He never told exactly what had passed between himself and Ichabod Buckley, but it was whispered that the parson had striven in prayer for him for the space of an hour and a half, but had not reconciled him to his disappointment.

After his daughter had departed in state, Ichabod Buckley, while not returning to his old garrulous ways, but comporting himself with a dignity that would have befitted a squire, was seen frequently in the store and on the street, and he wore always his best green surtout, which he had heretofore kept for Sabbath days.

But after the truth was revealed to him Ichabod Buckley was seen no more abroad. He shut himself up in his poor workshed, and all day long his chisel rasped on the dark slate. Persis wrote to him, and Darius, and he read the letters, scowling fiercely and painfully through his iron-bowed spectacles, then put them away in his beetling old desk in the kitchen, and fell to work again.

It was not three weeks after Persis went away when Submit, with her apron over her head, went one morning through the woods with lumbering swiftness and called the doctor, for her father lay on his bed as motionless as if he were dead, and could not speak.

They sent for Persis, but her father was dead before she reached her old home and went weeping over the threshold, leaning on her young husband's arm. Not a word did she have of blame or forgiveness from her father's lips; but she knew his last mind toward her when she saw what his work had been since the day she left him.

Out in Ichabod Buckley's workshop stood a tall slate stone, shaped like the one he had erected for his dearly beloved wife. On it were cut his name, and the years of his birth and death, and under that a verse. In his own poor brain, strained almost asunder with its awful stress of one idea in life, he had devised this verse; with his poor old failing hands he had cut it on the stone:

"Stranger, view well this speaking stone,
And drop a pitying tear;
Ingratitude had overthrown,
And Death then laid me here."

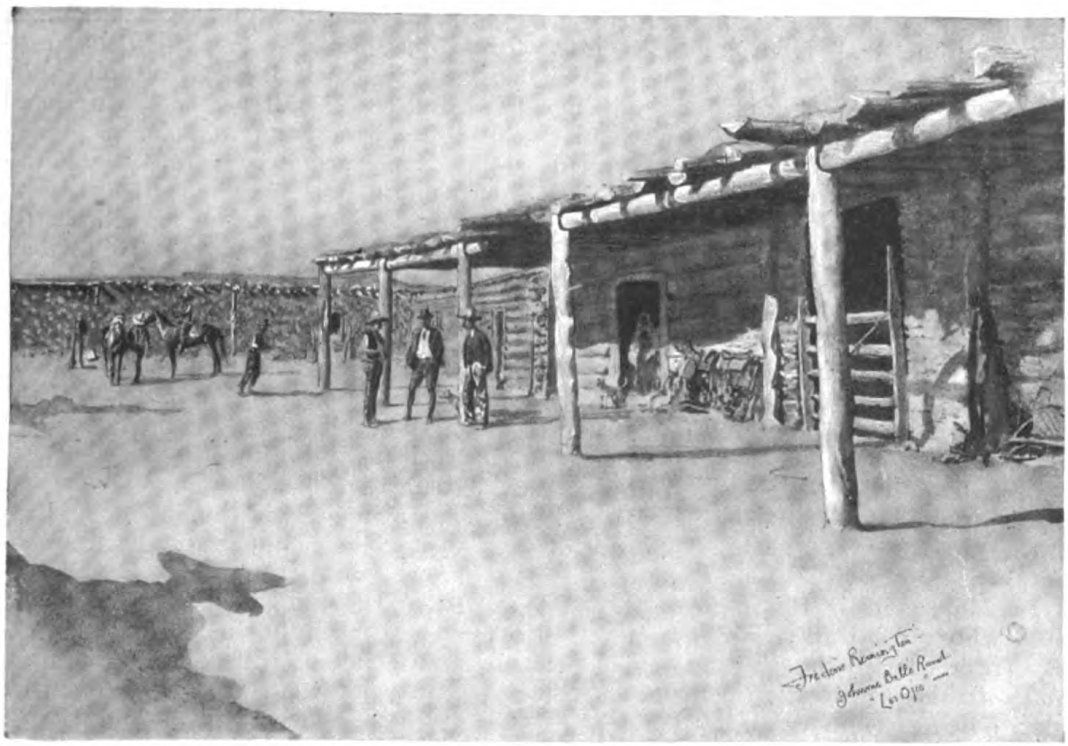
Ichabod Buckley had left a space below, as if he had designed to make still larger his appeal to the pity of those who should pause in the future by his grave; and thereon did Darius Hopkins, to comfort his wife Persis, who grieved as if she could never be comforted when she read the first, cut another verse.

When the stone was set up over Ichabod's grave, people kneeling before it read, after the piteous complaint and prayer for sympathy of the dead man, Darius's verse:

"Who doth his clearer sight possess
In brighter realms above,
May come his earthly woe to bless,
And know that all was Love."

And it has so happened, because Darius cut with his strong young hands more firmly and deeply his verse in the stone, that his has endured and can be read, while Ichabod's is all worn away by the rain-storms of the years, as it might have been by the tears of mortal life.

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A RODEO AT LOS OJOS.

BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

THE sun beat down on the dry grass, and the "punchers" were squatting about in groups in front of the straggling log and *adobe* buildings which constituted the outlying ranch of Los Ojos.

Mr. Johnnie Bell, the *capitan* in charge, was walking about in his heavy *chaparras*, a slouch hat, and a white "biled" shirt. He was chewing his long yellow mustache, and gazing across the great plain of Bavicora with set and squinting eyes. He passed us and repassed us, still gazing out, and in his long Texas drawl said, "Thar's them San Miguel fellers."

I looked, but I could not see any San Miguel fellows in the wide expanse of land.

"Hyar, crawl some horses, and we'll go out and meet 'em," continued Mr. Bell; and suiting the action, we mounted our horses and followed him. After a time I made out tiny specks in the atmospheric wave which rises from the heated land, and in half an hour could plainly make out a cavalcade of horsemen. Presently breaking into a gallop, which movement was imitated by the other party, we bore down upon each other, and only stopped when near enough to shake hands, the half-wild ponies darting about and rearing under the excitement. Greetings were exchanged in Spanish, and the peculiar shoulder tap, or abbreviated embrace, was indulged in. Doubtless a part of our outfit was as strange to Governor Terraza's men — for he is the *patron* of San Miguel — as they were to us.

My imagination had never pictured before anything so wild as these leather-clad *vaqueros*. As they removed their hats to greet Jack, their unkempt locks blew over their faces, back off their foreheads, in the greatest disorder. They were clad in terra-cotta buckskin, elaborately trimmed with white leather, and around their lower legs wore heavy cowhide as a sort of legging. They were fully armed, and with their jingling spurs, their flapping ropes and buckskin strings, and with their gay *serapes* tied behind their saddles, they were as impressive a cavalcade of desert-scamperers as it has been my fortune to see. Slowly we rode back to the corrals, where they dismounted.

Shortly, and unobserved by us until at hand, we heard the clatter of hoofs, and

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leaving in their wake a cloud of dust, a dozen "punchers" from another outfit bore down upon us as we stood under the *ramada* of the ranch-house, and pulling up with a jerk, which threw the ponies on their haunches, the men dismounted and approached, to be welcomed by the master of the *rodeo*.

A few short orders were given, and three mounted men started down to the springs, and after charging about, we could see that they had roped a steer, which they led, bawling and resisting, to the ranch, where it was quickly thrown and slaughtered. Turning it on its back, after the manner of the old buffalo-hunters, it was quickly disrobed and cut up into hundreds of small pieces, which is the method practised by the Mexican butchers, and distributed to the men.

In Mexico it is the custom for the man who gives the "round-up" to supply fresh beef to the visiting cow-men; and on this occasion it seemed that the pigs, chickens, and dogs were also embraced in the bounty of the *patron*, for I noticed one piece which hung immediately in front of my quarters had two chickens roosting on the top of it, and a pig and a dog tugging vigorously at the bottom.

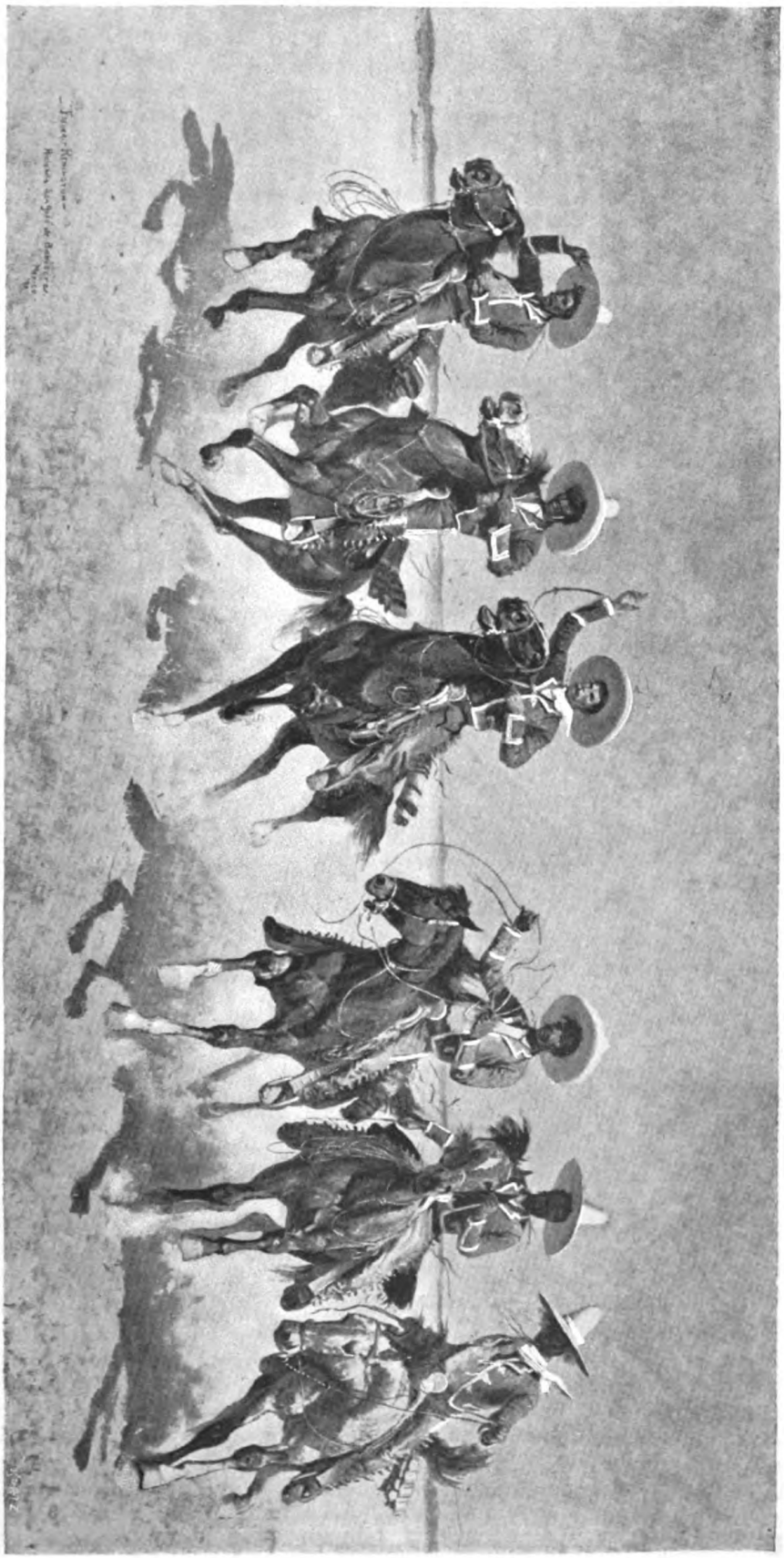
The horse herds were moved in from the *llano* and rounded up in the corral, from which the "punchers" selected their mounts by roping, and as the sun was westering they disappeared, in obedience to orders, to all points of the compass. The men took positions back in the hills and far out on the plain; there, building a little fire, they cook their beef, and, enveloped in their *serapes*, spend the night. At early dawn they converge on the ranch, driving before them such stock as they may.

In the morning we could see from the ranch-house a great semicircle of gray on the yellow plains. It was the thousands of cattle coming to the *rodeo*. In an hour more we could plainly see the cattle, and behind them the *vaqueros* dashing about, waving their *serapes*. Gradually they converged on the *rodeo* ground, and, enveloped in a great cloud of dust and with hollow bellowings, like the low pedals of a great organ, they begin to mill, or turn about a common centre, until gradually quieted by the enveloping cloud of horsemen. The *patron* and the captains of the neighboring ranches, after an exchange of long-winded Spanish formalities, and accompanied by ourselves, rode slowly from the ranch to the herd, and entering it, passed through and through and around in solemn procession. The cattle part before the horsemen, and the dust rises so as to obscure to unaccustomed eyes all but the silhouettes of the moving thousands. This is an important function in a cow country, since it enables the owners or their men to estimate what numbers of the stock belong to them, to observe the brands, and to inquire as to the condition of the animals and the numbers of calves and "mavericks," and to settle any dispute which may arise therefrom.

All controversy, if there be any, having been adjusted, a part of the "punchers" move slowly into the herd, while the rest patrol the outside, and hold it. Then a movement soon begins. You see a figure dash at about full speed through an apparently impenetrable mass of cattle; the stock becomes uneasy and moves about, gradually beginning the milling process, but the men select the cattle bearing their brand, and course them through the herd; all becomes confusion, and the cattle simply seek to escape from the ever-recurring horsemen. Here one sees the matchless horsemanship of the "punchers." Their little ponies, trained to the business, respond to the slightest pressure. The cattle make every attempt to escape, dodging in and out and crowding among their kind; but right on their quarter, gradually forcing them to the edge of the herd, keeps the "puncher," until finally, as a last effort, the cow and the calf rush through the supporting line, when, after a terrific race, she is turned into another herd, and is called "the cut."

One who finds pleasure in action can here see the most surprising manifestations of it. A huge bull, wild with fright, breaks from the herd, with lowered head and whitened eye, and goes charging off indifferent to what or whom he may encounter, with the little pony pattering in his wake. The cattle run at times with nearly the intensity of action of a deer, and whip and spur are applied mercilessly to the little horse. The process of "tailing" is indulged in, although it is a dangerous practice for the man, and reprehensible from its brutality to the cattle. A man will pursue a bull at top speed, will reach over and grasp the tail

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COMING TO THE RODEO.

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of the animal, bring it to his saddle, throw his right leg over the tail, and swing his horse suddenly to the left, which throws the bull rolling over and over. That this method has its value I have seen in the case of pursuing "mavericks," where an unsuccessful throw was made with the rope, and the animal was about to enter the thick timber; it would be impossible to coil the rope again, and an escape would follow but for the wonderful dexterity of these men in this accomplishment. The little calves become separated from their mothers, and go bleating about; their mothers respond by bellows, until pandemonium seems to reign. The dust is blinding, and the "puncher" becomes grimy and soiled; the horses lather; and in the excitement the desperate men do deeds which convince you of their faith that "a man can't die till his time comes." At times a bull is found so skilled in these contests that he cannot be displaced from the herd; it is then necessary to rope him and drag him to the point desired;



A MEXICAN STEER.

and I noticed "punchers" ride behind recalcitrant bulls and, reaching over, spur them. I also saw two men throw simultaneously for an immense creature, when, to my great astonishment, he turned tail over head and rolled on the ground. They had both sat back on their ropes together.

The whole scene was inspiring to a degree, and well merited Mr. Yorick's observation that "it is the sport of kings; the image of war, with twenty-five per cent. of its danger."

Fresh horses are saddled from time to time, but before high noon the work is done, and the various "cut-offs" are herded in different directions. By this time the dust had risen until lost in the sky above, and as the various bands of cowboys rode slowly back to the ranch, I observed their demoralized condition. The economy *per force* of the Mexican people prompts them to put no more cotton into a shirt than is absolutely necessary, with the consequence that, in these cases, their shirts had pulled out from their belts and their *serapes*, and were flapping in the wind; their mustaches and their hair were perfectly solid with dust, and one could not tell a bay horse from a black.

Now come the cigarettes and the broiling of beef. The bosses were invited to sit at our table, and as the work of cutting and branding had yet to be done, no time was taken for ablutions. Opposite me sat a certain individual who, as he engulfed his food, presented a grimy waste of visage only broken by the rolling of his eyes and the snapping of his teeth.

We then proceeded to the corrals, which were made in stockaded form from gnarled and many - shaped posts set on an end. The cows and calves were bunched on one side in fearful expectancy. A fire was built just outside of the bars, and the branding-irons set on. Into the corrals went the "punchers," with their ropes coiled in their hands. Selecting their victims, they threw their ropes, and, after pulling and tugging, a bull calf would come out of the bunch, whereat two men would set upon him and

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TAILING A BULL.

"rastle" him to the ground. It is a strange mixture of humor and pathos, this mutilation of calves—humorous when the calf throws the man, and pathetic when the man throws the calf. Occasionally an old cow takes an unusual interest in her offspring, and charges boldly into their midst. Those men who cannot escape soon enough throw dust in her eyes, or put their hats over her horns. And in this case there were some big steers which had been "cut out" for purposes of work at the plough and turned in with the young stock; one old grizzled veteran manifested an interest in the proceedings, and walked boldly from the bunch, with his head in the air and bellowing; a wild scurry ensued, and hats and *serapes* were thrown to confuse him. But over all this the "punchers" only laugh, and go at it again. In corral roping they try to catch the calf by the front feet, and in this they become so expert that they rarely miss. As I sat on the fence, one of the foremen, in play, threw and caught my legs as they dangled.

When the work is done and the cattle are again turned into the herd, the men re-

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A STUDY OF ACTION.

pair to the *casa* and indulge in games and pranks. We had shooting matches and hundred-yard dashes; but I think no records were broken, since "punchers" on foot are odd fish. They walk as though they expected every moment to sit down. Their knees work outward, and they have a decided "hitch" in their gait; but once let them get a foot in a stirrup and a grasp on the horn of the saddle, and a dynamite cartridge alone could expel them from the saddle. When loping over the plain the "puncher" is the epitome of equine grace, and if he desires to look behind him he simply shifts his whole body to one side and lets the horse go as he pleases. In the pursuit of cattle at a *rodeo* he leans forward in his saddle, and with his arms elevated to his shoulders he "plugs" in his spurs and makes his pony fairly sail. While going at this tremendous speed he turns his pony almost in his stride, and no matter how a bull may twist and swerve about, he is at his tail as true as a magnet to the pole. The Mexican "punchers" all use the "ring bit," and it is a fearful contrivance. Their saddle-trees are very short, and as straight and quite as shapeless as a "saw-buck pack-saddle." The horn is as big as a dinner plate, and taken altogether it is inferior to the California tree. It is very hard on horses' backs, and not at all comfortable for a rider who is not accustomed to it.

They all use hemp ropes which are imported from some of the southern states of the republic, and carry a lariat of hair which they make themselves. They work for from eight to twelve dollars a month in Mexican coin, and live on the most simple diet imaginable. They are mostly

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MOUNTING A WILD ONE.

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peoned, or in hopeless debt to their *patrons*, who go after any man who deserts the range and bring him back by force. A "puncher" buys nothing but his gorgeous buckskin clothes, and his big silver-mounted straw hat, his spurs, his riata, and his *cincha* rings. He makes his *teguas* or buckskin boots, his heavy leggings, his saddle, and the *patron* furnishes his arms. On the round-up, which lasts about half of the year, he is furnished beef, and also kills game. The balance of the year he is kept in an outlying camp to turn stock back on the range. These camps are often the most simple things, consisting of a pack containing his "grub," his saddle, and *serape*, all lying under a tree, which does duty as a house. He carries a flint and steel, and has a piece of sheet-iron for a stove,



WAVING SERAPE TO DRIVE CATTLE.

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and a piece of pottery for boiling things in. This part of their lives is passed in a long siesta, and a man of the North who has a local reputation as a lazy man should see a Mexican "puncher" loaf, in order to comprehend that he could never achieve distinction in the land where *poco tiempo* means forever. Such is the life of the *vaquero*—a brave fellow—a fatalist, with less wants than the pony he rides, a rather thoughtless man who lacks many virtues, but when he mounts his horse or casts his riata, all men must bow and call him master.

The *baile*—the song—the man with the guitar—and under all this *dolce far niente* are their little hates and bickerings, as thin as cigarette smoke and as enduring as time. They reverence their parents, they honor their *patron*, and love their *compadre*. They are grave, and grave even when gay; they eat little, they think less, they meet death calmly, and it's a terrible scoundrel who goes to hell from Mexico.



JOHNNIE BELL OF LOS OJOS.

The Anglo-American foremen are another type entirely. They have all the rude virtues. The intelligence which is never lacking and the perfect courage which never fails are found in such men as Tom Bailey and Johnnie Bell—two Texans who are the superiors of any cowmen I have ever seen. I have seen them chase the "mavericks" at top speed over a country so difficult that a man could hardly pass on foot out of a walk. On one occasion Mr. Bailey, in hot pursuit of a bull, leaped a tremendous fallen log at top speed, and in the next instant "tailed" and threw the bull as it was about to enter the timber. Bell can ride a pony at a gallop while standing up on his saddle, and while Cossacks do this trick they are enabled to accomplish it easily from the superior adaptability of their saddles to the purpose. In my association with these men of the frontier I have come to greatly respect their moral fibre and their character. Modern civilization, in the process of educating men beyond their capacity, often succeeds in vulgarizing them, but these natural men possess minds which, though lacking all embellishment, are chaste and simple, and utterly devoid of a certain

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flippancy which passes for smartness in situations where life is not so real. The fact that a man bolts his food or uses his table-knife as though it were a deadly weapon counts very little in the game these men play in their lonely range life. They are not complicated, these children of nature, and they never think one thing and say another. Mr. Bell was wont to squat against a fireplace—*à la* Indian—and dissect the peculiarities of the audience in a most ingenuous way. It never gave offence either, because so guileless. Mr. Bailey, after listening carefully to a theological tilt, observed that "he believed he'd be religious if he knowed how."

The jokes and pleasantries of the American "puncher" are so close to nature often, and so generously veneered with heart-rending profanity, as to exclude their becoming classic. The cow-men are good friends and virulent haters, and, if justified in their own minds, would shoot a man instantly, and regret the necessity, but not the shooting, afterwards.

Among the dry, saturnine faces of the cow "punchers" of the Sierra Madre was one which beamed with human instincts, which seemed to say, "Welcome, stranger!" He was the first impression my companion and myself had of Mexico, and as broad as are its plains and as high its mountains, yet looms up William on a higher pinnacle of remembrance.

We crawled out of a Pullman in the early morning at Chihuahua, and fell into the hands of a little black man, with telescopic pantaloons, a big sombrero with the edges rolled up, and a grin on his good-humored face like a yawning *barranca*.

"Is you frens of Mista Jack's?"

"We are."

"Gimme your checks. Come dis way," he said; and without knowing why we should hand ourselves and our property over to this uncouth personage, we did it, and from thence on over the deserts and in the mountains, while shivering in the snow by night and by day, there was Jack's man to bandage our wounds, lend us tobacco when no one else had any, to tuck in our blankets, to amuse us, to comfort us in distress, to advise and admonish, until the last *adios* were waved from the train as it again bore us to the border-land.

On our departure from Chihuahua to meet Jack out in the mountains the stage was overloaded, but a proposition to leave William behind was beaten on the first ballot; it was well vindicated, for without William the expedition would have been a "march from Moscow." There was only one man in the party with a sort of bass-relief notion that he could handle the Spanish language, and the relief was a very slight one—almost imperceptible—the politeness of the people only keeping him from being mobbed. But William could speak German, English, and Spanish, separately, or all at once.

William was so black that he would make a dark hole in the night, and the top of his head was not over four and a half feet above the soles of his shoes. His legs were all out of drawing, but forty-five winters had not passed over him without leaving a mind which, in its sphere of life, was agile, resourceful, and eminently capable of grappling with any complication which might arise. He had personal relations of various kinds with every man, woman, and child whom we met in Mexico. He had been thirty years a cook in a cow camp, and could evolve banquets from the meat on a bull's tail, and was wont to say, "I don' know so much 'bout dese yar stoves, but gie me a camp-fire an' I can make de bes' thing yo' ever threw your lip ober."

When in camp, with his little cast-off English tourist cap on one side of his head, a short black pipe tipped at the other angle to balance the effect, and two or three stripes of white corn meal across his visage, he would move round the camp-fire like a cub bear around a huckleberry bush, and in a low, authoritative voice have the Mexicans all in action, one hurrying after water, another after wood, some making *tortillas*, or cutting up venison, grinding coffee between two stones, dusting bedding, or anything else. The British Field-Marshal air was lost in a second when he addressed "Mister Willie" or "Mister Jack," and no fawning courtier of the Grand Monarch could purr so low.

On our coach ride to Bavicora, William would seem to go up to any ranch-house on the road, when the sun was getting low, and after ten minutes' conversation with the grave Don who owned it, he would turn to us with a wink, and say:

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A MODERN SANCHO PANZA.

"Come right in, gemmen. Dis ranch is yours." Sure enough, it was. Whether he played us for major-generals or governors of states I shall never know, but certainly we were treated as such.

On one occasion William had gotten out to get a hat blown off by the wind, and when he came up to view the wreck of the turn-over of the great Concord coach, and saw the mules going off down the hill with the front wheels, the ground littered with boxes and débris, and the men all lying about, groaning or fainting in agony, William scratched his wool, and with just a suspicion of humor on his face he ventured, "If I'd been hyar, I would be in two places 'fore now, shuah," which was some consolation to William, if not to us.

In Chihuahua we found William was in need of a clean shirt, and we had gotten one for him in a shop. He had selected one with a power of color enough to make the sun stand still, and with great glass diamonds in it. We admonished him that when he got to the ranch the "punchers" would take it away from him.

"No, sah; I'll take it off 'fore I get thar."

William had his commercial instincts developed in a reasonable degree, for he was always trying to trade a silver watch, of the Captain Cuttle kind, with the Mexicans. When asked what time it was, William would look at the sun and then deftly cant the watch around, the hands of which swung like compasses, and he would show you the time within fifteen minutes of right, which little discrepancy could never affect the value of a watch in the land of *mañana*.

That he possessed tact I have shown, for he was the only man at Bavicora whose relations with the *patron* and the smallest, dirtiest Indian "kid," were easy and natural. Jack said of his popularity, "He stands 'way in with the Chinese cook;

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gets the warm corner behind the stove." He also had courage, for didn't he serve out the ammunition in Texas when his "outfit" was in a life and death tussle with the Comanches? did he not hold a starving crowd of Mexican teamsters off the grub-wagon until the boys came back?

There was only one feature of Western life with which William could not assimilate, and that was the horse. He had trusted a bronco too far on some remote occasion, which accounted partially for the kinks in his legs; but after he had recovered fully his health he had pinned his faith to *burros*, and forgotten the glories of the true cavalier.

"No, sah, Mister Jack, I don' care for to ride dat horse. He's a good horse, but I jes hit de flat for a few miles 'fore I rides him," he was wont to say when the cowboys gave themselves over to an irresponsible desire to see a horse kill a man. He would then go about his duties, uttering gulps of suppressed laughter, after the negro manner, safe in the knowledge that the *burro* he affected could "pack his freight."

One morning I was taking a bath out of our wash-basin, and William, who was watching me and the coffee-pot at the same time, observed that "if one of dese people down hyar was to do dat dere, dere'd be a funeral 'fo' twelve o'clock."

William never admitted any social affinity with Mexicans, and as to his own people, he was wont to say: "Never have went with people of my own color. Why, you go to Brazos to-day, and dey tell you dere was Bill, he go home come night, an' de balance of 'em be looking troo de grates in de morning." So William lives happily in the "small social puddle," and always reckons to "treat any friends of Mister Jack's right." So if you would know William, you must do it through Jack.

It was on rare occasions that William, as master of ceremonies, committed any indiscretion, but one occurred in the town of Guerrero. We had gotten in rather late, and William was sent about the town to have some one serve supper for us. We were all very busy when William "blew in" with a great sputtering, and said, "Is yous ready for dinner, gemmen?" "Yes, William," we answered, whereat William ran off. After waiting a long time, and being very hungry, we concluded to go and "rustle" for ourselves, since William did not come back and had not told us where he had gone. After we had found and eaten a dinner, William turned up, gloomy and dispirited. We inquired as to his mood. "I do declar', gemmen, I done forget dat you didn't know where I had ordered dat dinner; but dere's de dinner an' nobody to eat it, an' I's got to leave dis town 'fore sunup, pay for it, or die." Unless some one had advanced the money, William's two other alternatives would have been painful.

The romance in William's life even could not be made mournful, but it was the "mos' trouble" he ever had, and it runs like this: Some years since William had saved up four hundred dollars, and he had a girl back in Brazos to whom he had pinned his faith. He had concluded to assume responsibilities, and to create a business in a little mud town down the big road. He had it arranged to start a travellers' eating-house; he had contracted for a stove and some furniture; and at about that time his dishonest employer had left Mexico for parts unknown, with all his money. The stove and furniture were yet to be paid for, so William entered into hopeless bankruptcy, lost his girl, and then attaching himself to Jack, he bravely set to again in life's battle. But I was glad to know that he had again conquered, for before I left I overheard a serious conversation between William and the *patron*. William was cleaning a frying-pan by the camp-fire light, and the *patron* was sitting enveloped in his *serape* on the other side.

"Mist' Jack, I's got a girl. She's a Mexican."

"Why, William, how about that girl up in the Brazos?" inquired the *patron*, in surprise.

"Don' care about her now. Got a new girl."

"Well, I suppose you can have her, if you can win her," replied the *patron*.

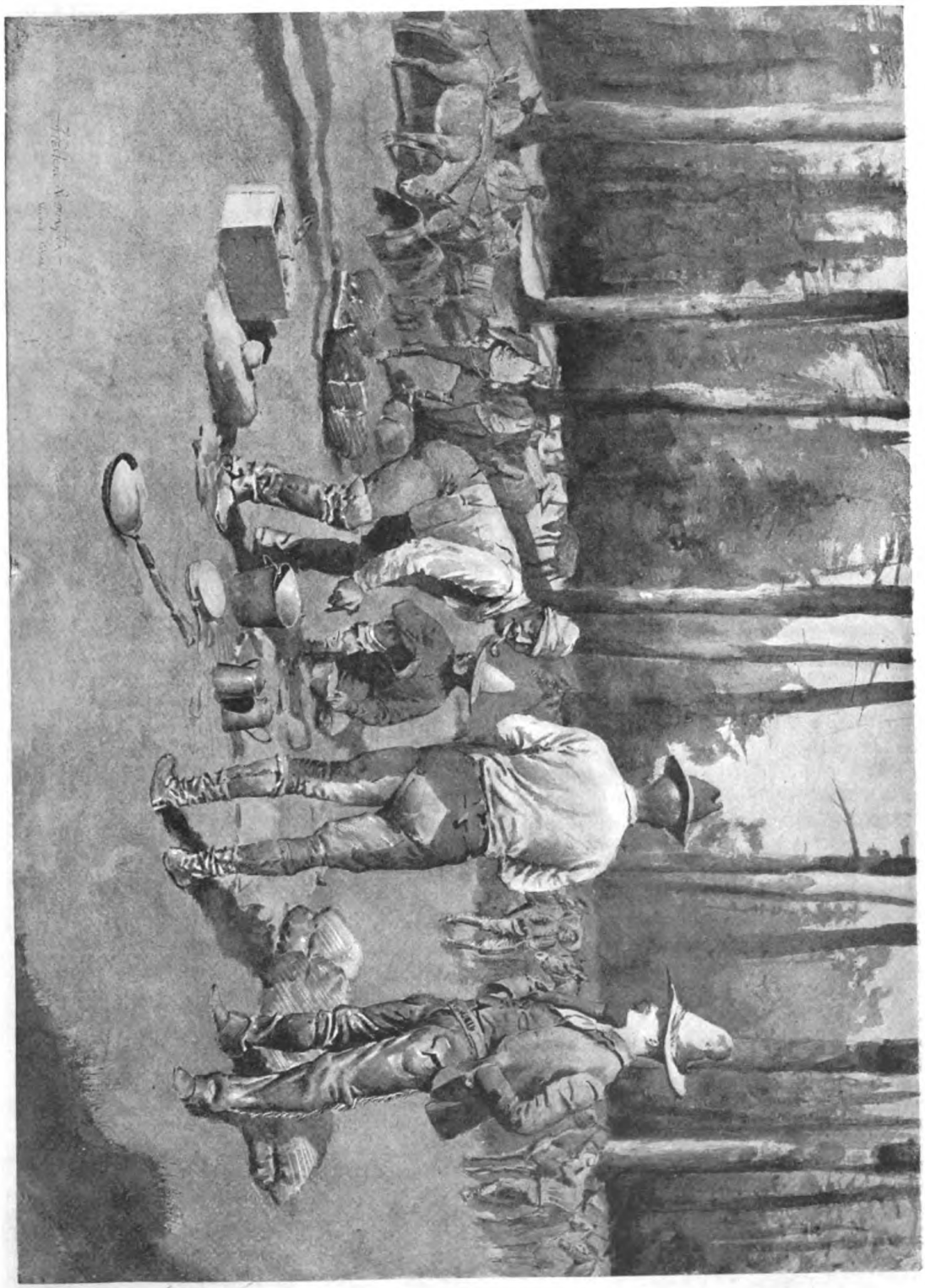
"Can I, sah? Well, den, I's win her already, sah—dar!" chuckled William.

"Oh! very well, then, William, I will give you a wagon, with two yellow ponies, to go down and get her; but I don't want you to come back to Bavicora with an empty wagon."

"No, sah; I won't, sah," pleasedly responded the lover.

"Does that suit you, then?" asked the *patron*.

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WILLIAM IN ACTION.

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"Yes, sah; but, sah, wonder, sah, might I have the two old whites?"

"All right! You can have the two old white ponies;" and, after a pause, "I will give you that old *adobe* up in La Pinta, and two speckled steers; and I don't want you to come down to the ranch except on *baile* nights, and I want you to slide in then just as quiet as any other outsider," said the *patron*, who was testing William's loyalty to the girl.

"All right! I'll do that."

"William, do you know that no true Mexican girl will marry a man who don't know how to ride a charger?" continued the *patron*, after a while.

"Yes; I's been thinking of dat; but dar's dat Timborello, he's a good horse what a man can 'pend on," replied William, as he scoured at the pan in a very wearing way.

"He's yours, William; and now all you have got to do is to win the girl."

After that William was as gay as a robin in the spring; and as I write this I suppose William is riding over the pass in the mountains, sitting on a board across his wagon, with his Mexican bride by his side, singing out between the puffs of his black pipe, "Go on, dar, you muchachos; specks we ever get to Bavicora dis yar gait?"

AS TOLD TO HIS GRACE.

BY WILLIAM McLENNAN.

IV.—"CACHE-CACHE."

M. GUILLOUX'S STORY.

DURING the early summer of 1786, M. Maurice Lenormant brought his bride home to his handsome hôtel in the rue Dauphine, near the corner of the rue de Bussy.

It was purely a love-match on both sides. In position and fortune they were nearly equal; their families had held high rank in Normandy for generations; both were young, and were united by common sympathies and aims.

But before another summer opened he bore her forth from the home in which they had so fondly planned their future; that had vanished now, and forever, leaving only her memory and her babe, Aline.

To the child M. Lenormant turned in his desolation with a tenderness and care which were unfailing, and as she grew older, every hour he could spare from his public duties was devoted to her.

She grew up a singularly attractive little thing, evidently inheriting much of the sturdy Norman blood, for she was strong-limbed and dark-haired, full of high spirits, and absolutely fearless.

When '89 brought the first outward sign of the New Era, Lenormant threw himself heart and soul into the cause of liberty, and his self-imposed duties increased as every month brought its unforeseen difficulties and complications. Heavy as his actual duties were, they were rendered heavier by the constant thought of the lonely child in the empty house on the rue Dauphine. Yet he could not bear to send her away amongst comparative strangers, for the rare hours he could spend with her were his only rest and solace from his arduous labors. As for the child, she quickly accustomed herself to the gradual change, and, child like, found a new object round which her affection and life could centre. This was the suisse, as all porters in private houses were then called, a great strapping fellow from the family estate in Normandy, rejoicing in the name of Bazile, and in his manly proportions, set forth in the glory of a red and gold livery. Bazile was absolutely devoted to the child, and Lenormant had even more confidence in him than in Lizette, the bonne, and, as Aline was contented, pursued his work without anxiety for the care of his little one.

Lizette was kind, and her patience untiring, but then her stories of "la poulette grise" were not like those of Bazile. Hour after hour the dark-haired, bright-faced child sat in the lodge of "her suisse," listening to his wonderful stories, or learning his long *complaintes* of dead-and-gone kings and princesses and captains and fairies of far-off Normandy.

People passing or calling at the house were struck by the queer companionship. Many were amused, but others were horrified, among them Madame d'Averolles,

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who lived opposite; she went so far as to rebuke M. Lenormant for the folly of allowing the child to mix with such *manants*.

"Madame," he answered, "it was such *manants* whom our ancestors protected, and by whose help we won such honors as we yet hold."

So Aline was allowed to revel in her fairyland of kings and queens within the lodge of "her suisse," while in the world outside the stern reality was working towards its end unknown to child or servant.

But Aline's happiest days were when Bazile walked behind her and Lizette on their way to mass at les Augustins. Then she was *la grande dame de par le monde*, and never for a moment forgot the dignity of her rôle. Not the slightest trace of familiarity towards Bazile, who, on his part, was equally particular that his young mistress should as properly play her part in her natural sphere.

Thus the months went on, and though the child saw but little of her father, she was happy in her own way in her own world. This was still more restricted in the spring of '92, as M. Lenormant was forced to forbid any expeditions into the streets, for even in their quiet quarter disturbances were carried by crowds, who appeared without warning and vanished as suddenly, like an ugly dream. The restriction hardly distressed Aline, as Bazile was now only dressed in sober black; red cloth and gold lace and powder had all been blown away a good year ago by the rising storm; the streets had lost all the color and life to which she was accustomed, and she had lost her interest when the old gayety disappeared.

Besides this, she had compensations. Bazile's usual duties as porter had dwindled down to an occasional opening and closing of the doors, for people rarely called at the house in daytime now, so Aline had him for herself. Many a day he and Lizette would play for hours with her in her now unused drawing-room.

They had many games, but the favorite for all three was "cache-cache," hide-and-seek, and they played in this wise: Bazile left the room, with strict injunctions to remain at the very end of the hall until he heard Aline's signal, whereupon followed hurried directions to the bonne, and Aline's merry call rang out. The child stood before the concealing curtain or screen, her eyes flashing with merriment, and hardly able to refrain from shouts of delight as Bazile made fruitless search behind chairs and sofas, moved the heavy vases beside the fireplace, pretended to look behind the mirrors, but never found the hidden Lizette until warned by the impatient movements of Aline that the game had gone far enough. Lizette was thereupon duly discovered, and their united merriment crowned the climax of excitement.

Could any one ever tire of such a pleasure? Certainly these two devoted souls showed no signs of flagging, nor ever failed to answer the demand of the fun-loving child. Cache-cache was "her game," as Bazile was "her suisse."

Then there were sights to be seen from the windows. So many people passed. Very few carriages, to be sure; but there were soldiers, the like of whom Aline had never seen, whose fantastic uniforms were unknown to Bazile. Sometimes, too, there were terrible wild-looking men and women hurrying along, singing and shouting, at whom Aline stared curiously, but before whose approach Bazile carefully shut and barred the large doors.

It was now the middle of the summer, and no one but Bazile ever ventured into the streets. M. Lenormant had given strict orders that the large doors were to be kept fastened at all hours, and no one was to enter unless known to the suisse.

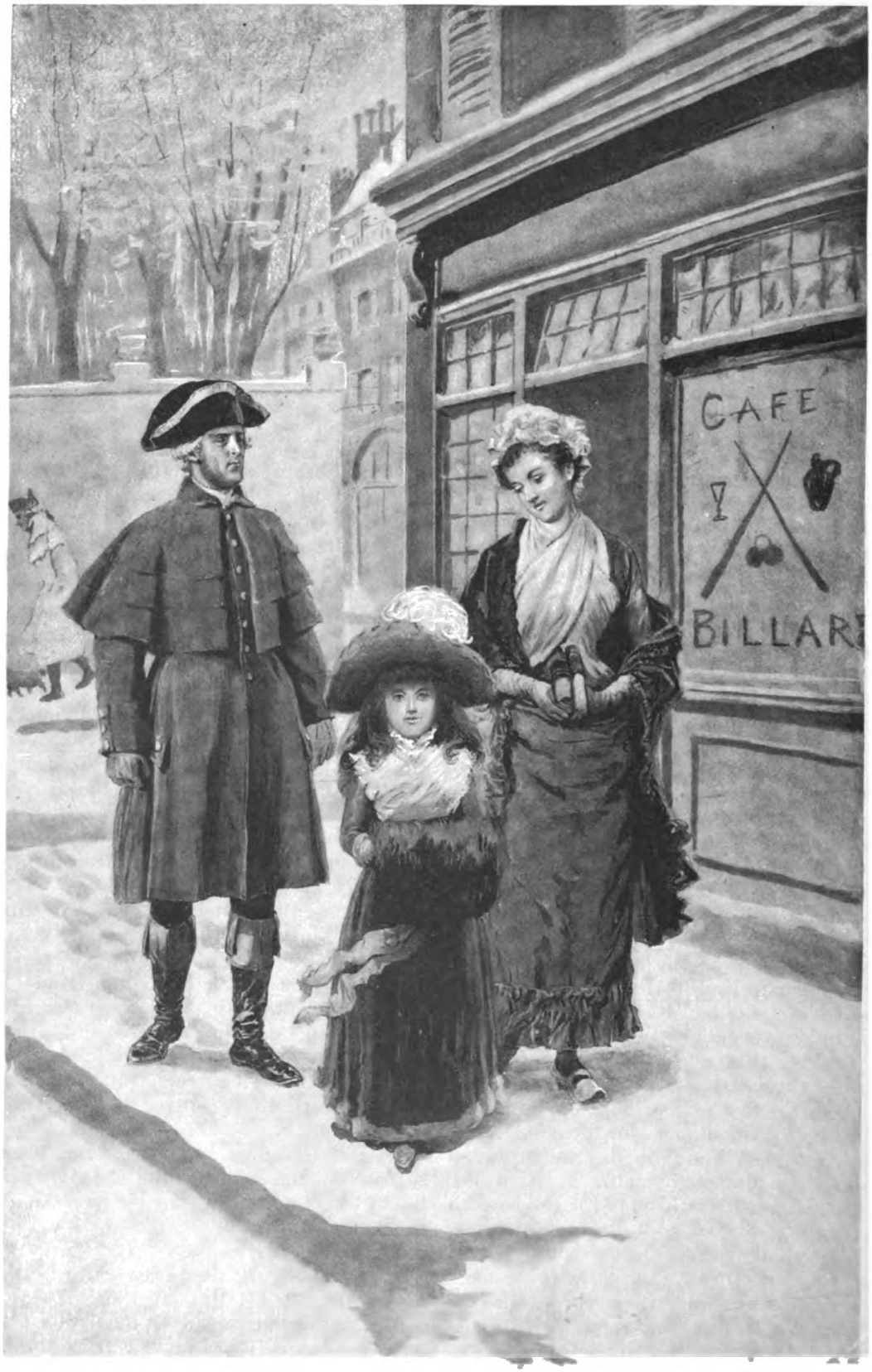
One hot midnight in August a distant bell was heard tolling, tolling, until answered by the clang and boom of other bells and the rolling of drums from all quarters of the city. Through the early morning crowds trooped out from their holes and hiding-places, and went sweeping through streets, tramping over bridges, until they centred at the Tuileries.

Before the morning was over, there came from the other side of the river the heavy roar of cannon, the sharp rattle of musketry, and a never-ending howling as of wild beasts.

Poor Lizette, agonized with terror, could do nothing but tell her beads. Bazile, with an anxious face, went about the house endeavoring to make some attempt at work, but the other servants never descended from their quarters in the attics.

Aline alone was undisturbed, but greatly bored, and inclined to be fretful.

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"BAZILE WALKED BEHIND HER AND LIZETTE ON THEIR WAY TO MASS."

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Why could not Lizette leave off her stupid prayers? Why could not Bazile sing "C'était Anne de Bretagne" with her as before?

Her father had forbidden her to go near the windows unless with Bazile, who to-day would not even open those giving on the street, and on the garden side there was nothing to see.

So the child passed the long day, her first happy moment being when Bazile carried her down into the empty kitchen, where for an hour she again enjoyed life, as she watched him make the fire, warm up her bouillon and prepare her dinner. She then made him feed her bit by bit until she was satisfied, which little necessity of ordinary work went far to restore the realities of life to the anxious suisse.

After he had eaten a little, at the imperious command of the child, he carried her up stairs again, and made an attempt to rouse Lizette to some effort of her duty. Some straggling bands began to pass through the quarter again, and leaving Aline in charge of the bonne, he climbed to the highest windows at the back of the house, and his heart sank within him at the sight of flames bursting upwards in the direction of the Tuileries, and the constant, uninterrupted howl from the scattering mob. He stood there fascinated by the sight of the burning buildings, and the horrible readiness with which he pictured the scenes passing round the leaping flames, until aroused by cries in the street below. Running to the front of the house, he looked down on a drunken, shrieking rabble passing in wild and bestial triumph with the sickening trophies of their murderous success whirled and brandished overhead.

It froze the very life in his veins as he looked; but the mob was at last returning to slink back into its dens once more, and he trusted the worst was over for this time. So down stairs he came, with a greater sense of security than he had yet felt, to entertain Aline and reassure Lizette.

At Aline's request, he carried her down into the drawing-room, and after carefully closing the shutters and drawing over the heavy curtains, lighted up all the candles in the lustres.

The great room, with its yellow hangings, its brilliant mirrors, and graceful furniture, shone in the golden light, and the child was delighted at the cheerful brightness after her dreary day.

Then, would not Bazile put on his livery? He was not like "her suisse" at all in this nasty black, and all would be like the old days once more.

After all, Revolution or no Revolution, was he not M. Lenormant's suisse? Was not his only duty now to please the child? So in a short time he reappeared in all the forbidden glory of his long-disused red and yellow livery, with his brown hair as carefully powdered as of old.

Aline was delighted; she clapped her hands and danced round him as he beamed upon her from his imposing height.

At last she quieted down, and for over an hour Bazile held her enraptured by his never-failing stories, and then her clear voice followed his through the complicated *roulades* and embellishments of their favorite songs.

All this time the noises in the street went on; but they had become almost indifferent to the street and its people. The mob, with its brutality, was shut out by the heavy walls and closed windows, and they lived in a world of candle-light and repose, far apart from other people, with whom they had nothing in common, and who went on their own way without.

Bazile and Aline were just in the middle of "Le grand Duc de Maine, briguedondaine," and were dimly aware that the tumult in the street had grown fiercer, when the song was frozen on their lips by the awful scream of a man in his death-agony, high above the fiendish yelling of the mob.

Catching up the child, Bazile ran with her to Lizette's room, where he left her in charge of the fear-stricken girl, and promising to return in a moment, flew to the entrance doors.

Peering cautiously through the *judas*, he saw the broad street filled with the same awful creatures in a mad riot of murder and ferocity. Their constant howl was, "*Les suisses! les suisses! à bas les suisses!*"

As he looked, there was an attack made on the hôtel of Madame d'Averolles; but before the tragedy was complete, a woman's voice rose high and shrill over all, "*On v'là un autre!*" At her direction, part of the mob turned with a savage howl towards M. Lenormant's—and Bazile knew his hour was come.

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The heavy doors would hold them back a few moments. As he quickly glanced over the fastenings to see all was secure, and then flew up the stairs, he knew instinctively how the mob must have attacked the Swiss Guard at the Tuileries, and how, in its devilish ignorance and cruelty, it was hunting to death the unfortunate porters, or suisses, in private houses.

Whether the doors held or not, he must see that Aline was safe with Lizette. He did not believe for a moment that either of them would be harmed, for the mob as yet had never touched women or children.

When he opened Lizette's door, he found the girl on the floor by the bed, speechless with terror, but no sign of Aline.

Leaving the bonne, he ran through the house calling for the child, but his call brought no reply. He was lessening his chances of escape terribly by such delay, and the storm of blows rained fiercely on the doors below.

Sick with anxiety for the child, he ran from room to room, until he again reached the lighted *salon*, and there, undisturbed, sat Aline, greeting him with laughter at his discomfiture.

With a cry of relief, he sprang forward and caught her in his arms; but as he turned to run through the hall to reach Lizette's room, he heard the doors go down amid a triumphant yell—and he was too late!

With a single bound, he was back again. He shut the door quietly, and striding across the room, placed the child on the floor by one of the windows.

Escape seemed impossible, but with a courage never surpassed by hunted human creature, he knelt beside Aline, and said, quickly: "*Écoute, ma belle.* We are going to play 'our game.' Only, wild men are coming to find me; but you must not be frightened. It is the same game. You will just stand in front, and say nothing. Now!"

There was a wild rush up the staircase, and a moment later, when the mob burst from the darkness of the hall into the peace of the lighted room, they saw only a round-eyed child of five in a white dress standing in front of one of the yellow brocade curtains in the recess of the window.

She was startled, but stared undaunted at the dreadful creatures who poured through the opened doors. But they knew the game, and that was something! So she shook her black curls and recovered her composure as she saw them begin to search in earnest, and almost laughed aloud when one of them thrust his sword up the chimney.

It did not take long to examine the room, with its fragile furniture. She wondered why they did not pretend to look in more places, like Bazile; they never moved the vases or looked behind the mirrors at all.

As they passed by her, some one cried out, "The window!" and with a slash of his sabre a ruffian ripped down the curtain beside Aline, and the crowd laughed as another held out the butt of his pike to the fearless child, who mockingly clapped her hands at him.

This was something like the game!

That was very near!

But suddenly Aline's face fell and her lip began to tremble with disappointment, for the rabble had turned, and were making their way out of the room as quickly as they had entered.

This was not her game at all!

They mustn't go away and the game not half finished! No, no! That is not the way at all! And in her childish fearlessness she ran after the retreating ruffians, and catching at the filthy rags of the hindermost, called out, "Ah, lost! lost!"

"What?" he thundered.

She hardly understood the uncouth, fierce cry, and was terrified at the evil face turned upon her, but it was "her game," and she bravely went on, "You couldn't find him!"

At his first hoarse shout the rabble had turned, and stood expectant.

"Find whom?"

"My suisse! My Bazile!"

The mob surged back into the room with a low growl, but the fairylike form of Aline went flying before them, and with a ringing laugh of delight she swung aside the heavy curtain; and there, unshrinking, in all the hated insignia of his office, "her Bazile, her suisse," stood face to face with the ravening mob.

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THE NEW ENGLAND NEGRO.

A REMNANT.

BY JANE DE FOREST SHELTON.

NEAR the lower edge of one of those hills that billow the surface of western Connecticut stands a small house, old, rough, and unpainted, whose youth was passed ere the first page of this century had been turned. In fact, it has been so long a part of Nature that it is like Nature herself, and she has set her seal upon it in the clusters of silvery lichens that overlap each other on the old shingles, while a great maple-tree tenderly shadows it with wide arms as if in benediction.

The front of the house shows but one story, but the foundations, following a dip of the land, gain another in the rear, where the kitchen door opens on a large broad door-stone.

Just off the kitchen, by the southern window of her little bedroom, is the favorite seat of Nancy, widow of Roswell Freeman, now, according to her reckoning, in her ninety-first year—a remnant of the days when New England, with her imperfect human conscience, was as eager as the transatlantic nations for a share of profit in the slave trade.

In the history of the world conquest of territory has usually meant a conquest of people—dwellers within walls—and in a general sense "captive" was but another name for slave. When the *Mayflower* and the first few of the fleet following in her wake brought to the New England coast the groups of colonists, a rare condition awaited them. An epidemic among the Indians had almost depopulated the seaboard, and they had but to enter and possess land already prepared for cultivation.

But rapidly increasing numbers required an enlargement of borders, so purchases and treaties followed, with that occasional gain by warfare that proves the power of might. However, an enemy whose fortress was generally the quickly shifted wigwam, and whose ramparts the trees of the interminable forest, was more easily routed than captured; yet there were occasional seizures of persons, and Indian captives as slaves became members of many households. Labor was a scarcity. The majority of the colonists were not of the laboring class, and there was work to be done in house and field that lacked the needed hand. In 1637 Hugh Peters wrote to John Winthrop, Jun., that he "hears of a dividend of Indian women and children from the Pequot captives, and he would like a share." But these local tribes were soon pushed into the wilderness, leaving here and there their representatives in the white man's home.

In the sixteenth century the system of slavery was fast disappearing from western Europe, as being inconsistent with their duty for Christians to hold Christians as slaves. But this charity did not extend to heathens and infidels! In the latter part of the seventeenth century the African slave trade was considered the most profitable part of British commerce. New England naturally followed the lead of older countries, and her exchange, for humanity, of rum, molasses, and other commodities acceptable on the Guinea and Gold coasts began. In 1638 Samuel Maverack, of Massachusetts, bought African slaves, and in 1650 "a neager mayde 25£" appears in an inventory in Hartford. Erelong every well-to-do family had its quota of negroes for necessary domestic service and labor on the "plantation" of the Northern agriculturist, not in large numbers, as later on the cotton plantations of the South, but one or two, or even seven or eight, in a family.

The slaves imported were of various colors, tribes, and physiognomies. Some were jet-black, with features approaching those of the European: some were of a tawny yellow, with flat noses and projecting jaws. These latter, coming from the delta of the Niger, were noted for an indomitable capacity for endurance, and therefore esteemed the best slaves. A few were Mohammedans, among whom were occasionally found persons of some education, who knew Arabic, and could read the Koran. But the great mass were pagans, in a condition of gross barbarism.

Their African superstitions and languages soon died out, and it was found that the race increased in strength in this climate with its long winter of rest. Values varied with the individual's age

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and capacity. In 1707 a house and lot on the main street of Stratford, Connecticut, with twenty-four acres of land, were given for a negro man. An inventory of 1728—showing that some Indian slaves remained even after the great African importation—gives:

One Indian slave	called	Dick	£45
" negro woman	"	Libb	50
" " man	"	Abel	40
" " "	"	Aaron	90
" mulatto boy	"	Ned	35
" negro "	"	Tim	12
" " "	"	Cuffee	55
" " "	"	Sharper	40

In 1747 Abel and Libb were valued, "boath," at £240,

One negro girl	named	Darciss	£170
" " "	in the 6th	year of her age	100
" " boy	" 3d	" his "	60

which seems a startling advance, until it is realized that colonial paper money had depreciated to about one-tenth of its face value. In the "setting out" of each of four sisters, married between 1750 and 1760, after all the items of furniture, linen, silver, "chaney," pewter, etc., a horse and side-saddle, and a cow, comes:

One negro girl, in lawful money	33£

And in a manuscript "Book of Inventory of Damages Committed by the British in Middlesex County, New Jersey, during the Revolutionary War," among a long list of slaves enticed or carried away by the British, are recorded:

1 Negro fellow named Oliver	£ 90
A Young Negro Man and Wench	180
1 Negro Boy, aged 14 years, to serve until 21 years old. Press'd and Taken away by the Hessian Troops	40
1 Negro man aged ab't 30 years, a cooper	90

The names of the slaves present an interesting question. "The Hebrew Invasion in nomenclature" was of Puritan sympathies, and that colored children, as well as white, born into that atmosphere should be named from the Old Testament needs no explanation. But what was the law of selection that made only heroes of Roman history honored in remembrance? Why did not a Pharaoh or Xerxes appeal to doting parents as well as Cato and Hannibal, Cæsar and Pompey and Scipio?

From an early day the law—of Connecticut, at least—obliged the owners to teach their slaves to read, and that they were made to attend religious services, following at a respectful distance behind their masters, and sitting in "the niggers' pew" in the gallery of the meeting-house, goes without saying. The masters assumed the responsibility of the negro souls, and for generations they clung habitually to such forms of worship as their first owners followed.

Slaves were regarded as possessing the same rights as apprentices—food, shelter, clothing, and instruction in some line of work—and manumission was not allowed except upon security that the freed slave should not become a burden on the parish.

In the Northern colonies the slaves were a part of the family, living under the roof or close to it. One may see now occasionally in New England, where the gracefully sloping roof-lines speak of the long ago in our history, certain long two-story buildings, generally at right angles to the houses, and of greatly inferior style and construction. These were the slave quarters, and it was not uncommon for the most intelligent of the number to have the others in charge. Our modern home-makers would stand aghast at the prospect of taking into so close a home-relation this very combustible raw material in the form of humanity. But the early colonist was a marked man in more than one respect. His high courage never wavered before the swinging gleam of a tomahawk or the message conveyed by a snake-skin filled with arrows, and his energy and perseverance were tireless and persistent in the separation of rocks from the soil of the hill-side fields, that the land might yield her increase. Nor was he daunted by the savage instincts of the African, but sought to implant in that desert nature the higher principles of right, of mine and thine, and to lead him through fear to love, from self-seeking to self-sacrifice.

Several generations of New England training told to his benefit. Faithful, truthful, honest, thrifty, respectable, and self-respecting the Northern negro became. All that was best in his impressible nature was developed and steadied, and he bore a good part in the domestic life and economy. But the rigor of the New England climate never put a sharp note in the mellow voices of these children of the sun, and the reserve of New England had no following among them. No environment of repression could hedge in that expansive nature; he was then as now, and now as then, sun-loving, fun-loving, pleasure-loving, sympathetic, friendly at the first touch, childlike; as an old darky travelling by rail said, un-

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der remonstrance for buying everything the perpetual train-boy offered, "We niggers is allers childrin."

Conscience is sometimes the development of mixed motives. It is easy to see what is right when it is for one's advantage. In the first generations of American slavery it was considered, if not a godly act, at least one for which thanks might be returned in divine service. Deacons, elders, and parsons all owned slaves, not only with a clear conscience, but received them within the pale of Christianity with rejoicing. The pendulum swung far out. But as years passed, sentiment changed. To buy for a small sum a slave, half or full grown, with a prospect of from twenty to forty years' service rendered, seemed a prudential investment, but after a few generations it was realized that the years of infancy and infirmity made little return for the care and comforts they required, and it was a question if the period of work much overvalued that of necessities. Moreover, the masters were feeling keenly the weight of the hand of oppression. It was to them unkind, unjust, unbearable. There was a longing for the clear air of liberty and independence, and the signs of the gathering storm were welcomed. And was slavery compatible with "the inalienable rights of man"? Connecticut forbade the importation of slaves in 1771. Benjamin Franklin was president of the first abolition society in 1775. Vermont freed all her slaves in 1777, before she joined the Union. At least one New England town petitioned for a committee "to pray the Colonial Assembly that the negroes might be released from their slavery and bondage."

The negroes themselves were intensely interested in the struggle for independence. Every suggestion of freedom appealed to them strongly. They were allowed to make up the quota drafted for the army, an enlistment for one year securing a man's freedom. Some did valiant service, notably Peter Salem, who shot Major Pitcairn at the battle of Bunker Hill.

When independence was assured for the nation, the Northern States freed their slaves with more or less promptitude. Massachusetts proclaimed hers free at once; but most of the States provided for a gradual emancipation. Individuals, however, freed theirs as they were disposed, without reference to law, often with the result that the negroes preferred remaining with the masters exactly in the old relation, being sure of kindness, support, and provision for all needs. In all cases the sick and aged were cared for at the expense of the owners.

Connecticut's charter was a very liberal one; not suffering from crown appointments, she had the power to elect her own Governor. Like the Israelites of old making their yearly pilgrimages to Jerusalem, in the very early days of the colony each "freeman" went up to Hartford to cast his vote. Although this custom could not continue with increased settlements, "election week" became a time when no one willingly failed of presence at the capital. People of distinction from all parts of the State were assembled, many colored men naturally in attendance on their masters, and those of all grades made it the pivot of the year.

Election day — not the day of vote-casting, but of the inauguration of the Governor — was one of great festivity. The Governor, being met outside the town by the militia, was escorted to the State-house, where he stood on the porch while the military paraded and saluted. Later the gay procession attended divine service, the "election sermon" being preached by some eminent divine. Afterward came the feasting and the election ball.

The colored people, peculiarly alive to this effect of pomp and ceremony, not only made every effort to be present, but the imitative instinct stirred them to elect a Governor for themselves. It is not easy to say when the custom began, but the following notice shows that more than ten years before the Declaration of Independence it was well established:

HARTFORD, *May* 11, 1766.

I, Governor Cuff of the Niegro's in the province of Connecticut, do resign my Governmentship to John Anderson Niegor man to Governor Skene. And I hope that you will obey him as you have Done me for this ten years' past when Colonel Willis' niegor Dayed I was the next. But being weak and unfit for that office do Resine the said Governmentshipe to John Anderson.

I John Anderson having the Honour to be appointed Governor over you I will do my utmost endevere to serve you in Every Respect and I hope you will obey me accordingly.

JOHN ANDERSON
Governor over the niegors in Connecticut.

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Witnesses present:
The late Governor Cuff, Hartford.
Quackow.
Peter Wadsworth.
Titows.
Pomp Willis.
John Jones.
Fraday.

The colored Governor having no legislative power, and no public records having been kept of the meetings and elections, it is difficult to determine how long Hartford held sway as the centre of the colored government, but before 1800 the high office and attendant festivities had drifted to the old town of Derby.

Derby, in the old days when settlements were few in number and far in distance, took a long reach. Twelve miles of the Naugatuck River, that had not then learned to sing in tune with the hum of factories, lay within her eastern border, and she stretched out and away northward and westward, fanlike, following the Housatonic's windings for her more distant limit. But as numbers multiplied and the resources of the land were developed, section after section broke away from the original holding, like icebergs from the border of an arctic glacier, and put out to sea on its own account. Oxford and Seymour, with their various dependencies, were parts of Derby in those old days, and families reached over from hill to hill.

The first Governor from Derby was Quosh, a native African, stolen when a boy and sold to the slave-traders. He was a man of immense size and herculean strength. His first purchaser probably had this knowledge of the slave-dealers—a boy was measured from ankle to knee, the proportionate length indicating his final height. Quosh was the slave of Mr. Agar Tomlinson at Derby Neck, the owner of a large estate and a number of slaves. These latter were quartered in a small house in touch with that of their master, and under the immediate control of Quosh. When he was called to assume the high office of Governor, his dignity and self-importance were so sensibly affected that it was commonly said that "Uncle Agar [Mr. Tomlinson] lived with the Governor"! Quosh held the office many years, and was a decided power over his following. His ability and faithfulness to his master are vouched for by the will of the latter, probated in 1800, by which Quosh and his wife, Rose (formerly the slave of Rev. Mr. Yale), were given their freedom, their little house, the use of a certain tract of land, a barn was to be built, he was to have a yoke of oxen, a good cow, and necessary farming implements. Quosh then took the name of Freeman, but as "Governor Quosh" is best remembered.

Little Roman (his wife's name was Venus), who was so short that his sword dragged on the ground, was Lieutenant-Governor under Quosh, and Eben Tobias in turn held the higher office. His son, Hon. Eben D. Bassett, was well educated, and during the civil war exerted himself successfully in enlisting colored soldiers. Through President Grant's administration of eight years he served creditably as our minister to Haiti. He said of himself, "My success in life I owe greatly to that American sense of fairness which was tendered me in old Derby, and which exacts that every man, whether black or white, shall have a fair chance to run his race in life, and make the most of himself."

Seymour, originally called Chusetown, and later Humphreysville, had a noted Governor in Juba Weston; he, having been owned by the family of General Humphreys, was "quality" among the colored people. Juba served a number of years, and his sons Nelson and Wilson were likewise honored, Wilson Weston being the last Governor, a few years before our late civil war.

Fully a century, therefore, the custom existed, the pride in it yet remaining with those who were old enough during its sway to remember its significance; and the pleasure of the attendant festivity has but to be spoken of to bring over the dark faces an expression that tells of unforgotten draughts "of joy's delicious springs."

The formalities of the election have not come down to us, save in one instance, when it was by test of wind and muscle, the successful candidate being he who first climbed a steep and almost unscalable sand bank. Eben Tobias, decked with feathers and flying ribbons, won that day, and it was in his drilling of the escort that the command "Fire and fall off!" was literally interpreted by some of the men throwing themselves from their horses.

The white customs were carefully fol-

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lowed. The people assembled at Derby, Oxford, Waterbury, or Humphreysville, as was ordered, the Governor and his escort in uniforms—anything but uniform—that were hired or borrowed or improvised for the occasion, according to fancy or ability. Mounted on such steeds as could be impressed into the service—remnants of their former selves—they mustered outside the village, and with all the majesty and glitter of feathers and streaming ribbons and uniforms, with fife and drum, made their way by the main thoroughfares, sometimes stopping to fire a salute before a squire's house, to the tavern which was to be the centre of festivity. Then the Governor, dismounting, delivered his speech from the porch, and the troops "trained." Then the clans gathered with more and more enthusiasm for the election ball. Families went entire, a babe in arms being no drawback, as the tavern-keeper set apart a room and provided a caretaker for them. Sometimes more than a dozen little woolly-heads would be under surveillance, while the light-hearted mothers shuffled and tripped to the sound of the fiddle. New Haven and Hartford, as well as intervening towns, were represented. Supper was served for fifty cents each, and they danced and feasted with a delight the more sedate white man can hardly appreciate, spinning out the night and often far into the next day. To their credit it must be recorded that although they were not strict prohibitionists, their indulgence was limited. The influence of the Governors was for moderation, which was generally observed.

A newspaper notice of more than fifty years ago strikes the key-note of the great day:

ATTENTION, FREEMEN!

There will be a general election of the colored gentlemen of Connecticut, October first, twelve o'clock, noon. The day will be celebrated in the evening by a dance at Warner's tavern, when it will be shown that there is some power left in muscle, catgut, and rosin.

By order of the Governor,
From Headquarters.

Quosh Freeman's only son, Roswell, often called "Roswell Quosh," was also one of the Governors. He was very tall, very thin, and very dark, by profession a fox-hunter, therefore called "the farmers' benefactor," and the board on which he dressed the fox-skins shows a record of 331 foxes killed. Perhaps it is because the negro is not as far removed from primitive life as the white man that he seems to have more comprehension of the animal creation. He has by instinct what the white man has by training—the power to secure whatever game he seeks. And he can give to the effort a peculiarly patient, cautious, cunning, long-sustained watchfulness, intensely animate as to his senses, and as entirely inanimate as to his physique, that seem never to fail; be it fox or partridge, "'possum up a gum-tree" or domesticated Brahma, the right second is seized, and the aim is unerring.

As a sportsman, Roswell was always a welcome companion to the gentry of similar tastes. He was a man of principle, living quietly and soberly, and, it is said, was never in a quarrel with any one. He and his wife Nancy may well be considered marked figures in the colored ranks. No one had a higher standard of right, better principles, kinder instincts as friend and neighbor, was more respected in his position, or more worthy the good esteem of his contemporaries. Nancy, a devoted churchwoman, is still before the mind's eye of many as she and her little flock of children rose to view in the gallery, like a row of blackbirds, so dark were the little ones; and the vision shows her also in her shiny black silk dress and mantilla, her neat bonnet with a black lace veil hanging at the side, as she made her way to the chancel-rail on communion Sundays, the only one of her color, and the last of the congregation, but with unconscious dignity and reverence. One of the disabilities keenly felt by the old who live at a distance is being debarred the service of the sanctuary. Tears come to her eyes when she speaks of those old days, and her big Bible is her friend in her little home, as she has what she calls her "church" every morning.

There came a time to the good housewives when, the young colored people having grown up to freedom, and the older ones become unable for many duties, the problem of domestic service asserted itself, and the lack of the quick feet and nimble fingers of even the very young slaves was felt. Children of all grades were trained to be helpful, not helpless, and though play was not ignored, occupation must be useful in the main. As one busy mother expressed it, "every kit must catch her own mouse." So the

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custom became common of taking colored children for a term of years, thereby securing a service trained according to one's own mind. The agreement made with a child's parents might vary somewhat with circumstances, but the unwritten law was, if a boy remained until he was twenty-one he was to receive one hundred dollars; if a girl remained till she was eighteen, she was to have a cow. The children were also to have their clothing, and a certain—or uncertain—amount of "schoolin'"—the three R's, or at least sufficient to enable them to read the Bible. They were usually from eight to ten years old when thus bound out; but cases are known of children being taken as young as three or four, in order to set their feet in the right path early. This custom, supplementing the slave system, prevented for a couple of generations the retrogression which is apt to follow when the race is left to its own system of development.

In many cases relations thus established existed through life, and devoted service was rendered; but then, as now, the marriage of a well-trained servant necessitated a readjustment of household lines.

Nancy Freeman enjoys telling her own tale. Her speech, like that of all the negroes who have belonged to the North for generations, is simply that of the uneducated white person in the same section; but it is not possible for the pen to give her soft voice or her expressive face and gesture.

"How long have you lived in this house, Nancy?"

"Ever since I come here a bride, sixty-seven year ago."

"Were you born in slavery?"

With dignity: "No, I never was a slave; my parents were, but not in my memory."

"Where were you born?"

"Why, up in Chusetown, Humphreysville, yer know. My father's name was Daniel Thompson, and my mother's name was Tamar Steele; yer know, they took the names of the people that owned 'em. When I was nine years old I went to live with Mr. Truman Coe, up in Coe's Lane, on Derby Hill, yer know, an' if I staid till I was eighteen I was to have a cow, an' if I staid till I was nineteen I was to have a cow an' a feather bed."

"And you staid?"

"Yes; but, yer see, the way of it was, when I was sixteen Roswell come an' asked if I would accept of his company, *an' I accepted of it!* But I staid till I was eighteen, an' I got my cow, an' then I staid another year, an' I got my feather bed. I don' think you'll find many girls now, white or colored, that 'll wait two year, let alone three, as I did."

"Were you married at Mr. Coe's?"

"*To be sure!* I tol' Miss Mabel—that's Mr. Coe's sister, that lived there—that she'd better git that dress o' mine she was a-makin' finished by Monday—it was May-day; trainin'-day, that was—by two o'clock, for I guessed I should need it, an' I thought they'd better git a couple o' loaves o' cake made, for there might be some folks a-comin', an' they'd like to have some to give 'em."

"Didn't they expect you to be married then?"

"Oh, I guess they thought somethin' about it, but when they see Priest Swift a-comin', *then* I guess they begun to think."

"Were you married in the parlor?"

"*Of* course! an' my folks was there, an' Roswell's, an' we had some cake and currant wine. I'd helped pick the currants, an' squeezed 'em, an' I'd stirred the cake, an' I was awful proud to marry the Gov'nor's son."

"What did you wear?"

"A white muslin dress all worked over with little dots, low neck an' short sleeves, an' white silk gloves, an' white stockin's, an' low blue prunell' shoes, an' a white silk handkercher roun' my neck."

As her guest stepped out on the doorstone, scattering the young turkeys gathered there for the meal Oliver was preparing for them in the kitchen, Nancy's bent figure stood in the doorway, and putting one hand on the casing to steady herself, she reached out the other to the new clapboards on the outside of the building. "See what my Heavenly Father has given me!" patting them tenderly.

"That looks very nice, Nancy. But how did He give them to you?"

"*My turkeys!* Every day last summer I prayed—O my Heavenly Father, don' let anything happen to my turkeys—an' they grew bigger an' bigger, an' I sol' them, an' put the money *here*," with another succession of pats; "an' if I have good luck with these, I'll put new boards on the end this fall."

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A PARTIE CARRÉE.

BY W. E. NORRIS.

I.

"WELL, I've hired the yacht," said Hugh Shirley, raising his somewhat weary eyes from the correspondence which he had been examining, and glancing across the breakfast table at his wife, who also had a large number of letters, opened and unopened, before her. "Three hundred and fifty tons—one of those long narrow steam things which, I believe, combine a maximum of discomfort with a minimum of safety in a seaway. Still, there's no use in attempting to sail in the Mediterranean, where the wind is all round the compass every twenty-four hours. Her name is the *Cyclamen*, which has an appropriate sort of sound. How we shall curse the day of our birth by the time that we are well out into the Gulf of Lyons!"

"Oh, come, we aren't such bad sailors as all that," returned Lady Kathleen, cheerfully. "Besides, if it does you good, Hugh—"

"Do I look as if it would do me good to be seasick? However, I've obeyed the doctor, and let myself in for this grewsome cruise now; so it's too late to murmur. Now, the next question is, how are we to fill up our spare cabins?"

The smile faded from the face of the plump little lady on the other side of the table; for she knew very well what her husband was going to say; and, sure enough, he said it.

"I was thinking," he remarked, in his leisurely, languid way, "of the Ilkleys."

"So I supposed," answered Lady Kathleen, dryly.

"Any objection?"

She had objections, but it was quite out of the question for her to state them. Still in love with her husband, after eight or nine years of married life, and well aware that her husband was still young and handsome, while her own charms were no longer what they had once been, she not unpardonably felt that a more desirable shipmate than the beautiful Lady Ilkley might have been secured. However, she would never have pardoned herself had she betrayed the jealousy which it had become the daily effort of her life to disguise; so she only asked, "Do you really think Lord Ilkley will be able to stand that sort of existence?"

"Oh, I don't suppose he will *like* it," Mr. Shirley answered; "but how can he help himself, poor chap? His wife has been ordered off to the South, just as I have."

"Oh, I didn't know," said Lady Kathleen. "I shouldn't have thought that she had anything the matter with her."

"She and her doctor seem to think so, though, and I dare say Ilkley would prefer cruising about with us, taking his chance of a day's shooting here and there, to vegetating at Cannes the whole winter amongst a lot of dowagers. He isn't the liveliest of companions, I admit, but there is no reason why you should be dependent solely upon him for society. We shall have room for three others, if there's anybody you care to ask."

"Thanks; I'll think about it," answered Lady Kathleen, carelessly. "Shall I write to Constance Ilkley, then?"

"You needn't trouble to do that. They came up to London a day or two ago, I believe, and I can look in there this afternoon on my way to keep my appointment with Sir Samuel. That is, unless I shirk Sir Samuel, who, I am pretty sure, won't be able to tell me anything that I couldn't tell him."

"Oh, you *must* see him, Hugh!" Lady Kathleen declared; "these great London men always know all sorts of things which country practitioners can't discover."

She sighed as she spoke—not so much over the ignorance of country practitioners, or because she was seriously alarmed about her husband, who had had a bad fall in the hunting-field, as because she did not like that incidental admission of Hugh's that he had been informed of Lady Ilkley's plans and movements. Happiness, as we have all been taught from our infancy, is not to be obtained by wealth and luxury, nor even by a gracious permission to do just exactly what you please, and Lady Kathleen, who was the daughter of an impoverished Irish peer, was perhaps scarcely as grateful to Heaven as she ought to have been for the good things vouchsafed to her. Many hundreds of people envied her her riches, her pleasant position, and her good-looking, indulgent husband; a few pitied her for being childless; but no one, assuredly,

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would have admitted that she had any other legitimate cause of complaint. For the rest, it was not very much her habit to complain.

In this respect she differed considerably from that charming, beautiful, spoilt child of Fortune, Lady Ilkley, who was always grumbling about something, but who did her grumbling so prettily that it was quite a pleasure to listen to her. Hugh Shirley, for one, enjoyed nothing more than listening to the half-serious, half-humorous murmurs of the lady whose fragile, fair-complexioned, high-bred style of beauty had recently fascinated him, and he treated himself to that enjoyment the same afternoon.

"Won't it be horridly uncomfortable?" Lady Ilkley asked, dubiously, after he had made his proposition. "Will there be a cabin for one's maid?—and will one get one's bath in the morning, and all that? And then there's the danger of quarrelling: people who go yachting together always fight."

"It takes a very ill-conditioned person to quarrel with me," Mr. Shirley remarked, serenely.

"Oh, you are too lazy to lose your temper, and dear Kathie would submit to anything rather than be unpleasant; but how about the others?"

"Must there be any others?"

"Well, there must be one other, at any rate; for nothing is more certain than that Ilkley won't stand a week of it. You will have to put him ashore somewhere with a gun, and after that we shall hear no more of him. It is chiefly on his account that I feel inclined to close with your offer. He would be so utterly miserable at Cannes, and you know what Ilkley is when he is miserable. There's no living in the same house with him."

"So that you will have to take ship on board the *Cyclamen* out of pure consideration for your neighbors. How unselfish you are!"

"I flatter myself that I am not a bit more selfish than you, anyhow. Why are you so anxious that I should come with you?"

"Am I to return a strictly truthful answer to that question?"

"I am not sure that you could if you tried; but I dare say I can answer it for you. You don't want to be more bored than you can help, and just at present you don't think that my society will bore you. The question is whether your society— But never mind; we can but make the experiment. Only, for goodness' sake, don't count upon Ilkley. There can't be the slightest doubt as to what the effect of a cruise will be upon him, not to mention poor Kathie."

Hugh Shirley laughed. The truth was that a yachting expedition with his wife would not have amused him at all, and that it was Lady Ilkley's privilege, for the time being, to provide him with as much amusement as he required. Many other ladies had possessed that temporary privilege and had forfeited it; for he was in a chronic state of mild flirtation—a pastime which appeared to him to be perfectly innocent. The difficulty, of course, was to find a suitable partner for Kathleen, whose tastes and habits bore little resemblance to his own; but as he proposed to accord her full liberty of choice in the matter, she would doubtless see to that for herself.

"Oh, we'll get somebody," he said, cheerfully.

We can only judge of life as we find it, and this fortunate man's experience had always been that whenever he wanted a thing he was sure to get it. He had never, that he could remember, had a single stroke of bad luck before that awkward fall, which had ricked his back and stopped his hunting and converted him for a time into something of an invalid. It was therefore without any misgivings that he presently took leave of her ladyship and had himself driven to the house of that eminent physician Sir Samuel Harley, whose opinion upon his case it had been deemed advisable that he should take. Sir Samuel, he felt confident, would have nothing very disagreeable to say to him.

But the grave, gray-headed man, who made a careful examination of his patient and put a number of quick questions, did not seem disposed to treat matters as lightly as had been anticipated.

"Yes, you can't do better than yacht," he said at length; "you must lie down as much as possible, and beware of overexertion. I will write down a few further directions for you; but—"

He paused, and Hugh asked, "Shall I be able to hunt next season, do you think?"

Sir Samuel shook his head. "I am afraid," he answered, "you must make up your mind to do without hunting."

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"What?—for the rest of my days, do you mean?" ejaculated Hugh, aghast.

Getting no reply, and surprising an odd, compassionate look in the grave eyes that met his, he added, "Perhaps you don't think that that implies a very prolonged period of inaction."

Sir Samuel lowered his eyes, changed his position slightly, shifted a few papers on the writing-table before him, and then, looking up, said: "I think I had better tell you frankly, Mr. Shirley, that you have symptoms which, in my opinion, are not to be accounted for entirely by your accident. The accident may have, and no doubt has, precipitated the disease; I fear that it has not caused it. As you know, I attended your poor father, and I cannot forget that certain maladies are apt to be hereditary and constitutional."

"Oh, that's it, is it?" said Hugh, quite quietly; "I wonder I didn't think of it before. My father lived for a year after he was taken ill, didn't he?"

"Scarcely so much; but then he refused to take any care of himself. I have known instances in which patients have come to me in a very much worse state than yours, and have lived for many years afterwards. By taking reasonable precautions, of course."

So that—for the remainder of the interview does not need to be recorded—was the verdict that Hugh Shirley took away with him from the house which he had entered with a light heart twenty minutes before. There was just a chance that by nursing himself, or having himself nursed, very carefully he might prolong a crippled existence for a few more years; there was a much stronger chance that he would be dead and buried within twelve months; that he would ever recover health and strength, there was no chance at all. As he walked away he said to himself, "Well, it can't be helped, and there's no use in talking about it before the time comes. I sha'n't say a word to Kathie."

And when he reached home, his answer to his wife's inquiries was merely: "Oh, the old fellow didn't say much. Told me to lie down and that sort of thing, you know, and quite approved of the yachting plan. By-the-way, the Ilkleys will come. At least, she will; there seems to be some doubt about him. So if you can think of some man whose conversation wouldn't be likely to pall upon you for several weeks at a stretch, you might as well drop him a line."

Lady Kathleen, unfortunately, could think of only one man in the world who corresponded to the above description, and that man had just proclaimed, in terms devoid of all ambiguity, that he was no candidate for the situation. She had been upon the point of saying something affectionate to him, for it had struck her, as he entered the room, that he looked very pale and tired; but now she reflected that he had probably been receiving as many affectionate speeches as he required from another and a more welcome quarter. So she only remarked:

"I dare say Miles Lawrence would come, if I asked him. He was here this afternoon, telling me all about his love-troubles, and I really think the best thing he could do would be to fly the country for a few months. In affairs of that kind *les absens ont toujours raison.*"

"Let's take him, then, by all means; he's a very good fellow in his way," said Hugh, whose definition of a good fellow, if he could have been driven into an accurate statement of it, would probably have been a fellow who didn't bother him. "What are his love-troubles? Of a strictly honorable and legitimate nature, I trust."

"Oh yes; he isn't the sort of man to make love to other people's wives," answered Lady Kathleen, permitting herself that gentle thrust at a questioner whose own record was not equally immaculate.

"You reassure me immensely, and I shall now feel no hesitation in leaving you together for a quarter of an hour every now and then. So it's Lottie Powys, I suppose?"

"Yes, it's Lottie Powys. Rather silly of her, I think; for Miles has enough to marry upon, though he isn't rich, and I believe she is really fond of him. However, I dare say they may be brought together in the end, with a little management. I shall try to have a talk with her before I take him away. That is, if he will consent to come."

"Oh, he must consent," said Hugh, who had stretched himself out upon a sofa, with his arms behind his head, and was yawning; "I begin to see that he is indispensable. We'll take Lottie too, if you like; she's lively and pretty, and you might secure a young man to flirt with her, and occupy Ilkley's vacant berth."

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But Lady Kathleen did not think that that would be a wise or prudent measure to adopt.

"What Lottie needs," she remarked, "is to be severely left alone and made to realize that if Miles Lawrence is indispensable, she isn't. It would be a good deal more to the purpose to invite some other girl to accompany us."

"As you please," responded her husband, sleepily; "only, if we are to take a young woman in tow, do let her be a pretty one. The world is full of puzzling arrangements, but the hardest of all to comprehend is the existence of such a vast number of plain-headed women."

"Well, no one has ever accused Constance Ilkley of being plain-headed," Lady Kathleen observed, with a slight dryness of intonation. "Perhaps, after all, one beauty is enough for one ship, and I had better fill up the corners with persons of mature years."

II.

Probably few of the English and American tourists who visit the site of ancient Carthage—and these are now by no means as few as they used to be in quieter and happier times—fail to wonder why Dido, with the whole of a beautiful and mountainous coast-line to choose from, should have selected a spot so devoid of natural picturesqueness for the founding of her city and the performance of her celebrated bull-hideing trick upon a too confiding host. Modern Tunis, as viewed from the sea, is, to tell the truth, a rather ugly place, with its background of low, bare, yellow hills, and to yachting people who have come from the ports of Spain, from Algiers and Bougie and Philippeville, is apt to present itself in the light of a great disappointment. The four yachting people on board the *Cyclamen*, which brought up at La Goletta one lovely morning some six weeks subsequent to the incidents narrated in the last chapter, were unanimous in their condemnation of the prospect that met their eyes when they came on deck after breakfast. And this was the more remarkable because unanimity upon any given subject had not hitherto been found to prevail amongst them. However, they were quite of one mind this time, and Lady Ilkley, for her part, said she did not mean to go ashore at all.

"I can smell the place from here," she declared, wrinkling up her pretty little nose, "and I've read all about it in the guide-book. I shall stay where I am and write letters."

"Oh, you'll come ashore with me in the afternoon," returned her languid neighbor, who had dropped into a deck chair and was smoking a cigarette. "We'll send the others on to do the sight-seeing which their souls love, and then we'll go to the bazars quietly, you and I, and shop. There are all sorts of pretty things to be picked up here, I believe, if one takes one's time; and time, as you know, is of no value to either of us."

The suggestion appeared to commend itself favorably to Lady Ilkley, who had already got together a very respectable collection of pretty things, and who knew that Mr. Shirley was always delighted to pay for anything that might take her fancy. She had not yet grown weary of her hospitable entertainer, though at times she found him a little odd and absent-minded. But some allowance had to be made for him, because he was evidently not at all well. Lady Ilkley could see that plainly enough, and was at a loss to understand how it was that Kathie did not seem to notice any difference in him. Kathie's whole time and attention seemed to be devoted to that rather uninteresting young man Mr. Lawrence, which, to be sure, was just as well, perhaps; for an occasional change of partners would hardly have been a change for the better. The party, after all, had resolved itself into the four persons above-mentioned. Lord Ilkley had joyfully accepted the leave of absence offered to him, and after seeing his wife on board at Marseilles, had departed without loss of time for the happy hunting-grounds of Leicestershire; other friends who had been invited to join the yacht had cried off at the last moment, and upon the whole had not been greatly missed. As Lady Kathleen said, "It's always the best plan to let well alone."

Whether poor Lady Kathleen really thought it well that Hugh should be metaphorically (and sometimes literally) at Constance Ilkley's feet all day long is another question; but she endeavored, not without success, to look as if she thought so. With similar cheerful conscientiousness, and almost with an equal measure of success, did she endeavor to listen sympathetically to the unending confidences of Mr. Lawrence, a rather handsome and

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terribly loquacious young egotist, whom it was her present mission to console morning, noon, and night. There were times, it is true, when this gentleman's fine appetite and anxious solicitude for his own comfort made her doubt whether he stood in such urgent need of consolation, but he assured her that he was very unhappy indeed, so much so that only her soothing companionship restrained him from cutting short an objectless existence. Under the shade of orange groves in Valencia, therefore, in quiet nooks of the Balearic Isles, beneath the palms of Algiers, and on many a calm moonlight night at sea, Lady Kathleen had submitted to his lovelorn repinings, pointing out with patient reiteration how absurd it was to suppose that Lottie Powys could resist much longer an adorer so blameless and so highly gifted. For Mr. Lawrence wrote sonnets and *ballades* and *villanelles*, and what was worse, he read them aloud.

Now, lest it should be thought that Hugh Shirley's wife was nothing short of an angel in human form, it may be mentioned here that she had a certain sustaining, albeit secondary, motive for putting up as she did with the merciless assaults of a minor poet. Miles Lawrence, as has been said, was by no means bad-looking. His short reddish beard, his great melancholy brown eyes, and the grace and languor of his movements made him a sufficiently picturesque personage, and Hugh had more than once been seen by a watchful observer to cast a slightly impatient glance in his direction. It was hardly to be expected that Hugh would ever condescend or take the trouble to be really jealous; but if he could be made to feel a little bit annoyed, that would be something. It would at least enable him to enter to some extent into the feelings of others. Thus Lady Kathleen set forth, with every outward show of alacrity, to explore the sights of Tunis under the escort of her constant companion, leaving the lazier couple to follow at their leisure.

Western civilization and Western vulgarity are penetrating rapidly to the uttermost ends of the earth; soon there will be no more delightful haggling and chaffering in dark corners of Oriental bazars, nor anything worth buying there that cannot be purchased at a considerably less expenditure of time and money in Regent Street or Broadway. But under the long vaulted arcades of Tunis there still lingers some fragrant reminiscence of a gorgeous past, and treasures may still be secured there occasionally by those whose eyes and knowledge are equal to the circumstances. Hugh Shirley had no pretension to be numbered amongst these; but Lady Ilkley knew a good deal, and she enjoyed herself that afternoon. Her enjoyment, it may be conjectured, was not decreased by the fact that, although she had spent all her pocket-money, she was enabled, after the usual process of bargaining, to add some exquisite embroideries, some very curious articles of jewelry, and a complete dessert service of Dresden china, manufactured for an Eastern potentate in the last century, to the store of her possessions. Her formula at such times was always the same, and always elicited the same consolatory response.

"I must do without it," she would sigh piteously; "I really daren't write to Ilkley for more money, and I only brought a few napoleons in my pocket, so as to guard myself against temptation. I suppose I shall never have such a chance as this again either! Oh, take the things away; I can't bear to look at them!"

Then Hugh would produce a well-lined pocket-book, and Lady Ilkley would exclaim: "Oh, thanks! how nice of you! I'll settle with you afterwards." But of course she never did settle.

Hugh, lounging upon a divan, with a cup of *café maure* upon the little inlaid table beside him, and one of the cigarettes offered him by the courteous Arab merchant between his lips (there is no coffee in the world like Moorish coffee, nor can such tobacco as is sometimes presented to you in the bazars be purchased of any dealer), was accustomed to think that he obtained the value of his money. He delighted in pretty things, and Lady Ilkley, when her eyes sparkled and a faint pink flush of excitement showed itself upon her delicate complexion, was a pretty enough object to please the most fastidious taste. The handsome, swarthy Moors, too, with their voluminous breeches, and the happy combinations of color that make up their costume, formed a satisfactory background. But on this particular afternoon he was, somehow or other, too depressed in spirits for æsthetic appreciation. Perhaps he was feeling weaker and more ill than he had done of late; perhaps he was begin-

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ning to weary a little of his fair friend. Anyhow, he was conscious of being quite alone in the world, and realized more clearly than usual the fact (which nobody else seemed to suspect) that he would soon be out of it. While he remained a languid, silent spectator of the bargaining which was going on before his half-closed eyes, his thoughts wandered far afield. He imagined Ilkley — lucky fellow! — galloping under gray skies, with the rush of the moist wind in his face and never a care to vex his mind; he remembered certain glorious runs in which he himself had been well to the front; and it occurred to him, as it has occurred to many a man before him, that there is something almost fiendishly malignant and purposeless in the decrees of Fate. Why should he die? He was not, to be sure, of much use in the world; still, nobody would be the better off for his death, while some few might even be the worse. Then he thought of Kathie, who would be a rather forlorn little widow, he suspected, notwithstanding the magnificent sums which would be paid quarterly to her bankers on her behalf. Kathie was so awfully domestic, poor dear! and she had no children to lavish domestic affection upon.

"I suppose she'll marry again after a time; much the best thing she can do," Hugh reflected, with a slight smile and some half-ashamed consciousness of being unable to view that contingency in an entirely philosophic spirit.

However profound a man's philosophic convictions may be, he remains a human being, and when he is ill he longs for that sort of sympathy which is only to be obtained from wives and mothers. Now Lady Kathleen had not been sympathetic during this cruise. She had been cheerful and obliging, and had made herself pleasant to Lady Ilkley and everybody else; but she was evidently under the impression that there was not much the matter with her husband, and her inquiries after his health had been few and perfunctory. That was, perhaps, just as well; it was not in the least desirable that she should realize the truth. Nevertheless, Hugh was getting a little tired of an estrangement for which he had only himself to blame, and he thought he would like to make friends again, although there had been no quarrel.

This was what prompted him to purchase hastily, while Lady Ilkley's back was turned, a quantity of silk which, with other stuffs, had been thrown down for her ladyship's inspection. The Jews of Tunis sell a peculiar kind of shot silk which is not quite like anything else in the world. A great authority once compared it to green moonlight—which may or may not convey some idea of its appearance to the reader's mind. In any case, Lady Kathleen had seen a dress of that material upon the back of one of her friends in Algiers, and had been moved to such ecstatic admiration by the spectacle that her desire to possess a similar garment might be taken for granted. Hugh, therefore, secured his peace-offering (paying about double its value, because he was in such a hurry), and said nothing about it to Lady Ilkley.

That lady was in a truly benign humor when, just after sunset, she seated herself in the yacht's gig, with all her precious parcels stowed away around her. "There are worse places than Tunis, though it does smell so nasty," she was graciously pleased to declare, "and we have got through the afternoon quite nicely. I hope I haven't tired you to death. You look very pale, poor thing! Are you feeling awfully done?"

"Not more than usual, thanks," answered Hugh. "People who are always feeling awfully done ought to be knocked on the head and put out of the way: don't you think so?"

Lady Ilkley could say very pretty things when she liked, and just now she was really sorry for her patient admirer, besides being properly grateful to him. So she did her best to raise his flagging spirits while they were being rowed across the dancing water in the twilight, and, as a matter of fact, she was fairly successful. But assurances that he was all right, that he would be as well as ever again before the spring, and that there was one person in the world who had no sort of wish to see him knocked on the head, scarcely made up to him for the very direct and unforeseen snub which he received shortly afterwards.

"Oh, thank you," Lady Kathleen said, when he had knocked for admittance into her cabin and had displayed his humble gift, "but I have more smart gowns than I know what to do with already, and I doubt whether I could wear that color. Hadn't you better give it to Constance? She can do with any number of gowns

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and stand any color. I'll hand it over to her maid presently."

Lady Kathleen understood her husband well enough to detect symptoms of mortification beneath his imperturbable acquiescence; but she made a great mistake in imagining that she had furthered her own ingenuous design by this ungracious behavior. Hugh was not in the least jealous of Miles Lawrence, nor was he at all likely to renew advances which had not been met half-way. Once upon a time Kathie had been a shade too sentimental to please him; now it seemed she had overcome her sentimentality. Nothing could be more simple or more natural. After all, it was absurd to expect her to understand his meaning, seeing that she was not in possession of all the circumstances; for the matter of that, he was not quite positive that he understood his own meaning. The present condition of things was comfortable enough; there was nothing to be gained by altering it.

This was what he said to himself during dinner, while Mr. Lawrence was obliging the company with a dissertation upon Moorish architecture and Lady Ilkley was retailing scraps of social gossip which the mail had just brought to her. Nevertheless, he was not altogether comfortable. Of courage he had no lack, and self-control was a second nature to him; yet, as every man who has ever been placed on outpost duty knows, there is something peculiarly terrible and demoralizing in being quite alone. It is not easy to die alone; perhaps it is even more difficult to live alone; and moments come to all of us when it seems essential that we should speak of our troubles or perplexities to some fellow-creature—no matter to whom.

Thus it came to pass that in the course of that evening Hugh Shirley made a communication to Mr. Lawrence which startled that gentleman beyond measure. The yacht had been got under way soon after sundown, and they were steaming for Sardinia before a strong, warm southerly wind. The night was fine as yet; but the stars were obscured by a thin veil of haze; the skipper said he believed it was going to blow, and the sea was certainly getting up very fast. Under these circumstances the ladies had judged it advisable to retire to their berths, leaving the two men to finish their cigars on deck.

"How these craft do wallow before a wind!" ejaculated Lawrence, vainly endeavoring to moderate the gambols of the wicker chair on which he was seated. "How much more of this would be required to capsize us, I wonder?"

"Not very much, I dare say," responded Hugh, phlegmatically.

"You take it coolly," remarked the other, with a touch of resentment, "but I don't suppose you want to be drowned any more than I do, and, in sober earnest, I doubt whether this vessel is anything of a sea-boat."

"Oh, I expect she will be all right," answered Hugh. "There are people on board of her who evidently weren't born to be drowned—myself amongst the number. My destiny is to die in a much more deliberate and less pleasant way before this time next year. At least, so old Harley assures me."

Having said that much, he proceeded to disburden himself of his secret in detail. He had no great liking for Miles Lawrence, whom he considered to be rather a poor creature, and with whom he was scarcely upon terms of intimacy; but when one is forbidden to shoot rubbish in one place, it must needs be shot in another, and Lawrence was as shocked and sympathetic as could have been wished.

"Of course," Hugh said, in conclusion, "you are not to breathe a word of this to my wife. So far she suspects nothing, and it's better for her and for me and for everybody else to make believe as long as possible. The worst part of dying by inches is the knowledge that one is acting as a perpetual wet blanket: while one can still pretend to be getting better, one feels under no obligation to apologize."

"But, my dear fellow," protested Lawrence, "I can't help thinking that you and Sir Samuel Harley may be quite mistaken. Why don't you consult somebody else?"

Hugh shrugged his shoulders. "All the doctors in Europe couldn't deceive me now," he answered. "I remember very well how it was with my poor old father, and this is just the same story over again. I'm getting a little bit worse every day, and the odds are that if we return to England by sea, I shall have to be carried ashore. Well, he didn't suffer much, which is one comfort; and all my affairs are in order, which is another. My cousin, of course, succeeds to the property, but my wife will get all I can leave her. So she will be a rich woman. I dare say there

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are thousands of poor devils in the world who would be miserable enough if they were in my state—not knowing what was to become of their widows and children."

The conversation was not much further prolonged. Mr. Lawrence wanted to say many kind and friendly things; but he was precluded from uttering the greater part of them by a cause which everybody will admit to be sufficient. Suddenly and without rhyme or reason (as its habit is in those latitudes) the wind chopped round to the northwest and began to blow half a gale, the immediate result being a heavy confused sea, which caused the *Cyclamen* to execute the most astonishing capers, and proved too much for the internal stability of one of her passengers. Mr. Lawrence retired below with more precipitation than dignity, and for the next few hours it seemed to him to be a matter of comparatively trifling importance whether Hugh Shirley, or even he himself, lived or died.

Things, however, wore a very different aspect early on the following morning, when this amiable young man stole up the companion to find himself safe at anchor in the bay of Cagliari, with the sun shining once more upon the wet decks, and silvery clouds chasing one another across the purple hills inland. He was really an amiable young man as young men go, and he was very sorry indeed for his poor friend; still there is always one very dear friend whose affairs concern most of us far more closely than those of any other, and it was of this ever-interesting person that Mr. Lawrence presently sat himself down under the lee of the deck-house to think. He had been, and still was, a good deal in love with Lottie Powys; but then Lottie had refused him—a thing which he had never expected any woman to do—and he no longer felt certain that he ought to pay her the compliment of asking her again. Moreover, he had very little money, while poor Lottie had none; whereas Lady Kathleen— Well, there is no denying, and nobody ever did deny, that Miles Lawrence was a little inclined to be conceited, and no doubt Lady Kathleen had devoted herself exclusively to him throughout this voyage, and if it was really the case that poor Shirley was doomed— Mr. Lawrence was obliged to shape his reflections in this fragmentary style, because one shrinks from putting things quite plainly when one is amiable and not too cold-blooded; but it is a fact that when he went below to perform his toilet, a future laden with golden possibilities had begun to dance before his mental vision.

They all landed after breakfast, travelling by train up to Macomer in the sunny, windy weather, and thence to Sassari, where they spent the night, and were extremely uncomfortable.

"What," asked Lady Ilkley, plaintively, "is the use of having a decent yacht, with some of the appliances of civilization about one, if one is to sleep ashore in filthy inns?" And Hugh heaved a sympathetic sigh.

But Lady Kathleen, who liked new scenes, who did not mind roughing it occasionally, and who wanted to see a little more of an island which is seldom visited by tourists of any nationality, laughed at this pair of sybarites.

"You had better get back to the yacht, both of you, as fast as the train will take you — which isn't very fast," she said. "Perhaps Mr. Lawrence won't mind staying a few hours longer and poking about the environs with me."

If she thought that Hugh would raise objections to this plan, she was disappointed, for he jumped at it unhesitatingly; and if she thought that there was anything worth looking at in the environs of bare, sun-baked Sassari, she was more disappointed still. The traveller who wishes to make himself acquainted with such beauty of scenery as Sardinia has to show must penetrate into the wild recesses of the Gennargentù Mountains, or seek out one of the fertile ravines of the western seaboard, and there was no time for such explorations. However, she had a drive with Miles Lawrence in a rickety old trap, which they had some difficulty in hiring; and although this excursion did not help her to any great enlargement of her geographical knowledge, it enabled her to form a fresh and pleasing comprehension of her companion's character. For upon this occasion Mr. Lawrence was (outwardly and apparently, at least) far less self-engrossed than usual. He spouted no rhymes; he said nothing about his disgust with existence; he would not even discuss the perversity of Lottie Powys.

"Oh, don't let us speak of her!" he exclaimed. "I am sure you must be dead

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sick of the subject. Let us talk about you, for a change."

And the odd thing was that this very commonplace topic evidently interested him. Lady Kathleen, whose opinion of her own power to arouse the interest of others was of the most modest kind, was surprised to find how closely he had observed her, and she could not but be gratified by the kindly tact displayed in his remarks. If he had hinted that her husband was neglecting or slighting her, she would have been up in arms at once; but he was not so clumsy as that. He only allowed it to be inferred that he was full of admiration for her constant, unselfish cheerfulness when she must have so much to make her anxious and dispirited; and of course the state of Hugh's health furnished a sufficient justification for such words.

"I never liked you before as well as I have done to-day," she told him, with ingenuous candor, when at length they reached Cagliari once more.

To which he replied, laughing, "I'm afraid I can't return the compliment, Lady Kathleen, because I liked you as much as it was possible to like you a long time ago."

Decidedly Miles Lawrence had qualities which were not discernible at a glance, and so far from Lottie Powys being too good for him—which was the conviction at which Miss Lottie's friend had been reluctantly arriving through several weeks of intense boredom—it was almost a question whether he was not too good for her.

III.

It was not until the month of May that the *Cyclamen* rounded Seraglio Point and dropped her anchor within sight of the domes and minarets of Stamboul. Since quitting Sardinia she had been taken into many fair havens of the South, from Naples to the Piræus, had threaded her way through the Isles of Greece without knocking her nose against any of them, had weathered a heavy gale off Cape Matapan, and had, upon the whole, proved herself a safe if somewhat unnecessarily lively vessel. But now her career, so far as her present inmates were concerned, was at an end; for they had already exceeded the time that they had originally intended to spend in yachting, and it had been decided that they should return home overland from Constantinople, where they were to part company with Lady Ilkley, she having accepted an invitation to stay for a week or so at the Embassy there.

"This is really most desperately melancholy," that lady remarked (though she did not look as if the sadness of the situation weighed very heavily upon her spirits); "but we shall meet again in London soon, I hope, and we have had a delightful cruise. It has done Mr. Shirley no end of good, too—don't you think so?"

"Yes, I think it has," answered Lady Kathleen, who was appealed to; "and we have all enjoyed ourselves immensely."

Hugh said nothing. He was not, indeed, noticeably worse than he had been at starting; but he harbored no illusion upon the subject of his health, nor had he enjoyed the latter portion of this devious trip as much as his wife professed to have done. For one thing, Lady Ilkley had ceased to entertain him. It was very unfortunate, and he regretted it extremely, but somehow or other these pretty women, who were nothing particular except pretty, always did cease to entertain him after a time. Then, again, he was not quite satisfied about Kathie and that fellow Lawrence. Of course their platonic friendship and their frequent confabulations were all right, and Kathie was as innocent as a baby of ulterior intentions; but it didn't follow that Lawrence had formed no plans for a future which could not now be remote. He was rather sorry that he had been so impulsive as to confide in Lawrence, whose constant and sympathetic inquiries were perhaps not wholly disinterested. Upon closer acquaintance he felt sure that he did not like the man, though it was evident enough that Kathie did. But then who does like his probable successor? Even a father is apt to be more fond of his younger sons than of his first-born: and Hugh Shirley, notwithstanding the slightly cynical bent of his disposition, was sometimes conscious of a strong inclination to throw Mr. Lawrence overboard, neck and crop.

Very different were the sentiments of Lady Kathleen, who had become sincerely attached to Miles Lawrence, and who was convinced that his heart was in the right place, in spite of the little foibles which had irritated her during the earlier part of their cruise. Nevertheless, she

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was at that moment quite as anxious to get rid of her friend as Hugh could be, for the post had brought her several disquieting letters, and she thought it her duty to draw Mr. Lawrence aside in order to impart to him the contents of one of them.

"I want you to go straight off to London without drawing breath," she told him; "I have heard things which make me feel sure that you ought to be there."

"My dear Lady Kathleen," remonstrated the young man, with a reproachful look, "what have I done to be driven away like this? And what possible necessity can there be for the immediate presence of such a useless being anywhere? Would you have me leave Constantinople without so much as a glance at Saint Sophia, and without having seen the dancing dervishes or the howling dervishes or anything?"

"You would dance and howl with rage yourself if I were to detain you here—at least I am afraid you would. I am afraid Lottie Powys is upon the brink of doing a very foolish thing. She writes about General Lennox—that horrid old man, you know, who succeeded to a large fortune last year—in a way that terrifies me. The truth is that we have kept you abroad too long; and if any calamity were to come of this, I should never forgive myself!"

"May I see the letter?" asked Mr. Lawrence, who did not seem to be much agitated.

"No; it would not be fair to show it to you. Besides, I don't believe she means the half of what she says. But it is clear that she is not engaged to him yet, although I hear from other sources that the engagement is expected. Now do you understand why you must lose no time in going home?"

"I cannot say that I do," answered Mr. Lawrence, smiling placidly. "General Lennox may be a horrid old man, but if Miss Powys doesn't think so, my return will hardly cause her to change her mind, I should imagine."

"Don't talk like that! I can quite understand your being hurt and angry; but there is her side of the question too, and it is very evident to me that she thinks you have deserted her. Indeed, she as good as says so."

Mr. Lawrence was by this time very willing that Lottie Powys should hold that belief; but he was a cautious young man, and he knew the dangers of precipitation. So he merely remarked, "If it were true that I had deserted her, should I be to blame?"

"Of course you would not," Lady Kathleen answered; "that is just it! I alone should be to blame, and it is for my own sake, as well as for Lottie's and yours, that I implore you to pack up at once. Really you are bound to make the attempt; and if you fail — but I don't think you will — you will at least feel that you have behaved like an honorable man."

This speech had the effect of making up Miles Lawrence's mind for him. He would certainly fail, because he wished and intended to do so, and he rather liked Lady Kathleen's admission that she would be to blame for his possible failure. Such an admission might be construed in more ways than one.

"I will obey your orders," he said, submissively, "though I must own that I obey with some reluctance. Perhaps—as you yourself have put it in that way—I may be permitted to add that I only do so for your sake."

It was but a party of three, therefore, that was conducted that afternoon to a wooden house in Stamboul to listen to the monotonous chant of the howling dervishes and to witness the cures wrought by the power of faith.

"It is just like my luck that I wasn't born a son of Islam," Hugh remarked, as they emerged into the open air. "Why can't I lie down on the pit of my stomach, let those fellows walk over my back, and then rise up with a perfect conviction that I am all right?"

"Your back is all right without any need for dervishes," said Lady Kathleen, cheerfully. "The *Cyclamen* has accomplished that—hasn't she, Constance?"

"Oh, I hope so," answered Lady Ilkley, absently.

She was about to step into the carriage which was to take her away from her friends up to Pera, and in a few hours she was going to forget all about them. She had had a pleasant time of it, upon the whole; still Mr. Shirley had been a good deal less amusing and attentive of late than he had been at the outset, and she was not altogether sorry to bid him good-by.

"It is unfortunate," said Hugh, when

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she had been driven away, "that Lawrence should have been summoned home in such a hurry. Unfortunate for you, I mean."

"And it is unfortunate for you," answered Lady Kathleen, tranquilly, "that we are deprived of Constance. However, I dare say we shall not quarrel between this and London. We ought to be back in a week or ten days, travelling by easy stages, I suppose."

"Yes; and our spirits will be buoyed up by the thought of the joys that await us there. I am quite looking forward to my first interview with Sir Samuel."

IV.

Pleasant or unpleasant, that interview with the inexorable physician had to be faced; and if the truth must be told, Hugh Shirley put off facing it as long as he could. Moreover, Hugh found a new and strange pleasure in that dilatory northward journey with his wife, in buying presents for her of the Viennese and Parisian shopkeepers, and in seeing her face light up as it had done frequently enough in years gone by. However, she was less anxious to linger in the French capital than he was. She wanted to get home; she did not deny that she wished particularly to see Miles Lawrence again; and so, with a smile and a shrug of his shoulders, the doomed man stepped quietly forward to receive sentence.

"Well, Mr. Shirley," the great Sir Samuel said, after the usual prolonged and solemn examination of his patient, "I think we may almost give you a clean bill of health now. You will have to be careful for some little time to come, or we may have a recurrence of the former troubles; but I do not believe that there is any real cause for further anxiety."

"Why, my good man," exclaimed the astounded Hugh, "you gave me to understand a few months ago that there wasn't the slightest hope! Do you mean to say that you were completely mistaken?"

Now that is what no doctor ever does admit, or has admitted since the world began. Sir Samuel shook his head, and smiled in a compassionate, superior fashion.

"Oh no," he answered; "I made use of no such expression. I warned you that there were hereditary tendencies against which you would do well to be upon your guard, and I am glad to think that my warning has borne good fruit. Happily the symptoms which alarmed me have now disappeared. You are, in short, perfectly sound, Mr. Shirley, and I should think that your own sensations must tell you so."

Really, when he came to think of it, they did. He had been so convinced of approaching death that he had persuaded himself he was growing weaker every day; but now, as he walked away, he found that his step was springy, that his eyes were clear, and that he had not an ache or a pain in any part of his person. It was supremely ridiculous, of course; yet there is a certain class of jokes against one's self which may be taken very good-humoredly. Only he owed an apology to Lawrence — perhaps also to Kathie. Well, the best thing to be done was to go straight home and tell her all about it. Even if she was a little disappointed, she would hardly acknowledge to herself that she was so, he thought.

Had he carried out his intention of making straight for home, a painful scene might probably have been the consequence; it was fortunate, therefore, that he decided to go round by the club and recover his equanimity, which had been slightly shaken. For while he was seated there, with a newspaper held up in front of him to ward off the attacks of troublesome acquaintances, Miles Lawrence was spending a truly wretched quarter of an hour. Primed with the intelligence that Lottie Powys was going to marry old General Lennox and that he didn't care, that misguided young man had rushed off to cast himself unreservedly at the feet of Lady Kathleen; and being in an impulsive mood, what must he needs do but interrupt her condolences by a frank avowal that his affections had been transferred to one whose shoes Lottie Powys was not worthy to black! Then for the space of three minutes at least his ears were made to tingle almost as much as if he had had them boxed.

"But, dear Lady Kathleen," he protested, "I am not so bad as you think— I am not, really! I know I ought not to have spoken yet; I ought to have waited; but—"

"What difference could your waiting have made?" broke in Lady Kathleen, scornfully. "If you meant to insult me, to-day would do as well as to-morrow or next day, or next year, I suppose."

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"No, it would not," answered Lawrence, meekly, though a trifle sullenly (for some very rude and unkind things had been said to him before this). "Next year you will almost certainly be free, and it can be no insult for me then to tell you that I love you. That does make a difference."

"Free? I don't understand what you mean!" ejaculated Lady Kathleen, as a horrible vision of Hugh eloping with Constance Ilkley flashed suddenly across her mind.

"I mean that your husband is dying. Surely you must know that he is! Everybody else knows it; he himself has been perfectly aware of it for months past."

"You are telling lies!" gasped out Lady Kathleen, who had turned white.

"I am not in the habit of telling lies," returned Lawrence, with a somewhat ludicrous effort at dignity, "nor am I in the habit of betraying confidences. As Shirley begged me not to mention to you that Sir Samuel Harley had pronounced his death-warrant before he sailed, I have scrupulously held my tongue up to the present moment. But since you do not seem to have guessed the truth, and since it cannot be concealed from you much longer, I feel that I am justified, in self-defence—"

He was not allowed to complete his sentence. Lady Kathleen had rung the bell and was pointing to the door. She was quite composed now, though she had been angry enough—and even vituperative—a few minutes before.

"Will you go away, please?" she said. "I shall never speak to you again if I can help it, and I sincerely trust that I may never see your repulsive face again."

So the discomfited Lawrence took his repulsive face out into the street, while Lady Kathleen, sinking into a chair, covered hers with her hands.

It was thus that Hugh found her when he came in, looking a little sheepish, to make his confession, and his lips were effectually closed by the sight of the haggard cheeks and dazed eyes which she displayed as she started up.

"Oh, Hugh," she exclaimed, "I have heard! Miles Lawrence has been here, and has told me everything! How could you be so cruel to me?"

"Lawrence is an ass," said Hugh.

"He is much worse than that!" cried Lady Kathleen, with a retrospective shudder.

"Is he? Well, I can't throw stones at him, for I am another ass, and old Harley is a third. I am ashamed to tell you that I have just been to consult that eminent authority, and that he assures me I am as sound as a bell."

Lady Kathleen knew very well that Hugh hated nothing so much as demonstrative affection, and for a long time past she had been doing her utmost to avoid annoying him by affectionate demonstrations; but this was more than she could stand. She hurled herself into his arms, embraced him, wept over him, and permitted herself to utter incoherent words which it was out of her power to swallow down. However, one comfort was that he did not seem to mind. It was not for some time that she was able to relate to him the history of Miles Lawrence's unheard-of infamy, which—somewhat to her vexation—he refused to treat in a tragic spirit.

"I think we must forgive him, Kathie," he said; "he really has done us a service without intending it, and for my part, I feel that I have deceived the poor beggar shamefully. Besides, you must admit that you gave him a lot of encouragement."

"I did no such thing!" exclaimed Lady Kathleen, indignantly. "Did I ever for one single moment behave with him as you did with Constance Ilkley?"

"That is quite another pair of shoes; it's constitutional with me, and it don't mean anything. However, I am not going to be naughty any more, and I will overlook your conduct for this once, upon the understanding that it is not to be repeated."

"How could I tell that the man would be such a gaby?" Lady Kathleen asked. "I only wanted to make you a little jealous. At least, I hoped I might."

"And the odd thing is, my dear, that you were within an ace of effecting your fell purpose. By-the-way, would you do me a little favor, just to show that there is no ill feeling?"

"I will do anything in the world for you, Hugh. You know it!"

"Then get your dressmaker to construct a garment out of that silk I bought for you at Tunis. I forgot to mention that I rescued it from Lady Ilkley's maid. You see, the fact was that I didn't particularly want her ladyship to wear it."

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The Welcomes of the Flowers

BY W. HAMILTON GIBSON.

IT is now some thirty years since the scientific world was startled by the publication of that wonderful volume, *The Fertilization of Orchids*, by Charles Darwin; for though slightly anticipated by his previous work, *Origin of Species*, this volume was the first important presentation of the theory of cross-fertilization in the vegetable kingdom, and is the one that is primarily associated with the subject in the popular mind. The interpretation and elucidation of the mysteries which had so long lain hidden within those strange flowers, whose eccentric forms had always excited the curiosity and awe alike of the botanical fraternity and the casual observer, came almost like a divine revelation to every thoughtful reader of his remarkable pages. Blossoms heretofore considered as mere caprices and grotesques were now shown to be eloquent of deep divine intention, their curious shapes a demonstrated expression of welcome and hospitality to certain insect counterparts upon whom their very perpetuation depended.

Thus primarily identified with the orchid, it was perhaps natural and excusable that popular prejudice should have associated the subject of cross-fertilization with the orchid alone; for it is even to-day apparently a surprise to the average mind that almost any casual wild flower will reveal a floral mechanism often quite as astonishing as those of the orchids described in Darwin's volume. Let us glance, for instance, at the row of stamens below, selected at random from different flowers, with one exception wild flowers. Almost everybody knows that the function of the stamen is the secretion of pollen. This function, however, has really no reference whatever to the external form of the stamen. Why, then, this remarkable divergence? Here is an anther with its two cells connected lengthwise, and opening at the sides, perhaps balanced at the centre upon the top of its stalk or filament, or laterally attached and continuous with it; here is another opening by pores at the tip, and armed with two or four long horns; here is one with a feathery tail. In another the twin cells are globular and closely associated, while in its neighbor they are widely divergent. Another is club-shaped, and opens on either side by one or more upraised lids; and here is an example with its two very unequal cells separated by a long curved arm or connective, which is hinged at the tip of its filament; and the procession might be continued across two pages with equal variation.



FIG. 1.—A ROW OF STAMENS.

As far back as botanical history avails us these forms have been the same, each true to its particular species of flower, each with an underlying purpose which has a distinct and often simple reference to its form; and yet, incredible as it now

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seems to us, the botanist of the past has been content with the simple technical description of the feature, without the slightest conception of its meaning, dismissing it, perhaps, with passing comment upon its "eccentricity" or "curious shape." Indeed, prior to Darwin's time it might be said that the flower was as a voice in the wilderness. In 1735, it is true, faint premonitions of its present message began to be heard through their first though faltering interpreter, Christian Conrad Sprengel, a German botanist and school-master, who upon one occasion, while looking into the chalice of the wild geranium, received an inspiration which led him to consecrate his life thenceforth

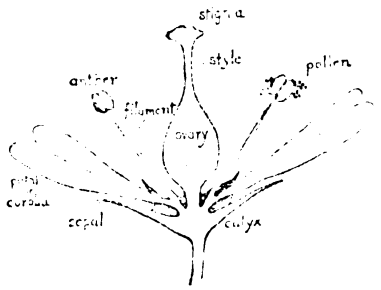


FIG. 2.—THE PARTS OF A FLOWER

to the solution of the floral hieroglyphics. Sprengel, it may be said, was the first to exalt the flower from the mere status of a botanical specimen.

This philosophic observer was far in advance of his age, and to his long and arduous researches—a basis built upon successively by Andrew Knight, Köhlreuter, Herbert, Darwin, Lubbock, Müller, and others—we owe our present divination of the flowers.

In order to fully appreciate this present contrast, it is well to briefly trace the progress, step by step, from the consideration of the mere anatomical and physiological specimen of the earlier botanists to the conscious blossom of to-day, with its embodied hopes, aspirations, and welcome companionships.

Most of my readers are familiar with the general construction of a flower, but in order to insure such comprehension it is well, perhaps, to freshen our memory by reference to the accompanying diagram of an abstract flower, the various parts being indexed.

The calyx usually encloses the bud, and may be tubular, or composed of separate leaves or sepals, as in a rose. The corolla, or colored portion, may consist of several petals, as in the rose, or of a single one, as in the morning-glory. At the centre is the pistil, one or more, which forms the ultimate fruit. The pistil is divided into three parts, ovary, style, and stigma. Surrounding the pistil are the stamens, few or many, the anther at the extremity containing the powdery pollen.

Although these physiological features have been familiar to observers for thousands of years, the several functions involved were scarcely dreamt of until within a comparatively recent period.

In the writings of ancient Greeks and Romans we find suggestive references to sexes in flowers, but it was not until the close of the seventeenth century that the existence of sex was generally recognized.

In 1682 Nehemias Grew announced to the scientific world that it was necessary for the pollen of a flower to reach the stigma or summit of the pistil in order to insure the fruit. I have indicated his claim pictorially at A, in the series of historical progression. So radical was this "theory" considered that it precipitated a lively discussion among the wiseheads, which was prolonged for fifty years, and only finally settled by Linnæus, who reaffirmed the facts declared by Grew, and verified them by such absolute proof that no further doubts could be entertained. The inference of these early authorities regarding this process of pollination is perfectly clear from their statements. The stamens in most flowers were seen to surround the pistil, "and of course the presumption was that they naturally shed the pollen upon the stigma," as illustrated at B in my series. The construction of most flowers certainly seemed designed to fulfil this end. But there were other considerations which had been ignored, and the existence of color, fragrance, honey, and insect association still continued to challenge the wisdom of the more philosophic seekers. How remarkable were some of those early speculations in regard to "honey," or, more properly, nectar! Patrick Blair, for instance, claimed that "honey absorbed the pollen," and thus fertilized the ovary. Pontidera thought that its office was to keep the ovary in a moist condition. Another botanist argued that it was "useless material thrown off in process of growth." Krunitz

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noted that "bee-visited meadows were most healthy," and his inference was that "honey was injurious to the flowers, and that bees were useful in carrying it off"! The great Linnæus confessed himself puzzled as to its function.

For a period of fifty years the progress of interpretation was completely arrested. The flowers remained without a champion until 1787, when Sprengel began his investigations, based upon the unsolved mysteries of color and markings of petals, fragrance, nectar, and visiting insects. The prevalent idea of the insect being a mere idle accessory to the flower found no favor with him. He chose to believe that some deep plan must lie beneath this universal association. At the inception of this conviction he chanced to observe in the flower of the wild geranium (*G. sylvaticum*) a fact which only an inspired vision could have detected—that the minute hairs at the base of the petal, while disclosing the nectar to insects, completely protected it from rain. Investigation showed the same conditions in many other flowers, and the inference he drew was further strengthened by the remarkable discovery of his "honey-guides" in a long list of blossoms, by which the various decorations of spots, rings, and converging veins upon the petals indicated the location of the nectar.

His labors were now concentrated on the work of interpretation, until at length his researches, covering a period of two or three years, were given to the world. In a volume bearing the following victorious title, *The Secrets of Nature in Forms and Fertilization of Flowers Discovered*, he presented a vast chronicle of astonishing facts. The previous discoveries of Grew and Linnæus were right so far as they went—viz., "the pollen must reach the stigma"—but those learned authorities had missed the true secret of the process. In proof of which Sprengel showed that in a great many flowers, as I have shown at C, Fig. 3, this deposit of pollen is naturally impossible, owing to the relative position of the floral parts, and that the pollen could not reach the stigma except by artificial aid. He then announced his startling theory:

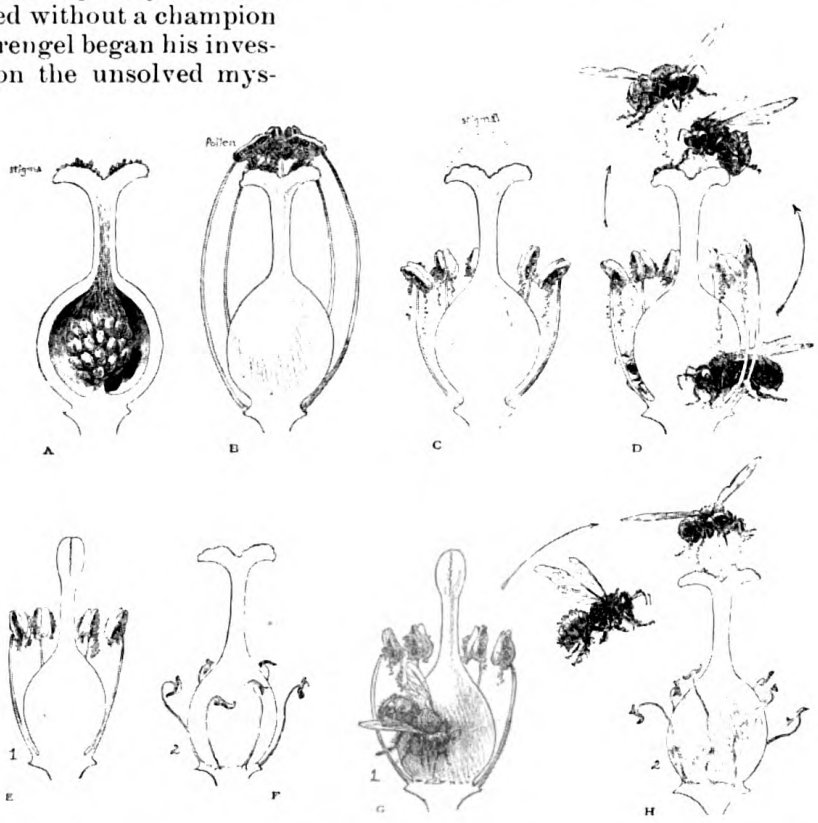


FIG. 3.—HISTORICAL SERIES, SHOWING THE PROGRESS OF DISCOVERY OF FLOWER-FERTILIZATION.

A. The fact discovered by N. Grew, 1682. B. The process as reaffirmed by Linnæus, 1735. C. Sprengel's puzzle for Linnæus, 1787. D. Sprengel's solution, 1787. E and F. Two posers for Sprengel: E. Pollen ripe—stigma closed; F. Pollen all shed—stigma just matured. G and H. Darwin's solution of Sprengel's double dilemma—cross-fertilization, 1858.

1. "Flowers are fertilized by insects."

2. Insects in approaching the nectar brush the pollen from the anthers with various hairy parts of their bodies, and in their motions convey it to the stigma.

But Sprengel's seeming victory was doomed to be turned to defeat. The true "secret" was yet unrevealed in his pages. He had given a poser to Linnæus (C), yet his own work abounded with similar

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strange inconsistencies, which, while being scarcely admitted by himself, or ingeniously explained, were nevertheless fatal to the full recognition of his wonderful researches. For seventy years his book lay almost unnoticed.

"Let us not underrate the value of a fact; it will one day flower in a truth." The defects in Sprengel's work were, after all, not actual defects. The error lay simply in his interpretation of his carefully noted facts. As Hermann Müller has said, "Sprengel's investigations afford an example of how even work that is rich in acute observation and happy interpretation may remain inoperative if the idea at its foundation is defective." What, then, was the flaw in Sprengel's work? Simply that he had seen but *half* the "secret" which he claimed to have "discovered." Starting to prove that insects fertilize the flowers, his carefully observed facts only served to demonstrate in many cases the reverse—that *insects could not fertilize* flowers in the manner he had declared. He was met at every hand, for instance, by floral problems such as are shown at E and F, where the pollen and the stigma in the same flower matured at different periods; and even though he recognized and admitted that the pollen must in many cases be transferred from one flower to another, he failed to divine that such was actually the common vital plan involved. It may readily be imagined that his great work precipitated an intense and prolonged controversy, and incited emulous investigation by the botanists of his time. Though a few of the more advanced of his followers, among them Andrew Knight (1799), Köhlreuter (1811), Herbert (1837), Gärtner (1844), clearly recognized the principle and foreshadowed the later theory of cross-fertilization, it was not until the inspired insight of Darwin, as voiced in his *Origin of Species*, contemplated these strange facts and inconsistencies of Sprengel that their full significance and actual value were discovered and demonstrated, and his remarkable book, forgotten for seventy years, at last appreciated for its true worth. Alas for the irony of fate! Under Darwin's interpretation the very "defects" which had rendered Sprengel's work a failure now became the absolute witness of a deeper truth which Sprengel had failed to discern. One more short step and he had reached the goal. But this last step was reserved for the later seer. He took the fatal double problem of Sprengel—as shown at E and F, to express the consummation pictorially—and by the simple drawing of a line, as it were, as indicated between G and H, instantly reconciled all the previous perplexities and inconsistencies, thus demonstrating the fundamental plan involved in floral construction to be not merely "*insect* fertilization," the fatal postulate assumed by Sprengel, but *cross*-fertilization—a fact which, singularly enough, the latter's own pages proved without his suspicion.

Thus we see the four successive steps in progressive knowledge, from Grew in 1682, Linnæus, 1735, Sprengel, 1787, to Darwin, 1857–1858, and realize with astonishment that it has taken over one hundred and seventy-five years for humanity to learn this apparently simple lesson, which for untold centuries has been noised abroad on the murmuring wings of every bee in the meadow, and demonstrated in almost every flower.

This infinite field now open before him, Darwin began his investigations, and the whole world knows his triumphs. He has been followed by a host of disciples, to whom his books have come as an inspiring and ennobling impulse. Hildebrand, Delpino, Axell, Lubbock, and, latest and perhaps most conspicuous, Hermann Müller, to whom the American reader is especially referred. *The Fertilization of Flowers*, by this most scholarly and indefatigable chronicler, presents the most complete compendium and bibliography of the literature on the subject that have yet appeared. Even to the unscientific reader it will prove full of revelations of this awe-inspiring interassociation and interdependence of the flower and the insect.

Many years ago the grangers of Australia determined to introduce our red clover into that country, the plant not being native there. They imported American seed, and sowed it, with the result of a crop luxuriant in foliage and bloom, but not a seed for future sowing! Why? Because the American bumblebee had not been consulted in the transaction. The clover and the bee are inseparable counterparts, and the plant refuses to become reconciled to the separation. Upon the introduction and naturalization of the American bumblebee, however, the transported

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clover became reconciled to its new habitat, and now flourishes in fruition as well as bloom.

Botany and entomology must henceforth go hand in hand. The flower must be considered as an embodied welcome to an insect affinity, and all sorts of courtesies prevail among them in the reception of their invited guests. The banquet awaits, but various singular ceremonies are enjoined between the cup and the lip, the stamens doing the hospitalities in time-honored forms of etiquette. Flora exacts no arbitrary customs. Each flower is a law unto itself. And how expressive, novel, and eccentric are these social customs! The garden salvia, for instance, slaps the burly bumblebee upon the back and marks him for her own as he is ushered in to the feast. The mountain-laurel welcomes the twilight moth with an impulsive multiple embrace. The desmodium and genesta celebrate their hospitality with a joke, as it were, letting their threshold fall beneath the feet of the caller, and startling him with an explosion and a cloud of yellow powder, suggesting the day pyrotechnics of the Chinese. The prickly-pear cactus encloses its buzzing visitor in a golden bower, from which he must emerge at the roof as dusty as a miller. The barberry, in similar vein, lays mischievous hold of the tongue of its sipping bee, and I fancy, in his early acquaintance, before he has learned its ways, gives him more of a welcome than he had bargained for. The evening primrose, with outstretched filaments, hangs a golden necklace about the welcome murmuring noctuid, while the various orchids excel in the ingenuity of their salutations. Here is one which presents a pair of tiny clubs to the sphinx-moth at its threshold, gluing them to its bulging eyes. Another attaches similar tokens to the tongues of butterflies, while the cypripedium speeds its parting guest with a sticking-plaster smeared all over its back. And so we might continue almost indefinitely. From the stand-point of frivolous human etiquette we smile, perhaps, at customs apparently so whimsical and unusual, forgetting that such a smile may partake somewhat of irreverence. For what are they all but the divinely imposed conditions of interassociation? say, rather, interdependence, between the flower and the insect, which is its ordained companion, its faithful messenger, often its sole sponsor;—the mea-



THE GARDEN SAGE.

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FIG. 4.—CROSS-FERTILIZATION OF THE SAGE (SALVIA OFFICINALIS).

A. Section of a sage flower (young flower at top of stem), showing long style and barren stamen, stigma short, anther mature. B. Pollen-laden bee entering flower. C. Anther of tilted stamen striking body of bee. D. Old flower at base of cluster—stigma elongated to touch the pollen on bee's body.

dows murmuring with an intricate and eloquent system of intercommunings beside which the most inextricable tangle of metropolitan electrical currents is not a circumstance. What a storied fabric were this murmurous tangle woven day by day, could each one of these insect messengers, like the spider, leave its visible trail behind it!

As a rule, these blossom ceremonies are of the briefest description. Occasionally, however, as in the cypripedium and in certain of the arums, or "jack-in-the-pulpit," and aristolochias, the welcome becomes somewhat aggressive, the guest being forcibly detained awhile after tea, or, as in the case of our milkweed, occasionally entrapped for life.

From this companionable point of view let us now look again at the strange curved stamen of the sage. Why this peculiar formation of the long curved arm pivoted on its stalk? Considered in the abstract, it can have no possible meaning, but taken in association with the insect to which it is shaped, how perfect is its adaptation, how instantly intelligible it becomes! Every one is familiar with the sage of the country garden, its lavender flowers arranged in whorls in a long cluster at the tips of the stems. One of these flowers, a young one from the top of the cluster, is shown at A, Fig. 4, in section, the long threadlike pistil starting from the ovary, and curving upward beneath the arch of the flower, with its forked stigma barely protruding (B). There are two of the queer stamens, one on each side of the opening of the blossom, and situated as shown, their anthers concealed in the hood above, and only their lower extremity appears below, the minute growth near it being one of the rudiments of two former stamens which have become aborted. If we take a flower from the lower portion of the cluster (D), we find that the threadlike pistil has been elongated nearly a third of an inch, its forked stigma now hanging directly at the threshold of the flower. The object of this will be clearly demonstrated if we closely observe this bee upon the blossoms. He has now reached the top of the cluster among the younger blossoms. He creeps up the outstretched platform of the flower, and has barely thrust his head within its tube when down comes the pair of clappers on his back (C). Presently he backs out, bearing a generous dab of yellow pollen, which is further increased from each subsequent flower. He has now finished this cluster, and flies to the next, alighting as usual on the lowermost tier of bloom. In them the elongated stigma now hangs directly in his path, and comes in contact with the pollen on his back as the insect sips the nectar. Cross-fertilization is thus insured; and, moreover, cross-fertilization not only from a distinct flower, but from a separate cluster, or even a separate plant. For in these older stigmatic flowers the anther as it comes down upon his back is seen to be withered, having shed its pollen several days since, the supply of pollen on the bee's body being sufficient to fertilize all the stigmas in the cluster, until a new supply is obtained from the pollen-bearing blossoms above. And thus he continues his rounds.

The sage is a representative of the large botanical order known as the Mint family, the labiates, or gaping two-lipped flowers, the arched hood here answering to the

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upper lip, the spreading base forming the lower lip, which is usually designed as a convenient threshold for the insects while sipping the nectar deep within the tube. This mechanism of the sage is but one of many curious and various contrivances in the Mint family, all designed for the same end, the intercrossing of the flowers.

While each family of plants is apt to favor some particular general plan, the modifications in the various species seem almost without limit.

Let us now look at the Heath family. The family of the heath, cranberry, pyrola, Andromeda, and mountain-laurel—how do these blossoms welcome their insect friends? This group is particularly distinguished by the unusual exception in the form of its anthers, which open by pores at their tips, instead of the ordinary side fissures. Two or three forms of these anthers are shown in my row of stamens (Fig. 1).

Seen thus in their detached condition, how incomprehensible and grotesque do they appear! And yet, when viewed at home, in their bell-shaped corollas, their hospitable expression and greeting are seen to be quite as expressive and rational as those of the sage. Take the mountain-laurel, for instance; what a singular exhibition is this which we may observe on any twilight evening in the laurel copse, the dense clusters of pink-white bloom waited upon by soft-winged fluttering moths, and ever and anon celebrating its cordial spirit by a mimic display of pyrotechnics as the anthers hurl aloft their tiny showers of pollen!

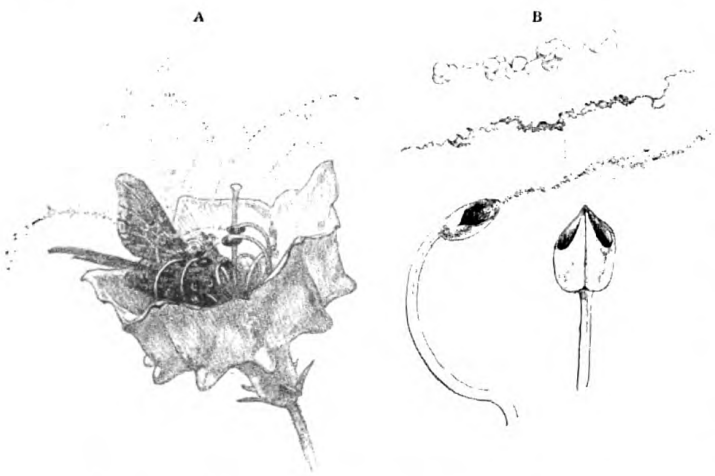
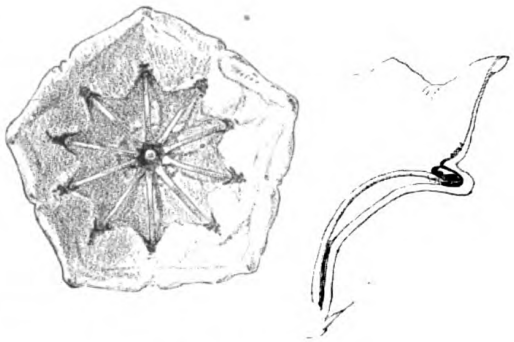


FIG. 5.—ELASTIC STAMENS OF MOUNTAIN-LAUREL.

A. The laurel's embrace. B. Stamens hurling pollen strings.

Every one is familiar with the curious construction of this flower, with its ten radiating stamens, each with its anther snugly tucked away in a pouch at the rim of its saucer-shaped corolla. Thus they appear in the freshly opened flower, and thus will they remain and wither if the flower is brought in-doors and placed in a vase upon our mantel. Why? Because the hope of the blossom's life is not fulfilled in these artificial conditions; its natural counterpart, the insect, has failed to respond to its summons.



ELASTIC STAMENS.

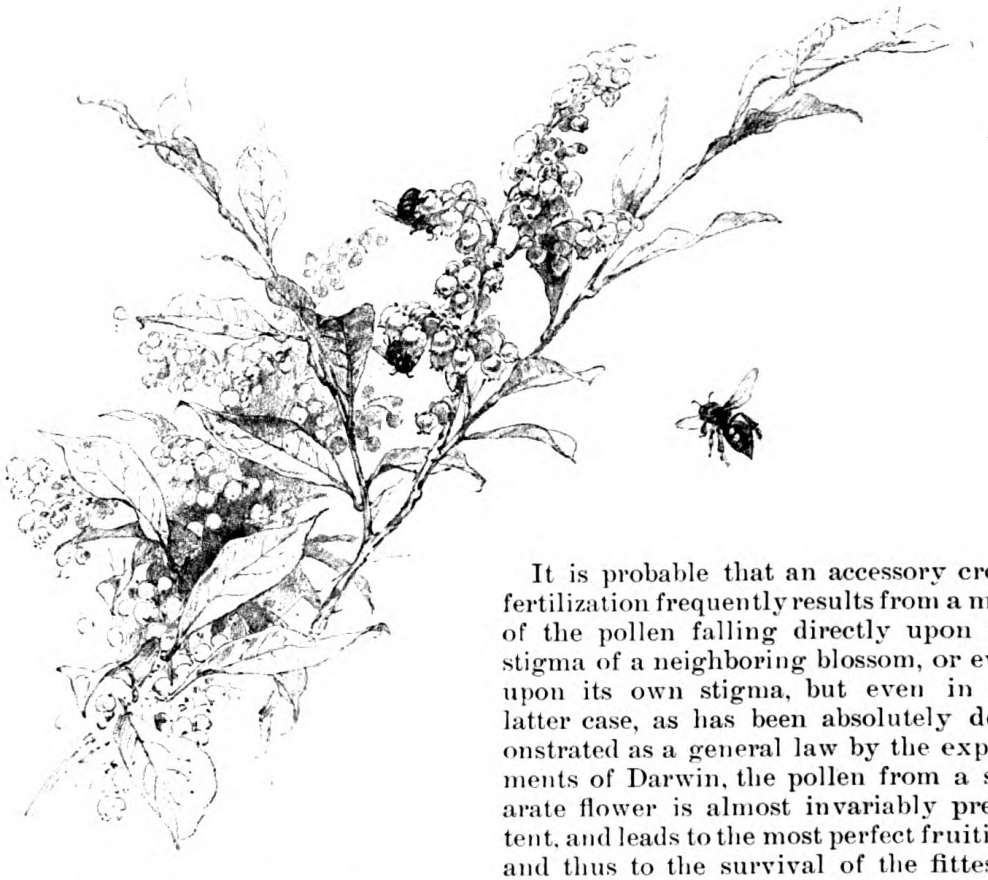
Anthers inserted in their pockets.

But the twilight cluster in the woods may tell us a pretty story.

Here a tiny moth hovers above the tempting chalice, and now settles upon it with eager tongue extended for the nectar at its centre. What an immediate and expressive welcome! No sooner has this little feathery body touched the filaments than the eager anthers are released from their pockets, and springing inwards, clasp their little visitor, at the same time decorating him with their compliments of web-by pollen.

The nectary now drained of its sweets, the moth creeps or flutters to a second blossom, and its pollen-dusted body thus coming in contact with its stigma, cross-fertilization is accomplished. The pollen of the laurel differs from that of most of the Heath blooms, its grains being more or less ad-

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ANDROMEDA LIGUSTRINA.

herent by a cobwebby connective which permeates the mass as indicated in my magnified representation (B, Fig. 5).

It is probable that an accessory cross-fertilization frequently results from a mass of the pollen falling directly upon the stigma of a neighboring blossom, or even upon its own stigma, but even in the latter case, as has been absolutely demonstrated as a general law by the experiments of Darwin, the pollen from a separate flower is almost invariably prepotent, and leads to the most perfect fruition, and thus to the survival of the fittest—the cross-fertilized. And, in any event, the insect is to be credited for the release of the tiny catapults by which the pollen is discharged. But the laurel may be considered as an exceptional example of the Heath family. Let us look at a more

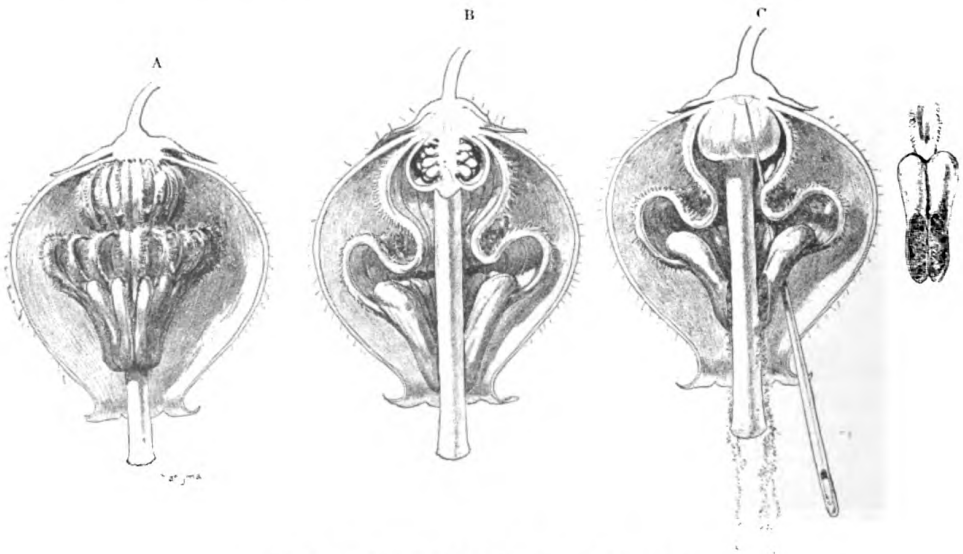
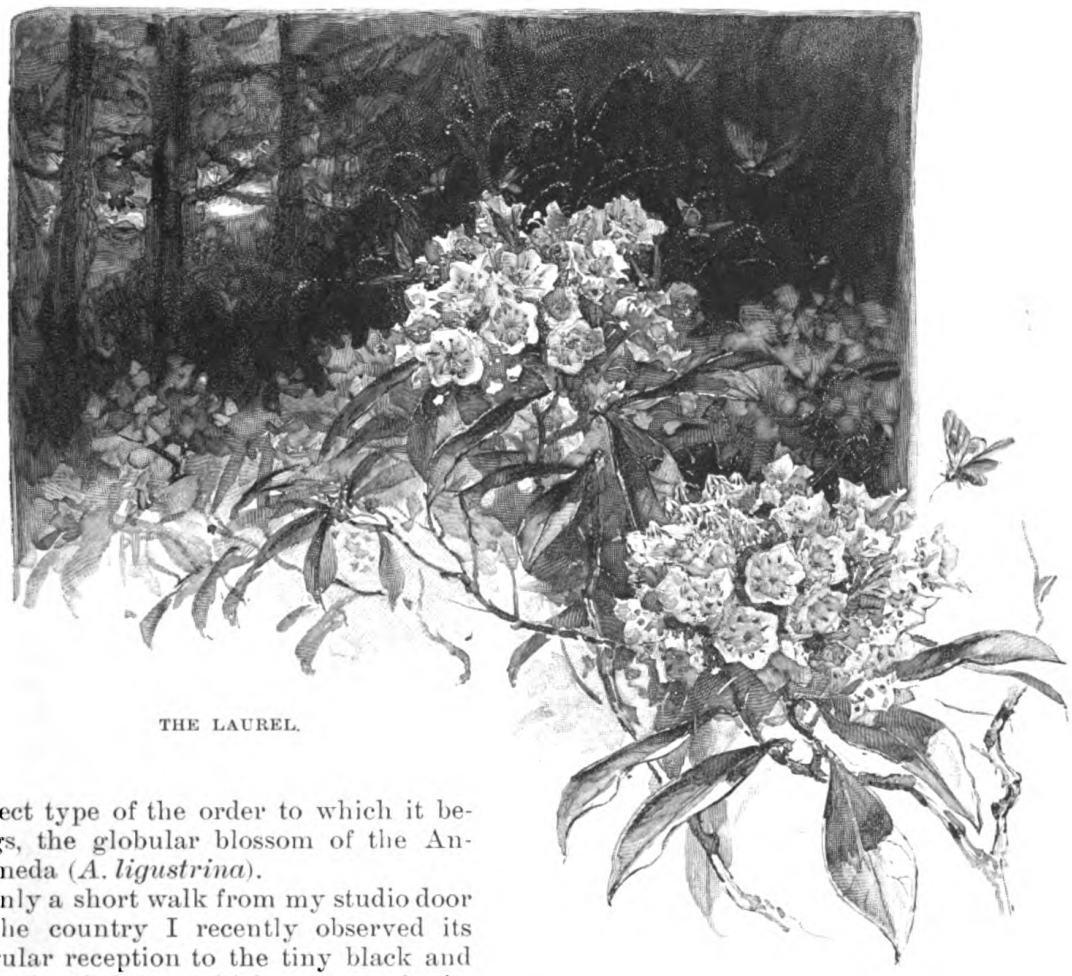


FIG. 6.—FERTILIZATION OF ANDROMEDA.

A. Ring of anthers around style. B. Section showing contact of anthers. C. Dislocation of anther ring, and consequent fall of pollen. The needle represents insect's tongue.

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THE LAUREL.

perfect type of the order to which it belongs, the globular blossom of the Andromeda (*A. ligustrina*).

Only a short walk from my studio door in the country I recently observed its singular reception to the tiny black and white banded bee, which seems to be its especial companion, none the less constant and forgiving in spite of a hospitality which, from the human stand-point, would certainly seem rather discouraging. Fancy a morning call upon your particular friend. You knock at the door, and are immediately greeted at the threshold with a quart of sulphur thrown into your face. Yet this is precisely the experience of this patient little insect, which manifests no disposition to retaliate with the concealed weapon which on much less provocation he is quick to employ. Here he comes, eager for the fray. He alights upon one of the tiny bells scarce half the size of his body. Creeping down beneath it, he inserts his tongue into the narrowed opening. Instantly a copious shower of dust is poured down upon his face and body. But he has been used to it all his life, and by heredity he knows that this is Andromeda's peculiar whim, and is content to humor it for the sweet recompense which she bestows. The nectar drained, the insect, as dusty as a miller, visits another flower, but before he enters must of necessity first pay his toll of pollen to the drooping stigma which barely protrudes beneath the blossom's throat, and the expectant seed-pod above welcomes the good tidings with visions of fruition.

And how beautiful is the minute mechanical adaptation by which this end is accomplished! This species of Andromeda is a shrub of about four feet in height, its blossoms being borne in close panicled clusters at the summit of the branches. The individual flower is hardly more than an eighth of an inch in diameter. From one of three blossoms I made the accompanying series of three sectional drawings (Fig. 6). The first shows the remarkable interior arrangement of the ten stamens surrounding the pistil. The second presents a sectional view of these stamens, showing their peculiar S-shaped filaments and ring of anthers—one of the latter being shown separate at the right,

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with its two pores and exposed pollen. The freshly opened blossom discloses the entire ring of anthers in perfect equilibrium, each with its two orifices closed by close contact with the style, thus retaining the pollen. It will readily be seen that an insect's tongue, as indicated by the needle, in probing between them in search for nectar, must needs dislocate one or more of the anthers, and thus release their dusty contents, while the position of the stigma below is such as to escape all contact.

In most flowers, with the exception of the orchids, the stamens and pollen are plainly visible, but who ever sees the anthers of the blue-flag? Surely none but the analytical botanist



FIG. 7.—CROSS-FERTILIZATION OF THE BLUE-FLAG.

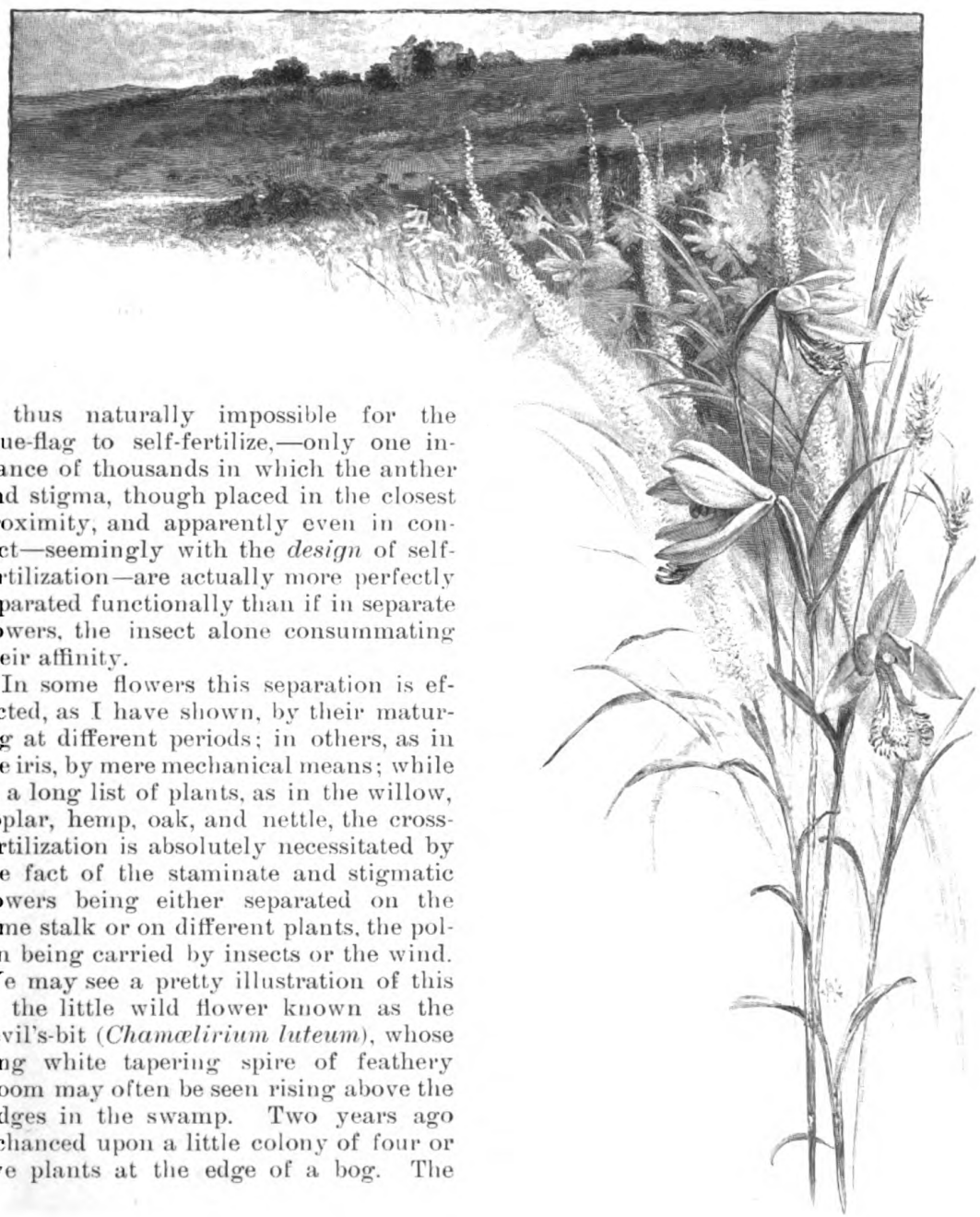
A. Bee leaving flower laden with pollen. B. Bee entering flower—stigmatic shelf scraping off pollen.



BLUE FLAG.

and the companion insect to whom it is so artfully adjusted and so demonstrative. This insect is likely to be either a bumblebee or a species of large fly. In apt illustration of Sprengel's theory of the "path-finder" or honey-guide, the insect does not alight at the centre of the flower, but upon one of the three large drooping sepals, whose veins, converging to the narrowed trough above, indicate the path to the nectar. Closely overarching this portion is a long and narrow curved roof—one of three divisions to the style, each surmounting its veined sepals. Beneath this our visiting bee disappears, and a glance at my sectional drawing shows what happens. Concealed within, against the ridge-pole as it were, the anther awaits his coming, and in his passage to and from the nectar below spreads its pollen over his head and back. Having backed out of this segment of the blossom (A), he proceeds to the next; but the shelflike stigma awaits him at the door, and scrapes off or rubs off a few grains of the pollen from his back (B). Thus he continues until the third segment is reached, from which he carries away a fresh load of pollen to another flower. It will be seen that only the outer side of this appendage is stigmatic, and that it

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POGONIA AND DEVIL'S-BIT.

is thus naturally impossible for the blue-flag to self-fertilize,—only one instance of thousands in which the anther and stigma, though placed in the closest proximity, and apparently even in contact—seemingly with the *design* of self-fertilization—are actually more perfectly separated functionally than if in separate flowers, the insect alone consummating their affinity.

In some flowers this separation is effected, as I have shown, by their maturing at different periods; in others, as in the iris, by mere mechanical means; while in a long list of plants, as in the willow, poplar, hemp, oak, and nettle, the cross-fertilization is absolutely necessitated by the fact of the staminate and stigmatic flowers being either separated on the same stalk or on different plants, the pollen being carried by insects or the wind. We may see a pretty illustration of this in the little wild flower known as the devil's-bit (*Chamælirium luteum*), whose long white tapering spire of feathery bloom may often be seen rising above the sedges in the swamp. Two years ago I chanced upon a little colony of four or five plants at the edge of a bog. The

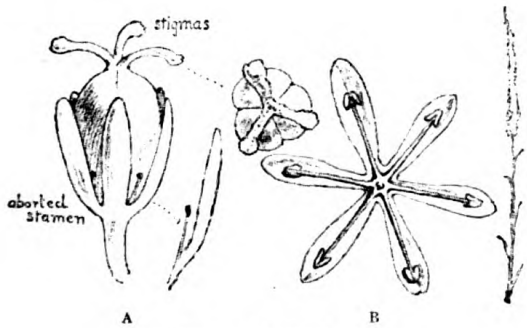


FIG. 8.—DEVIL'S-BIT.

A. Pistillate flower. B Staminate flower.

flowers, all of them, were mere petals and stamens (B, Fig. 8). I looked in vain for a single stigmatic plant or flower; but far across the swamp, a thousand feet distant, I at length discovered a single spire, composed entirely of pistillate flowers, as shown in Fig. 8, A, and my magnifying-glass clearly revealed the pollen upon their stigmas—doubtless a welcome message brought from the iso-

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HORSE-BALM (COLLINSONIA).

lated affinity afar by some winged sponsor, to whom the peculiar fragrance of the flower offers a special attraction, and thus to whom the fortunes of the devil's-bit have been committed.

The presence of fragrance and honey in a dicœcious flower may be accepted in the abstract as almost conclusive of an insect affinity, as in most flowers of this class, notably the beech, pine, dock, grasses, etc., the wind is the fertilizing agent, and there is absence alike of conspicuous color, fragrance, and nectar — attributes which refer alone to insects, or possibly humming-birds in certain species.

Look where we will among the blossoms, we find the same beautiful plan of intercommunion and reciprocity everywhere demonstrated. The means appear without limit in their evolved— rather, I should say, involved— ingenuity. Pluck the first flower that you meet in your stroll to-morrow, and it will tell you a new story.

Only a few days since, while out on a drive, I passed a luxuriant clump of the plant known as "horse-balm." I had known it all my life, and twenty years previously had made a careful analytical drawing of the mere botan-



THE CONE-FLOWER.

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ical specimen. What could it say to me now in my more questioning mood? Its queer little yellow fringed flowers hung in profusion from their spreading terminal racemes. I recalled their singular shape, and the two outstretched stamens has thus been deposited where it will come in contact with the stigma of another flower. So, of course, it proved. In the bee's continual visits to the several flowers he came at length to the younger blooms, where the forked stigmas were



FIG. 9.—CROSS-FERTILIZATION OF THE HORSE BALM—FLOWERS IN VARIOUS STAGES, AND IN THE ORDER OF THEIR VISITATION BY THE BEE.

protruding from their gaping corolla, and could distinctly see them as I sat in the carriage. I had never chanced to read of this flower in the literature of cross-fertilization, and murmuring, half aloud, "What pretty mystery is yours, my Collinsonia?" prepared to investigate.

What I observed is pictured severally at Fig. 9, the flowers being shown from above, showing the two spreading stamens and the decidedly exceptional unsymmetrical position of the long style extending to the side. A small nectar-seeking bumblebee had approached, and in alighting upon the fringed platform grasped the filaments for support, and thus clapped the pollen against his sides. Reasoning from analogy, it would of course be absolutely clear that this pollen



FIG. 10.—CONE-FLOWER—SHOWING NUMEROUS FLORETS, SOME IN POLLEN, OTHERS IN STIGMATIC STAGE.

turned directly to the front, while the immature stamens were still curled up in the flower tubes. Even the unopened buds showed a number of species where the early matured stigma actually protruded through a tiny orifice in precisely the right position to strike the pollen-dusted body of the bee as he forced his tongue through the tiny aperture.*

If their dainty mechanism excite our wonder, what shall be said of the revelations in the great order of the Compositæ, where each so-called flower, as in the dandelion, daisy, cone-flower, marigold, is really a dense cluster of minute flowers, each as perfect in its construction as in the examples already mentioned, each with its own peculiar plan designed to insure the transfer of its own pollen to the stigma of its neighbor, while excluding it from its own?

All summer long the cone-flower (*Rudbeckia hirta*) blooms in our fields, but how few of us imagine the strange processes which are being enacted in that purple cone! Let us examine it closely. If we pluck one of the blossom's heads and keep it in a vase overnight, we shall

* In numerous instances observed since the above was written I have noted the larger bumblebees upon the blossom. These insects have a different method of approach, hanging beneath the flower, the anthers being clapped against their thorax at the juncture of the wings, instead of the abdomen, as in the smaller bee.

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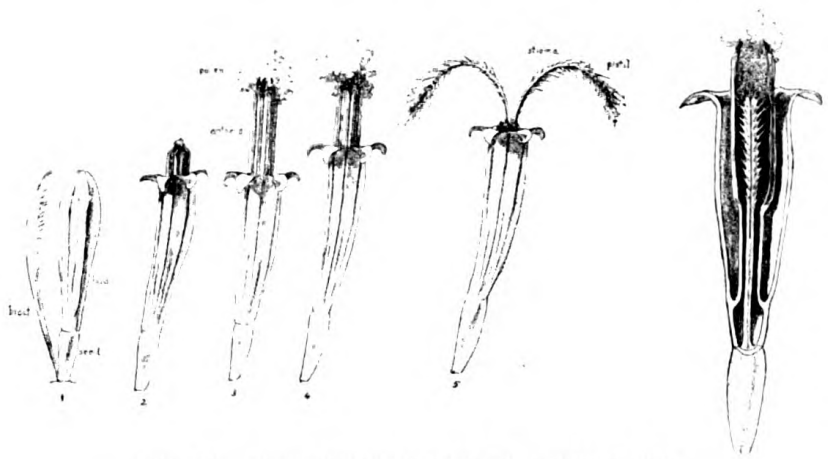


FIG. 11.—CROSS-FERTILIZATION OF CONE-FLOWER.

here united in a tube, the pollen being discharged within. At the base of this anther-tube rises the pistil, which gradually elongates, and like a piston forces out the pollen at the top. Small insects in creeping over the cone quickly dislodge it. In the next stage the anthers have withered, the flower-tube elongated, and the top of the two-parted pistil begins to protrude, and at length expands its tips, disclosing at the centre the stigmatic surface, which has until now been protected by close contact. (See section.)

probably see on the following morning a tiny yellow ring of pollen encircling the outer edge of the cone. In this way only are we likely to see the ring in its perfection, as in a state of nature the wind and insects rarely permit it to remain.

If we now with a sharp knife make a vertical section, as shown at A, Fig. 3, we may observe the conical receptacle studded with its embryo seeds, each bearing a tiny tubular blossom. Three distinct forms of these flowers are to be seen. The lower and older ones are conspicuous by their double feathery tails, the next by their extended anthers bearing the pollen at their extremity, and above these again the buds in all stages of growth. These various states are indicated in Fig. 11.

As in all the Compositæ, the anthers are

A glance at Fig. 11 will reveal the plan involved. The ring of pollen is inevitably scattered to the stigmas of the neighboring flowers, and cross-fertilization continually insured. Similar contrivances are to be found in most of the Compositæ, through the same method being variously applied.

Perhaps even more remarkable than any of the foregoing, which are more or less automatic in their movements, is the truly astonishing and seemingly conscious mechanism displayed in the wild arum of Great Britain—the "lords and ladies" of the village lanes, the foreign

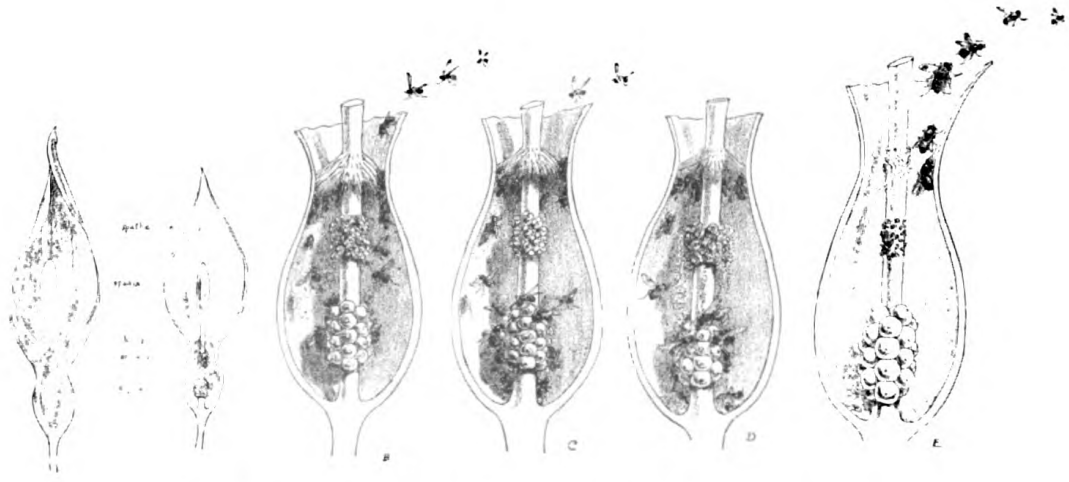


FIG. 12.—STAGES IN THE FERTILIZATION OF THE ENGLISH ARUM.

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counterpart of our well-known jack-in-the-pulpit, or Indian-turnip, with its purple-streaked canopy, and sleek "preacher" standing erect beneath it. A representation of this arum is shown in Fig. 12, and a cross section at A, properly indexed.

How confidently would the superficial—nay, even careful—examination of one of the old-time botanists have interpreted its structure: "How simple and perfect the structure! Observe how the anthers are placed so that pollen shall naturally fall directly on the stigmas and fertilize them!" Such would indeed appear to be intended, until it is actually discovered that the *stigmas have withered* when the pollen is shed—a device which, acting in association with the little ring of hairs, tells a strange story. It is not my fortune to have seen one of these singular blossoms, but from the description of the process of fertilization given in Hermann Müller's wonderful work, aided by a botanical illustration of the structure of the flower, I am readily enabled to picture the progressive stages of the mechanism.

In the first stage (B) small flies with bodies dusted with pollen from a previous arum blossom (for insects, as a rule, remain faithful or partial to one species of flowers while it is in bloom) are entering the narrowed tube, easily passing through the drooping fringe of hairs. Nectar is secreted by the stigmas, and here the flies assemble, thus dusting them with pollen. Their appetite temporarily satisfied, the insects seek escape, but find their exit effectually barred by the intruding fringe of hairs (C). In this second stage the stigmas, having now been fertilized, have withered, at the same time exuding a fresh supply of nectar, which again attracts the flies, whereupon, as shown at D, the anthers open and discharge their pollen upon the insects. In the fourth stage (E), all the functions of the flower having now been fulfilled, the fringe of hairs withers, and the imprisoned pollen-laden flies are permitted to escape to another flower, where the beautiful scheme is again enacted.

In a paper of this kind it is of course possible only to hint at a few representative examples of floral mechanisms, but these would be indeed incomplete without a closing reference to that wonderful tribe of flowers with which the theory of cross-fertilization will ever be memorably associated. I have previously alluded to

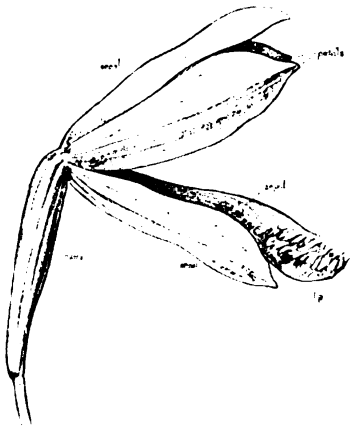


FIG. 13.—POGONIA.

the absolute dependence of the red clover upon the bumblebee. This instance may be considered somewhat exceptional, though numerous parallel cases are known. Among ordinary flowers this intervention of the insect is largely a *preferable* intention, and though almost invariably fulfilled, a large proportion of flowers still retain, as a *dernier ressort*, the power of at least partial self-fertilization and perpetuity in the absence or neglect of their insect counterpart.

The numerous and conclusive demonstrations of Darwin, however, have proved that in the competition for existence such self-fertilized offspring quickly yield before the progeny of cross-fertilization.

But the distinctive feature of the orchids lies in the fact that this dependence on the insect is wellnigh universally absolute. Here are a great host of plants which are doomed to extinction if for any reason their insect sponsors should permanently neglect them. The principal botanical feature which differentiates the orchid from other plants lies in the construction of the floral organs, the pistil, stigma, and anthers here being united into a distinct part known as the column. The pollen is, moreover, peculiar, being collected into more or less compact masses, and variously concealed in the flower. Some of these are club-shaped, with a viscid extremity, others of the consistency of a sticking-plaster, and all are hidden from external view in pouches and pockets, from which they never emerge unless withdrawn on the body of an insect. The various devices by which this removal is insured are most astonishing and awe-inspiring. Nor is it necessary to go to the

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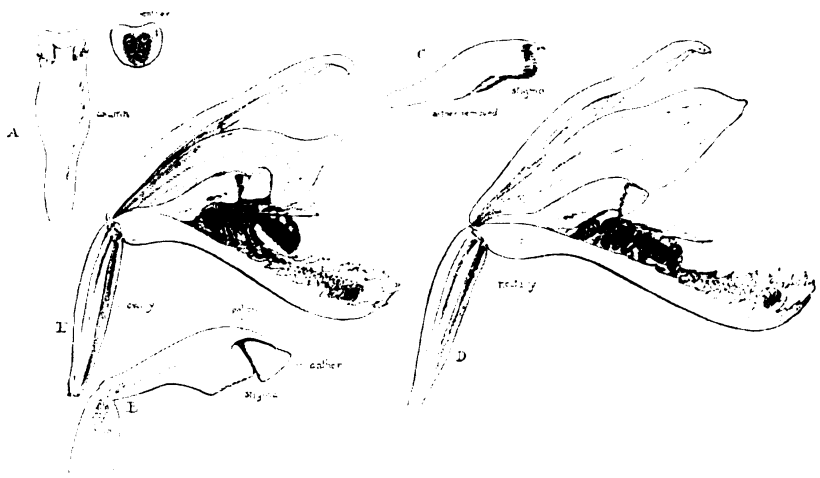


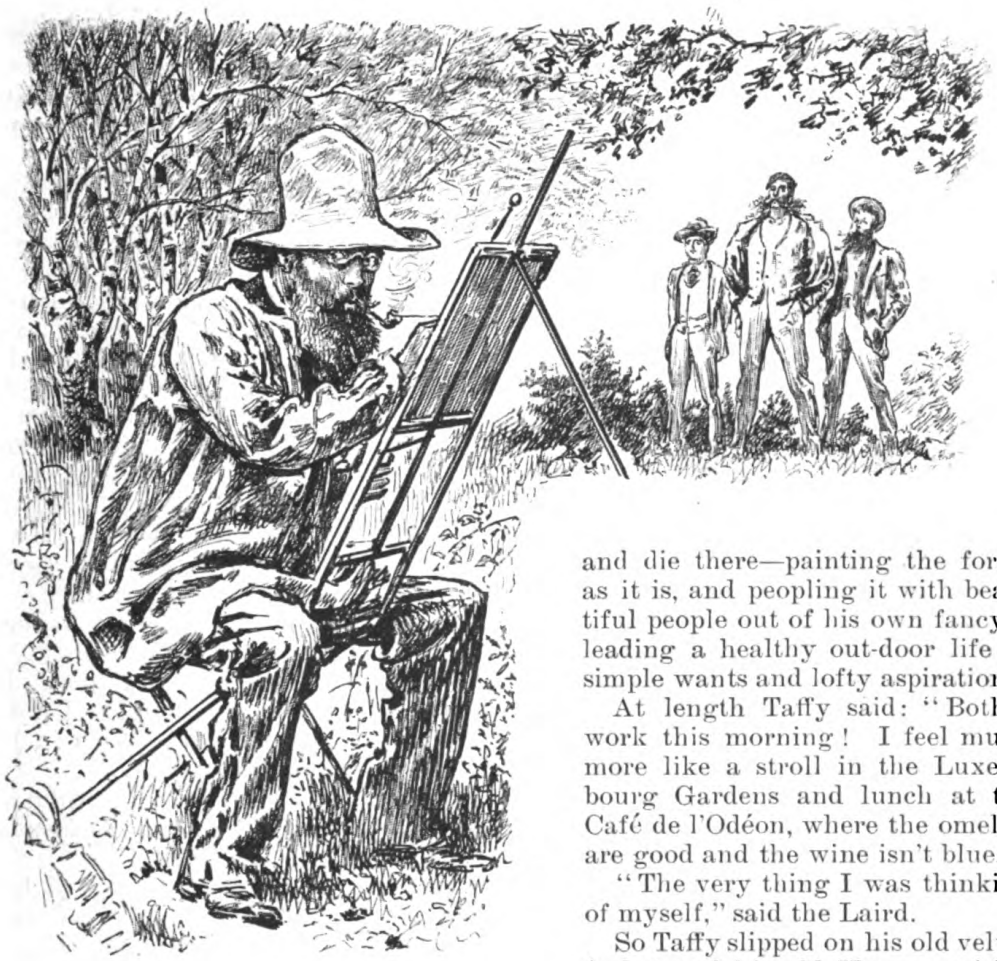
FIG. 14.—CROSS-FERTILIZATION OF THE ORCHID POGONIA.

conservatory for a tropical specimen, as is commonly supposed. An orchid is an orchid wherever it grows, and our native list of some fifty species will afford examples of as strange mechanical adaptations as are to be found among Darwin's pages. Indeed, a few of our American species are there described. One example will suffice for present illustration—the sweet-pogonia or grass-pink of our sedgy swamps (*Pogonia ophioglossoides*). Its solitary rosy blossom, nodding on its slender stem above the sedges, is always a welcome episode to the sauntering botanist, and its perfume, suggesting ripe red raspberries, is unique in the wild bouquet. One of these flowers is shown in profile at Fig. 13, its various parts indexed. Concealed behind the petals is the column, elsewhere indicated from various points of view. Attracted by its color and fragrance, the insect seeks the flower; its outstretched fringy lip offers a cordial invitation at its threshold, and conducts its visitor directly to the sweets above. In his entrance, as seen at D, Fig. 14, the narrowed passage compresses his back against the under side of the column, forcing his head and back against the stigma. The effect of this inward pressure, as will be seen, only serves to force the anther more firmly within its pocket; but as the insect, having drained the nectar, now backs out, note the result. The lip of the anther catches upon the back, swings outward on its hinge, and deposits its sticky pollen all over the insect's back, returning to its original position after his departure. In another moment he is seen upon another blossom, as at D again, his pollen-laden back now coming in contact with the stigma, and the intention of the blossom is accomplished; for without this assistance from the insect the little lid remains close within its pocket, and the pollen is thus retained.

What startling disclosures are revealed to the inward eye within the hearts of all these strange orchidaceous flowers! Blossoms whose functions, through long eras of adaptation, have gradually shaped themselves to the forms of certain chosen insect sponsors; blossoms whose chalices are literally fashioned to bees or butterflies; blossoms whose slender, prolonged nectaries invite and reward the murmuring sphinx-moth alone, the floral throat closely embracing his head while it attaches its pollen masses to the bulging eyes, or perchance to the capillary tongue! And thus in endless modifications, evidences all of the same deep vital purpose.

Let us then content ourselves no longer with being mere "botanists"—historians of structural facts. The flowers are not mere comely or curious vegetable creations, with colors, odors, petals, stamens, and innumerable technical attributes. The wonted insight alike of scientist, philosopher, theologian, and dreamer is now repudiated in the new revelation. Beauty is not "its own excuse for being," nor was fragrance ever "wasted on the desert air." The seer has at last heard and interpreted the voice in the wilderness. The flower is no longer a simple passive victim in the busy bee's sweet pillage, but rather a conscious being, with hopes, aspirations, and companionships. The insect is its counterpart. Its fragrance is but a perfumed whisper of welcome, its color is as the wooing blush and rosy lip, its portals are decked for his coming, and its sweet hospitalities humored to his tarrying; and as it finally speeds its parting affinity rests content that its life's consummation has been fulfilled.

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TRILBY.*

BY GEORGE DU MAURIER.

Part Third.

ONE lovely Monday morning in late September, at about eleven or so, Taffy and the Laird sat in the studio—each opposite his picture, smoking, nursing his knee, and saying nothing. The heaviness of Monday weighed on their spirits more than usual, for the three friends had returned late on the previous night from a week spent at Barbizon and in the forest of Fontainebleau—a heavenly week among the painters: Rousseau, Millet, Corot, Daubigny, let us suppose, and others less known to fame this day. Little Billee, especially, had been fascinated by all this artistic life in blouses and sabots and immense straw hats and panamas, and had sworn to himself and to his friends that he would some day live and die there—painting the forest as it is, and peopling it with beautiful people out of his own fancy—leading a healthy out-door life of simple wants and lofty aspirations.

At length Taffy said: "Bother work this morning! I feel much more like a stroll in the Luxembourg Gardens and lunch at the Café de l'Odéon, where the omelets are good and the wine isn't blue."

"The very thing I was thinking of myself," said the Laird.

So Taffy slipped on his old velvet jacket and his old Harrow cricket cap, with the peak turned the wrong way, and the Laird put on an old great-coat of Taffy's that reached to his heels, and a battered straw hat they had found in the studio when they took it, and both sallied forth into the mellow sunshine on the way to Carrel's. For they meant to seduce Little Billee from his work, that he might share in their laziness, greediness, and general demoralization.

And whom should they meet coming down the narrow turreted old Rue Vieille des Mauvais Ladres but Little Billee himself, with an air of general demoralization so tragic that they were quite alarmed. He had his paint-box and field-easel in one hand and his little valise in the other. He was pale, his hat on the back of his head, his hair staring all at sixes and sevens, like a sick Scotch terrier's.

"Good Lord! what's the matter?" said Taffy.

"Oh! oh! oh! she's sitting at Carrel's!"

* Begun in January number, 1894.

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"LET ME GO, TAFFY. . . ."

"Who's sitting at Carrel's?"

"Trilby! sitting to all those ruffians! There she was, just as I opened the door; I saw her, I tell you! The sight of her was like a blow between the eyes, and I bolted! I shall never go back to that beastly hole again! I'm off to Barbizon, to paint the forest; I was coming round to tell you. Good-by! . . ."

"Stop a minute—are you mad?" said Taffy, collaring him.

"Let me go, Taffy—let me go, d—— it! I'll come back in a week—but I'm going now! Let me go; do you hear?"

"But look here—I'll go with you."

"No; I want to be alone—quite alone. Let me go, I tell you!"

"I sha'n't let you go unless you swear to me, on your honor, that you'll write directly you get there, and every day till you come back. Swear!"

"All right; I swear—honor bright! Now there! Good-by—good-by; back on Sunday—good-by!" and he was off.

"Now, what the devil does all that mean?" asked Taffy, much perturbed.

"I suppose he's shocked at seeing Trilby in that guise, or disguise, or unguise, sitting at Carrel's—he's such an odd little chap. And I must say, I'm surprised at Trilby. It's a bad thing for her when we're away. What could have induced her? She never sat in a studio of that kind before. I thought she only sat to Durien and old Carrel."

They walked for a while in silence.

"Do you know, I've got a horrid idea that the little fool's in love with her!"

"I've long had a horrid idea that *she's* in love with *him*."

"That would be a very stupid business," said Taffy.

They walked on, brooding over those two horrid ideas, and the more they brooded, considered, and remembered, the more convinced they became that both were right.

"Here's a pretty kettle of fish!" said the Laird—"and talking of fish, let's go and lunch."

And so demoralized were they that Taffy ate three omelets without thinking, and the Laird drank two half-bottles of wine, and Taffy three, and they walked about the whole of that afternoon for fear Trilby should come to the studio—and were very unhappy.

This is how Trilby came to sit at Carrel's studio:

Carrel had suddenly taken it into his head that he would spend a week there, and paint a figure among his pupils, that they might see and paint with—and if possible like—him. And he had asked Trilby as a great favor to be the model, and Trilby was so devoted to the great

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Carrel that she readily consented. So that Monday morning found her there, and Carrel posed her as Ingres's famous figure in his picture called "La Source," holding a stone pitcher on her shoulder.

And the work began in religious silence. Then in five minutes or so Little Billee came bursting in, and as soon as he caught sight of her he stopped and stood as one petrified, his shoulders up, his eyes staring. Then lifting his arms, he turned and fled.

"Qu'est ce qu'il a donc, ce Litrebili?" exclaimed one or two students (for they had turned his English nickname into French).

"Perhaps he's forgotten something," said another. "Perhaps he's forgotten to brush his teeth and part his hair!"

"Perhaps he's forgotten to say his prayers!" said Barizel.

"He'll come back, I hope!" exclaimed the master.

And the incident gave rise to no further comment.

But Trilby was much disquieted, and fell to wondering what on earth was the matter.

At first she wondered in French: French of the quartier latin. She had not seen Little Billee for a week, and wondered if he were ill. She had looked forward so much to his painting her—painting her beautifully—and hoped he would soon come back, and lose no time.

Then she began to wonder in English—nice clean English—of the studio in the Place St.-Anatole des Arts—her father's English—and suddenly a quick thought pierced her through and through, and made the flesh tingle on her insteps and the backs of her hands, and bathed her brow and temples with sweat.

She had good eyes, and Little Billee had a singularly expressive face.

Could it possibly be that he was *shocked* at seeing her sitting there?

She knew that he was peculiar in many ways. She remembered that neither he nor Taffy nor the Laird had ever asked her to sit for the figure, though she would have been only too delighted to do so for them. She also remembered how Little Billee had always been silent whenever she alluded to her posing for the "altogether," as she called it, and had sometimes looked pained and always very grave.

She went pale and red, pale and red all over, again and again, as the thought grew up in her—and soon the growing thought became a torment.

This new-born feeling of shame was unendurable—its birth a travail that racked and rent every fibre of her moral being, and she suffered agonies beyond anything she had ever felt in her life.

"What is the matter with you, my child? Are you ill?" asked Carrel, who,



"QU'EST CE QU'IL A DONC, CE LITREBILI?"

like every one else, was very fond of her, and to whom she had sat as a child ("l'Enfance de Psyché," now in the Luxembourg Gallery, was painted from her).

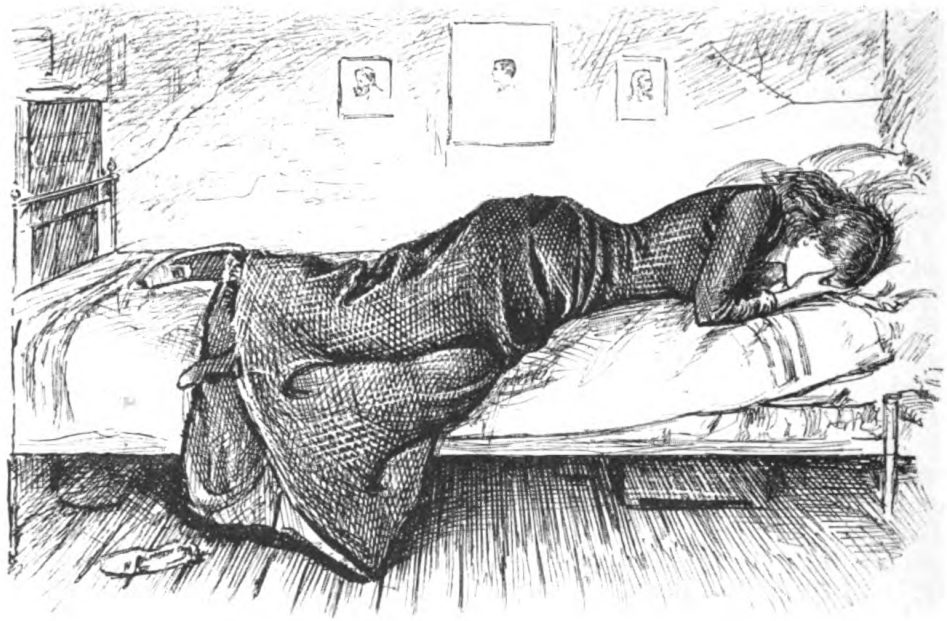
She shook her head, and the work went on.

Presently she dropped her pitcher, that broke into bits; and putting her two hands to her face she burst into tears and sobs—and there, to the amazement of everybody, she stood crying like a big baby—"La source aux larmes?"

"What *is* the matter, my poor dear child?" said Carrel, jumping up and helping her off the throne.

"Oh, I don't know—I don't know—I'm ill—very ill—let me go home!"

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REPENTANCE.

And with kind solicitude and despatch they helped her on with her clothes, and Carrel sent for a cab and took her home.

And on the way she dropped her head on his shoulder, and wept, and told him all about it as well as she could, and Monsieur Carrel had tears in his eyes too, and wished to Heaven he had never induced her to sit for the figure, either then or at any other time. And pondering deeply and sorrowfully on such terrible responsibility (he had grown-up daughters of his own), he went back to the studio; and in an hour's time they got another model and another pitcher, and went to work again.

And Trilby, as she lay disconsolate on her bed all that day and all the next, and all the next again, thought of her past life with agonies of shame and remorse that made the pain in her eyes seem as a light and welcome relief. For it came, and tortured worse and lasted longer than it had ever done before. But she soon found, to her miserable bewilderment, that mind-aches are the worst of all.

Then she decided that she must write to one of the trois Angliches, and chose the Laird.

She was more familiar with him than with the other two: it was impossible not to be familiar with the Laird if he liked one, as he was so easy-going and demonstrative, for all that he was such a canny Scot! Then she had nursed him through his illness; she had often hugged and kissed him before the whole studio full of people—and even when alone with him it had always seemed quite natural for her to do so. It was like a child caressing a favorite young uncle or elder brother. And though the good Laird was the least susceptible of mortals, he would often find these innocent blandishments a somewhat trying ordeal! She had never taken such a liberty with Taffy; and as for Little Billee, she would sooner have died!

So she wrote to the Laird. I give her letter without the spelling, which was often faulty, although her nightly readings had much improved it:

"My dear Friend,—I am very unhappy. I was sitting at Carrel's, in the Rue des Potirons, and Little Billee came in, and was so shocked and disgusted that he ran away and never came back.

"I saw it all in his face.

"I sat there because M. Carrel asked me to. He has always been very kind to me—M. Carrel—ever since I was a child; and I would do anything to please him, but never *that* again.

"He was there too.

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"I never thought anything about sitting before. I sat first as a child to M. Carrel. Mamma made me, and made me promise not to tell papa, and so I didn't. It soon seemed as natural to sit for people as to run errands for them, or wash and mend their clothes. Papa wouldn't have liked my doing that either, though we wanted the money badly. And so he never knew.

"I have sat for the altogether to several other people besides—M. Gérôme, Durien, the two Hennequins, and Émile Baratier; and for the head and hands to lots of people, and for the feet only to Charles Faure, André Besson, Mathieu Dumoulin, and Collinet. Nobody else.

"It seemed as natural for me to sit as for a man. Now I see the awful difference.

"And I have done dreadful things besides, as you must know—as all the quartier knows. Baratier and Besson; but not Durien, though people think so. Nobody else, I swear—except old Monsieur Penque at the beginning, who was mamma's friend.

"It makes me almost die of shame and misery to think of it; for that's not like sitting. I knew how wrong it was all along—and there's no excuse for me, none. Though lots of people do as bad, and nobody in the quartier seems to think any the worse of them.

"If you and Taffy and Little Billee cut me, I really think I shall go mad and die. Without your friendship I shouldn't care to live a bit. Dear Sandy, I love your little finger better than any man or woman I ever met; and Taffy's and Little Billee's little fingers too.

"What shall I do? I daren't go out for fear of meeting one of you. Will you come and see me?

"I am never going to sit again, not even for the face and hands. I am going back to be a *blanchisseuse de fin* with my old friend Angèle Boisse, who is getting on very well indeed, in the Rue des Cloîtres Ste.-Pétronille.

"You *will* come and see me, won't you? I shall be in all day till you do. Or else I will meet you somewhere, if you will tell me where and when; or else I will go and see you in the studio, if you are sure to be alone. Please don't keep me waiting long for an answer.

"You don't know what I'm suffering.

"Your ever loving faithful friend,

"TRILBY O'FERRALL."

She sent this letter by hand, and the Laird came in less than ten minutes after she had sent it; and she hugged and kissed and cried over him so that he was almost ready to cry himself; but he burst out laughing instead—which was better and more in his line, and very much more comforting—and talked to her so nicely



CONFESSION.

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and kindly and naturally that by the time he left her humble attic in the Rue des Pousse-Cailloux her very aspect, which had quite shocked him when he first saw her, had almost become what it usually was.

The little room under the leads, with its sloping roof and mansard window, was as scrupulously neat and clean as if its tenant had been a holy sister who taught the noble daughters of France at some Convent of the Sacred Heart. There were nasturtiums and mignonette on the outer window-sill, and convolvulus was trained to climb round the window.

As she sat by his side on the narrow white bed, clasping and stroking his painty turpentiny hand and kissing it every five minutes, he talked to her like a father—as he told Taffy afterwards—and scolded her for having been so silly as not to send for him directly, or come to the studio. He said how glad he was, how glad they would all be, that she was going to give up sitting for the figure—not, of course, that there was any real harm in it, but it was better not—and especially how happy it would make them to feel she intended to live straight for the future. Little Billee was to remain at Barbizon for a little while; but she must promise to come and dine with Taffy and himself that very day, and cook the dinner; and when he went back to his picture, "Les Nôces du Toréador"—saying to her as he left, "à ce soir donc, mille sacrés tonnerres de nong de Dew!"—he left the happiest woman in the whole Latin quarter behind him: she had confessed and been forgiven.

And with shame and repentance and confession and forgiveness had come a strange new feeling, that of a dawning self-respect.

Hitherto, for Trilby, self-respect had meant little more than the mere cleanliness of her body, in which she had always revelled; alas! it was one of the conditions of her humble calling. It now meant another kind of cleanliness, and she would luxuriate in it for evermore; and the dreadful past—never to be forgotten by her—should be so lived down as in time, perhaps, to be forgotten by others.

The dinner that evening was a memorable one for Trilby. After she had washed up the knives and forks and plates and dishes, and put them by, she sat and sewed. She wouldn't even smoke her cigarette, it reminded her so of things and scenes she now hated. No more cigarettes for Trilby O'Ferrall.

They all talked of Little Billee. She heard about the way he had been brought up, about his mother and sister, the people he had always lived among. She also heard (and her heart alternately rose and sank as she listened) what his future was likely to be, and how rare his genius was, and how great—if his friends were to be trusted. Fame and fortune would soon be his—such fame and fortune as fell to the lot of very few—unless anything should happen to spoil his promise and mar his prospects in life, and ruin a splendid career; and the rising of the heart was all for him, the sinking for herself. How could she ever hope to be even the friend of such a man? Might she ever hope to be his servant—his faithful humble servant?

Little Billee spent a month at Barbizon, and when he came back it was with such a brown face that his friends hardly knew him; and he brought with him such studies as made his friends "sit up."

The crushing sense of their own hopeless inferiority was lost in wonder at his work, in love and enthusiasm for the workman.

Their Little Billee, so young and tender, so weak of body, so strong of purpose, so warm of heart, so light of hand, so keen and quick and piercing of brain and eye, was their master, to be stuck on a pedestal and looked up to and bowed down to, to be watched and warded and worshipped for evermore.

When Trilby came in from her work at six, and he shook hands with her and said "Hullo, Trilby!" her face went pale to the lips, her under lip quivered, and she gazed down at him (for she was among the tallest of her sex) with such a moist, hungry, wide-eyed look of humble craving adoration that the Laird felt his worst fears were realized, and the look Little Billee sent up in return filled the manly bosom of Taffy with an equal apprehension.

Then they all three went and dined together at le père Trin's, and Trilby went back to her *blanchisserie de fin.*

Next day Little Billee took his work to show Carrel, and Carrel invited him to come and finish his picture "The Pitcher goes to the Well" at his own private studio—an unheard-of favor, which the boy

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accepted with a thrill of proud gratitude and affectionate reverence.

So little was seen for some time of Little Billee at the studio in the Place St.-Anatole des Arts, and little of Trilby; a *blanchisseuse de fin* has not many minutes to spare from her irons. But they often met at dinner. And on Sunday mornings Trilby came to repair the Laird's linen and darn his socks and look after his little comforts, as usual, and spend a happy day. And on Sunday afternoons the studio would be as lively as ever, with the fencing and boxing, the piano-playing and fiddling—all as it used to be.

And week by week the friends noticed a gradual and subtle change in Trilby. She was no longer slangy in French, unless it were now and then by a slip of the tongue, no longer so facetious and droll, and yet she seemed even happier than she had ever seemed before.

Also, she grew thinner, especially in the face, where the bones of her cheeks and jaw began to show themselves, and these bones were constructed on such right principles (as were those of her brow and chin and the bridge of her nose) that the improvement was astonishing, almost inexplicable.

Also, she lost her freckles as the summer waned and she herself went less into the open air. And she let her hair grow, and made of it a small knot at the back of her head, and showed her little flat ears, which were charming, and just in the right place, very far back and rather high; Little Billee could not have placed them better himself. Also, her mouth, always too large, took on a firmer and sweeter outline, and her big British teeth were so white and even that even Frenchmen forgave them their British bigness. And a new soft brightness came into her eyes that no one had ever seen there before. They were stars, just twin gray stars—or rather planets just thrown off by some new sun, for the steady mellow light they gave out was not entirely their own.

Favorite types of beauty change with each succeeding generation. These were the days of Buckner's aristocratic Album beauties, with lofty foreheads, oval faces, little aquiline noses, heart-shaped little mouths, soft dimpled chins, drooping shoulders, and long side ringlets that fell over them—the Lady Arabellas and



"TWIN GRAY STARS."

the Lady Clementinas, Musidoras and Medoras! A type that will perhaps come back to us some day.

May the present scribe be dead!

Trilby's type would be infinitely more admired now than in the fifties. Her photograph would be in the shop windows. Mr. Burne-Jones—if I may make so bold as to say so—would perhaps have marked her for his own, in spite of her almost too exuberant joyousness and irrepressible vitality. Rossetti might have evolved another new formula from her; Sir John Millais another old one of the kind that is always new and never sates nor palls—like Clytie, let us say—ever old and ever new as love itself!

Trilby's type was especially in singular contrast to the type Gavarni had made so popular in the Latin quarter at the period we are writing of, so that those who fell so readily under her charm were rather apt to wonder why. Moreover, she was thought much too tall for her sex, and her day, and her station in life, and especially for the country she lived in. She hardly looked up to a bold gendarme! and a bold gendarme was nearly as tall as a "dragon de la garde," who was nearly as tall as an average English policeman. Not that she was a giantess, by any means. She was about as tall as Miss Ellen Terry—and that is a charming height, *I* think.

One day Taffy remarked to the Laird: "Hang it! I'm blest if Trilby isn't the handsomest woman I know! She looks like a grande dame masquerading as a grisette—almost like a joyful saint at

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times. She's lovely! By Jove! I couldn't stand her hugging me as she does you! There'd be a tragedy—say the killing of Little Billee."

"Ah! Taffy, my boy," rejoined the Laird, "when those long sisterly arms are round my neck it isn't *me* she's hugging."

"And then," said Taffy, "what a trump she is! Why, she's as upright and straight and honorable as a man! And what she says to one about one's self is always so pleasant to hear! That's Irish, I suppose. And, what's more, it's always true."

"Ah, that's Scotch!" said the Laird, and tried to wink at Little Billee, but Little Billee wasn't there.

Even Svengali perceived this strange metamorphosis. "Ach, Drilpy," he would say, on a Sunday afternoon, "how beautiful you are! It drives me mad! I adore you. I like you thinner; you have such beautiful bones! Why do you not answer my letters? What! you do not *read* them? You *burn* them? And yet I—Donnerwetter! I forgot! The grisettes of the quartier latin have not learned how to read or write; they have only learnt how to dance the cancan with the dirty little pig-dog monkeys they call men. Sacrement! *We* will teach the little pig-dog monkeys to dance something else some day, we Germans. We will make music for them to dance to! Boum! boum! Better than the waiter at the Café de la Rotonde, hein? And the grisettes of the quartier latin shall pour us out your little white wine—'fotre betit fin planc,' as your pig-dog monkey of a poet says, your rotten verfluchter De Musset, 'who has got such a splendid future behind him'! Bah! What do *you* know of Monsieur Alfred de Musset? We have got a poet too, my Drilpy. His name is Heinrich Heine. If he's still alive, he lives in Paris, in a little street off the Champs Élysées. He lies in bed all day long, and only sees out of one eye, like the Countess Varnhagen, ha! ha! He adores French grisettes. He married one. Her name is Mathilde, and she has got süssen füssen, like you. He would adore you too, for your beautiful bones; he would like to count them one by one, for he is very playful, like me. And, ach! what a beautiful skeleton you will make! And very soon, too, because you do not smile on your madly loving Svengali. You burn his letters without reading them! You shall have a nice little mahogany glass case all to yourself in the museum of the École de Médecine, and Svengali shall come in his new fur-lined coat, smoking his big cigar of the Havana, and push the dirty carabins out of the way, and look through the holes of your eyes into your stupid empty skull, and up the nostrils of your high bony sounding-board of a nose without either a tip or a lip to it, and into the roof of your big mouth, with your thirty-two big English teeth, and between your big ribs into your big chest, where the big leather lungs used to be, and say, 'Ach! what a pity she had no more music in her than a big tomcat!' And then he will look all down your bones to your poor crumbling feet, and say, 'Ach! what a fool she was not to answer Svengali's letters!' and the dirty carabins shall—"

"Shut up, you sacred fool, or I'll precious soon spoil *your* skeleton for you."

Thus the short-tempered Taffy, who had been listening.

Then Svengali, scowling, would play Chopin's funeral march more divinely than ever; and where the pretty soft part comes in, he would whisper to Trilby, "That is Svengali coming to look at you in your little mahogany glass case!"

And here let me say that these vicious imaginations of Svengali's, which look so tame in English print, sounded much more ghastly in French, pronounced with a Hebrew-German accent, and uttered in his hoarse, rasping, nasal, throaty rook's caw, his big yellow teeth baring themselves in a mongrel canine snarl, his heavy upper eyelids drooping over his insolent black eyes.

Besides which, as he played the lovely melody he would go through a ghoulish pantomime, as though he were taking stock of the different bones in her skeleton with greedy but discriminating approval. And when he came down to the feet, he was almost droll in the intensity of his terrible realism. But Trilby did not appreciate this exquisite fooling, and felt cold all over.

He seemed to her a dread powerful demon, who, but for Taffy (who alone could hold him in check), oppressed and weighed on her like an incubus—and she dreamt of him oftener than she dreamt of Taffy, the Laird, or even Little Billee!

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"ALL AS IT USED TO BE."

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"AN INCUBUS."

Thus pleasantly and smoothly, and without much change or adventure, things went on till Christmas-time.

Little Billee seldom spoke of Trilby, or Trilby of him. Work went on every morning at the studio in the Place St.-Anatole des Arts, and pictures were begun and finished — little pictures that didn't take long to paint — the Laird's Spanish bull-fighting scenes, in which the bull never appeared, and which he sent to his native Dundee and sold there; Taffy's tragic little dramas of life in the slums of Paris —starvings, drownings—suicides by charcoal and poison—which he sent everywhere, but did not sell.

Little Billee was painting all this time at Carrel's studio—his private one—and seemed preoccupied and happy when they all met at meal-time, and less talkative even than usual.

He had always been the least talkative of the three; more prone to listen, and no doubt to think the more.

In the afternoon people came and went as usual, and boxed and fenced and did gymnastic feats, and felt Taffy's biceps, which by this time equalled Mr. Sandow's!

Some of these people were very pleasant and remarkable, and have become famous since then in England, France, America—or have died, or married, and come to grief or glory in other ways. It is the Ballad of the Bouillabaisse all over again!

It might be worth while my trying to sketch some of the more noteworthy, now that my story is slowing for a while—like a French train when the engine-driver sees a long curved tunnel in front of him, as I do—and no light at the other end!

My humble attempts at characterization might be useful as "mémoires pour servir" to future biographers. Besides, there are other reasons, as the reader will soon discover.

There was Durien, for instance—Trilby's especial French adorer, "pour le bon motif!" a son of the people, a splendid sculptor, a very fine character in every way—so perfect, indeed, that there is less to say about him than any of the others —modest, earnest, simple, frugal, chaste, and of untiring industry, living for his art, and perhaps also a little for Trilby, whom he would have been only too glad to marry. He was Pygmalion; she was his Galatea — a Galatea whose marble heart would never beat for *him!*

Durien's house is now the finest in the Parc Monceau; his wife and daughters are the best-dressed women in Paris, and he one of the happiest of men; but he will never quite forget poor Galatea:

"La belle aux pieds d'albâtre — aux deux talons de rose!"

Then there was Vincent, a Yankee medical student, who could both work and play.

He is now one of the greatest oculists in the world, and Europeans cross the Atlantic to consult him. He can still play, and when he crosses the Atlantic himself for that purpose he has to travel incognito like a royalty, lest his play should be marred by work. And his daughters are so beautiful and accomplished that British dukes have sighed after them in vain. Indeed, these fair young ladies spend their autumn holiday in refusing the British aristocracy. We are told so in the society papers, and I can quite believe it. Love is not always blind; and if he is, Vincent is the man to cure him.

In those days he prescribed for us all round, and punched and stethoscoped us, and looked at our tongues for love, and told us what to eat, drink, and avoid, and even where to go for it.

For instance: late one night Little Billee woke up in a cold sweat, and thought himself a dying man—he had felt seedy all day and taken no food—so he dressed and dragged himself to Vincent's hotel, and woke him up, and said, "Oh, Vincent, Vincent! I'm a dying man!" and all but fainted on his bed. Vincent felt him all over with the greatest care, and

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asked him many questions. Then, looking at his watch, he delivered himself thus: "Humph! 3.30! rather late—but still—look here, Little Billee—do you know the Halle, on the other side of the water, where they sell vegetables?"

"Oh, yes! yes! What vegetable shall I—"

"Listen! On the north side are two restaurants, Bordier and Baratte. They remain open all night. Now go straight off to one of those tuck shops, and tuck in as big a supper as you possibly can. Some people prefer Baratte. I prefer Bordier myself. Perhaps you'd better try Bordier first and Baratte after. At all events, lose no time; so off you go!"

Thus he saved Little Billee from an early grave.

Then there was the Greek, a boy of only sixteen, but six feet high, and looking ten years older than he was, and able to smoke even stronger tobacco than Taffy himself, and color pipes divinely; he was a great favorite in the Place St.-Anatole, for his *bonhomie*, his niceness, his warm geniality. He was the capitalist of this select circle (and nobly lavish of his capital). He went by the name of Poluphloisboiospaleapologos Petrilopetrolicoconose—for so he was christened by the Laird—because his real name was thought much too long and much too lovely for the quartier latin, and reminded one of the Isles of Greece—where burning Sappho loved and sang.

What was he learning in the Latin quarter? French? He spoke French like a native! Nobody knows. But when his Paris friends transferred their bohemia to London, where were they ever made happier and more at home than in his lordly parental abode—or fed with nicer things?

That abode is now his, and lordlier than ever, as becomes the dwelling of a millionaire and city magnate; and its gray-bearded owner is as genial, as jolly, and as hospitable as in the old Paris days, but he no longer colors pipes.

Then there was Carnegie, fresh from Balliol, redolent of the 'varsity. He intended himself then for the diplomatic service, and came to Paris to learn French as it is spoke; and spent most of his time with his fashionable English friends on the right side of the river, and the rest with Taffy, the Laird, and Little Billee on the left. Perhaps that is why he has not become an ambassador. He is now only a rural dean, and speaks the worst French I know, and speaks it wherever and whenever he can.

It serves him right, I think.

He was fond of lords, and knew some (at least he gave one that impression), and often talked of them, and dressed so beautifully that even Little Billee was abashed in his presence. Only Taffy in his threadbare out-at-elbow velvet jacket and cricket cap, and the Laird in his tattered straw hat and Taffy's old overcoat down to his heels, dared to walk arm in arm with him—nay, insisted on doing so—as they listened to the band in the Luxembourg Gardens.

And his whiskers were even longer and thicker and more golden than Taffy's own. But the mere sight of a boxing-glove made him sick.

Then there was Joe Sibley, the idle apprentice, the king of bohemia, *le roi des truands*, to whom everything was forgiven, as to François Villon, "à cause de ses gentillesses."

Always in debt, like Svengali; like Svengali, vain, witty, and a most exquisite and original artist; and also eccentric in his attire (though clean), so that people would stare at him as he walked along—which he adored! But (unlike Svengali) he was genial, caressing, sympathetic, charming; the most irresistible friend in the world as long as his friendship lasted—but that was not forever!

The moment his friendship left off, his enmity began at once. Sometimes this enmity would take the simple and straightforward form of trying to punch his ex-friend's head; and when the ex-friend was too big, he would get some new friend to help him. And much bad blood would be caused in this way—though very little was spilt. And all this bad blood was not made better by the funny things he went on saying through life about the unlucky one who had managed to offend him—things that stuck forever! His bark was worse than his bite—he was better with his tongue than with his fists—a dangerous joker! But when he met another joker face to face, even an inferior joker—with a rougher wit, a coarser thrust, a louder

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laugh, a tougher hide—he would just collapse, like a pricked bladder!

He is now perched on such a topping pinnacle (of fame and notoriety combined) that people can stare at him from two hemispheres at once; and so famous as a wit that when he jokes (and he is always joking) people laugh first, and then ask what it was he was joking about. And you can even make your own mild funniments raise a roar by merely prefacing them, "As Joe Sibley once said."

The present scribe has often done so.

And if by any chance you should one day, by a happy fluke, hit upon a really good thing of your own—good enough to be quoted—be sure it will come back to you after many days prefaced, "As Joe Sibley once said."

Then there was Lorrimer, the industrious apprentice, who is now also well pinnacled on high; himself a pillar of the Royal Academy—probably, if he lives long enough, its future president—the duly knighted or baroneted Lord Mayor of "all the plastic arts" (except one or two perhaps, here and there, that are not altogether without some importance).

May this not be for many, many years! Lorrimer himself would be the first to say so!

Tall, thin, red-haired, and well-favored, he was a most eager, earnest, and painstaking young enthusiast, of precocious culture, who read improving books, and did not share in the amusements of the quartier latin, but spent his evenings at home with Handel, Michael Angelo, and Dante, on the respectable side of the river. Also, he went into good society sometimes, with a dress-coat on, and a white tie, and his hair parted in the middle!

But in spite of these blemishes on his otherwise exemplary record as an art student, he was the most delightful companion—the most affectionate, helpful, and sympathetic of friends. May he live long and prosper!

Enthusiast as he was, he could only worship one god at a time. It was either Michael Angelo, Phidias, Paul Veronese, Tintoret, Raphael, or Titian—never a modern—moderns didn't exist! And so thoroughgoing was he in his worship, and so persistent in voicing it, that he made those immortals quite unpopular in the Place St.-Anatole des Arts. We grew to dread their very names. Each of them would last him a couple of months or so; then he would give us a month's holiday, and take up another.

Joe Sibley, equally enthusiastic, was more faithful. He was a monotheist, and had but one god, and was less tiresome in the expression of his worship. He is so still—and his god is still the same—no stodgy old master this divinity, but a modern of the moderns! For forty years the cosmopolite Joe has been singing his one god's praise in every tongue he knows and every country—and also his contempt for all rivals to this godhead—whether quite sincerely or not, who can say? Men's motives are so mixed! But so eloquently, so wittily, so prettily, that he almost persuades you to be a fellow-worshipper—*almost*, only!—for if he did *quite*, you (being a capitalist) would buy nothing but "Sibleys" (which you don't). For Sibley was the god of Joe's worship, and none other! and he would hear of no other genius in the world!

Let us hope that he sometimes laughed at himself in his sleeve—or winked at himself in his looking-glass, with his tongue in his cheek!

And here, lest there should be any doubt as to his identity, let me add that although quite young he had beautiful white hair like an Albino's, as soft and bright as floss silk—and also that he was tall and slim and graceful; and, like most of the other personages concerned in this light story, very nice to look at—with pretty manners (and an unimpeachable moral tone).

Joe Sibley did not think much of Lorrimer in those days, nor Lorrimer of him, for all they were such good friends. And neither of them thought much of Little Billee, whose pinnacle (of pure unadulterated fame) is now the highest of all—the highest probably that can be for a mere painter of pictures!

And what is so nice about Lorrimer, now that he is a graybeard, an academician, an accomplished man of the world and society, is that he admires Sibley's genius more than he can say—and reads Mr. Rudyard Kipling's delightful stories as well as Dante's "Inferno"—and can listen with delight to the lovely songs of Signor Tosti, who has not precisely founded himself on Handel—can even scream with laughter at a comic song—even a

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nigger melody—so, at least, that it but be sung in well-bred and distinguished company—for Lorrimer is no bohemian.

"Shoo, fly! don'tcher bother me!
For I belong to the Comp'ny G!"

Both these famous men are happily (and most beautifully) married—grandfathers, for all I know—and "move in the very best society" (Lorrimer always, I'm told; Sibley now and then); "la haute," as it used to be called in French bohemia—meaning dukes and lords and even royalties, I suppose, and those who love them, and whom they love!

That *is* the best society, isn't it? At all events, we are assured it used to be; but that must have been before the present scribe (a meek and somewhat innocent outsider) had been privileged to see it with his own little eye.

And when they happen to meet there (Sibley and Lorrimer, I mean), I don't expect they rush very wildly into each other's arms, or talk very fluently about old times. Nor do I suppose their wives are very intimate. None of our wives are. Not even Taffy's and the Laird's.

Oh, Orestes! Oh, Pylades!

Oh, ye impecunious, unpinnacled young inseparables of eighteen, nineteen, twenty, even twenty-five, who share each other's thoughts and purses, and wear each other's clothes, and swear each other's oaths, and smoke each other's pipes, and respect each other's lights o' love, and keep each other's secrets, and tell each other's jokes, and pawn each other's watches and merrymake together on the proceeds, and sit all night by each other's bedsides in sickness, and comfort each other in sorrow and disappointment with silent manly sympathy—"wait till you get to forty year!"

Wait even till each or either of you gets himself a little pinnacle of his own—be it ever so humble!

Nay, wait till either or each of you gets himself a wife!

History goes on repeating itself, and so do novels, and this is a platitude, and there's nothing new under the sun.

May too cecee (as the idiomatic Laird would say, in the language he adores)—may too cecee ay nee eecee nee lâh!



THE TWO APPRENTICES.

Then there was Dodor, the handsome young dragon de la garde—a full private, if you please, with a beardless face, and damask-rosy cheeks, and a small waist, and narrow feet like a lady's, and who, strange to say, spoke English just like an Englishman.

And his friend Gontran, *alias* l'Zouzou—a corporal in the Zouaves.

Both of these worthies had met Taffy in the Crimea, and frequented the studios in the quartier latin, where they adored (and were adored by) the grisettes and models, especially Trilby.

Both of them were distinguished for being the worst subjects (*les plus mauvais sujets*) of their respective regiments; yet both were special favorites not only with their fellow-rankers, but with those in command, from their colonels downwards.

Both were in the habit of being promoted to the rank of corporal or brigadier, and degraded to the rank of private next day for general misconduct, the result of a too exuberant delight in their promotion.

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"I WILL NOT! I WILL NOT!"

Neither of them knew fear, envy, malice, temper, or low spirits; ever said or did an ill-natured thing; ever even thought one; ever had an enemy but himself. Both had the best or the worst manners going, according to their company, whose manners they reflected; they were true chameleons!

Both were always ready to share their last ten-sou piece (not that they ever seemed to have one) with each other or anybody else, or anybody else's last ten-sou piece with you; to offer you a friend's cigar; to invite you to dine with any friend they had; to fight with you, or for you, at a moment's notice. And they made up for all the anxiety, tribulation, shame, and sorrow they caused at home by the endless fun and amusement they gave to all outside.

It was a pretty dance they led; but our three friends of the Place St.-Anatole (who hadn't got to pay the pipers) loved them both, especially Dodor.

One fine Sunday afternoon Little Billee found himself studying life and character in that most delightful and festive scene la Fête de St.-Cloud, and met Dodor and l' Zouzou there, who hailed him with delight, saying:

"Nous allons joliment jubiler, nom d'une pipe!" and insisted on his joining in their amusements and paying for them—roundabouts, swings, the giant, the dwarf, the strong man, the fat woman—to whom they made love and were taken too seriously, and turned out—the menagerie of wild beasts, whom they teased and aggravated till the police had to interfere. Also *al fresco* dances, where their cancan step was of the wildest and most unbridled character, till a sous-officier or a gendarme came in sight, and then they danced quite mincingly and demurely, *en maître d'école*, as they called it, to the huge delight of an immense and ever-increasing crowd, and the disgust of all truly respectable men.

They also insisted on Little Billee's walking between them, arm in arm, and talking to them in English whenever they saw coming toward them a respectable English family with daughters. It was the dragoon's delight to get himself stared at by fair daughters of Albion for speaking as good English as themselves—a rare accomplishment in a French trooper—and Zouzou's happiness to be thought English too, though the only English he knew was the phrase "I will not! I will not!" which he had picked up in the Crimea, and repeated over and over

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again when he came within ear-shot of a pretty English girl.

Little Billee was not happy in these circumstances. He was no snob. But he was a respectably brought-up young Briton of the higher middle class, and it was not quite pleasant for him to be seen (by fair countrywomen of his own) walking arm in arm on a Sunday afternoon with a couple of French private soldiers, and uncommonly rowdy ones at that.

Later, they came back to Paris together on the top of an omnibus, among a very proletarian crowd, and there the two facetious warriors immediately made themselves pleasant all round and became very popular, especially with the women and children, but not, I regret to say, through the propriety, refinement, and distinction of their behavior. Little Billie resolved that he would not go a-pleasuring with them any more.

However, they stuck to him through thick and thin, and insisted on escorting him all the way back to the quartier latin, by the Pont de la Concorde and the Rue de Lille in the Faubourg St.-Germain.

Little Billee loved the Faubourg St.-Germain, especially the Rue de Lille. He was fond of gazing at the magnificent old mansions, the "hôtels" of the old French noblesse, or rather the outside walls thereof, the grand sculptured portals with the armorial bearings and the splendid old historic names above them—Hôtel de This, Hôtel de That, Rohan-Chabot, Montmorency, La Rochefoucauld-Liancourt, La Tour d'Auvergne.

He would forget himself in romantic dreams of past and forgotten French chivalry which these glorious names called up; for he knew a little of French history, loving to read Froissart and St.-Simon and the genial Brantôme.

Halting opposite one of the finest and oldest of all these gateways, his especial favorite, labelled "Hôtel de la Rochemartel" in letters of faded gold over a ducal coronet and a huge escutcheon of stone, he began to descant upon its architectural beauties and noble proportions to l' Zouzou.

"*Parbleu!*" said l' Zouzou, "*connu, farceur!* why, I was *born* there, on the 6th of March, 1834, at 5.30 in the morning. Lucky day for France, *hein?*"

"Born there? what do you mean—in the porter's lodge?"

At this juncture the two great gates rolled back, a liveried Suisse appeared, and an open carriage and pair came out, and in it were two elderly ladies and a younger one.

To Little Billee's indignation, the two incorrigible warriors made the military salute, and the three ladies bowed stiffly and gravely.

And then (to Little Billee's horror this time) one of them happened to look back, and Zouzou actually kissed his hand to her.



THE CAPITALIST AND THE SWELL.

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HÔTEL DE LA ROCHEMARTEL.

"Do you *know* that lady?" asked Little Billee, very sternly.

"*Parbleu! si je la connais!* Why, it's my mother! Isn't she nice? She's rather cross with me just now."

"Your *mother!* Why, what do you mean? What on earth would your mother be doing in that big carriage and at that big house?"

"*Parbleu, farceur!* She lives there!"

"*Lives* there! Why, who and what is she, your mother?"

"The Duchesse de la Rochemartel, *parbleu!* and that's my sister; and that's my aunt, Princesse de Chevagné-Bauffremont! She's the '*patronne*' of that *chic* equipage. She's a millionaire, my aunt Chevagné!"

"Well, I never! What's *your* name, then?"

"Oh, *my* name! Hang it—let me see! Well—Gontran — Xavier—François — Marie — Joseph d'Amaury—Brissac de Roncesvaulx de la Rochemartel-Boisségur, at your service!"

"Quite correct!" said Dodor; "*l'enfant dit vrai!*"

"Well — I — never! And what's *your* name, Dodor?"

"Oh! I'm only a humble individual, and answer to the one-horse name of Théodore Rigolot de Lafarce. But Zouzou's an awful swell, you know; his brother's the Duke!"

Little Billee was no snob. But he was a respectably brought-up young Briton of the higher middle class, and these revelations, which he could not but believe, astounded him so that he could hardly speak. Much as he flattered himself that he scorned the bloated aristocracy, titles are titles—even French titles! — and when it comes to dukes and princesses who live in houses like the Hôtel de la Rochemartel....!

It's enough to take a respectably brought-up young Briton's breath away!

When he saw Taffy that evening, he exclaimed: "I say, Zouzou's mother's a duchess!"

"Yes—the Duchesse de la Rochemartel-Boisségur."

"You never told me!"

"You never asked me. It's one of the greatest names in France. They're very poor, I believe."

"Poor! You should see the house they live in!"

"I've been there, to dinner; and the

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dinner wasn't very good. They let a great part of it, and live mostly in the country. The Duke is Zouzou's brother; very unlike Zouzou; he's consumptive and unmarried, and the most respectable man in Paris. Zouzou will be the Duke some day."

"And Dodor—he's a swell too, I suppose—he says he's *de* something or other!"

"Yes—Rigolot de Lafarce. I've no doubt he descends from the Crusaders too; the name seems to favor it, anyhow; and such lots of them do in this country. His mother was English, and bore the worthy name of Brown. He was at school in England; that's why he speaks English so well—and behaves so badly, perhaps! He's got a very beautiful sister, married to a man in the 60th Rifles—Jack Reeve, a son of Lord Reevely's; a selfish sort of chap. I don't suppose he gets on very well with his brother-in-law. Poor Dodor! His sister's about the only living thing he cares for—except Zouzou."

I wonder if the bland and genial Monsieur Théodore—"notre Sieur Théodore"—now junior partner in the great haberdashery firm of "Passefil et Rigolot," on the Boulevard des Capucines, and a pillar of the English chapel in the Rue Marbœuf, is very hard on his employés and employées if they are a little late at their counters on a Monday morning?

I wonder if that stuck-up, stingy, stodgy, communard-shooting, church-going, time-serving, place-hunting, pious-eyed, pompous old prig, martinet, and philistine, Monsieur le Maréchal-Duc de la Rochemartel-Boisségur, ever tells Madame la Maréchale-Duchesse (*née* Hunks, of Chicago) how once upon a time Dodor and he—

We will tell no tales out of school.



DODOR IN HIS GLORY.

The present scribe is no snob. He is a respectably brought-up old Briton of the higher middle-class—at least, he flatters himself so. And he writes for just such old philistines as himself, who date from a time when titles were not thought so

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cheap as to-day. Alas! all reverence for all that is high and time-honored and beautiful seems at a discount.

So he has kept his blackguard ducal Zouave for the bouquet of this little show—the final *bonne bouche* in his bohemian *menu*—that he may make it palatable to those who only look upon the good old quartier latin (now no more to speak of) as a very low, common, vulgar quarter indeed, deservedly swept away, where misters the students (shocking bounders and cads) had nothing better to do, day and night, than mount up to a horrid place called the thatched house—*la chaumière*—

"Pour y danser l' cancan,
Ou le Robert Macaire—
Toujours—toujours—toujours—
La nuit comme le jour....
Et youp! youp! youp!
Tra la la la la....la la la!"

. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .

Christmas was drawing near.

There were days when the whole quartier latin would veil its iniquities under fogs almost worthy of the Thames Valley between London Bridge and Westminster, and out of the studio window the prospect was a dreary blank. No morgue! no towers of Notre Dame! not even the chimney-pots over the way—not even the little mediæval toy turret at the corner of the Rue Vieille des Mauvais Ladres, Little Billee's delight!

The stove had to be crammed till its sides grew a dull deep red before one's fingers could hold a brush or squeeze a bladder; one had to box or fence at nine in the morning, that one might recover from the cold bath, and get warm for the rest of the day!

Taffy and the Laird grew pensive and dreamy, childlike, and bland; and when they talked it was generally about Christmas at home in merry England and the distant land of cakes, and how good it was to be there at such a time—hunting, shooting, curling, and endless carouse!

It was Ho! for the jolly West Riding, and Hey! for the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee, till they grew quite homesick, and wanted to start by the very next train.

They didn't do anything so foolish. They wrote over to friends in London for the biggest turkey, the biggest plum-pudding, that could be got for love or money, with mince pies, and holly and mistletoe, and sturdy short thick English sausages, half a Stilton cheese, and a sirloin of beef—two sirloins, in case one should not be enough.

For they meant to have a Homeric feast in the studio on Christmas day—Taffy, the Laird, and Little Billee—and invite all the delightful chums I have been trying to describe; and that is just why I tried to describe them—Durien, Vincent, Sibley, Lorrimer, Carnegie, Petrolicoconose, l' Zouzou, and Dodor!

The cooking and waiting should be done by Trilby, her friend Angèle Boisse, M. et Mme. Vinard, and such little Vinards as could be trusted with glass and crockery and mince pies; and if that was not enough, they would also cook themselves and wait upon each other.

When dinner should be over, supper was to follow with scarcely any interval to speak of; and to partake of this other guests should be bidden—Svengali and Gecko, and perhaps one or two more. No ladies!

For, as the unsusceptible Laird expressed it, in the language of a gillie he had once met at a servants' dance in a Highland country house, "Them wimmen spiles the ball!"

Elaborate cards of invitation were sent out, in the designing and ornamentation of which the Laird and Taffy exhausted all their fancy (Little Billee had no time).

Wines and spirits and English beers were procured at great cost from M. E. Delevingne's, in the Rue St.-Honoré, and liqueurs of every description—chartreuse, curaçoa, ratafia de cassis, and anisette; no expense was spared.

Also, truffled galantines of turkey, tongues, hams, rillettes de Tours, pâtés de foie gras, "fromage d'Italie" (which has nothing to do with cheese), saucissons d'Arles et de Lyon, with and without garlic, cold jellies peppery and salt—everything that French charcutiers and their wives can make out of French pigs, or any other animal whatever, beast, bird, or fowl (even cats and rats)—for the supper; and sweet jellies, and cakes, and sweetmeats, and confections of all kinds, from the famous pastry-cook at the corner of the Rue Castiglione.

Mouths went watering all day long in joyful anticipation. They water somewhat sadly now at the mere remembrance of these delicious things—the

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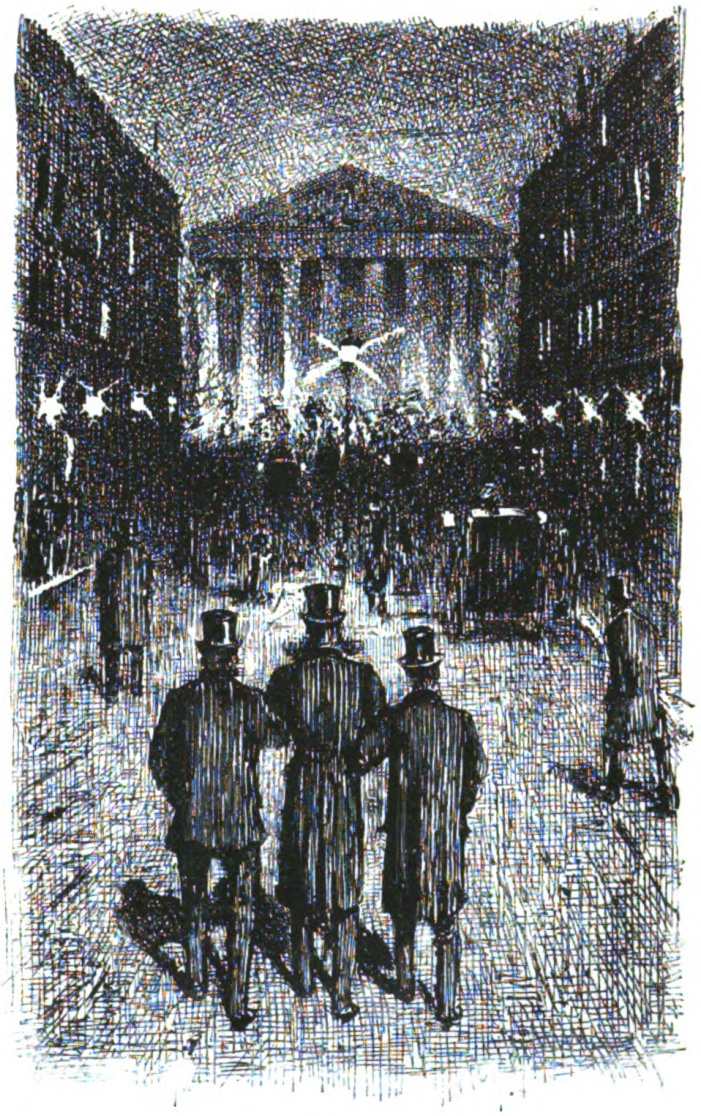
mere immediate sight or scent of which in these degenerate latter days would no longer avail to promote any such delectable secretion. Hélas! ahimè! ach weh! ay de mi! eheu! οἴμοι—in point of fact, *alas!*

That is the very exclamation I wanted.

Christmas eve came round. The pieces of resistance and plum-pudding and mince pies had not yet arrived from London—but there was plenty of time.

Les trois Angliches dined at le père Trin's, as usual, and played billiards and dominoes at the Café du Luxembourg, and possessed their souls in patience till it was time to go and hear the midnight mass at the Madeleine, where Roucouly, the great barytone of the Opéra Comique, was retained to sing Adam's famous Noël.

The whole quartier seemed alive with the réveillon. It was a clear frosty night, with a splendid moon just past the full, and most exhilarating was the walk along the quays on the Rive Gauche, over the Pont de la Concorde and across the Place thereof, and up the thronged Rue de la Madeleine to the massive Parthenaic place of worship that always has such a pagan worldly look of smug and prosperous modernity.



CHRISTMAS EVE.

They struggled manfully, and found standing and kneeling room among that fervent crowd, and heard the impressive service with mixed feelings, as became true Britons of very advanced liberal and religious opinions; not with the unmixed contempt of the proper British Orthodox (who were there in full force, one may be sure).

But their susceptible hearts soon melted at the beautiful music, and in mere sensuous *attendrissement* they were quickly in unison with all the rest.

For as the clock struck twelve out pealed the organ, and up rose the finest voice in France:

"Minuit, Chrétiens! c'est l'heure solennelle
Où l'Homme-Dieu descendit parmi nous!"

And a wave of religious emotion rolled over Little Billee and submerged him; swept him off his little legs, swept him out of his little self, drowned him in a great seething surge of love—love of his kind, love of love, love of life, love of death, love of all that is and ever was and ever will be—a very large order indeed, even for Little Billee.

And it seemed to him that he stretched out his arms for love to one figure espe-

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cially beloved beyond all the rest—one figure erect on high with arms outstretched to him, in more than common fellowship of need; not the sorrowful figure crowned with thorns, for it was in the likeness of a woman; but never that of the Virgin Mother of Our Lord.

It was Trilby, Trilby, Trilby! a poor fallen sinner and waif all but lost amid the scum of the most corrupt city on earth. Trilby weak and mortal like himself, and in woful want of pardon! and in her gray dovelike eyes he saw the shining of so great a love that he was abashed; for well he knew that all that love was his, and would be his forever, come what would or could.

"Peuple, debout! Chante ta délivrance!
Noël! Noël! Voici le Rédempteur!"

So sang and rang and pealed and echoed the big deep metallic barytone bass—above the organ, above the incense, above everything else in the world—till the very universe seemed to shake with the rolling thunder of that great message of love and forgiveness!

Thus at least felt Little Billee, whose way it was to magnify and exaggerate all things under the subtle stimulus of sound, and the singing human voice had especially strange power to penetrate into his inmost depths—even the voice of man!

And what voice but the deepest and gravest and grandest there is can give worthy utterance to such a message as that, the epitome, the abstract, the very essence of all collective humanity's wisdom at its best!

Little Billee reached the Hôtel Corneille that night in a very exalted frame of mind indeed, the loftiest, lowliest mood of all.

Now see what sport we are of trivial, base, ignoble earthly things!

Sitting on the door-step and smoking two cigars at once he found Ribot, one of his fellow-lodgers, whose room was just under his own. Ribot was so tipsy that he could not ring. But he could still sing, and did so at the top of his voice. It was not the Noël of Adam that he sang. He had not spent his réveillon in any church.

With the help of a sleepy waiter, Little Billee got the bacchanalian into his room and lit his candle for him, and disengaging himself from his maudlin embraces, left him to wallow in solitude.



"ALLONS, GLYCÈRE! ROUGIS MON VERRE ..."

As he lay awake in his bed, trying to recall the deep and high emotions of the evening, he heard the tipsy hog below tumbling about his room and still trying to sing his senseless ditty:

"Allons, Glycère!
Rougis mon verre
Du jus divin dont mon cœur
est toujours jaloux....
Et puis à table,
Bacchante aimable!
Enivrons-nous (hic) Les-g-glougloux sont des rendezvous!"....

Then the song ceased for a while, and soon there were other sounds, as on a channel steamer. Glougloux indeed!

Then the fear arose in Little Billee's mind lest the drunken beast should set fire to his bedroom curtains. All heavenly visions were chased away for the night....

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Our hero, half crazed with fear, disgust, and irritation, lay wide-awake, his nostrils on the watch for the smell of burning chintz or muslin, and wondered how an educated man—for Ribot was a law-student—could ever make such a filthy beast of himself as that! It was a scandal—a disgrace; it was not to be borne; there should be no forgiveness for such as Ribot—not even on Christmas day! He would complain to Madame Paul, the patronne; he would have Ribot turned out into the street; he would leave the hotel himself the very next morning! At last he fell asleep, thinking of all he would do; and thus, ridiculously and ignominiously for Little Billee, ended the réveillon.

Next morning he complained to Madame Paul; and though he did not give her warning, nor even insist on the expulsion of Ribot (who, as he heard with a hard heart, was "bien malade ce matin"), he expressed himself very severely on the conduct of that gentleman, and on the dangers from fire that might arise from a tipsy man being trusted alone in a small bedroom with chintz curtains and a lighted candle. If it hadn't been for himself, he told her, Ribot would have slept on the door-step, and served him right! He was really grand in his virtuous indignation, in spite of his imperfect French; and Madame Paul was deeply contrite for her peccant lodger, and profuse in her apologies; and Little Billee began his twenty-first Christmas day like a Pharisee, thanking his star that he was not as Ribot!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GREAT AMERICAN INDUSTRIES.

EDITED BY R. R. BOWKER.

XI.—A STEEL TOOL.

TO the question "What is steel?" many answers have been given. Before the discovery of the Bessemer process it would have been defined as a compound of iron and carbon, including from $\frac{1}{2}$ to $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of the latter, which could be hardened, softened, tempered, drawn, and welded. Capacity of tempering and welding still fix the advanced limit of steel, but at the lower end of the scale it has dropped from $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of carbon to $\frac{1}{10}$, thereby enormously multiplying its uses and applications. The causes and processes which have effected this advance in metallurgy have re-created many of the world's most important industries.

In the primitive ages of metallurgy iron and steel were made from rich ores with charcoal fuel, and the iron-maker did not need to trouble himself with the stubborn problems offered by the presence of sulphur and phosphorus. But with the exhaustion of the rich ores which were available for use, and the need of substituting mineral fuel for charcoal, these dangerous enemies came to the fore. The presence of sulphur, beyond a mere trace, in any of the forms of iron destroys its welding power, and renders it highly brittle at a red heat, or, technically, "red short." Phosphorus causes brittleness when cold, that is, makes iron "cold short," and fragile at any sudden shock. When steel ceased to be a direct product of the forge, or to be made in any large quantity from pure bloomary iron, the question arose how it could be obtained from the impure and



SIR HENRY BESSEMER.
From a photograph by the London Stereoscopic and Photographic Company.

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SIDNEY GILCHRIST THOMAS.
From a photograph by S. Victor White, Reading.

highly carburized product of the blast-furnace. This was answered by the operation of refining, which did not fully eliminate the evils that threatened, affording but a makeshift product for the raw material of steel. The imperfectly cleansed bars were then treated by the cementation method. It was known more than two centuries ago that wrought iron enveloped in powdered charcoal and retained at a red heat for a long time would gradually change into steel. Until 1740 this process was used, with the further addition of reheating the "blister-steel" so produced, and hammering it into what was known as "shear-metal," so called because it was first used for sheep-shears. But the product was wretched, and good highly temperable steel was imported from the far East at great cost.

A working clock-maker, Huntsman by name, disgusted with the poor quality of watch-springs, set his brains at work to find a remedy. Being a bright-witted man, he visited the different steel-works and studied the chemistry of his subject; and after several years of research he erected a furnace, which produced steel so excellent as to stir universal wonder, and set his own feet on the highway to wealth. But his secret was filched by a rival, who, in the disguise of a drunken tramp, begged shelter at his furnace door one stormy winter night. The keen-eyed thief discovered enough in what he saw and heard to repeat Huntsman's success. The best steel of to-day is still made by this process. This discovery, in the course of a few years, reduced the price of the highest grade of steel from £1000 to £100 per ton.

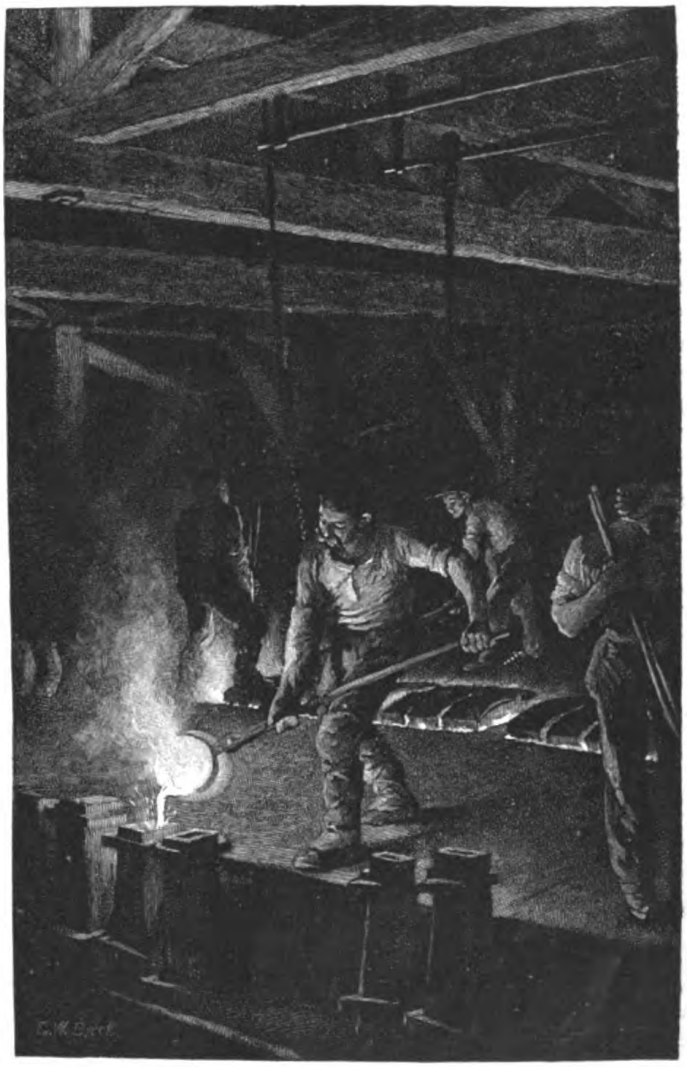
The cementation method of steel-making, with Huntsman's addition, may be briefly summarized as the packing of wrought-iron bars in charcoal dust. They are cemented in a fire-brick chamber, and suffer a dull red heat for a period of about ten days. Removal of the bars shows the peculiar condition known as blister-steel, so called from the swellings on the surface, which are caused by the occlusion of carbonic oxide. The metal is hard and brittle, and breaks easily with a hammer-tap. The following stage is that discovered, or, more properly, revived, by Huntsman, for it was essentially in use in the East from early days. Broken pieces are packed in crucibles of from 60 to 80 pounds capacity, with certain proportions of black oxide of manganese. The crucibles are made of refractory clay, graphite, and old pots pounded to a dust, and their manufacture is now an important industry in itself. The pots are arranged in pairs in furnaces, the openings of which are level



SIR WILLIAM SIEMENS.
From a photograph by Mayall and Co., London.

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with the floor of the casting-house, while each furnace has a separate flue fed by a powerful forced draught. When the steel is thoroughly melted, the pots are withdrawn from the furnace, and their contents emptied into moulds. The lifting of the crucibles is a picturesque sight. The workmen are swathed in masses of woollen rags saturated with water from head to foot, with wet sponges held in the teeth and masking the nostrils. As they grapple the incandescent pots they are enveloped in walls of white flame, which shoot from the furnace twenty feet in height in enormous volume. The rapidity of the operation insures safety to the workman.



CRUCIBLE CASTING AT THE BROOKLYN CHROME STEEL WORKS.

The case-hardening of wrought iron (which is merely a transformation of the surface into steel) depends on a law allied to that of cementation. The iron is heated in charcoal, or some organic matter like leather, for a brief period, thus receiving a surface charge of carbon. The Harvey process for hardening a superficial depth of a mild steel armor-plate, of which the world has heard much during the last two years, is based on a closely analogous principle.

Allusions have been made to the functions of manganese in the manufacture of iron and steel. Manganese is used in iron-making because of its greed for oxygen. This metal is mostly obtained from its ore, a peroxide (MnO_2), called "pyrolusite" if crystalline, "black oxide" if not, always associated with iron, which replaces some of the manganese elements. Smelted in the blast-furnace, this ore becomes the "spiegeleisen" and the ferro-manganese of the iron-maker—alloys of manganese and iron in various proportions, with rarely less than five per cent. of carbon. At the temperature usually reached in metallurgy, oxygen will unceremoniously leave any particle of iron and rush to the manganese; the oxide thus formed is very fluid, and combines freely with the pasty "slag," or earthy residue, which, thus thinned, floats to the surface, leaving the metal clean and homogeneous. Thus manganese clears the steel from every trace of oxygen—a chief enemy to the quality of the product. In the blast-furnace a little manganese induces the sulphur of the ore to pass into the slag instead of combining with the iron; but in the steel process its effect on sulphur and phosphorus is practically *nil*, though a large percentage permits some phosphorus in low carbon steel, not by eliminating the phosphorus, but by counterbalancing its weakening qualities.

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The value of manganese as a purgative was not known before Josiah Heath, who had become acquainted with the manganiferous ores on the Malabar Coast, introduced it in England about 1830, and took out patents for its use in making crucible steel. Up to this time the second stage of making cast steel had been merely that of remelting the "blister" with powdered charcoal (Huntsman's method). Heath added the black oxide of manganese to the charge in the pot. It has since been made a valuable adjunct in nearly every process of iron and steel working. The manufacture of spiegeleisen and ferromanganese for use in iron and steel making is an important and lucrative industry in England, Germany, and the United States. The Franklinite ore of New Jersey yields excellent manganese compounds, and is therefore of great value.

The man who inaugurated the reign of steel by so vastly increasing its uses, and invented a method of manufacture which makes the product even lower in cost than the kind of metal it was destined so largely to replace, ranks among the world's greatest inventors, though, like other remarkable creative minds, he did not reach his goal unaided by the skill and genius of co-laborers. The pneumatic process of making steel, by which Sir Henry Bessemer added more to the wealth of the world than any man of his generation, furnishes a curious example of what Tyndall called the scientific use of the imagination. Bessemer, like Siemens and Thomas, who share with him the honors of modern iron metallurgy, was not a practical worker in the metals, but, unlike them, he was absolutely ignorant of aught beyond superficial chemical knowledge. When he grasped the conception of burning out the impurities of pig metal by the oxidizing power of air, and thus reducing the excessively carburized material to the malleable state, he knew nothing of the traditions and science of the problem he was daring enough to attack. Had he been an adept, it is more than probable that he would have been so imprisoned by the past as never to have reached out so daringly into the unknown. He began his experiments secretly in a small way, after having visited numerous iron-works to make himself acquainted with existing processes. It was not till the end of eighteen months that the fundamental principle of his great future success became perfectly clear to him—that of rendering cast iron malleable by a powerful air-blast blown throughout the charge, and not merely on the top, as in the old finery and the puddling furnace.

The heat developed was so great as to keep even wrought iron fused, and the happy inventor found by-and-by that he had succeeded in making iron in small quantities. It cannot be related here how he fought through the early difficulties of his work, and how the iron-masters of the age were alike astonished and delighted at his primary results. The shock to the inventor was scarcely less great when he discovered that in making iron in large quantities his process did not answer all his anticipations. His earlier successes had been with a pig iron smelted from high-grade ores, comparatively free from sulphur or phosphorus. The attempt to work the process commercially involved the use of the common pig, which made up the bulk of the smelting material. The intense heat of the furnace burned out the carbon and the silicon, but left the phosphorus and sulphur untouched. This might have been remedied by using pure pigs containing but traces of these elements; but a graver defect attended the process. In many of the operations the ingot had no consistency; it crumbled under the hammer or in the rolls. In the language of the shop, it was rotten. The process, which, within a month of its first public announcement at the Cheltenham meeting of the British Association in 1856, had brought to its discoverer the sum of £27,000 in advance license fees, was now condemned by scientists and practical men as a visionary scheme.

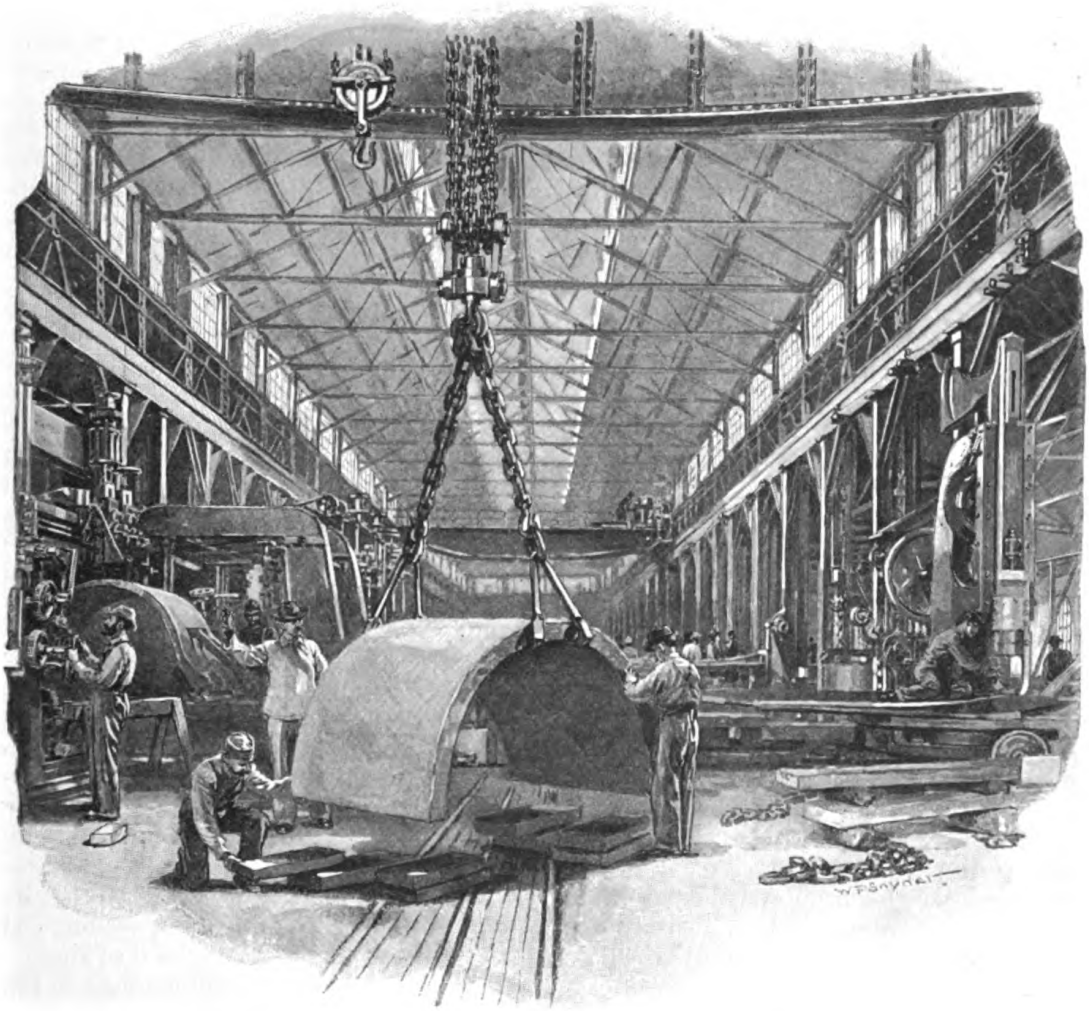
But Bessemer was not disheartened, and, with a courage worthy of the reward it received, he and his partner, Robert Longsdon, went on spending money and energy in further experiments. While Bessemer was testing his process, David Mushet, a distinguished metallurgist, patented a "triple compound" of iron, manganese and carbon, the precursor of ferro-manganese, and proposed it as a cure for the defects of the Bessemer process. Mushet failed to pay his annual dues to the English Patent Office, and his legal rights ceased in a short time. The reason why manganese is so necessary in the Bessemer process is plain. Air in great quantities is blown through molten pig iron. Although the oxygen it con-

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tains has as much affinity for the silicon and carbon of the pig as for iron, a certain quantity of the last-named element becomes oxidized while the first two are being burned away. The oxide of iron thus formed does not all rise in the form of slag, but remains in the bath, scattered through the metal, which, upon cooling in the ingot, imprisons it between its crystals, preventing them from welding together, so that when the ingot is passed between the rolls it crumbles to pieces. If, however, before casting the charge into the moulds, a certain quantity of manganese is added, the oxygen will at once leave the iron it had seized upon and fly to it, forming a very liquid oxide, which joins the slag already formed, and carries out of the steel the oxygen that fouled it, as soap carries away dirt from linen.

It was now practicable to produce ingot steel of a low carbon grade of homogeneous quality, provided pure pigs were used, and the great inventor became famous throughout the civilized world. But, much as he had accomplished, there was yet much to be done before his process was destined to be perfected, and at other hands than his own. Even spiegeleisen or ferro-manganese could not rout that tenacious foe, phosphorus, from its grip, and the process was only perfect in working a superior quality of pig metal.

The final step was achieved by Sidney Gilchrist Thomas, who, though engaged



INSIDE THE STEEL-WORKS AT HOMESTEAD, PENNSYLVANIA.

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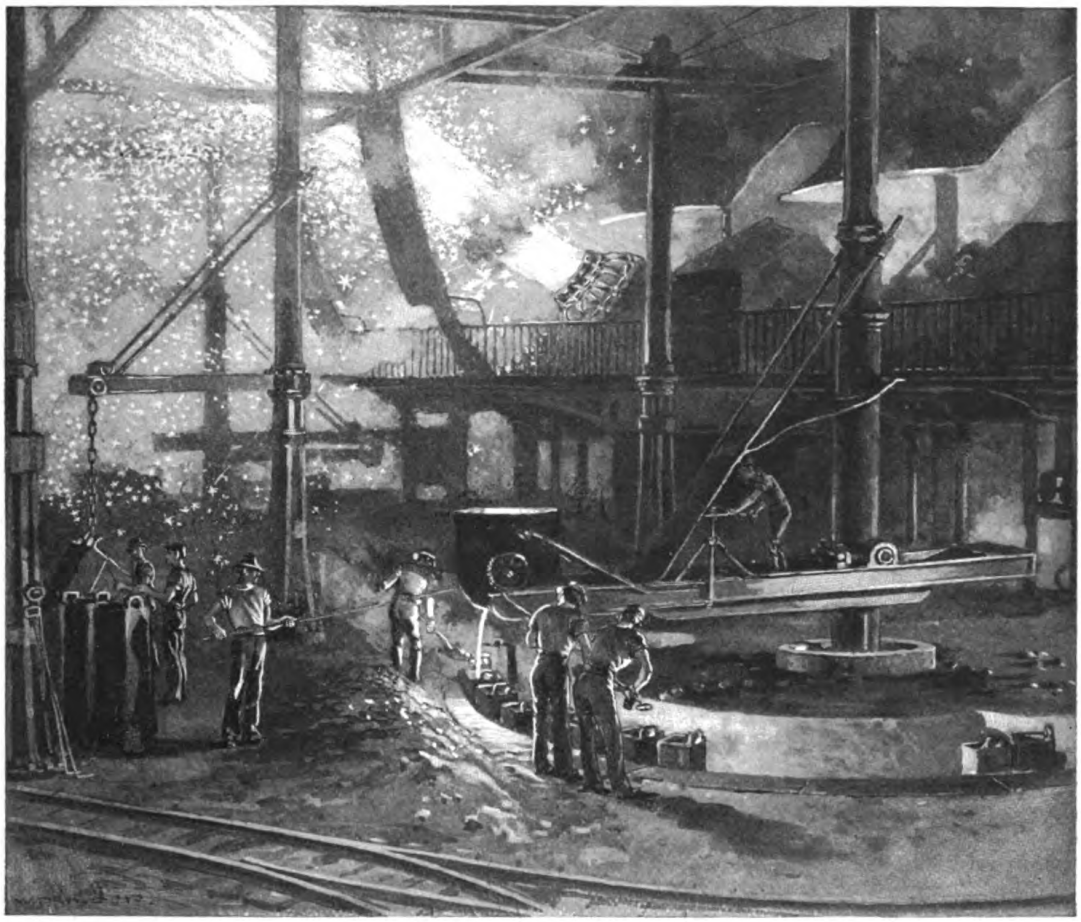
in the civil service, had spent his leisure hours experimenting in chemistry, and had thus taken a degree in the School of Mines. At the annual meeting of the Iron and Steel Institute in 1878, in a discussion on the dephosphorization of iron, a young member, who looked scarcely more than a boy, announced that he had succeeded in effecting the almost complete removal of phosphorus in the Bessemer process, and he believed the practical difficulties in the way had been overcome. Mr. Gilchrist Thomas and his cousin Mr. Gilchrist had been battling with this problem for four years, and had been victorious.

This supplementary invention is known as the "basic" process, and fully half of the Bessemer steel product is now made on the basic principle. The thing was in the air long before the time that Mr. Thomas succeeded in accomplishing it, as was shown by the preliminary work of Mr. Snelus. In 1869 Emil Müller, of Paris, the learned ceramist, patented a method of lining metallurgical furnaces with carbonate of magnesia for the purpose of removing phosphorus from the iron under treatment. In an "addition" to his patent he claims the "basic additions" as a means to save the lining from rapid destruction. A few years later Professor L. Gruner, of the Paris School of Mines, in his treatise on metallurgy, fully explained the technical reasons why in the prevailing acid-lined steel furnace, phosphorus cannot be separated from the iron, and he suggested several ways of using a basic lining. But all these things were only steps in the right direction, and none of the proposed means would have accomplished dephosphorization in the Bessemer converter. It remained for Thomas to crown the edifice, which he did by discovering that the elimination of phosphorus took place only after all other impurities had been expelled, and necessitated an "after-blow," which, outside of the difference in lining, is the distinguishing feature between an acid and a basic operation.

Before describing the Bessemer converter and other furnaces used in the manufacture of steel, a word about the refractory materials of value for the inner lining is in place. These are of three kinds: First, *acid*, so called because they consist chiefly of silicic acid or silica. Among these substances are gannister (a local name given to a nearly pure silica rock found near Sheffield) and quartz; fire-clay, a mixture of alumina and silica, comes also under the head of acid lining. Second, *neutral*, such as graphite (one of the forms of mineral carbon) and chrome-iron ore. Third, *basic*, because consisting of the alkaline oxides of earthy metals, or bases. The most available bases for this purpose are lime or oxide of calcium, dolomite (a mixture of lime and magnesia), and magnesite (a form of magnesia or oxide of magnesium); these are found in nature as carbonates. Bessemer used a lining of ground silica in his converter, but found that phosphorus still lingered in his steel. Thomas used dolomite, and removed all but the last traces from the most impure pigs. The reason for this difference in results may be briefly stated: Silicic acid at a high temperature has the property of splitting up phosphates, appropriating the base or oxide of which they are composed, and liberating the phosphoric acid. Thus, if a phosphate of oxide of iron is present, the silicic acid, or silica, will combine with the oxide of iron and liberate phosphoric acid, which, in its turn, will be decomposed in the presence of a mass of melted iron; the iron will absorb the phosphorus, forming phosphate of iron, which contaminates the bath beyond redemption, and the oxygen passes into the spent gases. Bases, on the contrary, do not possess this power of decomposing phosphates, and all that a base like lime, oxide of calcium, can do is to take the place of the oxide of iron in the phosphate. But it retains its strong hold on phosphoric acid at any temperature, so that its reabsorption by the iron is impossible. It passes in the slag as phosphate of lime.

The Bessemer converter belongs to the order of closed-vessel furnaces, and its fuel consists of the impurities contained in the pig iron, which is poured into the receptacle in a molten state. This is a pear-shaped vessel of thick plate iron supported on standards by trunnions. To one of these a pinion is attached, which enables the converter to be swung through an arc of 180 degrees, and thus discharge the molten metal from its mouth. The other trunnion is hollow, and admits the blast. A pipe from this trunnion passes to the wind-box forming the bottom of the converter, which is perforated by circular holes, from ten to twenty in number, into each of which is inserted a conical fire-

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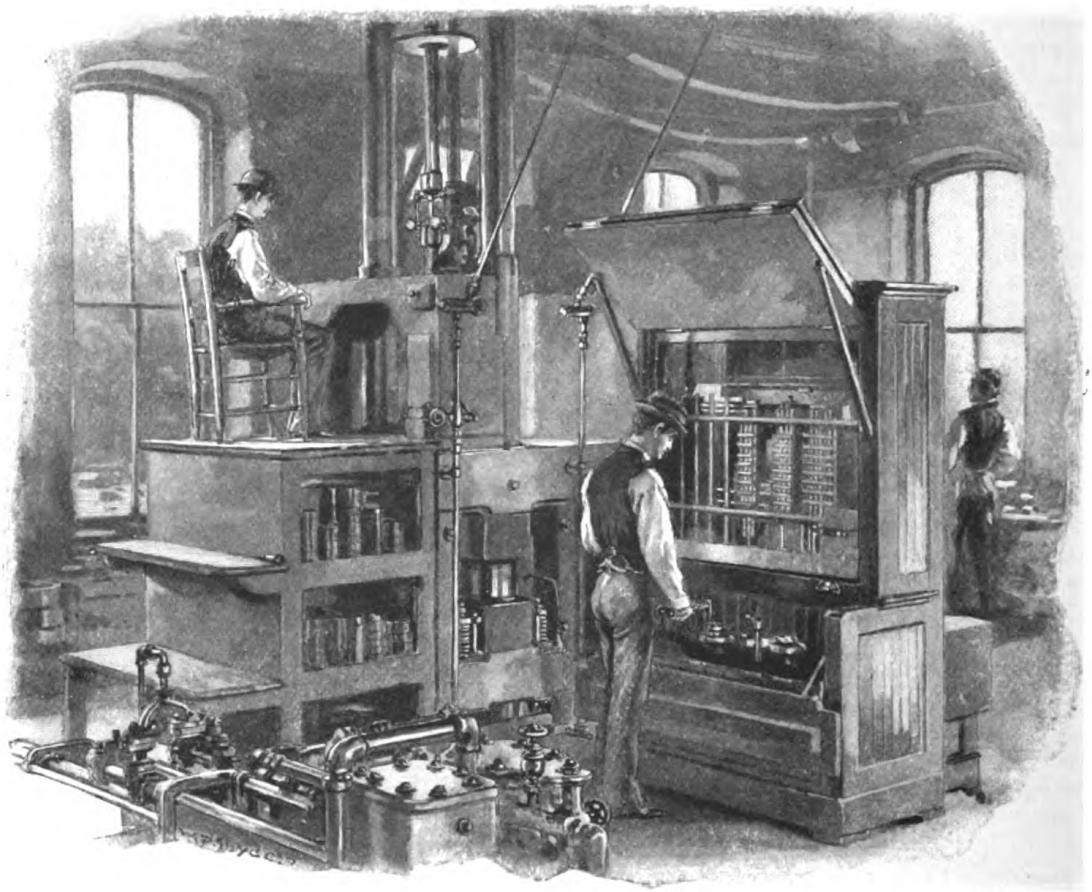
THE BESSEMER CONVERTER, BETHLEHEM, PENNSYLVANIA.

clay tuyere, perforated with ten or more holes about three-eighths of an inch in diameter. The converter is usually made in two parts for convenience in relining, and is constructed to hold charges of from five to fifteen tons of pig.

The acid lining is prepared by simply crushing the silica rock under edge rolls, and adding to it a sufficient quantity of water to cause it to ball up when pressed in the hand. This mixture is then rammed between the iron shell of the converter and a wooden form, placed at such a distance from the shell that when the space is filled the proper thickness of lining will be secured. In some cases the mixture is simply thrown against the shell in the shape of balls until the lining is thick enough. To prepare the bottoms, the fire-clay tuyeres are inserted in their places, and the mixture is placed between them; they are then thoroughly dried in a special oven. Meantime the converter lining is dried, and is ready for operation. The preparation of a basic lining is more complicated. The limestone, or dolomite, is first burnt at a very high temperature, so that it shrinks to nearly half of its original size, and comes out of the furnace or cupola where it has been calcined in a glassy state. It is then broken and pulverized, and mixed with anhydrous tar, so as to make it cohesive. In some works this mixture is made into bricks which fit the shape of the converter, and are built into it like a wall. In other places it is rammed between the shell and a mould, as with the acid mixture. Fire-clay tuyeres are also used in the bottoms, and the shrunk dolomite mixture is rammed with hot rammers in the intervals.

In the Bessemer process the pig is melted in a separate cupola furnace and run into the converter, which lies on its side, to prevent the metal from running

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A TESTING-ROOM.

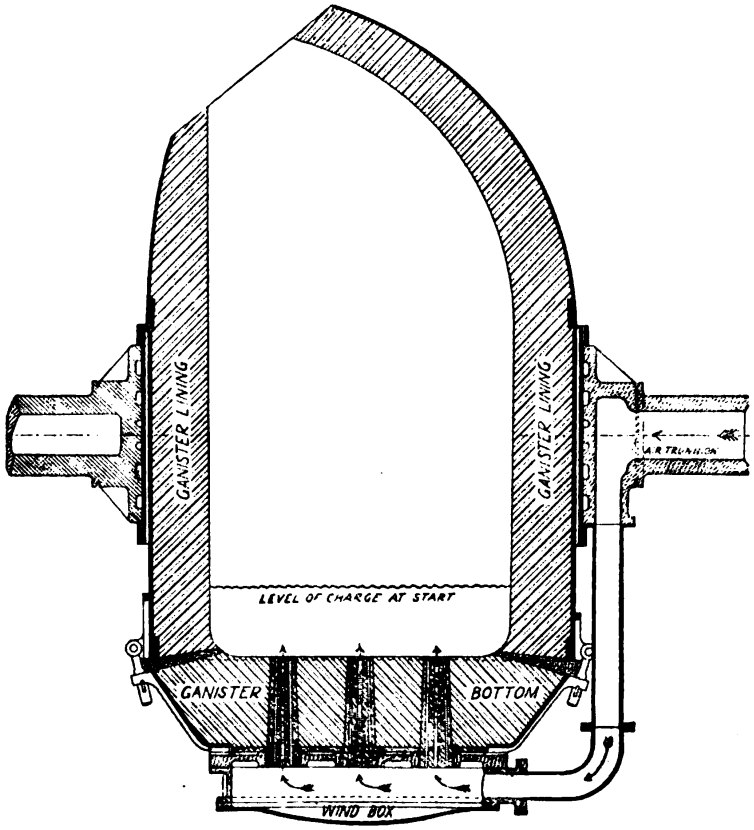
out of the tuyere-holes in the bottom. The blast is then laid on, and the vessel made to stand straight. The air, entering at a pressure of twenty to twenty-five pounds per square inch, penetrates the melted mass. Within a space of about eight feet in diameter a ten-ton charge is pierced by no less than 250 to 300 air-jets, that bring the oxygen it contains in close contact with the iron and its impurities. These impurities, being already in an incandescent state, are quickened into rapid combustion by the powerful blast, as a bellows blowing cold air forces the glowing coals into a consuming flame. In the acid operation the only impurities to be burned away are silicon and carbon; their rapid combustion causes an elevation of temperature, which makes it possible for the remaining decarburized iron to remain fluid until the operation of casting into moulds is complete. It will thus be seen that the so-called impurities are necessities as well, since they furnish the fuel needed to carry the process to a successful end. At the beginning of the blowing, only sparks and a little brown smoke are seen; the silicon is burning, and as the product of its combustion is a solid, viz., silica, which remains as a slag in the vessel, no flame is visible, but only such light solid particles of slag as may be carried out by the strong blast. In proportion as the silicon becomes exhausted, the oxygen turns its attention to the carbon; the fact is immediately announced by the appearance of a true flame, which grows rapidly, until it fills completely the mouth of the converter, and dazzles the spectator by its brilliancy. The temperature rises quickly; the flame becomes fuller, clearer; the metal, stirred by the heavy blast, boils, and particles of it are expelled from the vessel; the roar of the flame becomes deafening; the projections of metal become more frequent; and to one unaccustomed to the spectacle it would seem that a continuance of the proceedings must wreck the entire establishment. But the carbon is soon exhausted, and,

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with scarcely an admonitory sign, the flame drops and almost disappears. In the acid process this is a critical moment, for there is nothing left to burn in the vessel but the iron, and this would soon take place to a damaging extent, as shown by the cloud of brown smoke which almost immediately follows the drop of the flame. The vessel is turned down immediately and the blast shut off. There is in the converter at that moment a bath of decarburized iron, but oxidized to such a degree that it is of doubtful usefulness, as it would probably crack in the rolls. It is at this juncture that manganese plays its friendly rôle. Spiegeleisen is introduced in a melted state, and gives up to the bath the carbon it contains, while its manganese offers itself as a sacrifice by calling to itself the oxygen which contaminated the iron. The charge is then ready to be cast into ingots.

The basic operation differs in important particulars. Before introducing the metal a certain quantity of fresh-burnt lime is dumped into the converter. This is called the "basic additions," and is necessary, for all the silica and phosphorus present must be neutralized by an excess of lime in order to keep the slag basic; if an additional weight of it were not introduced, the lining would soon be entirely worn away by the calls made upon it. At the beginning the basic operation greatly resembles the acid; only the first period, that of silicon elimination, is much shorter, because basic pig purposely contains very little of that element, in order to avoid the formation of silicic acid. The most marked difference comes at the end, after the drop of the flame. As noted above, Thomas discovered that no useful amount of phosphorus was eliminated before all the carbon had disappeared, and established the necessity for the so-called "after-blow." The blow is therefore continued for a varying period—one to six minutes, dependent upon the quantity of phosphorus in the pig—during which the combustion of that element supplies the deficiency of heat caused by the lack of silicon. When the premonitory thick brown smoke appears, the vessel is turned down, and the bath treated with spiegeleisen, or ferro-manganese, usually in the solid state. The slag or refuse from the Bessemer operation, containing a large quantity of phosphate of lime, is very valuable for agricultural purposes. It is usually prepared as a fertilizer by grinding fine, and sold in packages like other phosphates. Hundreds of thousands of tons are sold annually in Europe, at a price which goes far toward sustaining the basic steel-makers who produce it.

The duration of a "blow" is usually from ten to fifteen minutes. With a pair of converters working in conjunction (the method common in the United States), eighty blows in twenty-four hours is not unusual work, and records of over one hundred are not rare. A pair of ten-ton converters has produced more than 36,000 tons of steel ingots in one month.



A BESSEMER CONVERTER.

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The spectroscope has been brought into use to determine the exact point of decarburization, which is indicated by the disappearance of what are called the "carbon lines" in the green band; but as the converter flame is liable to be obscured by smokes and vapors, its use in the acid process has been practically abandoned, as the eye and judgment of the "blower" can be better trusted in all ordinary circumstances. In the basic process the spectroscope is generally used, because the point of complete decarburization is not so easily observed as in the acid. After the carbon lines have disappeared the revolutions of the engines furnishing the blast are counted and continued until a quantity of air sufficient to burn away the phosphorus has been blown through. This is the after-blow.

It must be recognized, however, that the Bessemer process, wonderful as it is in its capacity for making cheap and homogeneous "mild" steel, as for plates, beams, rails, etc., does not yield a desirable product for fine edge-tools. The vehicle of carburization can only furnish a limited quantity of the hardening element—carbon. The best cutlery is always high carbon crucible steel, made from pure iron, smelted from the magnetite and hematite ores.

The United States has carried Bessemer steel-making to a greater extent and a higher perfection than any other country in the world. The establishments in Bethlehem, Johnstown, and Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, and Chicago, Illinois, have excited boundless admiration from all foreign metallurgists for the completeness and ingenuity of their plants, the economy of labor which they permit, and the greatness of their output. This superiority is largely due to the genius and inventive skill of the distinguished engineer Mr. A. L. Holley, who was one of the earliest pioneers to introduce the Bessemer process into this country, and who transformed the plant, devising most important details of improvement, which have doubled its usefulness. He also raised the vessels high above the ground, so that the change of bottoms could be made from the general level. This gave a shallow casting-pit, in which the ingot moulds and the ingots can be handled with much more quickness and comfort than in the old well-like English casting-pit. He improved the cupolas, and placed them in such a position that the melted metal flowed naturally by gravitation into the vessels.

During the period which saw the gradual development of the Bessemer process another man of genius was working in the same direction. This was one of the distinguished trio of Siemens brothers, who lived respectively in England, Germany, and Russia. Sir William Siemens, by his invention of the regenerative gas furnace, and his work in perfecting the open-hearth steel process, accomplished scarcely less than his contemporary, Bessemer, in revolutionizing the steel industry. The Siemens furnace is a beautiful device to meet the problem of utilizing the potential heat not only by perfectly controlling the work accomplished by its power, but by obtaining as a value in combustion nearly every thermal unit from the fuel. The equation by which this potential value is calculated in theory is more closely realized in the work of the Siemens furnace than in any other. After fourteen years of experiment, Siemens reached the desired result in 1861, and it was pronounced by Tyndall and Faraday one of the triumphs of modern science.

This furnace belongs to the "reverberatory" class, fired with gaseous fuel distilled from bituminous coal in retortlike vessels called "gas-producers." The furnace proper, or hearth, is placed above four vaults called "regenerators"—a right-hand pair and a left-hand pair. One of each pair is a gas regenerator, the other an air regenerator, each communicating with the furnace by a separate flue or "port," so that the gas which feeds and the air which supports combustion meet at the exact point where the heat is needed—at the hearth itself. Each regenerator is nearly filled with a "checker-work" of fire-bricks, piled in alternating rows, so as to leave space for the air or the gas to find its way between. The bottom of each regenerator is connected by a separate underground flue with the source of supply of gas and air as well as with the chimney. At the point where these various flues meet are placed the "reversing valves," so called because they are so arranged that when turned in one direction they permit the gas and air to flow in a certain course, entering one pair of regenerators (say the right one), burning as they pass through the hearth, and coming down as spent gas through

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the left-hand pair on the way to the chimney, and when turned in the other direction the course is reversed, the air and gas passing up the left-hand pair to the furnace, and down the right-hand pair to the chimney. The spent gas, still violently hot, going from the furnace, passes among the fire-bricks on one side, and gives up most of its heat to them, while the fresh gas and air are coming in through the other side, and taking up the heat from the other fire-bricks. About every twenty minutes the valve is reversed; the current is set the other way; the hot bricks give up their heat, and the cooled bricks heat up again. The sensible heat thus stored in the gas and the air is added to the heat of combustion, and the entire energy of the fuel, except the little that is lost in radiation or escapes up the stack, is utilized. In a furnace working properly a temperature hovering around 4000° F. is maintained, and instances are not rare when the temperature of complete dissociation of carbonic acid is reached—that is to say, when oxygen and carbonic oxide refuse to combine; this is between 4500° and 5000° F. The operator, however, has the heat under perfect control by means of regulating valves, which allow him to vary the proportions of gas and air so as to cool the flame and change its character from reducing to oxidizing at will. The regenerative system has been applied to the manufacture of crucible steel with great economy; less than one-half ton of bituminous coal suffices to produce one ton of steel, where three tons of coke were scarcely enough to do the same work in the old pot-hole of ante-Siemens days. Modifications have been introduced, but the regenerative furnace remains practically as first invented.

The steel process as first practised by Siemens is known as the "pig and ore" process. Pig iron is charged on a silicious hearth and melted down. Pure iron ore, amounting to about one-fifth the weight of the charge, is then gradually introduced in the furnace; the oxygen of the ore seeks the carbon of the pig, and burns it out; a strong ebullition ensues, which is kept up until the carbon is practically eliminated. A certain amount of spiegeleisen is then added, so as to increase the carbon contents to the desired percentage, and clear the bath from any traces of oxygen which might remain, and the charge is cast.

While Siemens was working out his solution with the regenerative furnace, Pierre and Émile Martin, iron-masters of Sireuil, France, had been busy with similar experiments in a reverberatory furnace, and had in some measure succeeded in making good iron and steel of varying carbon grades directly by the fusion of pig iron and scrap, or what is known as the "pig and scrap" process. But this was never done commercially on a great scale till it was accomplished through the perfectly controllable temperature of the Siemens regenerative furnace. In the controversy which raged between the Anglo-German and the French inventors as to which had title to the credit of the invention—a quarrel finally compromised by giving a compound name to steel made by direct fusion, "Siemens-Martin"—it was established by the juries of three countries that neither of them deserved the fame of originality, their merit having been their contemporary adaptation of old and well-known ideas. But it was also conceded that direct-fusion steel would never have become a great commercial fact without the temperatures which could be obtained only with the Siemens furnace.

It is observable that in both the "pig and ore" and "pig and scrap" processes, as originally practised, pig iron and ores quite low in phosphorus are necessary on account of the silicious character of the lining. Since the development of the basic process, basic and neutral linings have been introduced, and dephosphorization is practised in the Siemens furnace as well as in the Bessemer converter. The linings are usually dolomite or magnesite, prepared as described above for converter linings and made into bricks. Chrome-iron ore has also been used with success. The steel process differs from the ordinary one only in the introduction of basic additions in the shape of lime, so as to furnish the material for a basic slag without undue destruction to the lining.

Open-hearth steel is now made not only by the fusion of pig iron and scrap, or "pig and scrap" process, by the fusion of pig iron with rich oxides (magnetite and hematite ores for the most part), or "pig and ore" process, but by a combination of the two. It is claimed that this gives more exact results than does the Bessemer process, and that special steels for special uses are more reliable. It is

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certain that for ship-building purposes Bessemer metal has yielded precedence to its rival, and that even for the manufacture of rails the latter is making great strides in public favor, though less in the United States than abroad. As the material of armor plate there is no question as to its pre-eminence. The great advantage in the mode of its manufacture is that the process is more prolonged than that of Bessemer, and so the quality of the metal can be more easily tested and regulated. But the cost of producing it is greater, in spite of the fact that the first expense of a Bessemer plant is excessive.

In summing up the progress of the nineteenth century in the manufacture of iron and steel, it may be confidently asserted that the four great strides have been, the introduction of the hot blast into the blast-furnace process: the application of the cold blast by Bessemer to convert liquid pig into wrought iron and steel; the production, by means of the regenerative furnace, of steel on the open hearth; and the basic process, which goes so far in the elimination of phosphorus in treating the impure pigs.

There is another important family of steels which is of growing importance in the mechanic arts. This is the group of alloy steels. Some of the most important discoveries in metallurgy are likely to be made in the development of these very remarkable and as yet half-understood compounds. The influence on a large mass of one metal by even a trace of another metal or metalloid, profoundly modifying all its physical properties, is one of the most curious facts in one of the most curious and intricate of sciences. The paramount value of the carbon compound within the ranges of true steel is that it raises all the virtues of iron to a higher power, or, to put it more exactly, it does not augment any one physical property of the metal to the serious detriment of another. This characteristic ceases in the alloy steels, and the law of compensation in every case demands its "pound of flesh." It is a matter of give and take. When manganese, nickel, chromium, or any foreign metal enters iron as a component, whether in the presence or absence of carbon, it adds to one property of the metal what it steals from some other. Yet chrome steel, manganese steel, or nickel steel has each its marked specific value fitting an industrial need, and we have only begun to test the possibilities which loom before the imagination in this direction. Specialism promises to be the key to metallurgical advance, as it is, indeed, the vital condition of all the arts and sciences of the age. A glance at the physical properties of metals will throw some light on this interesting subject.

Tenacity is that property which resists the separation of the molecules by a steady pulling or tensile stress. Elasticity is the property of resuming the original form after the removal of any external force, and of course the limit of elasticity is that point beyond which force creates a permanent change. Toughness is the property of resisting separation of molecules after the limit of elasticity is passed. Hardness is the resistance offered to the penetrating action of another substance. Brittleness is the sudden break of cohesion in the molecules by the impact of a blow or change in temperature. Malleability is the property of permanent extension in all directions without breaking, whether from slow stress or from sudden impact. Ductility is the property which enables a metal to be elongated without fracture. It goes without saying that some of these properties may exist without others; that some of them cannot exist without others; and that some can only exist in the absence of others or in their presence in very slight degree. Lastly, practice shows that an exaggeration of one or more of these qualities is at the expense in some degree of several or of all of the others. In measuring the strength of metals the points generally to be determined are the limit of the elasticity, the stress which can be sustained within the elastic limit, the strain possible up to the same point, the extent of the strain or alteration of form before rupture occurs, and the extreme stress or tensile strength possible before fracture. Of these the elastic limit and the breaking stress are the most important. Many ingenious machines and tests have been devised as measures of these qualities; and no steel product is mustered into service nowadays unless it can answer the hard questions put to it by these rigid inquisitors.

With these points in view, a brief glance at some of the queer tricks and protean changes of the alloy steels will be of great interest. Manganese, when

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added in certain limited quantities to iron and steel is invaluable as a purgative, and passes off in the slag, which it helps to separate. A small quantity of it seems also to be useful in the finished steel; it seems to make the metal roll better, and in common steels, such as rail or structural steels, as much as 1 per cent. is allowed. If this quantity is doubled, the product is brittle and useless for any purpose; but should the percentage be greatly increased, to 10 or 14 per cent., for instance, the metal acquires remarkable hardness and toughness; and, strange to say, such metal, if quenched in cold water, shows but a slight increase in hardness, and its decided brittleness is replaced with a degree of ductility which is most extraordinary in view of the accompanying hardness. This is the celebrated Hadfield manganese steel. This same steel with 14 per cent. of manganese and 1 per cent. of carbon is pre-eminently strong and tough, but so hard as not to be worked easily. Its electrical resistance is thirty times that of copper, and it is wholly proof against magnetic influences. Its value in instrument-making and certain needs of naval construction is discernible at a glance. The remarkable effects of nickel as a compounding metal have been the subject of much experiment, and have recently attracted attention in connection with armor-plating and the new navy. Percentages of nickel in mild steel up to 7 per cent. greatly increase tensile strength and elastic limit, while malleability is greatly decreased. Armor plate contains about 1 per cent. of nickel. Sir Frederick Abel, chemical director of the British government works at Woolwich, in his presidential address before the British Association, recently pointed out the fact that nickel steel offers to the engineer the means of nearly doubling boiler pressure without increasing weight and dimensions. The tests made by the United States government at Annapolis have proved the immense superiority of a certain grade of nickel steel for armor-plating. So eminent in toughness and elasticity were these plates that no cracks were discernible in metal which had been penetrated by the projectiles, while pure steel plates were split into quarters, and showed the radiation of innumerable lines of fracture. The influence of chromium on steel is to augment its tensile strength, its resistance to fracture by impact, and its capacity for hardening to an extraordinary degree, thus affording the best possible material for the manufacture of such products as safes proof against fire and burglar, and heavy projectiles, as is seen in the celebrated Haltzer (France) and Carpenter (United States) projectiles. As certain proportions of chromium and carbon also add enormously to elastic limit as well as to tensile strength and resistance to stress, it promises to be the coming material for big guns. In the duel between armor plate and cannon, armor is forging far ahead. The urgent need now is for a gun which shall be proof against a far greater powder pressure than any so far in use—a weapon for which we have a reasonable outlook in the Brown segmental wire gun, which is built of chrome steel. Important chrome steel works, said to be the most successful in the United States, have been established at Brooklyn, New York. "Mushet steel" is a special alloy, containing tungsten in addition to carbon. It is called self-tempering, because it is so tough that it needs no quenching to give it its proper temper or hardness. It is used mostly for machinists' tools in working the hardest metals.

These examples sufficiently emphasize the almost boundless range of modifications which may be introduced into steel by a skilful admixture of other metals, and point to the inviting field for research open to the metallurgist in enlarging the zone of effective use for the compounds of iron. The attention now being given to this in the great iron centres is sure to yield astonishing fruits within a few years, for chemistry was never so well equipped for its attack on the unknown.

When steel contains more than about a quarter of one per cent. of carbon it acquires a distinctive quality which separates it from other forms of iron and the so-called soft steel containing less carbon. The quality is a capacity for being hardened or softened to any degree required by the special use for which it is designed. In these curious molecular changes, known under the inclusive name of "temper," the steel is first hardened by subjection to a red heat and a sudden quenching or cooling. It is next reheated to a specified temperature determined by long experience, and slowly cooled again in baths of varying material. There is scarcely any operation in the

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working of metals which requires such niceties of skill and judgment. The general art as a factor in steel treatment has been known and practised for forty centuries; and the Hindoo artificer on the banks of the Ganges, following this inherited craft, tempers a sword-blade equal if not superior to the best Sheffield make.

The nature of the tempering bath is of great importance. Roughly speaking, it may be stated that for making steel glass-hard, ice-cold water, brine, or mercury must be used; for less hardness, hot water or oil is used; while hardening and tempering are possible in one operation, by use, for example, of molten lead. The value of the softer metals as a means of hardening tools and weapons has long been known. Réaumur in 1722 writes of a method of hardening the points of tools by forcing them hot into solid lead and tin, and he hints at gold, silver, and copper as cooling metals. The composition of tempering baths seems to be a tempting subject for inventors even now, as shown by the Patent Office record.

Cherry-red is the heat ordinarily used in hardening, but high carbon steel and various kinds of the alloy steels need a less heat. Among the methods of heating used are an ordinary fire, the blowpipe flame, pinching in red-hot tongs, and immersion in red-hot molten lead, the main purpose being to secure a perfectly regular temperature whereby the steel can be soaked in heat from centre to surface. In cooling the metal the problem of unequal contraction requires even greater judgment. For example, if a long tool should be quenched by dipping it sidewise in water it would be curved by the unequal rate of cooling on the two sides. Again, if a tool is unequally thick, the heavier part must be dipped first, or cooled by some other device, as equal immersion would cause the thin part to lose its heat first. Sometimes cold tongs or flat plates of metal are found necessary. A great variety of cooling baths are used, among which may be named, besides those before specified, melted tallow, various acids, and soapsuds. Quackery has not yet gone out of the domain of metallurgy. The most scientific methods include the use of oils and molten metals as well as water. Fixed proportions of lead and tin are greatly in vogue.

The hardness of the tempered piece is indicated by the color its surface assumes after it has been suddenly cooled. At first it is silver-gray; but if reheated a peculiar change takes place in the color. When a temperature of about 420° F. has been reached, the silver-gray has become pale straw, which with the rise passes through straw, straw-yellow, nut-brown, purple, bright blue, deep blue, and blackish-blue. This last color is produced by a temperature of about 640° F. These various shades represent various "tempers" or hardness. Thus, lancet blades should not be reheated beyond the pale straw; straw-yellow is the color for razors, bright blue for swords and bayonets, etc. In practice the piece may be plunged in a cooling substance till quite cold, and reheated either by direct flame or by placing on a hot surface until the proper color appears, or by dipping in a bath of molten metal—usually an alloy of lead and tin, which melts at a temperature corresponding to the desired color. The piece may also be quenched from cherry-red directly in a molten bath or mixture of the proper temperature, from which it is withdrawn when it has cooled down to the temperature of the bath; it is found then to have acquired the desired color.

There is no branch of the working of metals where experience and practical observation have been so completely the source of efficiency in practice; none where theory has been of so little value. The art of tempering is based on the cumulative knowledge of countless generations of metal-workers, extending back to the mythical age of Tubal Cain.

The use of low-carbon steel manufactured by the Bessemer and Siemens-Martin processes is, however, the salient fact towering like an Alpine peak in the world of iron industries. The product can be made at a cost even lower than that of malleable iron, and it can be rolled, hammered, and welded in similar fashion. It has nearly driven iron out of use for most structural purposes.

The first record of iron-making in the colonies carries us back to the attempt made by the Virginia Company to establish iron-works on Falling Creek, in Virginia. This was about 1620. The Indians put an end to the enterprise by scalping the manager, John Berkley, and all his workmen; and the glory of setting up a successful iron-making plant was transferred to the New England colonies, where in 1645 the blast-furnace built by

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John Winthrop, Jun., had "some tuns of sowe iron cast in readiness for ye forge." The manufacture of steel was first attempted by two men named Higley and Dewey, who in 1725 received a patent from the General Court of Connecticut to make steel for a period of ten years. Like many other pioneers, they found that the concession yielded no fruit. The field was not abandoned, for many more successful attempts followed in Connecticut, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia. All the steel made at that period was produced in a hearth similar to a bloomary, or else by cementation. It was therefore no more than "puddled steel," or "shear steel." The process of making the more perfect cast metal, or crucible steel, seems not to have been successfully practised till 1831, when it was established at Cincinnati by Garrard Brothers.

The census of 1810 gives the total production of pig at 53,408 tons. In 1820 it had receded to 20,000 tons. The total quantity of steel made in 1810 appears to have been 917 tons, of which Pennsylvania produced about one-half. The following table, showing the production during census years since 1840, graphically illustrates the rapid stride that has been made during the last half-century:

	Number of Furnaces in Blast.	Pig Iron.	Wrought Iron.	Steel.
1840	804	286,903	197,233	
1850	377	564,755		
1860	286	987,559	513,213	11,838
1870	386	1,832,875	1,064,285	68,750
1880	446	3,835,191	2,082,739	1,247,334
1890	311	9,202,703	2,518,194	4,277,071

The above table shows a remarkable progress in all directions, and if we supplement it with a statement of the capital employed, a further proof of the importance of the iron and steel trade is found. In 1840 the capital invested was $20,432,131; in 1850, it was $31,796,065; in 1860, $44,597,297; in 1870, $121,772,074; in 1880, $230,971,884; the census reports for 1890 are not yet complete, but an increase of invested capital nearly proportionate to the increased output is probable. It will be noticed that the number of blast-furnaces in 1840 was more than two and a half times that in 1890, while the production was immeasurably smaller. The total number of iron and steel producing establishments of all kinds in 1840 was 1008, with an output of 374,147 tons, or an average of 371 tons for each. In 1890, the number of such establishments was 1040; they turned out 15,997,968 tons, or an average of 15,382 tons per works. Such results point to a significant fact: the decrease in number of establishments is concurrent with an increase of product and value, showing that capital has concentrated, and by centralization has found the economy of large and well-located plants as against a greater multiplicity of smaller ones. A still more remarkable feature is the enormous increase in a comparatively short period in the manufacture of steel, and the nearly stationary output in wrought iron. Thus in 1880 the total production of steel was 59.8 per cent. of that of iron, while in 1890 the tables are nearly reversed, since the iron output is only 58.8 per cent. of that of steel. The following table shows the rapid increase of production since the introduction of Bessemer steel in this country, late in 1864. The manufacture of open-hearth steel in the Siemens furnace was started in December, 1868:

	Bessemer Ingots.	Open-hearth Ingots.	Crucible Ingots.	All other Steels.	Total.
1865	abt. 1,000*		14,262		15,262
1870	42,000	1,500	33,500		77,000
1875	375,517	9,050	39,401	12,607	436,575
1880	1,203,173	112,953	72,424	8,465	1,397,015
1885	1,701,762	149,381	64,511	1,696	1,917,350
1890	4,131,535	574,820	79,716	4,248	4,790,319

* Net tons of 2000 pounds.

The phenomenon exhibited in the table is explained by the gradual inroads made by steel in the field formerly occupied by wrought iron. The soft steel now made offers great advantages in the way of uniformity of product, which gives it the preference for many purposes. It has nearly superseded iron in boiler-plate, and much of the wrought metal used in machinery building is steel; wheel tires, material for ship and bridge building, are made of steel. It has entirely taken the place of iron for railroad bars, and no iron rails are manufactured now, except sparingly for street railway and mine uses. The damage done to iron by steel in this line is shown in the following table, giving the quantity of steel and iron rails made since 1870:

	Steel Rails.	Price per Ton in Gold.	Iron Rails.	Price per Ton in Gold.
1870	30,357	$93 25	523,213	$62 80
1875	259,699	60 30	447,900	41 80
1880	864,452	67 50	440,857	49 25
1885	963,750	28 50	13,227	No quotation.
1890	1,867,837	31 75	15,548	"

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It is interesting to note the effect that this enormous production has had on prices. At the close of 1893 steel rails were selling at $24 a ton. Scarcely less significant, as showing the supercession of iron by steel, is the change in the nail manufacture. In 1883 there were produced 7,762,737 kegs of nail, not one of which was steel. In 1890, out of a total production of 8,776,920 kegs, only 1,806,193 were iron nails, all the rest being steel.

It is well to consider the effect which the modern methods have had on the wages of the men employed in the iron manufacture. It was not until some time after 1850 that the system of piece-work was established in iron-works. Until then the men worked by the month at a salary varying from $8 to $45 a month. The census of 1860 shows that the wages paid to 15,927 blast-furnace hands was $4,545,430, or an average of $292 per head. The number of persons engaged in rolling-mills during that year was 19,262, who received $6,514,258, or an average of about $338. The census of 1870 gives the average earning of blast-furnace workers at $560 a year currency, or about $486 gold; $12,475,250 were distributed among 27,554 persons in that year. In 1880, 140,978 operators received $55,476,785, or about $393 60 a head. In the report of the Commissioner of Labor for 1890, the income of man labor in the United States and Europe is given as follows:

	United States.	England.
Pig Iron.....	$513 52	$350 11
Bar Iron	698 49	337 41
Steel	578 52	442 89

The following table shows the total production of iron and steel for all countries during 1890, when the United States came to the front, and left England in the second place:

	Iron Ore.	Pig Iron.	Bessemer and Open-hearth Steel.
United States* .	16,116,116	9,202,703	4,202,105
England	13,780,767	7,901,214	3,519,043
Germany	11,409,625	4,637,239	2,101,822
France.....		1,962,196	717 975
Austro-Hungary	2,000,000	925,308	499,600
Sweden and Norway	941,241	456,102	
Belgium	200,000	787,436	221,296

* Long Tons—2240 pounds.

While no year since 1890 has witnessed the same extraordinary activity, the same relative superiority has been preserved. It is a fact worthy of consideration that comparatively little of our enormous production leaves the boundaries of the United States. Although the value of the exported finished iron product is considerable—$27,000,134 for 1890—the tonnage is not great. That in prosperous times the output of iron and steel will keep increasing is not doubtful, even in the present conditions of cost, which keep us out of the markets of the outer world for heavy material; but should such conditions change, the natural resources of this country are such that we might well look forward to the time when the present production would seem to us as insignificant as that of twenty years ago.

A very interesting phase of our recent development, resulting from the late war, which revolutionized the conditions of life and labor in the South, is found in the genesis and growth of the iron industry in Tennessee, Georgia, and Alabama. The great coal and iron beds which began to be opened about fifteen years ago started busy communities, like the harvest of the fabled dragon's teeth. Such places as Chattanooga and Birmingham now rank among leading iron centres.

That the United States will continue to increase the distance between herself and the most productive of her competitors is scarcely to be doubted. With such a large supply of the richest ores lying within easy reach of our principal iron centres, the primary condition is in our favor. The ingenious mechanical contrivances in our works, which are in some respects in advance of those used in England, enable the workman to accomplish much more—a consideration which probably has much to do with the ability of the manufacturer to pay higher wages. Sir Isaac Lowthian Bell, the foremost metallurgical authority of Great Britain, some years ago solemnly warned his countrymen that if they expected to compete in the world's market with the Greater Britain over the water, they must study and adopt the economies in hand labor which American skill and energy had made so brilliantly practicable in iron and steel making. Such establishments as those of the Bethlehem Iron Company, the Cambria Iron-Works of Johnstown, Pennsylvania, the Carnegie Steel-Works at Pittsburg and Homestead, and the Illinois Steel Company's Works at Chicago, employing from 10,000 to 20,000 workmen each, represent the highest triumphs of engineering and chemical skill.

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THE RUSSIAN AND HIS JEW.

BY POULTNEY BIGELOW.



RUSSIA has more than a third of all the Jews in the world, and she is doing her best to reduce this number. Official statistics are not quite reliable on this subject, but it is assumed by the best-informed that Russia must have close on to 3,000,000 of the Hebrew race. The United States and England are shocked by the measures which the Czar is taking against these people, and charge him with reviving religious persecution. The Czar replies to this by pointing out that the United States deliberately closed its doors against emigration from China, whose subjects were represented in America to the extent of only about 100,000 souls, mostly upon the Pacific coast. In this matter, moreover, the Czar moves in harmony with the overwhelming majority of his people, high and low; and were his people to-morrow to proclaim a republic, one of the few laws which it would not repeal would be that which excludes the Jew from Holy Russia. The Russian knows his Jew better than we know him, and is therefore better qualified to legislate on the subject.

The general outburst of indignation which greeted the anti-Jewish legislation of Russia since the accession of the present Czar may be accounted for in many ways. The newspapers and banks of Europe are largely in Jewish hands, and this power was of course quickly evoked to create public sympathy for their persecuted co-religionists. The popular sentiment was, however, most intelligent and most effective in the countries immediately bordering upon Russia, whose people wasted little time in theorizing on the rights of man or the beauties of tolerance, but organized with a view of protecting themselves against an influx of unwelcome immigrants. Castle Garden is not the only point to which the Jew of Russia has fled for comfort. He is equally keen in his desire to find a home in western Europe, where he can live in towns, pursue his life as broker, and not be too far away from the headquarters of his religious inspiration. America, England, France, Spain, Italy, Holland, Sweden, Norway—these countries have few Jews, comparatively speaking, and they are pretty well distributed. The stranger walking down Broadway, guided by the signs over the shops of jobbers and importers, might conclude that the Jews own New York, yet what we have is a mere nothing to what one country of Russia alone — Poland — has, whose Jewish population, according to the last census, was about 800,000. In England, Jews are met in every walk of life—in the army, the diplomatic service, the cabinet, the House of Lords, and amongst the boon companions of England's future King. As with us, they have cast off every distinguishing badge of their race, and it is frequently only by accident that we learn the nature of their religious creed. In Russia, however, it is totally different. There the Jew is as distinct a type as is with us the negro or the Chinaman. You can distinguish him as far as you can see, not merely by the face and form, so

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graphically drawn by Mr. Pennell in his work *The Jew at Home*, but in certain peculiarities of dress, to which he clings as pertinaciously as does the Apache to his blanket or the Mexican to his sombrero. The Jew of Kovno, Warsaw, Kiev, and wherever else I have run across him in Russia, wears a curious curl that hangs down in front of each ear, sometimes to his chin. His cap of black alpaca or cloth sits far back on his head, close to his ears, with a visor as large as those once fashionable amongst our brakemen and conductors. His coat of black cloth or alpaca is modelled after that in which Dundreary is usually portrayed, reaching down to his ankles, and assisting to give him the long, lean, hungry look of the Shylock type. On his feet are boots worn outside of his trousers, in one hand an umbrella, in the other a valise; for the Jew in Russia is usually moving from place to place on business, unless he is so poor as to be forced into menial occupation.

A Russian who is not a Jew-hater by any means, but a thoroughly practical man of affairs, told me that next to the Jew's love of money was his devotion to the Talmud and its expounders. Strange as it may seem to us, who think of the Jew as wandering into all the corners of the world, guided solely by the desire of making money, we find that, on the contrary, he is fastened to Russia by the holiest of ties, that he wears his peculiar dress as proudly as a Highlander does his kilt, and that he does everything in his power to remain at home and discourage others from leaving. To draw the orthodox Jew, educated in the school of the Talmud, away from the centre of his religious education, if not inspiration, is to him a serious matter.

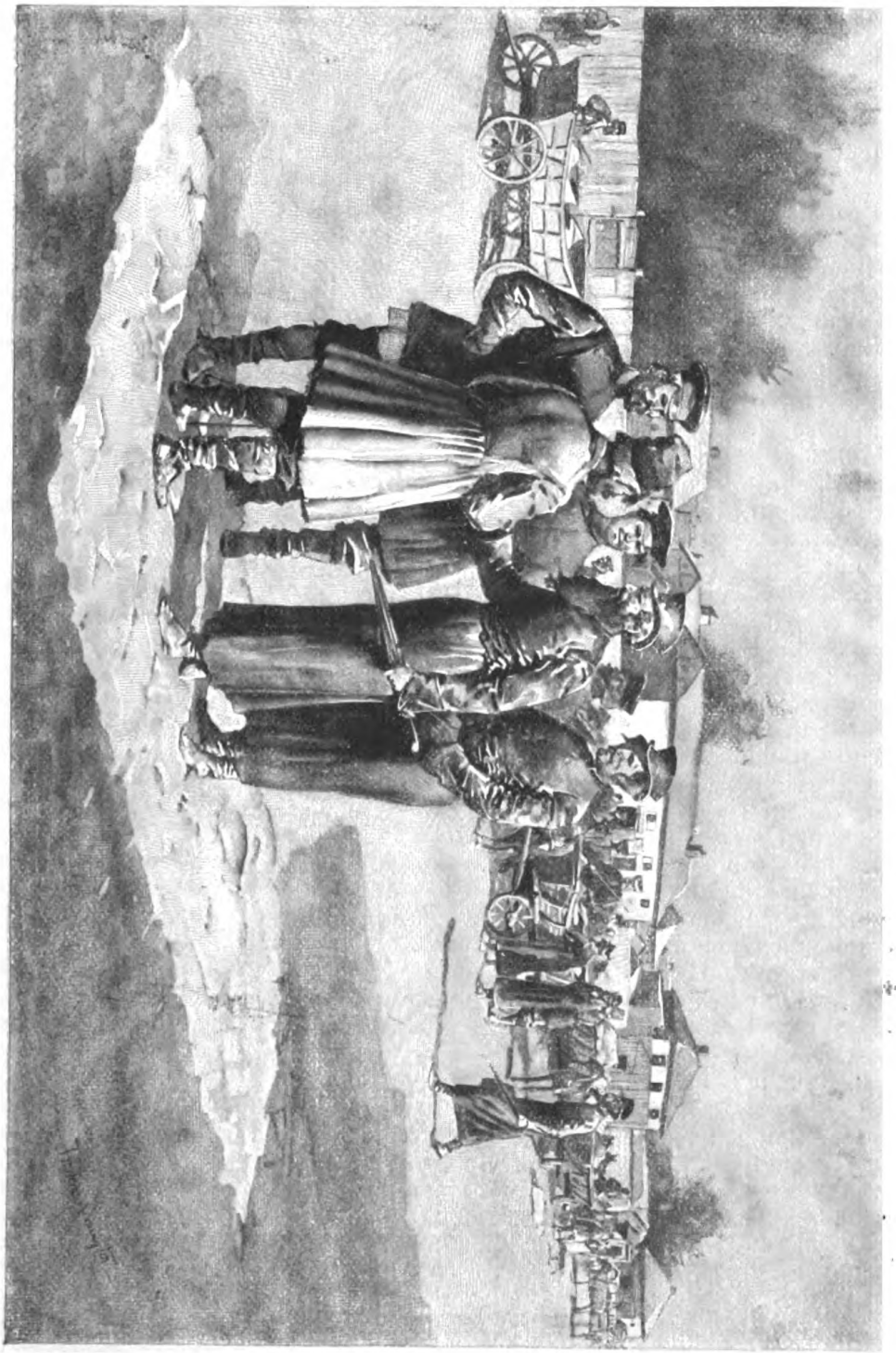
We propose to place before the inquiring reader a short sketch of the manner in which the Jew is regarded to-day by those who dread his westward migration, and to bring together some of the reasons put forward by those who are so illiberal as to dislike his company. Russia has limited the territory in which Jews are allowed to live to a narrow strip, beginning in the Baltic provinces near Riga, and ending at the Black Sea, following, roughly, the western frontier of the empire, along the borders of Prussia, Austria, Hungary, and Roumania. These four countries—or rather three, if we regard Austria and Hungary as one—know more of the Jews by actual contact than any other people; for, according to the last census on the subject, there were in Austro-Hungary 1,643,708; German Empire, 567,884; Roumania, 400,000.

The same census gave for Great Britain and Ireland only 46,000 Jews; France, 49,439; Norway, only 34; Spain, 402. In fact, as compared with Russia's neighbors, the number of Jews in other countries is hardly worth mentioning.

The Chinese question in America was settled with reference purely to the Chinaman as he was known in California, and did not take into consideration the best class of Chinese in their own country. The Russian regards the Jew from his stand-point as it affects himself personally, and not from the stand-point of an Englishman or an American, who has in view Jews of a nobler type. The Jew of Russia shades off into the Polish Jew, then into the German Jew, and it is a mixture of these two that is now besieging Castle Garden for American citizenship. How many Jews emigrate from Russia every year is not known, for large numbers smuggle themselves over the frontier, and are most difficult to identify, because of the similarity in feature and dress of all the Chosen People along this Jewish strip. When I was in Kovno I came in contact with a Jew who told me that his whole business in life was smuggling his co-religionists out of the country at a fixed price per head.

The present alleged persecution of the Jews in Russia consists not so much in the making of offensive regulations against them as in enforcing laws of long standing, which the Jews have evaded by the assistance of the police, and of course by heavy bribes. The law has distinctly prohibited Jews in general from settling in Russia proper, exception being made only in certain cases, covering artists, scholars, physicians, and specially privileged merchants. But so clever were the Jews in manipulating the officials, or, perhaps it is equally true to say, so greedy were the officials for an addition to their scanty salary, that in all the towns of Russia proper Jews had notoriously congregated who were theoretically outlaws. Moscow and St. Petersburg, for instance, had each as many as 40,000 contrabands of this description. The Jews must have been a

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JEWS AT A PEASANT MARKET.

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source of great profit to the officials, or they would not have been so long tolerated; and, on the other hand, there must have been large opportunities for making money, or this race would not have exposed itself to so many dangers and sacrifices by placing itself in a position to be periodically raided by the police. That the Jews are now being forced to conform to the law of Russia is an indication not merely that the government has awakened to a sense of its legal duties, but that the financial burdens laid upon the Jews in Russia are greater than they are willing to bear; in other words, they are too poor to purchase the immunity of former years.

"Why do you hate the Jew?" I one day asked my Russian friend.

"Because," said he, "the Jew brings nothing into the country, he takes all he can out of it, and while he is here he makes the peasant his slave, and lives only for the sake of squeezing money out of everything."

This was a strong statement, but he went on to amplify it by a variety of illustrations.

After the Polish insurrection of 1863, the Russian government set to work energetically to russify that country, and particularly Lithuania. The principal means they employed, aside from actively persecuting the heterodox in religion and politics, was to colonize large numbers of peasants from the interior of Russia upon farms which had been confiscated. Agricultural implements were furnished to these peasants, and everything was done to start them well, so as to form a nucleus of Russian life in the midst of the disloyal provinces. Twenty years have passed since this great russifying measure was put into force, and what is the result?

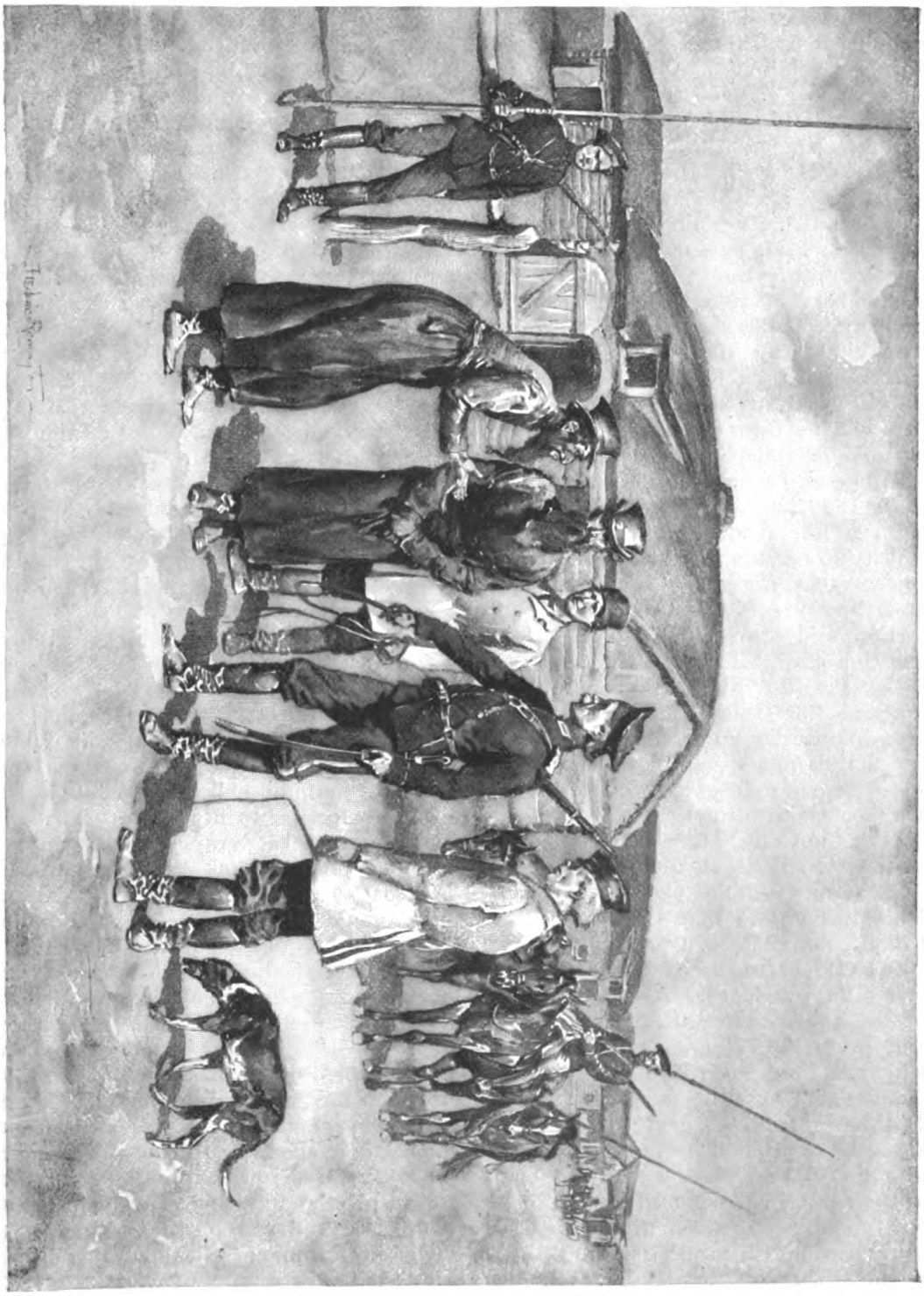
If, as a traveller, you come into a Russian village, it is dirtier, if possible, than those of the neighboring Lithuanians and Poles. You ask for horses to continue your journey, and are quickly supplied by these Russians; the price is fixed, and you are about to pay it to the Russian who brings your carriage to the door. He, however, refuses to take it, and begs that you will pay the money not to him, but to the proprietor of the tavern. You ask why. He answers that he is not allowed to take any money, that the horses he has brought belong to the Jew. You begin to inquire, and you find that the Jew not only owns the tavern, but trades in all the articles which the peasants have to buy. You learn also that the Jew is creditor to nearly every peasant for miles around, and has a lien upon everything which that peasant may grow upon his land. You find that the peasant cultivates his land not for himself, but for the Jew, and that all his reward is the privilege of bare existence.

There are many patriotic and humane Russians who have given it to me as their deliberate opinion that the Russian peasant would be better off to-day had he never been emancipated. He is dreamy, good-natured, unpractical, and very ignorant. When he is hard pressed for money, it is only too easy for him to accept the loan which the accommodating tavern-keeper offers him, particularly if he has one or two glasses of vodka inside of him. Like a child, he thinks little of the ultimate consequences and much of the present enjoyment. He signs the paper which is placed before him, and believes, of course, that he will easily pay off his debt with the next harvest, particularly as the Jew promises to be most accommodating, and not press for money payment. He sends, of course, the produce of his farm to the Jew, who acts as broker for him, and reserves his commission, and what he is pleased to consider the interest on his money; and by some mysterious method of calculation the peasant is always the debtor, and the Jew always happy to accommodate him still further on the same terms.

As my Russian friend explained the situation, it reminded me forcibly of several statements of the same kind made to me in Georgia and Alabama a few years ago, where I visited some friends, who knew the condition of their communities very well, and were in no sense Jew-haters. There I was told that the freedom which the Northern States had purchased for the negro at the cost of so much blood and treasure had been since sold to the Jew. The same Jews who had learned to play upon human nature by intercourse with emancipated serfs, found in the Southern States exactly the material best suited for their purposes.

The Jew opens a general country store, and bends all his energies towards making himself agreeable to the negroes by

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SMUGGLERS ON THE FRONTIER.

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letting them have whatever they choose without paying for it. In this manner an account soon runs up, in regard to which the negro is rarely prudent enough to keep an exact tally. When it has reached a proper figure, the Jew presses for payment, and of course the negro has no money. But the Jew assures the negro that nothing is further from his purpose than to do anything that might seem greedy. He waives the question of money entirely, and asks only that the negro pay him in cotton, or perhaps by handing over a mule or a cow, and by promising to continue trading at his store. This seems very magnanimous to the negro, and he cheerfully signs away future crops, to say nothing of the very farm he is working. Thus the negro works from year to year, always tied to the soil by the debt he owes the Jew, and as little capable of independent action as he or his ancestors ever were before 1863.

In the Southern States, as in Russia, the liberal stranger naturally asks, "Why do not the peasants themselves, or the negroes, organize their own shops, and thus protect themselves against extortion and practical slavery?" It is a question easily asked, but the actual fact is that they do not, and that in both Russia and the United States blacks and peasants are bound to the soil by a slavery that is more galling than that they were formerly subjected to, because they are mocked with the title of free men.

It was not until after the emancipation of the serfs, in 1861, that the Jew question began to take on serious proportions; for up to that time the peasant had, in his landlord, a protector who was able to shield him from the consequences of his improvidence. After the emancipation, however, the gulf between peasant and proprietor became as wide as that which separated the black from his former master; and between these two classes there entered an army of Jews, who alone have profited by the edict of 1861. The peasants became easy victims, owing to their improvidence and love of drink; but the proprietors soon found that they could accomplish nothing without the assistance of the money-lender, and, above all, the only man who could control the labor market. Jews were, to be sure, not allowed to acquire real estate, but in the western provinces they took charge of landed property as agents in such a manner that they had all the substantial benefits of ownership with none of the drawbacks. All the supplies for the estate were bought of themselves and charged to the unlucky proprietor; by their hold upon the peasants they were able to enforce labor at nominal rates, and nothing prevented them from exhausting the soil as rapidly as possible, cutting down all the timber, and when they had squeezed the last kopeck out of the property, moving off to some other estate and commencing the same process over again. It is to the multiplicity of such cases that we must refer some of the present distress in Russia, although, of course, many other reasons co-operate. I am informed on good authority that, in spite of laws to the contrary, a very large proportion of the land within the pale is practically in Jewish hands, to say nothing of the peasants who work upon it. To how great an extent this is the case is as difficult to find out as to give the exact number of Jews in Russia, for they have a direct interest in deceiving the government in regard to both of these matters, and have, so far, succeeded very well.

A witty German once said, sneeringly, of the Russians, that "every nation is afflicted with the sort of Jew best suited to its condition"; but if this is true, it is the most damning verdict upon the Poles, whose Jews appear to be upon the lowest level of human existence which it has been my fortune to meet with. This aphorism might be paraphrased by saying that each country has the Chinaman best suited for it, and that therefore California should have been content with her contingent from the Flowery Kingdom.

The public sentiment of Europe, at least the eastern portion of it, might have been measured in the Berlin conference after the Russo-Turkish war, when Lord Beaconsfield made his notable effort in favor of the Jews. His proposals did not fall upon sympathetic ears, and the utmost he accomplished was to cause the powers to bully Roumania into a formal recognition of the Jews as equal in citizenship with the rest of the people. But even in Roumania the law is almost a dead letter by reason of a series of regulations subsequently passed. The Roumanian to-day dreads an increase of his Jewish population almost as much as an invasion of Russian troops, and if the papers of his country cry out against Rus-

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sian intolerance, it is not because he sympathizes with the Jews, but because he fears lest further persecution in Russia will make it more difficult for him to keep them out of Roumania.

Germany and Austria can look on with something like equanimity while isolated Jews filter across the frontiers and merge into the rest of the population. They still maintain a pose of tolerance to all creeds, but it would be hazardous to say how long this attitude can be safely maintained. Russia has not yet given the signal, but it is not beyond the realm of probability to imagine religious fanaticism so harmonizing with popular hatred as to produce a law not simply confining the Jews to Russian provinces on the western frontier, but actually expelling them by thousands and hundreds of thousands out of the country. Could Germany and Austria look with equanimity upon such an immigration into their already crowded countries? Or, aside from governmental action, can we suppose that the people of these countries would endure such a Jewish movement with any more kindliness than was manifested in San Francisco towards the cargoes of Chinamen? Germany and Austria know that Russia has an almost inexhaustible supply of this undesirable population, all living along a single strip of territory, and united by centuries of common language, traditions, and family ties to such a degree as to make them a state within a state, as much so as the Mormon Church. Up to within recent years the Jewish communities have been allowed to govern themselves according to their own peculiar laws and customs, much as the Chinese manage their own affairs in Chinatown. These peculiar privileges are now abolished, but custom and tradition amongst them, notably their religious preceptors, have so complete an ascendency over them that the effect of the Russian law upon them does not go far beyond the presence of the policeman.

My Russian friend, who had given considerable attention to the history of the Jews, as well as to their present condition in Russia, called my attention to the great difference between the Jew of Russia—that is to say, the Jew who calls into existence the anti-Semitic movement in Germany—and his co-religionist who was driven out of Spain about the time that Columbus discovered America. The Jews of Spain, whom Ferdinand and Isabella expelled from the country, stood upon a relatively high plane of intellectual as well as material development. In that age of monkish superstition the Jews stood forth pre-eminent as masters in many sciences. They had enjoyed successive generations of contact with highly refined people, had absorbed the artistic spirit, which no one could escape who lived in the Spain of that time. The short-sighted fanaticism which drove them out into the world called forth much sympathy for them; and the fame of their learning, particularly in the natural sciences, did much to atone for the prejudice against their money-making propensities. Then, too, these Spanish refugees did not all move to one country, nor did they come from a land that might furnish additional supplies in the future. The Jews of 1492 scattered themselves broadcast into nearly every country of western Europe, notably Italy, England, Holland, South Germany, and France. The Popes of Rome extended their protection to them, and in spite of occasional outbursts of popular ill-will, they prospered, and with their prosperity gradually took on the color of the society in which they moved, and lost correspondingly the peculiar characteristics which are so conspicuous in the Russian Jew. The Jews of four hundred years ago, who wandered in distress to Antwerp, London, Amsterdam, Naples, Venice, Marseilles, Genoa, Rome, brought to all these cities talents which the people there knew how to appreciate. Their appearance there might almost be compared to that of the clever artisans and manufacturers who came to England and Prussia after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes—in the sense that the best people of the country regarded them as a source of economic strength. But the Jew who to-day comes from the Russian border to Berlin or Buda-Pesth represents in no sense a man of learning, or even the master of an art whose acquisition is envied by the people amongst whom he settles. He represents to them unscrupulous greed for money, a marvellous facility in deception—a man whose object in life seems to be to subordinate every consideration to that of material success. All England has only about as many Jews as the capital of Prussia alone, and the Jew question as it appears to the German is intensified by the reflection that the Jew

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who comes to him from the east is not only a creature repugnant to him individually, but who has left behind him so vast a number of his co-religionists that if they once start upon an invasion of western Europe they will soon be in a position to dictate terms in every Christian capital. The Spanish Jew and the Russian Jew are, of course, allied, if we go back far enough; but no Russian or German finds any comfort in reflecting upon the excellence of the Jews in the days of Columbus. His apprehension springs entirely from observing the Jew of to-day.

Said my friend to me: "Wherever the Jew has control of the press—and that is saying a good deal—you find that he strenuously preaches tolerance, in order that he may profit by it. To read the articles by Jews in newspapers and reviews, one would suppose that the only truly liberal spirits to-day were the members of synagogues. If you will take my word for it —and I think I know what I am talking about—there is no church domination that can be more narrow and relentless than that which governs the four or five millions of Jews who occupy both sides of the Russian frontier between the Baltic and the Black Sea."

In 1877 a Jewess named Ida Katzhandel chose to turn Roman Catholic and marry a Pole. The pair lived happily for about a year, when one fine day the relations of Ida turned up while the husband was away, took her from the house, and drowned her in the river Wieprz—a stream which runs into the Vistula near Ivan-Gorod. The guilty ones had taken, of course, every precaution against discovery; but the police managed, somehow or other, to trace the crime home, and the murderers were brought to trial in Lublin about three years after the murder. Two of them were convicted; one was sentenced to two years' penal servitude, the other to two years' confinement; with regard to the remainder the evidence was so faulty that they had to be set free, although there was no doubt in the minds of the people in the neighborhood as to who had committed this outrage. But stranger than the crime was the fact that during the days of this trial the space about the court-house was filled with violent Jews, who praised the murderers as martyrs to their religion, and who greeted those who had been released as men to whom every honor was due.

My Russian friend assured me that the picture of brutal fanaticism furnished by this one instance is typical of the great mass of Jews whom the German has in mind, as well as the Russian, when he discusses the Jew question. One can scarcely conceive of grosser religious intolerance than this in Spain of 1492 or Mexico of 1892. It is a picture for which, I confess, I was little prepared, and it is obvious that the Jew of Lublin has but a distant blood-relation with those who produced a philosopher like Spinoza.

Russians have told me that it is almost impossible to catch the Jews for military service, owing to the facilities they enjoy of changing their domicile. The railways have been in Russia the greatest possible blessing to the Jews, in that they give them the means of speedily moving from place to place, transacting business in parts of the country where they are forbidden, and disappearing with their profits to a place of safety before the government has become aware of what has happened. Forged passports are readily procured, and with these they move from point to point, sleeping on the train, and transacting their business through the day. They avoid as much as possible spending any time in a town where they might be called to account by the police. When the recruiting authorities come to hunt up their Jews for the military service which all Russians have to render, they are usually away from home, or have been enrolled in some other town or village. If they are finally caught and brought before the military authorities, they usually have papers certifying that they are either too young or too old for the service; in fact, the military authorities regard it now as pretty well proved that of the three million Jews in the Russian Empire, hardly one is of military age. In this matter of deceiving the War Office the Jews are much assisted by their local Jewish officials, whose duty it is to register births and grant certificates of this kind; but the matter at last went to such ridiculous lengths that the Russians have gone to the other extreme, and now attach no importance whatever to any document which the Jew may produce, but draw their own conclusions by looking at him, and pronounce him of military age or not according to his appearance or their inclinations. I ventured to point out to my friend that there was little induce-

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JEWISH SMUGGLERS AND REFUGEES IN THE HANDS OF THE DRAGOONS.

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ment for the Jew to enter the army, where he was not apt to be treated with much consideration, but my friend replied that the behavior of the Jew in regard to his military service was analogous to his behavior in regard to all his obligations to the state and every community except his own.

"I do not know how it is with you in America," said he, "but with us, whenever you see a Jew who is rich, you may be pretty sure that he has either contracted to furnish food or clothing for the army, or else has been several times bankrupt. You would have great difficulty in discovering a rich Jew who has not been bankrupt at least once."

The attitude of Germans towards Jews is necessarily most intimately connected with the treatment of them by the Czar, which illustrates, what I believe to be the fact, that the Germans who discuss this question without religious bitterness are prepared to treat fairly the Jews now in Germany, but dread the political consequences of a further immigration from the east. It is notable that the anti-Semitic movement sprang into existence in Germany at the same time that Alexander III. became Czar, and has been growing in proportion as that sovereign has shown a disposition to rid himself of them at the expense of his western neighbors. Fair-minded Germans have over and over again repudiated the idea that they could object to Jews, or any one else, on religious grounds, and protested that in approaching this question they did so strictly as practical politicians dealing with a political state of things gravely affecting the future of their country's development. They do not dread a Jewish invasion from the west, for that Jew is no longer the Jew of Poland, but the Jew who has conformed in many ways to the life and thought of his neighbors in Holland, Belgium, England, and France. The Jew question in Germany could be easily settled if England would agree to accept them first after they left Poland, and send them on to Germany only after they had spent a generation on her soil, far from the influences that oppress them in Warsaw and Kovno.

That the Jew question in Germany has reference to fears for the future rather than anxiety in regard to the present is illustrated to some extent by the fact that in Germany all religious denominations are treated as equal before the law, and if a Jew in Germany complains that his position in society is not as desirable as he could wish, it is a complaint that might just as well be made in America, or even in England. The German Jew complains that his co-religionists are not often selected for military commands, and argues that he is therefore not equal before the law. The Jew is not often found as an officer in the German army simply because the majority of German officers do not desire to serve with him. If the officers of a Prussian regiment desired a Jew to become one of their number, there is no law in the country that would stand in the way; for in this matter of becoming an officer the Jew stands on a footing as good as and no better than a Christian. Every candidate for epaulets in the German army submits his name to the regiment in which he desires to serve, and has to be elected into the regiment, much as though he were applying for admission into a rowing club, or any other semi-social organization. The present German custom is an excellent one, and the Jews who complain against it only advertise the fact that they have not yet reached a point where their fellow-countrymen regard them as the most desirable leaders of troops.

Germany, with a population less than fifty millions, has, according to the census of 1890, 567,884 Jews, a trifle over one per cent. of the population, and a larger number than the whole of her standing army. Of this number Prussia alone has 372,058, yet nowhere have the Jews more enlightened champions than amongst Germans who are not even of the Jewish faith, notably the editors of such papers as the *Nation* and the *Freisinnige*, both of whom are active members of the German Parliament. These men and the party they represent scout the idea that so small a proportion of the whole population can possibly become a danger, and they loudly urge the government to appoint Jews to the most important military and judicial posts—in other words, to treat a Jew not as an alien, but as a thorough German. But these statesmen have not yet convinced the great mass of the people that the Jew, by becoming a citizen of the German Empire, necessarily becomes a German other than in name and speech. Prussia, in 1850, made her citizenship equal to all, irrespective of religious denomina-

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JEWISH RECRUITS.

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tion, and has treated the Jew substantially as the Christian, at least before the law, and the Imperial Constitution of 1871 was framed in the same spirit of toleration.

German politicians who to-day champion the cause of the Jews tell us that during the wars of liberation against Napoleon I. five and a half per cent. of the Jews who were of the military age entered the Prussian army as volunteers, and that one of the first soldiers to earn the Iron Cross in those wars was a Jew. From that day to this the Jews in Germany have borne a good record in the ranks of the army, although few of them have become officers.

Dr. Phillippson has raised a monument to German Jews in connection with the war of 1870 by publishing the result of investigations made amongst his co-religionists in 132 communities. His conclusions are that the Jewish population furnished its full complement to the active army during that struggle, and earned a very respectable number of Iron Crosses as the reward of bravery. The Jews have warm friends in Germany, both in Parliament and in the press, and the merits of the Jew question are pretty thoroughly discussed there from every point of view. In no community is religious toleration so much a matter of principle as in Germany, and the idea of making a distinction between Jew and Christian on religious grounds never entered the mind of a practical German legislator. Every German school-boy is brought up to regard the greatness of Prussia as owing largely to the refuge it has afforded in past ages to the persecuted of all other countries, whether Protestants from France or Jews from Spain. But even amongst liberal Germans there is growing up a feeling that the Jews of their country are more than their mere numbers represent; that they are to some extent a political society whose organization covers the world, and whose aims are not altogether those of the citizens amongst whom they are protected. No Protestant German has ill-will towards his fellow-citizen of the Roman Catholic faith, and if Lutherans ever show a disposition to depart from their principle of toleration it is when they have reason to dread the influence of Jesuits as a political power, whose centre is not within the limits of the empire. The Jewish question is growing in importance amongst Germans, as it has grown in importance in Hungary, in Roumania, and, above all, in Russia. It is bound to go on increasing in proportion as the Jews decline to identify themselves completely with the people amongst whom they traffic and make their money. It is not a trifling matter that the people of these countries regard the Israelite as one of a different nation and race, but it is vastly more serious when amongst these people there develops a widespread fear that the supply of Jews from Russia may assume proportions still more disastrous.

THE WEAVER OF THE SNOW.

BY WILLIAM SHARP.

"The three Winds of Winter: the Wind of Death, that cometh in tumult; the Weaver of the Snow; the Dead Wind, that is, the Black Frost."—JAN MAC AODH.

FROM wold to wold, o'er the vast uplands drear,
The silent Weaver of the Snow goes by:
Scarce is he heard, scarce heard his icy sigh,
When from his polar waste he draweth near.

Before him went the howling wind of Fear;
Behind him, with a low faint perishing cry,
The Black Wind earthward falls from the frozen sky:
Dreadful, alone, he weaves; august, austere.

Far in the desolate midmost of the wold
A little hamlet dusks the veil of white;
Gloom-set but for one gleam of ruddy light.

The Weaver of the Snow his wings doth fold;
A brief while he suspends his weft of cold;
Then, awed, glides darkling onward through the night.

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AN UNDIVINED TRAGEDY.

BY LAURENCE ALMA TADEMA.

The Mother. I am weary of the wind.

The Daughter. I am never weary of it, I! If the night were not so cold, I would open the window, but even now thou sittest shivering. What hearest thou on the wind, mother?

The Mother. The voices of the dead.

The Daughter. The dead? Alas! I will draw the curtains close, and pile the logs up on the hearth. See how the little sparks chase one another! Now will I sit beside thee; we'll be cozy, we two. Oh, how I love thee, mother—mother!

God grant that I die young!

The Mother. God save thee from thy prayer!

The Daughter. Never to be without thee, never to lack thy knee, thy hand, thy bosom! Take these from me, and take the world!

The Mother. Ay, so it seems. Yet one lives on when the heart's world is dust.

The Daughter. Mother?

The Mother. My pretty!

The Daughter. There is something I fain would know, and yet—

The Mother. And yet?

The Daughter. I have never dared to ask it.

Who was—thy world? Was it thy father, or thy mother? Or are husbands dearer than mothers? Thou smilest. Am I very silly?

The Mother. I loved my parents dearly. But there was one—thy father—who was dearer than all besides.

The Daughter. The voices of the dead! All dead, thy dear ones. Only one left, a foolish girl. But I, I cannot hear their voices in the wind. How old was I when father died? Seven or eight, or thereabouts? I remember him, but I cannot see him well in my mind's eye. Was he just as in the picture? Just so?

The Mother. As in the picture?

The Daughter. Yes. So pale and fair and stately. It always seems to me this picture has a fault; for here—shall I say it?—there is a sternness in this face, the long straight nose, and lips set so; these eyes are cold; it is all beautiful, but hard. Yet I cannot remember that I ever feared him. He was always kind, I think.

The Mother. Yes. He was kind.

The Daughter. Now, thy picture has no fault. Often, although I could see it blindfold, I sit and stare at it until thou livest before mine eyes, young as I. Thou hast not changed. Here and there a white hair shines among the rest, that's all.

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The Mother. Are there no wrinkles, then?

The Daughter. A few, but not of such as anger makes. They are sad, thy wrinkles, but all good; the footprints of sorrow merely. How beautiful thou art! Who was more beautiful than thou among thy playmates?

The Mother. I had no playmates. Nor was I beautiful, dear one, save as I am now to thee, seen by the eyes of love. I was passably tall, but very thin always. My dear mother grieved sorely over my arms, I remember; and when Sir Jasper came a-courting, "Sir Jasper," she would say, pinching my elbows, "the poor child has been but poorly, and has lost flesh." Whereas, Heaven knows, I never had a pennyweight to lose. Poor mother! she grieved, too, over my hair, because of its red color, although I had a goodly show of it, and long. My freckles she could never do away with, for all that the skin was white enough between them.

No, I was never truly beautiful.

The Daughter. And when thou wert not with thy father or thy mother, wert then alone?

The Mother. I was seldom alone, being an only child.

The Daughter. When I lie abed in my little room upstairs, I often think of thee abed there of old.

The Mother. How I slept then! How I dreamed! But not as I dream now.

The Daughter. Wert very busy all day? Tell me—tell me many things. There is so much I have never heard. Thou wert never so idle as I, methinks.

The Mother. Thou hast but one taskmaster, and a poor one. I had two. My mother was a thrifty woman, of the kind that holds it a grievous sin to sit five minutes with folded hands. From morn till night she must be up and doing; and, indeed, we should have fared badly but for her. Father, who was lame, sat all day among his books, never giving a thought to household matters, nor asking himself whence his dinner came, though, in sooth, he might often have marvelled that he had any at all. Now mother was otherwise. She was a farmer's daughter; she and her sisters had been famed in youth for their housewifery. Good need she had of it, too, when late in life she married a poor gentleman.

The Daughter. Was grandfather so very poor?

The Mother. This house and garden were his, the orchard and the bit of wood round the Black Pool, but his money-bag was slender. Mother, with a part of her dowry, bought the paddock and the long meadow. The rest I bought in after-years. In those days we kept a man to look after the cows and do the digging, and a little girl to help in the house. Mother and I had plenty on our hands. It was hard work at times, what with the baking and the butter; the washing, too. Yet it looked neater then, methinks, than now with all our people; the garden was prettier. Mother took a rare pride in her garden. I was set a-weeding almost as soon as I could walk. She was a wonderful woman. I remember that when I worked my first sampler I was so small my thimble must needs be stuffed with paper. She was ever teaching me something.

The Daughter. But thy father taught thee also?

The Mother. His teaching was of another kind. I remember his coming into the kitchen one morning, when I was standing on a chair beside mother, kneading a little piece of dough. I can see him now. "Who will eat thy gray pudding, Phœbe?" said he. "Come, I too will teach thee somewhat." And he made of the dough a letter. "That is a letter," said he—"the letter M. M stands for Mother." I was very proud, and went about all day saying, "M stands for Mother."

The Daughter. I like thy father. Tell me more of him.

The Mother. A little later he gave me lessons every day. Mother was not best pleased at the time; she said she had got on well enough without book-learning; but she was glad when I could write a fair hand, and copy her receipts neatly into a book. When I was about fourteen father thought my gifts of no mean order, and tried to make a clever woman of me. He gave himself great pains to teach me all manner of wisdom, foreign to most women. But after a few years we ceased; he was disappointed in me. "Phœbe," said he, sadly, "when all's said, thy wits are but the wits of a woman. Thou swallowest, swallowest, but thou canst not digest."

However, I still read to him daily from the wise men of old; and sometimes, having none but me to turn to, he would come limping into the kitchen, book in

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hand, and cry, "Phœbe, Phœbe, leave thy soapsuds; I have it; thus meant Epictetus!"

He was right. I swallowed all, yet none of this wisdom entered my being.

The Daughter. Oh, mother!

The Mother. 'Tis true, sweetheart. I was a very foolish girl. At night, at early morning in my little room, I did not think of Epictetus, nor meditate on death, as father would have had me do. My thoughts were all of life—my life—that long mysterious chain of days lying between me and the grave. When mother gave me leave to rest awhile, I loved above all things to run across the orchard and through the little wood to the Black Pool, where, treading the moss-grown path, or sitting beside the deep water that shone so dark in the shadow of the trees, I lived a second life, a life within life. This, had my father known it, was the mischief, the canker in the bud.

The Daughter. Is it, then, so evil to dream—to think of the To Come?

The Mother. My child, the evil lies in the nature of the dream. Yet must it ever be so with women.

The Daughter. With women only? Have men no day-dreams?

The Mother. I cannot tell. No doubt. But their dreams must be of another nature, for their Hope is another Hope; other shapes loom for them through the mist of the future. They behold the world, unconquered realms of knowledge and of thought, the destiny of peoples, wide fields of action blazoned by Renown.

We see one form, one only—one figure, rainbow-winged, that fills the vault of our heaven, standing there among the stars, with outspread arms—Love, only Love!

Come, kiss me, sweet, good-night. 'Tis bedtime now.

The Daughter. Oh, no, no! I prithee, mother, let us bide here awhile. Tell me more—tell me all! I am a woman now, methinks. I love thee so—I would have all thy past to treasure in my heart, to pore upon, as a lesson. We are so snug here, talking thus. Is it pain to tell me? Then tell me nothing; yet, if thou canst, tell me all. I long to hear.

The Mother. I did not think to tell thee all so soon. Yet, soon or late, it must be. Often have I turned over and over again in my mind the manner of the telling. Now it seems to come otherwise.

Why not to-night? Fetch a stool: my dear one will be stiff kneeling thus on the ground.

The Daughter. Then thou wilt? Oh, joy! The servants are going to bed; we shall be all alone with thy youth. There; but I may sit close to thee still, against thy knee? Give me thy hand. Now, mother, kiss and begin.

The Mother. Where was I?

The Daughter. Dreaming, by the Black Pool. How old wert thou then?

The Mother. Fifteen, sixteen—eighteen. I was eighteen when Sir Jasper came to woo.

The Daughter. My father!

The Mother. He whose likeness hangs before us.

I remember the day well. It was summer, and baking-day; mother and I were both very hot and red-faced when he came riding into the yard. We had not seen him since he left England, a boy, at his father's death. The Hall had lain empty six years; now he was come to live there. "Run up," said mother, "and change thy frock." I suppose she thought I should not give myself pains enough to look seemly, for she came after me, and brushed my hair herself. When father sent for us into his room, Sir Jasper stood there among the books.

The Daughter. Didst fall in love with him then and there?

The Mother. I thought him the handsomest man I had ever seen. Faith, I had seen but few; yet, had I seen a townful, I could scarce have changed my mind. He was dressed in black, as was his custom: I never saw him otherwise attired.

The Daughter. And did he love thee at once? What color was thy frock?

The Mother. I forget. After that day he came very often to see father. He was a man of learning; they would sit closeted together by the hour with their books, holding long discourses too. We could hear the hum of their voices as we sat sewing.

The Daughter. Methinks 'twas not well done of grandfather. He should have let *thee* speak with thy suitor.

The Mother. I did not think of him in those first days. His high estate and proud bearing, his many noble parts, my father's deep regard for him, all filled me with a distant admiration not untinged by awe. To me he rarely spoke: but, as the year wore on to its close, little by

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little, the shapeless hero of my dream assumed Sir Jasper's form. How could it have been otherwise? I, a young girl, ahungered for love, waiting for the unknown; he, beautiful and good, walking in and out of my day; over and above all, father's ceaseless praise of him, and mother's fond and ill-concealed desires, helping hourly to quicken my fancy.

And if he too began to think of me, 'twas no great wonder. Here was a man addicted to profound studiousness, looking upon marriage as a duty, yet unwilling to break upon the stern tenor of his days. In me he beheld a young woman whose beauty, although sufficient to stand the test of daily contemplation, was not great enough to provoke vanity; one accustomed from her birth to the ways of a book-buried man, to the respect of learning, to silence and solitude; who, in the ignorance of her shielded girlhood, knew nothing of laughter or gay fellowship.

In the new year he came more and more often to see us, and often would find some excuse to linger on after his parley with father. It was hard work at home that winter; mother liked to get all the rough work done early, against his coming, for he always came without warning. We must needs be up betimes; and I remember how, when Sir Jasper staid late of an evening, I sat yawning behind my frame, wishing him gone, for all that I was glad he staid so long.

The Daughter. Didst know he loved thee? Was he very kind?

The Mother. He was always kind and courteous in his ways. I thought that perhaps he loved me; I thought this because I wished it, not for any better reason. But father constantly said of him that he might be numbered among the Stoics, and I knew it had been their doctrine to quell the emotions. So I said to myself, he loves me, but he seeks to stifle this weakness. Some day his love will grow so great that it will burst the bonds of his strong will, and then—and then, I felt myself borne away on the stream of this mighty torrent, helpless, drowned in the joy of it.

I never allowed to mother that I had these hopes. When she spoke of him as of a suitor, and even began to talk of the days when I should have left home, I laughed at her fancies, and made believe I cared not a pin if he came or staid away. Yet I was glad enough when she sent for a length of blue cloth to make me a new gown.

The Daughter. A blue frock? How was it made? Wert very sweet in it?

The Mother. And every time he came I gave myself more pains to look trim and tie up my hair in becoming fashion. But mother and I both grieved sorely over my hands, they were so rough with the house-work, so red with the cold.

The Daughter. These dear white hands?

The Mother. Mother made me some paste, and of a night I wrapped them in flannel; but all to no purpose; red they remained, and I had chilblains to boot.

The Daughter. Poor little mother! But he never minded thy red hands, I know. 'Twas enough for him to look at thy face.

The Mother. Stir the fire, dear heart; it burns low. Where was I? Ah, well! One day we were in this room—mother, Sir Jasper, and I; I forget how it came about that mother left us; almost before I had time to think, we were alone.

"Mistress Phœbe," said he, "I have a favor to beg of you."

I dared not look at him; I can remember nothing of what I said or did; I only know that I was seized with a sudden fearful bliss. It had come; already I felt myself leaning on the strength of his love. He was standing there. I forget his words, but they fell chilly on my heart.. He merely sought leave to ask father for my hand; he had waited, he said, to first obtain my permission, feeling that in the question of marriage the woman's choice should be considered as well as the man's.

The Daughter. Oh, mother! Was that all?

The Mother. That was all. At first I felt stunned, and very cold. But I said he might ask father. Then mother returned, and I ran away.

On the stairs I cried bitterly, but soon fell to consoling myself by a rebuilding of the airy castle his measured words had so cruelly shattered. "He is strong," thought I—"a strong, noble man, not a foolish girl with her heart in her mouth. If he did not love me, he would not seek me for his wife. He will show me all later." And when mother came out to fetch me, my eyes were dry.

Dear father took me in his arms when I re-entered the room, and kissed me as if he had forgotten he was a Stoic. Mother

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too kissed me. We were not given to endearments, as a rule; father would have none of it, and held much fondling to be the height of folly.

The Daughter. That would never have suited me!

The Mother. Nor me. I often hugged mother on the sly, though she was not much of a one at kisses either. But that day she kissed me, and father too. I did not know what to do next, for Sir Jasper was standing there quite mum; I held out my hand to him, and he touched it lightly with his lips.

The Daughter. Oh, mother, mother! What a bitter disappointment! Nay, do not laugh; I had thought 'twould all have been so different.

The Mother. So had I, sweetheart.

Now the days wore on. Mother and I went to town in the spring to buy me all manner of things; plain enough we should think them now, yet to my simplicity they seemed mighty fine. I was to be a rich lady, but mother would have it that I should leave home with my own plain clothes on my back. "If thy husband will have thee go in silks," said she, "he can buy them for thee when once thou art his wife."

What a stitching was there! The weeds ran riot in the garden that summer. Meanwhile Sir Jasper came and went as before. Once he brought me a little ring, and on my birthday a necklet. I seldom saw him alone; but each time we stood together the blood buzzed in my ears at the thought of that whirlpool of love which I longed for, yet dreaded so sorely.

The Daughter. And then?

The Mother. The corn ripened. We were to be married on the 17th of August. . . .

The Daughter. I am listening, mother dear.

The Mother. Where was I?

The Daughter. The corn had ripened; you were to be married on the 17th of August.

The Mother. Why, yes. Dearest, enough for to-night. Some other time I will tell thee what followed.

The Daughter. No, no! Thou didst promise me all, mother, my own! Art locked in this chair, see, by my arms. Prithee, go on.

The Mother. 'Tis close on midnight.

The Daughter. We may sit till cock-crow, if thou but wilt. I could not sleep a wink now.

Tell me, when did it come?

The Mother. What?

The Daughter. The torrent of his love.

The Mother. It was hot, that August. About a week before my wedding I left my work one afternoon, and ran out, very weary, for a breath of air. I ran along the orchard, and down the paddock, where I leant across the gate, watching the reapers in the field opposite.

And, on the road, a few yards off, stood a young man with his back to me. The air was still, unstirred by any sound save the liquid measured fall of the oats, at each stroke of the glistening scythe.

He turned towards me presently. He had a way of standing with his head a little forward, thus, chin up. I did not think him beautiful then, but his eyes were the keenest I had ever looked upon.

"How long might it take, mistress," asked he, "to learn this art?"

"What art?" said I.

"This man's art; the wielding of that peaceful weapon. Fain would I work in the fields."

I was much surprised at this, for he wore the habit of a gentleman.

"You are no laborer," said I, looking hard at his long hands.

"No," he replied, holding them out a little. "Yet might these pale idlers learn to get me food and lodging. This ne'er-do-well, this dullard, this villanous receptacle of dreams and folly, shall work for me no more."

And he struck himself many times harshly on the brow.

The Daughter. Poor gentleman!

The Mother. I was very sorry for him too, and wondered what I might do to help him; then I bethought me of our meadow where the clover was being gathered together, and thither I took him. Our fellow, who had but a few children to help him, was glad enough of another hand, and my tramp set to work with a will.

"What good work!" said he, and he sniffed the sweet scent with such delight that I went home laughing.

When I told father of my adventure, he must needs hear the tale twice over; then he called for his hat, and went off to the meadow as fast as he could limp. I was sorry I could not go with him, but there was still a sight of needle-work to be done.

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The Daughter. Poor gentleman! How glad I am that grandfather went to fetch him! Well?

The Mother. Sir Jasper came whilst mother and I sat sewing on the terrace, and was greatly surprised not to find father at home. Mother told him the cause of this unwonted absence, to which he listened with some interest, and then we all three sat in silence. Sir Jasper brought a book from his pocket, and read. I wondered if he were thinking more of me or of the book. From time to time I looked at him, but he never looked at me until I rose to lay the supper. Then he rose too, and moved his chair from the doorway to let me pass.

The Daughter. Did grandfather bring him home to supper?

The Mother. Yes, he brought him home to supper. Mother and I always sat at either end of the table, and did all the serving, for dear father hacked the meat so that mother couldn't bear to see it. Sir Jasper sat beside me, and Piers between him and mother.

The Daughter. Piers? Was that the gentleman's name?

The Mother. No, little one. His name was Christopher South, but he found that name ill suited to a laborer, and, one day that he had been working at the plough, he renamed himself Piers by way of pleasantry, and Piers he always remained to me.

Father and Sir Jasper and he talked together all supper-time. Being a foolish girl, and in love moreover, I did not pay much heed to their discourse, but followed my own thoughts. I thought of all the sewing that must be got through before bedtime, for mother and I had divided what remained into seven or eight heaps, one for each day. I thought, too, of my wedding-gown, and of the Hall that was to be my home, and of the days to come; and now and then I pulled myself together to see if the plates wanted filling.

The Daughter. I hope he had plenty to eat.

The Mother. But towards the end of supper I did listen; that is to say, I did not so much note the matter of their discourse as the manner of it, and I fell to looking from one speaker to the other. I had not seen father so bright for many a long day; he seemed roused from his customary dry bookishness. As a rule, when he spoke, he mainly brought forth from the garners of his memory long-winded quotations, aptly linked together by matter that proved his understanding of them; his talk was, as it were, a series of commentaries. Sir Jasper spoke after the manner of a book also, but of a new book; he was a student of the living tongues rather than of the dead, and rather followed the moderns than the ancients in his drift. But it had never struck me before I heard Piers what a dryness was in their method, this painstaking and measured utterance of scholarly thought. The stranger had another way with him. Elbows on the table, his keen face made beautiful by the ardor of his eyes, he talked, not as a book, as a man. Now and again he would halt for a word, take any term that came to him; at times his speech fell fast, almost unintelligibly; then the stream slackened. One felt that he was struggling inwardly for truth as he spoke, not merely sifting the ready-made tenets of other men. As I said, I could see the effect of this fresh and pregnant brain upon father and Sir Jasper. Several times he worsted them; hit them in such a novel and unexpected way that they could not parry his strokes with their accustomed weapons. So deep were they in converse that for the first, and, I believe, the last time Sir Jasper forgot to rise as soon as mother and I got up to clear the table. I remember how cross dear mother was when she saw what havoc Piers had wrought at his end of the table. He had turned the salt in and out of the salt-cellars as he spoke; worse still, he had drawn sundry arabics on the cloth with the prongs of his fork. But before the week was out she liked him as well as any of us; it was amazing how she put up with all his failings.

The Daughter. Did he stay a whole week, then, the bright-eyed gentleman?

The Mother. More than a week, for he staid on awhile after my wedding. Father would not let him go, and would have had him there to talk to all day; but Piers had set his heart on field-work, and must needs go out and earn his living, as he said, by the sweat of his brow. Sir Jasper gave him work, for our clover was soon stacked.

The Daughter. Then Sir Jasper was fond of him too?

The Mother. Both he and father had plenty to say against him. An untutored mind, they called it; and made out, too,

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that he was an ill-restrained, impulsive boy, a goodly plant running to seed. Yet were they glad enough to lay in a store of that same seed. How they all talked of an evening! Mother and I were thankful to have the men so well taken off our hands, which were full enough, in all truth.

Afterwards, that week seemed as a dream to me; not until many months had gone did facts detach themselves, as it were, and stand out clear. The approach of that dreaded hour of my desire, when my strong-willed lover should bestow on me, together with his worldly goods, the richer treasure of his love, so long withheld, called forth bright dreams of the joy to be, checked ever and anon by poignant regrets for the past, for my girlhood, now nearly spent; and an hourly increasing tenderness for my parents kept pace with a secret fostering of new warmth towards him who was to be my husband. At the time I was hardly conscious of these many conflicting emotions, but they passed to and fro over my heart, leaving their footprints there.

Then this stranger in the midst of all, this would-be vagabond whom those I most revered could not despise, before whose glowing vision their rigidity gave way; who won mother's love by his childlike spirit, and by an inborn gentleness that led him always to do and say what was most kind and thoughtful of others' needs in a way that put all trained courtesy to shame; who gave me in the last week of my girlhood what I had never known, what I was destined never to know again, laughter, the laughter born of youth and carelessness, that trips along the surface of the heart.

The Daughter. Oh, mother mine, where should I be without it? Why, there is nothing so good as to laugh and laugh—all for nothing; save that 'tis rather sweet at times to weep for nothing too, looking out of window at the moon, perhaps—just for nothing.

Didst laugh with him, then?

The Mother. Indeed but I did. Ever and anon as he spoke something would touch his fancy, and he would laugh; then, I being the only young one, or rather the only foolish one, he always looked at me. And I, made bold by the presence of a fellow-defaulter, joined in gladly enough, finding how well this kind of speech became me. True, I never allowed myself to laugh my fill when father and Sir Jasper were by, for fear of their displeasure; but sometimes he came to keep mother and me company, and then 'twas otherwise. I remember that one evening even mother joined us.

But I am telling thee all this too soon; true; I lived the days of which I speak in this wise, but it was not until long afterwards that I knew it, when all was past and gone. It often happens thus; the events which shape our destinies come upon us unawares, when our minds are full of other thoughts, other dreams; and afterwards we see what was branded on our hearts whilst we lay dreaming.

So I married Sir Jasper. What wouldst thou ask, beloved?

The Daughter. Many things—yet none. I am perplexed. Tell me more of him. Whence came he? How old was he? What was he to look upon? But whence came he, mother?

The Mother. Have I not told thee? I have omitted something of great moment. He told mother and me first; it was, I think, on the second evening. This boy, as we thought him, was married. It was this, perhaps, called forth mother's kindliness towards him; it seemed so cruel; he was so young. I remember the pride with which he told us he had a daughter, a baby girl just four months old. Mother cried when she heard it.

The Daughter. Why did she cry?

The Mother. In pity, sweetest. Seest thou, my own, there are many sad things in this life, but none more sad than the sight of a little child born when the love of those two most near is dead or dying.

The Daughter. Then—he did not love his wife?

The Mother. That tale shall be for another time. Enough that he had known great sorrow.

The Daughter. Poor gentleman! Tell me of thy wedding now, or I too shall weep for him, and I would not come to thy wedding in tears.

The Mother. Well, 'twas a fine day enough. I awoke very early and went down, and there was mother about too, bless her! I believe she had not slept that night. I was not very happy, now the time was come. But all that day, too, was as a dream. I dare say I was very tired, and the many different emotions that filled my being smothered each other, killing sensation. I remember the

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church all filled with people, for the whole parish was come out to have a look at us. Mother would have bidden some of the neighbors to a merrymaking, according to custom, but father would have no such thing, so we four and Piers dined together after-church. It was a fine hot day. I remember how the wasps swarmed about the table, and how loud their buzzing fell on the terrible silence. Piers was the only one of us who talked at all; father was afraid to open his mouth for fear of showing how miserable he was; mother only kept back her tears by looking as cross as she possibly could, and Sir Jasper sat beside me stone-still. As for me, I bore up well enough until Piers, who had all the while been making manful struggles to enliven us, said something so foolish that I fell a-laughing; and then 'twas all over with me, for I burst into tears atop of the laughter, and had to bury my head in my hands for shame.

Why, little one, that's never a tear on thy cheek?

The Daughter. Oh, mother! I thought 'twould have been a merry wedding.

The Mother. Nay, merry it was not. Sir Jasper took me away that afternoon to a house he then owned in another county. I cried the best part of the way there, not only on account of the pain it was to leave home, but every tear I shed for sorrow called forth another of pure mortification; I knew how displeased and disappointed my husband must be by such a show of weakness.

The Daughter. Did he not take thee in his arms and kiss the tears from thy cheeks?

The Mother. No; I thought perhaps he would have done so, since now I was indeed his wife; but he just let me be, and leant out of window half the time, now and then drawing my attention to some passing object. He meant it all in kindness, no doubt.

The Daughter. Mother!—I know it now, I know it all; thou needst not tell me!

It never came—the torrent of his love.

The Mother. Thou hast guessed aright. It never came.

The Daughter. How terrible! Never! Mother, I am sore perplexed; all these years I have fancied thee grieving for thy dead husband, for the lost shelter of his love—I remembered him so kind.

The Mother. Thou dost well to remember him kind, for to thee he never showed but kindness. Let us not judge the dead. The fault was mine, perhaps. I had dreamed too much.

The Daughter. I shall never marry, I, to give and give and be disdained. And yet he must have loved thee, mother; he must have loved thee a little.

The Mother. No doubt he loved me, in his way. But there should be two words to express things so different as his love and mine.

At first, so great was my regard for him, I needs must think myself at fault. I could not believe the eternal calm of his face and bearing to be other than a mask set there by his own will. I imagined his cold demeanor to betoken, as might be, a film of displeasure overlying his love—love that might not be mine until I proved wholly worthy of the gift. I fancied that he despised me, found me unworthy of his best; I felt even as a child that has been naughty and meets with frowns; I wept within me for a smile, and when my own smiling failed to win one, hung my head. Then, from believing that he found me foolish, girlish, weak, despicable, I believed myself so; and despising my own heart's throbbings, almost taught myself to think his way the best, to walk through the days strengthened by the calm of a feigned indifference. But this was poor and short-lived comfort. The first year of my married life was one of almost ceaseless misgiving, disenchantment, and pain. I was wrapped in doubt, and groped my way along by the light of my poor hopes, that sank at length into the merest flicker, and then died utterly. I was miserably lonely. My husband worked in his room nearly all day; in spite of the wounding callousness of his demeanor, his presence was preferable to the weary hours of my solitude. I remember how I longed for meal-times; I might then at least look upon him.

Things might have gone better but for my enforced idleness; day in, day out, I sat idle in my ladyship; no healthy house-work was there to help me. Sometimes I tried to read, but I was too much absorbed by my own misery to disentangle my wretched thoughts.

It was during the first year of my marriage that I embroidered those hangings now in thy room.

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The Daughter. Alas! that I should never have seen thy tears among the stitches!

The Mother. 'Twould be a hopeless world indeed, my own, if sighs were immortal, or came as ghosts to haunt the free.

The Daughter. Didst thou not tell thy mother?

The Mother. No. I would not tell her. Thence sprang another grief. I could have gone most days to see my parents; 'tis an easy walk, as thou knowest, from here to the Hall. But the solace of their presence was marred by the pains my hypocrisy cost me. I would not for the world have had them think me discontented with my lot. This was not solely out of consideration for them; it was partly out of a certain pride, common, I imagine, to many women, which leads them to suffer in secret bitter and life-long pangs rather than bear the humiliation of another's pity.

The Daughter. Tell me no more of this, it is so cruel. When did I come to comfort thee?

The Mother. Not yet. All might have been otherwise—who knows?—had I but had some dearer life to care for. Thou must well understand, I had no one but myself to think of. Sir Jasper managed his affairs alone, apart; the household lay to all intents and purposes in the hands of his housekeeper, a good soul, who nevertheless resented what mild attempts I made at interference. He himself was one of those self-sufficient beings whose whole nature is poised with such a nicety that they never stretch out so much as a little finger towards another for help. He was, besides, so independent and simple, almost to asceticism, in his ways, that he imposed no personal service upon those around him. Give a woman to husband a man who needs her not, neither her tender care and watchful sympathy nor the countless trifling services 'tis in her nature to bestow on him that holds her heart, and the noblest joy and wherefore of her life is gone. He never needed me. Sometimes I almost wished he were not so strong of frame; hoped that he might fall ill, and I make proof of my devotion: but when one day, having a headache, he would not let me so much as lay a cool kerchief to his brow, but locked himself up in his room, even that hope left me.

At length the glow of my love paled: the fire that had thrown forth its heat in vain burnt low for lack of fuel, when one fond word, one slight caress, might have called it to life again.

The Daughter. Enough, dearest, enough of sorrow! Is there no more joy to come?

The Mother. There! lay thy head on my knee—look at me not so keenly with thy bright eyes.

Thou seest, dear one, I was very unhappy; the days hung long and heavy on my hands. There came a time when I gave up struggling, hoping, and fell dreaming once more. Two dreams I had—one of the past, one of the future. As I sat at my broidery I lived it all again, my past, childhood and girlhood; dwelling most gladly on the sunshine of it, on whatever in those days now gone had brought me most of happiness.

The Daughter. The other dream?

The Mother. Oh, the other dream! I was so lonely! 'Tis wonderful how clearly I beheld him, my little son. I would walk up and down the room with him in my arms, hold his small hand in mine as I went walking; and when I sat alone the door would open; I heard the patter of his feet upon the floor; I took him on my knee and sang him songs.

The Daughter. But he never lived?

The Mother. Never, save in my heart. It was a dream merely; I should not have dreamt it. There came a time when I would go out of my way sooner than meet a little child upon the road.

The Daughter. But the dream of the past; that was comfort.

The Mother. At first, perhaps. But it came to pass, I know not how, that I returned again and again in my thoughts with a sort of haunting regret, as if great joy had lain therein, to those last days of my girlhood, when—when I had not known that I possessed anything very dear. I did not realize how often I thought of those days; my memory turned to them unconsciously.

One evening I was sitting with Sir Jasper; he was reading; I, too, had taken a book down from his shelves. It was the story of King Arthur and his table round. I have it upstairs; thou, too, shalt read it.

Well, as I read, half a-dream, according to my wont, I suddenly became aware that all those fair knights, Arthur and Lancelot, Sir Tristram, all, had but one face; I knew the face—it was Piers. My horror was very great. I bent close to

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the fire; it seemed to me that my husband must read my thoughts.

The Daughter. Was it so very wrong? I cannot think of thee and wrong.

The Mother. It was wrong, my child, very wrong. Now that I have told thee half, I must needs tell thee all. Let us make believe we are not speaking of me, but of some poor lady in a book. We can be sorry for her, forgive her if need be; but the wrong remains.

Now, after this day, things went much worse with me, for, having once discovered Piers among my thoughts, I grew to seek him there, and searched my memory for all it held of him. From time to time, for a day or two together, I would exert my will, and resolutely think of other things; but my will was not strong enough to struggle long against desire. At first I thought of him for the pleasure of the thought, without regret; his phantom laughed within me gayly. But soon there crept in among my thoughts a wish to see him again. I tried to recall the sound of his voice, the lines of his face; closing eyes and ears, I conjured him before me by the strength of that will which might more fitly have been used to banish him, until I was almost afraid of my dream's vividness.

At length one day, as I sat at my work, he rose before me so clearly that I lifted my head from the frame with a sudden jerk, stretching my arms out. It was daytime; I had forgotten it; the blue daylight returned all garish to my long-pressed eyes. I heard my own voice say, Piers, Piers!

I knew then that I loved him. I gathered myself together as best I could, and looked well into the yawning gulf that had opened at my feet. For several weeks I durst not think of him again; something came, too, to banish his thought from my mind. My dearest mother caught a chill and died very suddenly, early in the new year, when I had been some eighteen months married. Thus I lost my nearest friend, the only woman to whom I might have told my woman's griefs; her mere presence, the knowledge that she was there, close at hand, had been comfort. I had never thought it possible that she could die; it was a great sorrow.

Poor father was almost broken-hearted, I know, although he bore his loss without a murmur. I made it my habit to go and see him every day; his sight was failing; I read to him again as of old. Again and yet again I read to him those reflections of the ancient philosophers that bore on the futility of life, the excellence of death, the vanity of regret for the departed. Sometimes I wrote at his dictation sundry meditations of his own in a little book he called his Consolations.

Sir Jasper was very kind to him, and went almost daily to spend an hour or two with the old man. I hoped we might have induced him to live with us at the Hall, but he would not leave this house.

The Daughter. He staid here, then, till he died? Did I often see him? Methinks I remember sitting on an old man's knee. Was he fond of me, mother?

The Mother. Thy prattle was a great delight to him in his last days. Wert three and a half years old, I think, when he died.

The Daughter. Wait, while I stir the fire, mother sweet. Now, prithee, on.

The Mother. As I told thee, Sir Jasper and I went daily to bear him a few hours' company.

One Sunday we walked home together. I mean to father's house. It was April, a warm sweet day; some of the spirit of the spring was in me; I might almost have danced had I been alone. When we reached the threshold of my dear home I could no longer contain myself, but broke from our stately tread and skipped to father's room ere my husband had time to open the door for me. And there, beside father, sat Piers.

The Daughter. Oh, I'm so glad!

The Mother. So was I. My foolish thoughts of him had been well smothered; I did not even remember in that moment that they had ever been. But I think we hardly met as friends of one short week's standing. Sir Jasper, too, seemed pleased to see him; I was very glad. We all had supper together in the kitchen, as of old, save that one was missing. Yet were we merry. It seemed as if I had not laughed since last I saw him. Nor was I quite selfishly happy; it did my heart good to see father's face when Piers was by.

Walking home that night with Sir Jasper I still was happy, I remember. He too seemed roused, and was, indeed, uncommonly talkative; he held me, too, more kindly than of wont upon his arm. We spoke mostly of Piers as we went along,

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wondered what had become of his wife and the poor little baby. I was very happy that night, and almost wondered why I had been so sad. I gave one passing thought, too, to those ungoodly dreams I had had in the winter, and wondered how I had ever sunk so low as to pollute with one grain of wrong a friendship so simple and so honest.

The Daughter. Didst see him again next day?

The Mother. Yes, next day, every day, for I went, as thou knowest, either morning or afternoon to see father; mostly of a morning, for then Sir Jasper staid indoors, and I loved best to have father to myself. Now that Piers was there he hardly needed me to read to him, but I went all the same. We took the readings in turn, Piers and I; when the mornings were fine we sat out in the porch, otherwise in father's room.

The Daughter. Thou lovest the porch still.

The Mother. Now, although I had stifled those winter dreams, and in his presence felt but the calm of perfect content, it came to pass that those few morning hours were my day; those before, anticipation; those that followed, retrospection. And I went faithfully as a clock, at the same hour each morning.

One day as I was crossing the orchard I saw Piers standing among the white trees. "I have come to meet you," said he. I was very glad. I had not been alone with him since the first day we met. We walked a little apart, quite silently, half the length of the orchard; then he said, "Do you remember how sweet the clover smelt?" I smiled; it was such joy to find we had the same thoughts. Then we looked up at the wondrous roof of blossoms, and when we reached the last tree he stretched his arm across me to a little branch and shook it so that the petals fell on us in a snowy shower.

The only words I spoke during that walk were to ask him how father did, just as we reached the house door.

The Daughter. I love him! I love him!

The Mother. Next day was Sunday, and Sir Jasper and I went to see father together in the afternoon, according to custom. We always supped with him on Sundays. It was a cold evening, and I bade the girl who now waited on father lay us a fire. 'Twas here, in this very room; they, the three men, sat on that side of the hearth; I, where I sit now. They talked and talked, but I did not listen; I watched them. I knew that Piers was the only one of them who remembered my presence; I knew that, speak how he would, one-half of his thoughts was mine. Now and again he turned his head a little, for he sat sideways towards me; and then I always smiled very quickly, and he too; and we looked apart again. I was sorry when Sir Jasper took me home. We had to drive, for the rain fell fast; and all the time I saw Piers still, sitting sideways, with a little curl beside his ear; and I wondered if he had ever looked at me when I was not looking, and whether to-morrow he would meet me in the orchard again.

The Daughter. Did he?

The Mother. No; but before I reached the orchard, by the Black Pool, he met me. The rain had ceased, but a heavy mist hung low; from the half-clothed branches overhead the drops kept falling on us; the moss was all wet.

"You will catch cold," said he.

"Oh no!" said I, and we walked side by side on the narrow path.

And as we walked on in silence, the thought came to me of the wife that had not loved him. "This path is too narrow for two," said I. It came to me at the same time that silence can speak too well. I began to talk, and we talked all the way home. It was better so; better and worse, for he had never talked to me before. We spoke of the spring, of the trees and the sky, of the flowers at our feet, of the bird-voices that filled the air. I knew that he could never have spoken to Sir Jasper and to father as now he spoke to me; he seemed as by a magic touch to set at liberty the long-imprisoned, undefined sensations of my own heart. All that he said I understood; and I knew that they, the wise men, would not have understood him. A mine of joy was in me from that hour. . . .

The Daughter. I am here, mother.

The Mother. Every day we met thus, by the Black Pool; every day he spoke to me in language clear, light-bringing. Very soon we ceased to speak of trees and flowers only, but touched all other things in earth or heaven.

I know not how I lived the remaining hours. I only know that I was wrapped

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entirely in the present; I durst not think beyond the morrow. I never suffered myself to look into my heart, but fled from my own innermost self with dread, for I knew full well what secret dwelt there; and I knew, too, that the day whereon I should make self-confession of my unrighteous love must put an end to my paradise.

The Daughter. Mother!

The Mother. My child?

The Daughter. He loved thee.

The Mother. He had not told me so.

The Daughter. And Sir Jasper?

The Mother. I never knew how much he saw. He was the same to me in his bearing then as he had always been, and was again for many months to follow. I did not think of him, save that a half-unconscious dread of him was growing alongside of that other thing whose presence I durst not allow unto myself. And this went on until the end of May.

'Twas the 29th of the month. The morning was somewhat gray; the sun rarely broke through the clouds. I was just starting for home at the accustomed hour, when my husband called to me from his window. I had not yet seen him that morning, as indeed was often the case. He called to me now from his window, begging me to copy some papers for him. I was greatly surprised, for he had never before asked such a service of me; once, indeed, during the first weeks of our marriage, I had prevailed upon him to let me do a little copying, but there it had begun and ended. I could not refuse my husband, but, before going to him, I sent a hasty note to father by my maid, telling him I was detained, but would come to him without fail that afternoon, at about five o'clock. I sent this message to father, although there was no occasion to do so; but I feared to lose my walk with Piers.

At four o'clock, Sir Jasper having returned to his work after dinner, I set off for the Black Pool. There was an unwonted agitation upon me, for I felt that I was about to meet Piers for the first time, as it were, by my own deed. True, we had always met purposely, yet by such a tacit understanding as gave our purpose all the semblance of mere chance. I knew, too, that there was something of foolhardiness in the step, as my husband frequently walked over for an hour's converse with father in the late afternoon. All this helped to tinge with the hues of complication what had hitherto appeared so simple.

My heart beat violently when I beheld Piers leaning over the old blue railing at the end of the Black Pool. For an instant I was seized with an indescribable fear, and my strength seemed like to fail me. I would have retraced my steps, but that every fibre of my being drew me towards him.

When he became aware of my coming he turned suddenly, and there we stood, face to face. 'Twas all over now, the play-acting; fallen the goodly shield of self-deceit; our last weapon, self-command, beaten at one blow from our grasp by the divine monster whose strength had outgrown the bulwarks of our consciences, who, nourished in the darkest depths of our hearts, now burst from its prison and stood in naked radiance before our failing eyes. . . .

Piers — Piers — we should have died then! We might so well have lain us down together, in the dark waters of eternal peace. . . .

The Daughter. Mother! my mother!

The Mother. There came a footstep in the wood that roused us. I knew it was Sir Jasper's step.

"Piers," said I, "this is the end—the beginning is the end. We must never meet again."

Then Piers built up before me visions of a heaven on earth, of a home we might make in some far-off land—he, his little child, and I. It was not the thought of Sir Jasper that held me, nor of the vow I had made in church; but ever and anon, when my strength seemed almost beaten to earth by his words, by the might of his eyes, by the touch of his hand, I turned my thoughts to the old man at home. It was the thought of father, of mother's memory, that helped me most. Yet even that safeguard might be of no avail if I listened much longer.

"Let me go," said I. "If we do this, if we buy these joys—oh, Piers, think of it!—the price is deadly sin; we might die cursing one another. I will mourn for thee, bleed for thee, all the days of my life; but, oh, Piers, even if I curse thee not, to rise from our guilty grave in God's wrath, to be cursed by Him! Seest thou how father and mother weep in their shrouds? Oh, to be cursed by them through all eternity!"

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"Better that with thee," cried Piers, "than all the empty joys of heaven."

The Daughter. Oh, mother, I should have gone with him—I!

The Mother. At length I prevailed upon him to leave us. I wanted him to promise that he would never come again, but he would make no promise that he at present felt himself unable to perform; he gave me his word, however, that he would take leave of father next day, and tempt me no further. He only begged of me that I would meet him once again, and, indeed, 'twas the wish of my own heart. I felt, too, that another meeting would be but the just reward of our great renunciation. He would have had me meet him that night, but I could not.

"No," said I—"no, Piers; we will part when the world is good, when the day is very young and very innocent."

Then we walked slowly home. I had forgotten all about Sir Jasper. When we opened the door of father's room, my husband sat beside him, reading. He looked up at us, but his face betrayed neither suspicion nor emotion; he merely said,

"You are late," and went on reading.

Piers and I each took a book and sat awhile at opposite ends of the room, making believe to read also. But it was more than I could bear. Seas should have parted us, yet here we sat, we three, mocking the terrors of our state by a hideous counterfeit of peace. Shivering at measured intervals from head to foot, I rose and kissed my father. I felt unwell, I said, and would leave him, since he was so well attended, and walk home before sunset. I asked my husband if he would be home to supper, but he advised me to go to bed early and not trouble myself about him, as he would probably stay with father rather later than usual. When I approached the door, he opened it for me with his customary solicitude. I had not said a parting word to Piers. In the doorway I turned as if to smile at father, and there stood Piers, book in hand, by the window, looking at me with his bright eyes.

I have never entered the room since but I must see him there beside the window, with head a little forward and chin up, looking at me still.

The Daughter. Mother—on, dearest,—next day.

The Mother. I did not sleep that night. Towards midnight I heard my husband retire to his room, and was astonished at his lateness. The dawn seemed long a-coming, but it came at last, and then methought it had come too soon; for many a time must I see the dawn again, yet never again say to myself, "Once more shall I see him."

The sun was rising when I reached the Black Pool, but Piers was not yet there. I marvelled at this, and walked awhile to and fro, then sat me down on the moss beside the still water to wait for him. Every minute I thought that he must come the next, so the time seemed short enough. I tried hard to make believe 'twas already to-morrow, and he forever gone from me, that, having had some foretaste of the bitterness to come, I might measure the full sweetness of my last cup of bliss. But the air was laden with the misty promise of a golden day; the crooning, tender voice of the dove broke the silence of the woods; from afar off I heard the cuckoo's note. Joy was abroad in the young world; in my heart also. In vain I said unto myself, "Be sad; be sad!" I could not. Instead of crying, "I shall never see him more," I cried within me, "He is coming!" Another second, and he would hold me in his arms. My spirit leaped towards that moment, and refused to look beyond.

The Daughter. Mother, he came?

The Mother. No, my darling; he did not come. A straggling sunbeam pierced the leaves and fell upon the moss beside me, gilding the dew. It came to me that I had sat there all too long. I durst not go to father's house; I hastened home in frantic doubt. My husband met me at breakfast; he seemed, if such a thing were possible, more calm and cold than of wont; it may have been in contrast merely to my own unsteadiness. As I was leaving the room, he asked me again to copy some papers for him, and I made no demur, but crept with them to my room. My hand shook pitifully, and in my distraction I made so many blunders that I still sat with my unfinished task before me in the late afternoon. I hardly know why I sat there so patiently, making no murmur when Sir Jasper set off without me. I seemed but half awake.

My husband returned to supper, and we ate in silence. At length I felt that my head was beginning to turn, that I could not sit upright much longer; so I

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rose and bade him good-night. Half-way across the room I asked,

"How is father?"

"Not so well," replied my husband; "he is coughing badly."

At the door I turned my face from him. "How is Piers?" I asked.

"He is gone," replied Sir Jasper.

"Oh!" said I then. "I did not know. He never said good-by to me." And when my husband had closed the door upon me, I rushed, half blind and bloodless, to my room.

Next day I questioned father all I dared. They had sat together, the three, talking till late. Piers had left the room with Sir Jasper, adding, as he said good-night, that he must absent himself for a few days on a matter of business, and would probably leave early, ere father was up, but would soon return. He had even promised to bring father some book or other from town.

This quieted me; but a week passed—two weeks. Every morning, as I entered father's room, he said:

"'Tis very strange that he should stay so long; I miss him, Phœbe."

And every morning I answered merely, "'Tis very strange."

Yet it seemed not strange to me. Bitter and terrible were my regrets. I had sent him from me; all too well had he obeyed my words. He had gone from me at my own bidding, and now I would have given my soul to have him back again.

The Daughter. How horrible! But he came, mother? Oh, tell me that he came—once, once only!

The Mother. Dearest, he never came again. Heaven bless thee for those tears! Oh, little one! mayst thou never know the pain—the worst of all pains—never to have told him that was dearest how fondly he was loved.

The Daughter. But thou hadst told him that day?

The Mother. Not enough! God knows, not enough!

The summer dragged on. The long days followed each other, bringing the same hope, the same despair. I went daily to my father; he was so blind now he could hardly see my face. Perhaps it spared him some pain; so low was I sunken in grief, I scarcely sought to hide my misery. Sir Jasper and I were much estranged. The sight of him added to my woe; therefore I shunned him; and it seemed as if he too shunned me. Only on Sundays, when we supped with father, were we obliged to meet as of old.

One Sunday, in the autumn, when we returned to the Hall one evening, and Sir Jasper was lighting my candle for me, I summoned courage to ask him what for many weeks I had burned to ask.

"'Tis strange," said I, "that Piers has not returned. Have you no news of him?"

"Yes, since you ask it," replied Sir Jasper. "He is dead."

I gave a cry that rang through the house, and fell. When I came to myself I was aware of some one leaning over me, holding my hand with great kindness, passing a wet kerchief over my face and neck. I opened my eyes a little; it was my husband. He was very white, and there was a look of something like pity on his face.

"Thank you," I said, and fell a-weeping.

I was very ill that winter, and besought Sir Jasper to let me go home; so I went at Christmas-time, to keep father company. Poor company enough, in sooth. Sir Jasper came daily to see us.

The Daughter. Was he kind?

The Mother. Very kind. He was greatly changed. I often marvelled, as I marvel still, what it can have been that worked the change in him. He lost much of his calm. Sometimes, as we all sat reading of an evening, I could see him pass the pages through his fingers as if lost in thought, or bury his face in his hands and then sit awhile motionless, or rise suddenly and pace several times up and down the room—things little in accordance with his wonted great placidity. Sometimes, too, I would catch him looking at me with a fixed gaze. But betweenwhiles he would remain as he had ever been, self-contained, calm, indifferent.

The Daughter. Methinks he was sorry for thee, mother.

The Mother. No doubt. Then spring came round again. Perhaps 'twas the awakening of a too dear remembrance that troubled me, but my strength sank. I was very weak—so weak that I hoped I might be dying. I had no other wish. 'Tis only in books that people die of grief.

Yet were Sir Jasper and my father sore afraid; and one day my husband,

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whose restlessness of late had visibly increased, left suddenly for town.

It was on the 18th of April that he returned. I was sitting in this room, dearest—here, beside the fire; the low sun shone through the window-panes, touching all things with a soft red light. The door opened, and there stood my husband holding by the hand a little girl.

She might be three, or thereabouts; her eyes were very bright. I fell upon my knees with a cry, holding my arms towards her; the little creature fled to the shelter of a woman's breast, and I held thee to my heart and kissed thee, oh, my jewel! as I do now.

Dearest—my light of life! What ails thee?

The Daughter. Not my mother! I not thine! This blood not thy blood!—this life the gift of some other woman!

Oh, mother, mother! what hast thou told me there?

The Mother. Not mine, but his! Weep not, thou ten times dearer than my own!—thou child of my love, in whose dear eyes I still possess the light of those that are gone! Oh, little one, grieve not at my dearest joy, that thou art his, not mine.

The Daughter. His? Oh, mother, all the world has changed to-night. Let me think—let me think. Yet hold me still; forgive me! Some day, when I know how, I shall thank thee for thy motherhood.

The Mother. Hark! The cock has crowed. The hearth grows gray. Come, dear, to bed.

The Daughter. Tell me more of him. Oh, why did he die? Where is his grave?

The Mother. I know not; nor know I how he died. I never asked Sir Jasper how he came by that knowledge but once, on the day that he brought thee to me; and then, either he heard me not, or made believe not to hear, for he gave no answer; and I never found courage to speak the words again. Sometimes I wondered if it might not be that Sir Jasper had played us false, sent Piers from me by some lies, driven him perhaps to seek an untimely death; and that his adoption of thee were thus, as might be said, an atonement. This the more because, as he lay a-dying, after speech failed him, he looked at me as one might do who has done another some wrong, as if he would have spoken now that it was too late. And yet 'twas probably the thought merely of what our life might have been had we begun it differently, that caused him to look thus.

Be it as it may, I am glad to think that I said to him: "Be at rest, Sir Jasper. I beg you forgive me, as I forgive you; and may God grant us both peace!"

Come, little one. Come, my heart of hearts, lift thy head from my knee. We'll go to bed.



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TUBERCULOSIS AND ITS PREVENTION.

BY T. MITCHELL PRUDDEN, M.D.

IT is commonly neither wise nor necessary for people not professionally concerned to think much about disease, or weigh anxiously the chance or mode of its acquirement. But now and then conditions arise which demand general attention and instruction regarding certain diseases in order that a great threatened or actual calamity may be averted. Such a condition faces the people in all lands to-day in the appalling prevalence of tuberculosis. A disease which in mild or severe form affects at least one-half of the whole human race, and which causes the death of full one-seventh of all who pass away, killing about one-third of those who perish between the ages of fifteen and forty-five — a disease which is most insidious in its onset, and often relentless in its course, and which may be largely prevented — is one about which we cannot be indifferent, and should not longer be inactive.

There has long been reason for believing that tuberculosis is a communicable disease. Its prevalence in certain families and communities, its frequent occurrence in those who have personally attended upon its victims, its onset in those who have occupied apartments vacated by consumptives — such facts observed over and over again abundantly justify the belief in its communicability. Up to the commencement of the last decade the cause of the disease was altogether unknown, and no definite data were at hand which could enable us to fix upon a feasible plan for limiting its ravages. But in these later years a great light has been thrown upon this and other kindred diseases.

Most intelligent people are aware that within the past decade a new field in the domain of life has been revealed and widely explored. It has been learned that in earth and air and water there exist countless myriads of living things so minute as to lie far beyond the limits of the unaided vision, and yet in the aggregate so potent in the maintenance of the cycle of life upon the earth that without their activities all life would soon cease to be, and the elements which for a short span fall under the sway of the life forces in all higher animals and plants would lapse finally and irrevocably into their primal state. These tiny organisms are called germs, microbes, or micro-organisms. One great and important group of them belongs among the microscopic plants called bacteria. These bacteria as a class are so important in the economy of nature because they live for the most part on dead organic material; that is, such material as has once formed a portion of some living thing.

The world's store of available oxygen, hydrogen, carbon, and nitrogen, out of which all living beings are largely formed, is limited, and if after these have served their temporary uses, as the medium through which that mysterious potency called life alone can find expression, they were not speedily released, new generations of living beings could neither assume nor maintain their place in the great cycle of life. And so these tiny plants, year in, year out, by day and by night, unseen and mostly unheeded, are busy always in making possible the return of each year's visible vegetation and the maintenance of an unbroken succession of generations in man and beast.

Different groups and races among the bacteria have different habitations, and vary widely in their special powers. Complex and powerful as is the aggregate result which they accomplish in the world, the performances of the individual are comparatively simple. They are most liberally endowed with the capacity for multiplication, and each germ acts as a tiny chemical laboratory, taking into itself the organic matter on which it feeds, and resolving it into new compounds. Some of the latter are used in building up and maintaining its own body, while others are given off into the surrounding media.

We are but just beginning to peer in at the mysterious processes which go on under the influence of the bacteria in this underworld of life, and to realize that all the lore which unweary toilers in the past have gathered in their studies of the visible forms of animals and plants makes but one of the many chapters in nature's story-book of life.

But this new and stimulating point of view, toward which the studies of the

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past decade have led us, does not look so largely into the domain of the practical that it would greatly attract the majority of business and pleasure and *ennui* ridden mankind were it not for one very practical fact which these recent studies have revealed. This is that among the myriads of altogether beneficent bacteria which people the earth and air and water there are a few forms which have chosen out of all the world as their most congenial residence the bodies of men. But even this would be of only passing interest to most people were it not still further unfortunately true that in the performance of their simple life-processes these man-loving bacteria, feeding on the tissues of their host, and setting free certain subtle poisons in his blood, each after its kind, can induce those disturbances of the body's functions and those changes in its structure which we call disease.

The diseases caused by the growth of germs in the body are called infectious. The germs causing some of the infectious diseases are given off from the bodies of their victims in such form as to be readily transmitted through the air to others, in whom they may incite similar disease. Such diseases are spoken of as readily communicable, though it is not actually the disease itself but only the germ causing it which is transmitted. In other infectious diseases transmission but rarely occurs. Many infectious diseases are very easily communicated from the sick to the well under unsanitary and uncleanly conditions, which with proper care are very little liable to spread.

I need not here put on parade the whole uncanny list of germ diseases, in which tuberculosis stands foremost, followed by pneumonia, diphtheria, typhoid fever, scarlatina, cholera, small-pox, and the rest. Nor need I call to mind the means by which our growing knowledge in this domain has day by day been laid under tribute for suggestions of hope and safety for the stricken. It is a record of brilliant conquest in nature, and already of far-reaching beneficence to man.

But the great fundamental advance which signalizes the past decade is the lifting of this whole class of fateful germ diseases out of the region of the intangible and mysterious, and their establishment, on the basis of positive experimental research, in the domain of the comprehensible and definite. The things which cause them are no longer for us mysterious emanations from the sick, or incorporate expressions of malign forces against which conjurations or prayers could alone promise protection, but they are particulate beings, never self-engendered, never evolved in the body, always entering from without—things which we can see and handle and kill.

Let us now glance at the germ called the tubercle bacillus, the germ which causes and which alone can cause tuberculosis. It does not exist in the body of men or animals in health. Without the entrance of this particular germ into the human body from without, tuberculosis cannot develop in it. Without the transmission of this germ in some way or other in a living condition from the sick to the well, tuberculosis cannot spread. In the life story of this tiny germ lie both the potency for mischief which we deplore and the secret of our release from its bondage.

The tubercle bacillus is a little colorless rodlike plant, so small that even many thousands of them piled together would make a heap still far too small to be visible to the naked eye. It cannot move about, nor can it grow without moisture, nor at a temperature much above or much below that of the human body. The material on which it feeds must be very nicely adapted to its requirements, and it has no lurking or growing places in nature outside of the bodies of men and a few warm-blooded animals. It can be cultivated artificially in the laboratory, and we know more about its life and peculiarities than about almost any other germ. While it can remain alive in a dried state for many weeks, it is readily killed by heat, by sunlight, and by many of those chemical substances which we call disinfectants. It does not flourish equally well in the bodies of all human beings.

When once it gains lodgement in a body suited to its growth it multiplies slowly, each germ dividing and subdividing, taking from the tissues material for its growth, and returning to them certain subtle poisons which it sets free. The action of the tubercle bacillus is peculiar in that it stimulates the cells of the body, wherever it may lodge and grow, to the formation of little masses of new tissue, which we call tubercles. These tubercles are as a rule short-lived, and if the dis-

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ease progresses, tend to disintegrate. If the tubercles have grown in such situations as make this possible, as in the intestinal canal or the lungs, the disintegrated and broken-down material, often containing myriads of the living germs, may be cast off from the body. In tuberculosis of the lungs, or consumption, this waste material is thrown off with the sputum. While almost any part of the body may be affected, tuberculosis of the lungs is by far the most common form of the disease.

It follows from what has been said that the only way in which we can acquire tuberculosis is by getting into our bodies tubercle bacilli from tubercular men or animals. The only animals liable to convey the disease to man are tubercular cattle, and these through the use of either meat or milk. The danger from the use of uncooked meat or the unboiled milk from tubercular cattle is real and serious, but it will not be considered here at length, because the great and prevailing danger of infection comes from another source.

Almost as soon as the significance of the tubercle bacillus was established, a series of studies was undertaken on the possibility of the spread of the disease by the breath or exhalations of the persons of consumptives. These studies at once showed that the tubercle bacillus cannot be given off into the air of the breath from the moist surfaces of the mouth and air passages, nor from any material which may come from them while it remains moist, nor from healthy unsoiled surfaces of the body. The establishment of this fact is of far-reaching consequence, because it shows that neither the person nor the breath of the consumptive is a direct source of danger, even to his most constant and intimate attendants.

While the discharges from the bowels in persons suffering from tuberculosis of the intestinal tract may contain many living bacilli, the usual mode of disposal of these discharges protects us from any considerable danger from this source.

It is the sputum after its discharge from the body on which our attention must be fixed. While the sputum is moist it can, as a rule, do no harm, unless it should be directly transmitted to those who are well by violent coughing, by the use of uncleansed cooking or eating utensils, by soiled hands, or by such intimate personal contact as kissing or fondling. But if in any way the sputum becomes dried, on floors or walls or bedding, on handkerchiefs or towels, or on the person of the patient, it may soon become disseminated in the air as dust, and can then be breathed into the lungs of exposed persons. This germ-laden material floating in the air may be swallowed, and thus enter the recesses of the body through other portals than the lungs, but these are the most vulnerable and accessible organs.

The wide distribution of tubercle bacilli in the air of living-rooms, and in other dusty places where people go, is due partly to the frequency of the disease, and the large numbers of living bacilli which are cast off in the sputum (sometimes millions in a day), and partly to the fact that many of the victims of consumption go about among their fellows for purposes of business or pleasure for months or years. So each consumptive, if not intelligently careful, may year after year be to his fellow-men a source of active and serious and continual infection.

This, then, the dried, uncared-for sputum of those suffering from pulmonary tuberculosis, is the great source of danger; this the means so long concealed by which a large part of the human race prematurely perishes. Let but this discharged material be rendered harmless or destroyed before it dries in all cases, and the ravages of this scourge would largely cease. This is not a theoretic matter only, for again and again have the living and virulent germs been found clinging to the walls and furniture and bedding and handkerchiefs of consumptive persons, and in the dust of the rooms in which they dwell. A malady whose victims far outnumber those of all other infectious diseases put together, sparing neither rich nor poor, seizing upon life while it is as yet only a promise, but most inexorable in the fulness of its tide — this malady can be largely prevented by the universal and persistent practice of intelligent cleanliness.

We have learned in the past few years one fact about tuberculosis which is of incalculable comfort to many, and that is that the disease is not hereditary. It is very important that we should understand this, because it seems to contradict a long-prevalent tradition, and a belief still widely and sorrowfully entertained. Bacteria, and especially most disease-pro-

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ducing bacteria, are very sensitive in the matter of growth and proliferation to the conditions under which they are placed, and especially to the material on which they feed. So that a germ which can induce serious disease in one species of animal is harmless in the body of a different though closely allied form. More than this, different individuals of the same species, or the same individual at different times, may have the most marked differences in susceptibility in the presence of disease-producing germs. What this subtle difference is we do not know. Whether the body at one time affords a congenial soil to the invading germs and at another does not, whether its marvellous and complex powers of resisting the virulent tendencies of disease-producing bacteria at one period or in one individual are more vigorous than in another and vary at different times, we do not certainly know. This, however, we do know, that certain individuals are more likely than others to yield to the incursions of the tubercle bacillus. This vulnerability in the presence of invading germs we call susceptibility, and susceptibility to the action of the tubercle bacillus is hereditary. It is not the disease, tuberculosis, which comes into the world with certain individuals or with successive children of the same family, but the aptitude to contract it should external conditions favor. What subtle impress on the cells which are to develop into the new individual renders him more than another an easy prey to the tubercle bacillus should it later find lodgement in his body we do not know, and we may not hope soon to be enlightened, since all the intricate mysteries of heredity seem involved in the problem. But this we do know, that however much the child of tubercular parents or a member of a tubercular family may be predisposed to the disease, he cannot acquire tuberculosis unless by some mischance the fateful germ enters his body from without. What has been through all these years regarded as the strongest proof of the hereditary transmission of tuberculosis—namely, the occurrence of the disease in several members of the same household—is, in the new light, simply the result of household infection—the breathing of air especially liable to contain the noxious germs, or their entrance in some other way into the bodies of persons especially sensitive to their presence. I do not mean to imply that under no conditions can the tubercle bacillus be transmitted from the mother to the child before its birth. In a few instances this is believed to have happened. But its occurrence is so extremely infrequent that it may be regarded as accidental, and of no serious importance from our present point of view.

But it will perhaps be said, "If the tubercle bacilli are so widely diffused, why do we not all acquire tuberculosis, and why was the world not long since depopulated?" In order to explain this matter I must ask the reader to look with me for a moment at some of the body's natural safeguards against bacterial and other invaders from the air. It has been found that a person breathing in germ and dust laden air through the nose breathes out again air which is both dust and germ free. The air passages of the nose are tortuous, and lined with a moist membrane, against which the air impinges in its passage. On these moist surfaces most of the solid suspended particles, the germs among them, are caught and held fast, and may be thrown off again in the secretion. In breathing through the mouth this safeguard is not utilized. Again, the upper air passages leading to the lungs are lined with a delicate membrane of cells, whose free surfaces are thickly beset with tiny hairlike projections. These projections are constantly moving back and forth with a quick sweep, in such a way that they carry small particles which may have escaped the barriers above up into the mouth, from which they may be readily discharged. In this way much of the evil of breathing dust and germ-laden air is averted. But in spite of these natural safeguards a great deal of foreign material does, under the ordinary conditions of life in-doors or in dusty places, find lodgement in the delicate recesses of the lungs. The body tolerates a good deal of the deleterious material, but its overtasked toleration fails at last, when serious disease may ensue.

When ordinary forms of living bacteria get into the tissues of the body, a very complex cellular mechanism, not fully understood, usually results in their destruction and ultimate removal. In the presence of the tubercle bacillus the body cells are often able to build a dense enclosing wall around the affected region,

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shutting it off from the rest of the body. This is one of the modes of natural cure. The body cells are sometimes able, if sustained by nourishing food and an abundance of fresh air, to carry on, year after year, a successful struggle with the invading germs, so that the usefulness and enjoyment of life are but little interfered with. Finally, a certain proportion of human beings seem to be endowed at birth with some as yet unknown quality in the cells or fluids of the body which naturally unfits them for the life uses of the tubercle bacillus, and so renders the individual for longer or shorter periods practically immune. Others, on the contrary, are, as we have seen, from birth unusually susceptible.

This inherited susceptibility to the incursions of the tubercle bacillus, should this find lodgement in the body from without, by no means always reveals itself in any apparent lack of vigor or robustness of the body. Still, any habit or mode of life which diminishes the bodily vigor, whether in those predisposed to this malady or the apparently immune, and gives it a leaning toward disease, diminishes, as a rule, the chances of a successful contest with the bacillus. And so it is that in spite of the wide distribution of these fateful germs in frequented places, and the tendency of certain vulnerable persons to succumb to their ravages, so many people are not affected by them, and so many, although not altogether escaping their malign influence, are yet able to wrest at least a moiety of life from the hands of the great destroyer.

The degree of success which may attend our crusade against tuberculosis will largely depend upon the wide diffusion of the knowledge of its communicability by means of the sputum dried and powdered and floating in the air as dust, and the intelligent persistence with which the peccant material may be safely cared for at its sources. The resolute avoidance by consumptives of the not only filthy but dangerous practice of spitting upon floors or streets, or anywhere else except into proper receptacles; the use of receptacles which may be and are frequently and thoroughly cleaned, and, best of all, of water-proof paper cups, which with their contents may be burned; or, when circumstances require, the receiving of the dangerous material on cloths or Japanese paper napkins, which may be destroyed by fire, and not on more valuable handkerchiefs on which the sputum is allowed to dry while in use or before disinfection and washing; scrupulous care by others of the sputum of those too ill to care for it themselves—these are the comparatively simple means from which we may most confidently expect relief. The details of these precautions and their adaptation to the special circumstances of those suffering from the disease can be most wisely left to the physician, and though of paramount importance, need not further engage our attention here.

To the consumptive himself these measures are not without a vital significance. For his chances of recovery may be in no small degree diminished if he be more or less constantly liable to a fresh infection from material which he has once got rid of, and which should have been destroyed.

The great volumes of fresh moving air which we encounter out-of-doors in properly cleansed streets usually so greatly dilute the dust, of whatever kind, that little apprehension need be felt from its presence. When, however, in crowded cities, the streets are, as in New York, for example, nearly always, save for a few favored localities, filthy, and but fitfully cared for; when choking dust clouds must be encountered by the citizen in the haphazard and slatternly essays at cleaning which untrained, irresponsible, or decrepit attachés of a vicious administration may deign to make—we cannot ignore a danger from street dust which may well incite the gravest apprehension. The citizen can, if he must, run from the presence of cloud-enwrapped machines furiously whirled along half-sprinkled pavements; he may avoid a block on which the hand-sweepers, in utter disregard of rules, ply their nefarious brooms over unwet surfaces, because too indolent or indifferent to sprinkle them—these things he can do if he be not willing or ready to apply the citizen's remedy for municipal misrule.

But it is in rooms either of dwelling or assembling places that the ill effects of infectious dust are most potent, because the air is here not so constantly renewed as it is out-of-doors, and is liable to be breathed over and over again. Dust which gets into houses does not readily leave them, unless special and intelligent means be directed to its removal. We do not usually realize that though the air

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itself in inhabited rooms is constantly changing more or less rapidly by diffusion, by draughts, or by purposed ventilation, fine dust particles are not removed under the same influences in proportionate degree. They cling more or less tenaciously to all surfaces on which they have settled, and especially to fabrics, so that currents of abundant force and sufficient distribution to change the air may and usually do leave the lodged dust particles almost entirely undisturbed.

One of the most threatening tendencies of modern times in matters of health is that of overcrowding in cities, and the great element of danger from this overcrowding is not only the insufficiency of air in living-rooms and the lack of ready means for its renewal, but the accumulation in this air of infectious germs floating with the dust. Abundant water supply and good sewerage have rendered possible and measurably safe, so far as the ordinary waste of life is concerned, the building of vast tenements which swarm with people. But the means of getting pure air, and especially of disposing of infectious material often floating in it when it is confined, have not at all kept pace with the demands of health and cleanliness.

But when we turn to the larger and more liberally furnished dwellings of the well-to-do classes, we do not find everything reassuring from the stand-point of hygiene, for in some respects the rich are sadly handicapped by the "tyranny of things." Of course long and thick piled carpets afford persistent lurking-places for infectious as well as other dust. Certainly heavy hangings in a measure hinder the detergent action of the sunlight, shut the used air in and the fresh air out, and shelter floating matter which might otherwise escape. Without doubt complex upholstery with roughened fabrics increases the difficulties in the maintenance of cleanliness. But the usage of the householder in these matters will, after all, depend upon whether his practical devotion be most at Fashion's or Hygeia's shrine, and it may not without temerity be very urgently criticised. And yet we well may long for the coming of a time when clean, clear, airy, simply furnished living-rooms shall replace the stuffy fabric-strewn apartments in which the fashionable citizen so much delights to-day.

In one particular, however, the devotee to cleanliness may be unreservedly insistent, and that is that in the cleaning of living-rooms, whether occupied by the sick or the well, the distinct and recognized purpose of the operation shall be to remove, and not simply to stir up, the ever-gathering dust. The past few years, so beneficently signalized by the exploitation of the new germ lore, have seen marked departures from the traditional sweepings and dustings of a past era; and the emancipation of the housekeeper, and incidentally of the household, from the thrall of the pestiferous feather duster seems fairly under way. Still, some of the old barbarous travesties upon cleaning widely persist. The dry broom still seeks out in the deep recesses of the carpets not the coarser particles of dirt alone, but the hordes of living germs which were for the time safely ensconced; and among these what malignant forms the chances of the day may have mingled! These all are set awhirl in the air; some gather on salient points of the fittings and furnishings; many stay with the operator, to vex for hours the delicate breathing passages or the deeper recesses of the lungs. Then in the lull which follows gravity reasserts its sway, and the myriad particles, both the living and the dead, slowly settle to the horizontal surfaces, especially to the carpets. Then the feather duster comes upon the scene, and another cyclone befalls. The result of it all is that the dust has finally been forced to more or less completely abandon the smooth and shining surfaces where it would be visible, and is largely caught in the surface roughnesses of the carpets or upholstery or hangings, ready at the lightest footfall or the chariest touch to dance into the air again, and be taken into the lungs of the victims of the prevailing delusion—the delusion that the way to care for always noxious and offensive and often dangerous dust is not to get it out of the house, but to keep it stirring in the air until at last it has settled where it does not vex the eye.

By the use of moist tea leaves in the sweeping of carpets, by the use of soft-textured fabrics, frequently shaken out-of-doors, or, by moist cloths or chamois in dusting, much useless dust-scattering may be avoided. But no matter what the means employed, the final purpose of every household cleaning should be to get the dust, not afloat, but away.

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Probably the most serious source of infection which one is liable to encounter in the usual ways of life is the occupancy at hotels of bedrooms vacated by consumptives without subsequent efficient disinfection and cleansing, and travel in sleeping-cars. I need not enter here into the harrowing details of desperate uncleanness which the ordinary railway travel brings to light. It is to be hoped that popular demand for reform in the routine of hotel-keepers and railroad-managers in the matter of ordinary sweeping and dusting, and in the precautions against the spread of tuberculosis, may soon usher in among them a day of reasonable sanitary intelligence. A belief in the communicability of tuberculosis is becoming widely diffused, and it would seem to be desirable, on the ground of policy alone, for the managers of summer, and especially of winter resorts frequented by consumptives, to let it be known in no uncertain way that their precautions against the spread of infectious diseases are effectually in line with the demands of modern sanitary science.

The members of families bearing a hereditary susceptibility to the acquirement of this disease should strive to foster those conditions which favor a healthy, vigorous life, in occupation, food, exercise, and amusement, and remember that for them more than for others it is important to avoid such occupations and places as favor the distribution, in the air or otherwise, of the tubercle bacillus.

But when the individual has done what he can in making his surroundings clean, and in thus limiting the spread of the tubercle bacillus, there still remains work for municipal and State and national authorities in diffusing the necessary knowledge of the disease and its modes of prevention; in directly caring for those unable to care for themselves; in securing for all such freedom from contact with sources of the disease as the dictates of science and humanity may require and the law permit.

To health boards, either national or local, must be largely intrusted the primary protection of the people against the danger from tubercular cattle.

A national bureau of health might, in the direction of stimulating and harmonizing efforts made for the suppression of tuberculosis in various parts of the land, and in fostering research in lines which promise large practical return in the saving of life, be of incalculable service.

The United States has been keenly alive to the economic importance of certain diseases of cattle, and has done much to suppress among them various infectious maladies. But the only positive official relationship which the United States has thus far borne to this communicable and preventable disease, which robs it each year of hundreds of thousands of its citizens, has been to place and maintain a heavy tax upon instruments and apparatus necessary for the recognition and study of tuberculosis and many other bacterial diseases, and, except recently and for a favored few, upon books in which, and in which alone, can be found those records of research upon which the means for the prevention of tuberculosis must be based.

Tuberculosis has in this country been officially almost entirely ignored in those practical measures which health boards universally recognize as efficient in the suppression of this class of maladies. Physicians are not now required to report it to the local health boards, so far as I am aware, except in one of the United States. Systematic official measures of disinfection are not practised, and no attempts at isolation are made. But the official measures just mentioned have been found extremely useful in the limitation of other communicable diseases. While consumption must logically be classed with diphtheria and scarlatina and smallpox as a communicable germ disease, it is, in fact, in the light of our present knowledge, when intelligently cared for, so little liable to spread that it is properly exempt from some of those summary measures which health authorities are justified in adopting with the more readily and less avoidably communicable maladies. Moreover, consumption is apt to involve such prolonged illness, and so often permits affected persons for months and years to go about their usual avocations, that general isolation would be both impracticable and inhumane. Moreover, for reasons which it is hoped are evident to the reader, isolation among those capable of caring for themselves is at present entirely unnecessary.

But while extreme measures are not called for, local health boards must soon act in the prevention of tuberculosis. For the present the wisest and most humane

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course would seem to be to attempt to secure the desired ends rather by instruction and counsel and help than by direct and summary procedures. There is no more pitiable spectacle in this land to-day than that of the hundreds of victims of advanced tuberculosis in every large town who cannot be comfortably or safely cared for in the dwellings of the poor, and yet who are always unwelcome applicants at most of our hospitals, and at many are denied admission altogether. They are victims of ignorance and of vicious social and hygienic conditions for which they are not largely responsible, and States and municipalities, which are more to blame, owe them at least a shelter and a place to die. Unquestionably one of the urgent duties immediately before us in all parts of the land where tuberculosis prevails is the establishment of special hospitals in which this disease can be treated, and its victims safely cared for.

And now at last remains to be spoken what word of cheer and hope our new outlooks may have given us for those who are already under the shadow of this sorrowful affliction. The dreams and aspirations and strenuous labors of the students of this disease have looked steadily toward the discovery of some definite and positive means of cure, but as yet full success lingers beyond their grasp. The methods for the early detection of tuberculosis which science has pointed out make it possible for affected persons to plan such modes of life and early seek such salubrious climates as promise a hope of recovery. We have studied closely the ways in which the cells of the body often successfully resist the incursions of the already seated germs, and learned how in many ways the natural forces of cure may be sustained and strengthened. We have learned much about certain complicating occurrences which often form the most serious features in the progress of tuberculosis of the lungs, and how they may be best avoided. And so to-day the outlook for those in the earlier stages of this disease is in a considerable proportion of cases extremely encouraging. It is no longer for us the hopeless malady which it was earlier believed to be. It is not necessarily a bitter losing fight upon which one enters who becomes aware that the finger of this disease is upon him. A long and happy and useful life may still be his if the conditions which favor his cure be early and intelligently fixed upon, and patiently and faithfully persisted in. The wise physician is here the best adviser in climate and regimen, as well as in the proper selection of remedial measures, and the earlier his counsel is sought and acted on, the brighter will usually be the outlook for recovery.

Research in tuberculosis and the ministration of the physician should, and generally do, go hand in hand, and no time should be lost in bringing to the aid of the stricken what light and promise the studies of the laboratory day by day may yield. The great and beneficent work which has been accomplished by Trudeau in the Adirondack woods, in at once widening the bounds of knowledge of tuberculosis and in carrying to a successful issue in so many the varied and delicate processes of cure, is a cheering example of what may be accomplished with persistent devotion, by the light of our new knowledge, in mastering a malady so long considered hopeless.

EDITOR'S STUDY.

I.

THE best hope of American literature does not lie in the aspiration, or rather in the "strain," to be original. In the conception of many, to be original is to go outside of one's self, to try a new form, to be startling or fantastic in manner, to make the common and ordinary appear new and forcible by some trick of style or eccentricity of rhetoric. It is a vain illusion, never for very long deceiving even the undiscriminating crowd. Ultimately, all literature has to go to the Mint; the standard at the Mint is

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thought, and it is the thought struck in the simplest phrase that is coined. In one sense it is true that there is but one original thing in the world, and that is yourself. There never was another like you, and there never will be. Your special quality may be of no great value; your difference from others may be so slight that its expression would have little interest or worth. But whatever it is, great or small, it is the one real contribution you can make to art or literature. This is not saying that you may not, by learning and industry, by compiling and arranging and restating and copying and describing in new combinations, entertain and benefit the world, but that the really original contribution to its literature must come out of yourself—must be, in short, that personal unique quality which marks the work of all masters, and distinguishes one master from another. This contribution may be slight—a single poem, treatise, or story—or it may be a Shakespearian overflow, but the kernel of value in it all is the expression of the individual genius.

It is true that this expression cannot be made without training, because it is in the realm of art, and not of nature. An analogy is found in the case of the singer. We hear much of a natural voice. There is no good natural voice. There are natural capacities and potentialities; there is the endowment of organs, as there is of temperament. There are abundant indications in tone and power and individual peculiarity of what the voice will be when it is developed and trained. The physiologists say that the vocal organs of a fine singer are a beautiful sight, the perfection of healthy development, and very different in appearance from the same organs before they are trained. But when the development is accomplished, and the utmost that is possible is made of the natural gifts, it is the personal quality of the voice that charms the world. In literature, as in any other art, this personal contribution is made without strain; probably not without effort and pain, but certainly in calm and moderation of manner, and without exaggeration or fantastic tricks to attract attention. If the original quality is there, however slight, it will appear without self-conscious posturing.

II.

Francis Turner Palgrave dedicates his volume of poems, "To the Immortal Memory of Free Athens," in stanzas which we do well to lay to heart in these days:

"Where are the flawless forms;
The sweet propriety of measured phrase;
The words that clothe the idea, not disguise;
Horizon pure from haze;
And calm clear vision of Hellenic eyes?

"Strength ever veiled with grace;
The mind's anatomy implied, not shown;
No gaspings for the vague; no fruitless fires;
But heard, 'neath all, the tone
Of that far world to which the soul aspires.

"That unfantastic strain,
Void of weak fever and self-conscious cry,
Truth bold and pure in her own nakedness,
What modern hand can try,
Tracing the delicate line 'twixt more and less?"

Of all writers of English, Chaucer is most free from self-conscious cry. Not the greater genius, Shakespeare himself, was free of occasional strain, of rhetorical soaring into regions dim with haze. To Chaucer was given the calm clear vision of Hellenic eyes. There is not a line of his that is not as clear as the morning crow of chanticleer when all the air is still and crystalline. So common now in verse, and even in prose, are the gaspings for the vague and the fantastic strain, so accustomed are we to the lack of the sweet propriety of measured phrase, that Chaucer seems, in the apprehension of many writers, unliterary. This misconception is as bad for literature as the Bernini notion of sculpture was for art. And it is not excused by the idea that modern life is more complex than life formerly, and that its expression must necessarily be vague and misty. Life is richer and more complex, it may be, and the opportunity of the poet and the novelist is greater than ever, but human nature is not changed, and art is bound by the old laws of sanity and moderation. Ruskin used to say that genius expresses itself without effort. It would be true to say that its expression is without apparent effort. Perhaps the special sin and weakness of American literature is that it exhibits effort, a weak fever to be original and striking. Most of what is called magazine poetry struts, as do most of our statues which are set up in public places. The English critics call this smartness, and accuse us of trying all the time to be clever. And yet—such is the inconsistency of our self-constituted monitors—they praise most that which is most eccentric in our performances, as they are

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delighted with the paint streaks and the feather head-dress on a barbarian. The sin of smartness may be venial, and arise from the fear of being dull, but strain and strut are due to a weak fever to be original on insufficient capital. Doubtless men of genius sometimes waste their energy in trying to discover a new way, a new form, by which to strike the imagination or gain the attention of the world. When Walter Scott made the acquaintance of Wordsworth and Southey, who impressed him as men of very extraordinary powers, he wrote to Miss Seward—this was in 1806—"Were it not for the unfortunate idea of forming a new school of poetry, these men are calculated to give it a new impulse; but I think they sometimes lose their energy in trying to find not a better, but a different path from what has been travelled by their predecessors." However this may be, it is certain that mediocrity cannot make itself appear genius by affectation, any more than the heroic style can be attained by pomposity.

III.

The above quotation is from *The Familiar Letters of Walter Scott*, a couple of rich volumes which may be commended to young writers for many reasons. They show a wholesome, sane mind, with no exaggerated idea of its own importance. They show a very full mind, varied and curious information, and the habit of observing nature and studying character. Out of this fulness Scott wrote with ease and rapidity; but the notable thing is that he did not begin to produce for the public until he had vast stores of ripened material laid up. He was not, according to antiquarian standards, scientifically accurate always, and he often wrote carelessly, and did not sufficiently prune and revise his exuberance. But he did not begin to write from a "yearning" for notoriety before he had either resources or experience. He craved the good opinion of his contemporaries, and especially of his intimate friends, and he frankly enjoyed his fame when it came, but he was remarkably free from conceit. A striking trait of these letters is the absence of self-consciousness. He never seems to be composing a smart or epigrammatic epistle. The letters are interesting because of their naturalness, freedom from posing and strain, and because they seem to be the unstudied product of an overflowing mind. Scott was industrious—although he had to wait for the moving of the intellectual waters — but his principle was not to overcrop his field. Between the crops of the imagination he cultivated ordinary crops—he edited ballads, he wrote lives, and edited the works of others, doing literary labor that would give the creative faculties a rest and renew their spring. He did this of set purpose, that he might not attempt to draw from unfilled reservoirs. The letters have another interest in literary history. They exhibit the rich background of his work, the long-accumulating traditions, the long-matured solidity of culture of the society of which he was a part. He did not throw away tradition, he was not an isolated genius, but a part of a teeming life and civilization. We have a sense not only of an active, keen society in politics and in letters, of the vitality of the particular age in which he labored, but of the continuity of literature in the world. The atmosphere of the England of the early years of this century may be said to have been saturated with genius, and rich in accumulated associations, but it was generated in a past and it spread into a future. Those letters are entertaining to the student of the times and of its literature, but not their least value is in their enabling us to see the background of the author of *The Heart of Mid-Lothian* and of "Marmion."

IV.

There are abundant signs that as the result of the Philadelphia Exhibition of 1876 was the stimulation of home decoration and domestic ornamentation, and a considerable revolution in the science of bread-making in this country, the Chicago Exhibition of 1893 is to have artistic rather than domestic results. The winter has been occupied in expounding the fair to those who did not see it, and in recalling it and explaining it to those who did see it. In every city and village audiences have paid to see or have been hired to see pictures of its buildings and of its exhibits, and to hear descriptions and criticisms of it. The tale is told as of a vision that sprang into sight and vanished as quickly, like an Oriental apparition, but yet always as something that came into the life of this people certain to influence permanently its ideas, its tastes, and its cultivation. There has been a sensible quickening of the art im-

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pulse; societies of sculptors have been formed, and associations of artists and of people of taste, for making exhibitions and for the creation of an art solidarity. Heretofore a sculptor has been the lonesomest figure in America. In all this movement there is something of that love of novelty and excitement which is quick to seize and expend itself on occasions in the United States, but only to persevere until another novelty arises. It is therefore possible that it may be talked out in a few months, and no permanent advance be made. The diffusion of correct taste in art is a slow process, because it is a matter of individual knowledge and cultivation, and any general principle of action is only established by repeated iteration and example. This must be the excuse for again alluding to a new light which seemed to break upon our artistic world when the fair was in progress, and especially when it was in process of creation, so vividly that it appeared to be a permanent illumination.

We refer to the union of architecture, sculpture, and painting in our public and domestic buildings. Not only to their union, but their mutual subordination and co-labor to produce the best effects, by a combination as in a single conception. There was nothing new in this, except perhaps a fresh and practical recognition of it by the united artists, who showed the world at Chicago what they meant by the interdependence of the united arts. The common method is for the architect to plan with no consideration except of the lines and proportions of his building, usually with little regard to its effect in the landscape, or to its situation with respect to other edifices near, or the street in which it stands. It is mainly closet-work. If the owner desires to add to it sculpture, that is an after-consideration which must adapt itself as best it can. If the building is then to be decorated by exterior or interior color, the color artist is at his wits' end to devise a scheme in harmony with the design. The architect is commonly not the best judge of color, nor the sculptor of architectural proportions, nor the painter of the form and rules of construction that bind the two other allied arts. It needs a union of the three arts, in consultation, at the inception of any plan for a building of importance. In the increase of wealth in this country, and of dwellings or "places" which shall not only provide for private comfort but for the pleasure of the public, and be witnesses of growing good taste, it is now acknowledged that the "allied arts" should be called in. In a country place the service of the landscape-gardener is not only as important as that of the architect, but they should work together for a pleasing and harmonious effect. Color is a prime consideration of the country house, and should not be left to the uninstructed taste of one who has never made a study of the subject. In the fine city house there is still more reason for the employment of the allied arts. The monotony of our city houses in color, to say nothing of design, is only matched by eccentricity where any deviation in color is attempted. We can see without instruction how a bad house can spoil pretty grounds, and how illy treated grounds can spoil a good house. And it only needs reflection, with observation, to see how much uglier our cities are than they need to be, on account of inartistic treatment. A man who has money to spend on a really fine house will see that the painter and the sculptor and the architect can all aid him, and can best aid him by working together. This necessity of the union of the arts in a public building is more evident even than in a private house. And by this it is not meant, in case of a monumental building, merely that an architect and a sculptor and a painter shall be employed, but that they shall work together and in consultation. The prevailing color of the structure is of course one of the fundamental things to be considered, but the ornamental designs of the decorators should not appear to be after-thoughts. The artists are ready for this union of effort. It remains for the public to take hold of this idea, and show its faith in the artists.

V.

In order to have a beautiful city, a pleasant city to live in, is it necessary that it should be monstrous in size? Is the concentration of population and the centralization of authority in one vast mass any gain to civilization or to human happiness? One naturally falls into philosophizing on this matter in view of the project of a Greater New York, a city corporation to include Staten Island, Brooklyn and its suburbs, Long Island City, and portions of the towns of East

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chester and Pelham. A city of this territory, with its sure increase in population, would in a few years pass London as it is now, and become the mightiest in numbers, if not in wealth and power, in the world. The concentration of people, or rather their congestion, in limited areas, is often spoken of as a modern tendency. London is no doubt the largest city the world has ever seen. The facilities of transportation have made it possible to supply with the necessaries of life this vast mass compacted together. There has seemed to be a movement to town and village life from the country, which is more marked in the past fifty years than ever before. It is explained by the natural sociability of the human race, its desire for close intercourse, for amusement, and the dread of ennui. Life is more lively and entertaining in the city than in the country. Another motive was added to this in Europe in the Middle Ages—the necessity of protection. But this tendency to concentration has always existed with the progress of civilization. The splendor of every civilization has been illustrated by its great cities, and their growth has always been cited as a mark of progress. It was a poor country that had no big towns. Looking at the past, we find that the ancient cities were as large in proportion to the whole population as the modern cities are; and it is to be noticed also that if civilization has culminated in great cities, it has also decayed in them. The corruption of the town has preceded the downfall of the nation. How far this rule will be modified by modern inventions, by knowledge of sanitary laws, by the increased ease of gathering and distributing products, we cannot yet tell. The examples of London and Paris, becoming finer and more wholesome from century to century, cause one to hesitate in venturing an opinion. But with such an undigested mass of poverty and feebleness and suffering of human "slag" as these cities contain, the problem cannot be considered solved. Nor is the problem of governing these concentrations of humanity solved, least of all in the big cities of our own country —New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia. On the contrary, it is more perplexing the larger they grow.

Up to recent years our population, owing to their safety in the country, and owing to the growth of individualism and of the feeling of independence, and to the fact that circumstances made agriculture the prevailing industry, had been more scattered, each family dwelling upon the land it occupied, than any population in history. We have thought that there were great advantages in this kind of life, and have boasted that it conduced to the prosperity, the virtue, and the happiness of a people. But with the greater profit accruing from the pursuit of manufacturing and of trading, these conditions have changed, and there has been a movement from the country to villages and towns. Of course this movement follows some law of development, and cannot be argued down. But it has gone far enough to enable us to make some estimate of its effect upon the character of a people, and to cause us to hesitate in rejoicing at the enormous growth of our cities. We may even go further, and question whether big, overgrown cities are conducive to the stability and prosperity of a republic. It may turn out that centralization of numbers and power is not a good thing at all, since a stable republic, ruling itself by popular majorities, requires an even diffusion of intelligence, and perhaps a fair diffusion of an industrious and independent population over its area. A city of overwhelming size and power may be in the way of illustrating the highest civilization, but it may be a danger to the country. We have already seen that New York city frets under the interference of the State Legislature, but it is equally true that the State fears the influence of the city. The interests of the two are bound often to diverge. The State is proud of its splendid metropolis, but there was an hour in 1861, when its demagogues proposed to withdraw it from the Union and make it a Free City, that its concentrated mass seemed a menace.

The question of the proposed consolidation is not a sentimental one. There is bound to be an increasing accumulation of people about the great harbor and port of entry of the Northern portion of the Union. But would its consolidation under one government, and perhaps under one Boss, neither selected by popular vote nor removable by the popular will, make life better for the individuals in the limited area? Would the conditions of trade, the chances of amassing fortunes, or of living reasonably well on small earnings; would the facilities for educa-

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tion, the prospects of health, and the daily pleasure of living, either an animal or an intellectual life—be any better in such a centralization? These are the questions for interested citizens to answer, and not to consider the credit of having on this continent the biggest city the sun ever shone on. There might be a certain glory in this, but would individual lives be improved? Is it possible that the advocates of extension and consolidation are jealous of the expansion of the new city on Lake Michigan?

VI.

And yet would it be unreasonable? Is it not one of the articles of the creed of our days that a man's importance is increased by the increase of the size of his town? Has not a man a sense of largeness when he "registers" himself from Chicago; and does he not expect to attract attention when he writes himself down a New-Yorker? The picture he raises in the mind of the spectator is vast, and he enjoys a reflected glory. And how wonderful, after all, is modern life in town! What a spectacle of humanity! Every day a great show; and is it strange that those are considered fortunate who have reserved seats in it?

MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.

POLITICAL.

OUR record is closed on the 9th of January.—There was much suffering in all the great cities, owing to the financial depression and scarcity of work. In New York, Chicago, and Boston public measures for relief were taken, and employment was given to many men on municipal work. Cheap eating-houses were opened through private liberality, and many churches took special action for the relief of the suffering poor. The San Francisco Midwinter Fair was opened on January 1st. The relations of the United States with the Hawaiian provisional government remained unsettled. The diplomatic correspondence was laid before the Senate.

On December 9th sixty persons were injured by the explosion of a bomb thrown from the gallery of the French Chamber of Deputies by Auguste Vaillant, an anarchist. His object was the assassination of Premier Dupuy. Nobody was killed. The Chamber continued its sitting until the business of the day was finished. Nearly all the governments of Europe promptly took action looking to the suppression of anarchy.

Tax riots broke out in Sicily on December 9th, when eight persons were killed. Rioting was renewed on the 24th and 26th, and on January 2d; buildings were burned by the mobs, and many people were killed and wounded; 40,000 Italian troops were sent to Sicily.

The war of the Spaniards against the Riffians of Morocco ended in a concession by the Sultan of Morocco of an indemnity for Spanish losses through an abatement of customs duties.

On December 14th M. Frei, once Swiss Minister at Washington, was elected President of the Swiss Confederation.

The Brazilian rebellion continued during the month. On December 26th the United States cruiser *New York* sailed for Rio de Janeiro, followed by the *Miantonomoh*.

The campaign of British troops against King Lobengula of the Matabeles continued during December. The king was defeated on December 4th, and fled. His followers were pursued by the British. At the end of the month the Matabeles were ready to lay down their arms.

A commercial agreement to end the tariff war between Russia and Germany was effected by the two governments late in December.

Statistics of British trade published in December show a heavy falling off compared with 1892.

Mr. Gladstone celebrated his eighty-fourth birthday on December 29th. He was enthusiastically welcomed in the British House of Commons, and received many messages of congratulation.

The Manchester Ship-Canal, connecting Manchester with the Mersey, was formally opened January 1st, in the presence of 100,000 spectators.

From January 4th to 6th the coldest weather for 100 years prevailed in parts of Europe. Inlets of the sea froze along the British coast. On the Continent many persons died from cold and exposure. There was a heavy snowfall in France, Spain, and central and eastern Europe.

DISASTERS.

December 14th.—Fire caused a loss of $1,500,000 at Buffalo.

January 8th.—The Manufactures Building, with 20,000 cases of exhibits, and the Music Hall, Peristyle, and Casino at the World's Fair, Chicago, were burned. The total loss was $1,000,000.

One thousand deaths from cholera were reported to have taken place at the island of Teneriffe during the autumn. The epidemic was subsiding at the end of the year.

OBITUARY.

December 13th.—At Raleigh, North Carolina, Theodore B. Lyman, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of North Carolina, aged seventy-eight years.

December 30th.—At Newton-Abbot, Devonshire, England, Sir Samuel White Baker, the African explorer, aged seventy-two years.

December 31st.—At Bridgeport, Connecticut, Nathaniel Wheeler, the inventor.

January 2d.—At New York, Orlando B. Potter, aged seventy years.

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EDITOR'S DRAWER

A PULPIT ORATOR.

BY RUTH McENERY STUART.

OLD Reub Tyler, pastor of Mount Zion Chapel, Sugar Hollow Plantation, was a pulpit orator of no mean parts. Though his education, acquired during his fifty-ninth, sixtieth, and sixty-first summers, had not carried him beyond the First Reader class in the local district school, it had given him a pretty thorough knowledge of the sounds of simple letter combinations. This, supplemented by a quick intuition and a correct musical ear, had aided him to really remarkable powers of interpretation, and there was now, ten years later, no chapter in the entire Bible which he hesitated to read aloud, such as contained long strings of impossible names hung upon a chain of "begats" being his favorite achievements.

A common tribute paid Reub's pulpit eloquence by reverential listeners among his flock was, "Brer Tyler is got a black face, but his speech sholy is white." The truth was that in his humble way Reub was something of a philologist. A new word was to him a treasure, so much stock in trade, and the longer and more formidable the acquisition, the dearer its possession.

Reub's unusual vocabulary was largely the result of his intimate relations with his master, Judge Marshall, whose body-servant he had been for a number of years. The judge had long been dead now, and the plantation had descended to his son, the present incumbent.

Reub was entirely devoted to the family of his former owners, and almost any summer evening now he might be seen sitting on the lowest of the five steps which led to the broad front veranda of the great house where Mr. John Marshall sat smoking his meerschaum. If Marshall felt amiably disposed he would often hand the old man a light, or even his tobacco-bag, from which Reub would fill his corn-cob pipe, and the two would sit and smoke by the hour, talking of the crops, the weather, politics, religion, anything, evoking reminiscence or prognostication as the old man led the way; for these evening communings were his affairs rather than his "Marse John's." On a recent occasion, while they sat talking in this way, Marshall was congratulating him upon his unprecedented success in conducting a certain revival then in progress, when the old fellow replied:

"Yassir, de Lord done gie me a rich harves'. But you know some'h'n', Marse John? All de power o' language thoo an' by which I am enable ter seize on de sperit is come ter me thoo ole marster. I done tooken my pattern f'om him f'om de beginnin', an' des de way I done heerd him argify de cases in de cote-house, dat's de way I lay out ter state my case 'fo' de Lord.

"I nuver is preached wid power yit on'y but 'cep' when I sees de sinner standin' 'fo' de bar o' de Lord, an' de witnesses on de stan', an' de speckletators pressin' for'ard to heah, an' de jury listenin', an' *me—I'm de prosecutin' 'torney!*

"An' when I gits dat whole cote-room 'ranged 'fo' my eyes in my min', an' de pris'ner standin' in de box, I des reg'lar *lay 'im out!* You see, I knows all de cote words ter do it *wid!* I des open fire on 'im, an' prove 'im a crim'nal, a law-breaker, a vagabone, a murderer in ev'y degree dey is—fus', secon', *an'* third—a reperbate, an' a blot on de face o' de yearth, tell dey ain't a chance lef' fur 'im but ter fall on 'is knees an' plead guilty!

"An' when I got 'im down, *I got 'im whar I want 'im*, an' de work's half did. Den I shif's roun' an' ac' *pris'ner's 'torney*, an' preach grace tell I gits 'im shoutin'—des de same as ole marster use ter do—clair a man whe'r or no, guilty or no guilty, step by step, nuver stop tell he'd have de last juryman blowin' 'is nose an' snifflin'—an' he'd do it wid swellin' dicksh'nary words, too!

"Dat's de way I works it—fus' argify fur de State, den plead fur de pris'ner.

"I tell yer, Marse John," he resumed, after a thoughtful pause, "dey's one word o' ole marster's—I dun'no' huccome it slipped my min', but hit was a long glorified word, an' I often wishes hit 'd come back ter me. Ef I could ricollec' dat word, hit 'd holp me powerful in my preachin'.

"Wonder ef you wouldn't call out a few dicksh'nary words fur me, please, sir? mebbe you mought strike it."

Without a moment's reflection, Marshall, seizing at random upon the first word that presented itself, said, "How about *ratiocination?*"

The old man started as if he were shot. "Dat's hit!" he exclaimed. "Yassir, dat's hit! How in de kingdom come is you struck it de fust pop? Rasheoshinatiom! I 'clare! Dat's de ve'y word, sho's you born! Dat's what I calls a high-tone word; ain't it, now, Marse John?"

"Yes, Uncle Reub; ratiocination is a good word in its place." Marshall was much amused. "I suppose you know what it means?"

"Nemmine 'bout dat," Reub protested, grinning all over—"nemmine 'bout dat. I des gwine fetch it in when I needs a thunder-bolt! Rasheoshinatiom! Dat's a bomb-shell fur de

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prosecutiom! But I can't git it off now; I'm too cool. Wait tell I'm standin' in de pulpit on tip-toes, wid de sweat a-po'in' down de spine o' my back, an' fin' myse'f *des one argimint short!* Den look out fur de locomotive!

"Won't yer," he added, after a pause—"won't yer, please, sir, spell dat word out fur me slow tell I writes it down 'fo' I forgits it?"

Reaching deep into his trousers pocket, he brought forth a folded scrap of tobacco-stained paper and a bit of lead-pencil.

Notwithstanding his fondness for the old man, there was a twinkle in Marshall's eye as he began to spell for him, letter by letter, the coveted word of power.

"R," he began, glancing over the writer's shoulder.

"R," repeated Reub, laboriously writing.

"A," continued Marshall.

"R-a," repeated Reub.

"T," said the tutor.

"R-a-t," drawled the old man, when, suddenly catching the sound of the combination, he glanced first at the letters and then with quick suspicion up into Marshall's face. The suppressed smile he detected there did its work. He felt himself betrayed.

Springing tremulously from his seat, the very embodiment of abused confidence and wrath, he exclaimed:

"Well! Hit's come ter dis, is it? One o' ole marster's chillen settin' up makin' spote o' me ter my face! I didn't spect it of yer, Marse John—I did not. It's bad enough when some o' deze heah low-down po'-white-trash townboys hollers 'rats' at me—let alone my own white chillen what I done toted in my arms! Lemme go home an' try ter forgit dis insult ole marster's chile insulted me wid!"

It was a moment before Marshall saw where the offence lay, and then, overcome with the ludicrousness of the situation, he roared with laughter in spite of himself.

This removed him beyond the pale of for-



"R-A-T," DRAWLED THE OLD MAN.

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giveness, and as Reub hobbled off, talking to himself, Marshall felt that present protest was useless. It was perhaps an hour later when, having deposited a bag of his best tobacco in his coat pocket, and tucked a dictionary under his arm, Marshall made his way to the old man's cabin, where, after many affectionate protestations and much insistence, he finally induced him to put on his glasses and spell the word from the printed page.

He was not easily convinced. However, under the force of Marshall's kindly assurances and the testimony of his own eyes, he finally melted, and as he set back the candle and removed his glasses, he remarked, in a tone of the utmost humility,

"Well—dat's what comes o' nigger education! Des let a nigger git fur enough along ter spell out c-a-t cat, an' r-a-t rat, an' a few Fus' Reader varmints, an' he's ready ter conterdic' de whole dicksh'nary.

"Des gimme dat word a few times *in my ear* good, please, sir. I wouldn't dyah ter teck it in thoo my eye, 'caze don' keer how much you'd tell me, when a word sets out wid r-a-t, I gwine see a open-eyed rat settin' right at de head of it blinkin' at me ev'y time I looks at it."

SOME IRISH LOGIC.

SOME years ago there lived in one of the Irish counties bordering on the Atlantic a man named Jimmy ——, who was known to most of the neighbors round as a "half-natheral," although he was not by any means a simpleton, for he had "known enough" to get married, to manage his farm successfully, and to drive a shrewd bargain. He had, however, shown on several occasions a tendency to regard things in a fashion which, had he been rich, would have entitled him to be called eccentric. The particular episode of Jimmy's career which we now desire to chronicle came about in this way. He had a brother Patrick, who many years before had taken the "Queen's shilling," and enlisted in a regiment located in the —— barracks. Patrick since then had seen "many men and cities," but up to the time our story opens had not had an opportunity to revisit his native town, for the English government's policy toward enlisted Irishmen is largely expatriative. He had, by dint of bravery and good service in the Indian mutiny, risen to be a color-sergeant, the highest grade to which an uneducated man may aspire in the service, and when he arrived in —— he immediately wrote to his brother to come and make merry, for the lost had been found. Jimmy, who had not heard from his brother in all these years, responded with alacrity, and the day following the receipt of Patrick's letter found the brothers celebrating their reunion in the copious potations which such an event renders indispensable. Who will blame them if when the time came for Jimmy's departure homeward he was in no condition to undertake the expedition? It was decided to be unsafe to trust him to the possible attentions of the officious "peelers." But here a new obstacle arose. The regiment which the new arrivals were to replace had not yet departed, the barrack accommodations were tested to the utmost, and the only place that could be found wherein to bestow Jimmy for the night was in a tent with one of the sepoys who had come from India with the regiment, either as a reward for loyalty or in a menial capacity—which, we are unable to determine. Jimmy recognized the swarthy color of his tentmate, but he made no objection, for the color-line does not exist in Ireland, unless it be between the green and orange, and was soon wrapped in profound slumber. Some of Patrick's companions determined to play a trick on the sleeping man, and procuring some burnt cork, they plentifully bedaubed his features, expecting to have some fun with him when he woke up in the morning. He, however, had asked the sentry who was patrolling near his tent to wake him up at daybreak, which he did, and Jimmy, recognizing the unfamiliar surroundings, remembered where he was, and at the same time the thought of his wife's probable anxiety came to him with full force. He hastily arose, pulled on his coat, and with a nod to the sentry, who saw and recognized the figure, but did not notice the face, started on his homeward journey. It was a good two hours' walk to Jimmy's cabin, and long before he reached it the sun was up in the heavens. At that early hour he met no one until he reached the road leading to his house. The police barrack stood at the intersection of the two roads, and the sergeant was walking up and down, smoking his matutinal pipe. Gazing down the road, he saw a familiar figure; but looking again, he saw that Jimmy was the unconscious victim of somebody's joke. With an eye to further development, he hailed him with a "Who goes there?" Jimmy was dumfounded. He used to see the sergeant nearly every day, and to be greeted in this hostile fashion was too much for him, and he answered, "Musha, sargint, don't yeh know me?"

"Know yeh?" replied the sergeant. "Know yeh? How would I know yeh? Shure I never saw a black man around these parts before."

"Black man!" says Jimmy, wonderingly.

"Ay," says the sergeant, "black man. Come here and I'll show yeh." And going into the barracks, he brought out a hand-mirror, which he handed to Jimmy, who remained looking at himself in amazement for fully a minute, when suddenly the light of comprehension broke over his face, and he exclaimed,

"*Be the blazes, sargint, they woke the wrong man!*"

J. J. M.

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THE COLONEL'S STORY.

"WHEN I was practising law in the town of B——, Arizona," said the Colonel, settling down in his pet arm-chair at the club and lighting his cigar, "I encountered one of the most original coroner's juries I ever saw, and I've seen all kinds. This one was composed of a half-dozen of the toughest residents in the town—regular comic-paper cowboys they were, which is the extreme limit of the cowboy development. How they ever came to be summoned for the duties laid out for them in this particular case I never knew. The ways of the Western coroner in empanelling his juries are inscrutable. Suffice it to say that when a certain wanderer unknown was found deceased on the public square, these worthies were summoned to view the remains and formulate some possible theory as to the immediate causes of dissolution.

"'Who in Petersburg is he, anyhow?' the coroner asked, when the jury had formally opened its session. He didn't say Petersburg, but Petersburg will suffice here, since I cannot bring myself to name the actual locality mentioned by the coroner in a gathering such as this.

"'How the Berlin do I know?' retorted one of the jury. 'I never saw his finely chiselled mug before.'"

"Excuse me, Colonel," interrupted one of the listeners, "but did he use the expression 'finely chiselled'?"

"He did not," replied the Colonel. "But the words he did use I forbear to repeat.

"But to continue," said the Colonel. "'Don't know who he is?' cried the coroner. 'Well, we can't do a single modulated thing till we find out. Are you a lot of asphyxiated idiots to try to find out how the deceased came to die without learning what his euphonious name was?'

"'I know who he is,' said a second juryman, making a closer inspection of the deceased man's features. 'It's Bill Robinson. I know him well. I'd know him anywhere. That's him.'

"'Bully for you!' observed the coroner. 'That much is settled. The corpse is Bill Robinson. Now, how the Hong-Kong did he die?'

"'Ain't there any witnesses?' queried a third juryman.

"'Not a parsimonious witness,' returned the coroner.

"'You're a Glasgow of a coroner, *you* are!' sneered the third juryman. 'Why don't you attend to your business, and see that there are witnesses? We can't say how he died if there wasn't nobody present to see him die.'

"'You can render a verdict stating that fact,' retorted the coroner, 'beautify your translucent orbs!'

"And that," said the Colonel, "was what they proceeded to do. They framed their verdict to the intent that the deceased Bill Robinson died in manner unknown, and apparently at the hands of parties unknown, since the back of his neck bore unmistakable evidences of having come in contact with a sand-bag. This verdict, however, was not rendered, since the juryman who had identified the body as that of Bill Robinson, on looking out of the window, discovered no less a person than Bill Robinson himself, wiping his mouth in a manner which indicated that he had not entered the saloon he was just leaving for the purpose of borrowing a toothpick.

"'*Pe*KIN!' he ejaculated. 'There's Bill now—alive!'

"'What!' roared the coroner.

"'True as can be,' said the identifier, cheerfully. 'Bill's alive!'

"'Then,' said the coroner, glaring wrathfully at the remains, 'that settles him. That corpse is Bill Robinson. Bill Robinson isn't dead, wherefore the corpse is living, and is guilty of playing a mean practical joke on us. The verdict of this jury, gentlemen, is that the corpse has been guilty of conduct unbecoming a gentleman in trying to appear dead when he isn't. We'll have him committed to jail for ten days for contempt, and if he says a word we'll give him a little taste of Judge Lynch's law.'

"In which all coincided. Whether the corpse said a word or not I do not know, but when next morning came he was dead as a door-nail, and to this day no one knows what he died of."

A PLEASING MOMENT.

SQUIRE B—— is the "first citizen" of the New England town in which he lives, and is respected by all classes for his sterling qualities and abstemious habits.

He has much of the courtliness of the old school, coupled with great personal dignity, yet tempered with so keen a sense of humor that he can appreciate a joke even though it be at his own expense. He relates the following episode with relish:

Not long since his business called him to New York, which is as much his home as is his native place. He hailed a Fifth Avenue stage, and entering it, found it nearly filled.

Sprawling across the aisle sat a man in that stage of intoxication which renders one careless of appearances. Squire B—— attempted to step over his legs, but just then the stage gave a lurch, and he stumbled over them.

To the great amusement of every one in the stage, the man sat erect, and with maudlin severity said, "Man 'n your c'ndish'n oughter take er cab."

C. B. L.

A DREAM POEM.

LAST night as I lay sleeping,
I dreamed I wrote a rhyme
That critics called the finest
Little poem of the time.

And when I waked this morning,
As the day dawned clear and bright,
The verse seemed to be so obscure—
Those critics may be right.

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A REVELATION.

HE. "At last we are alone, and I have an opportunity to speak. I have been seeking this moment for days and days, for I have something to say to you."

SHE. "Go on, Mr. Harkins."

HE. "I will. Miss Jones, you perhaps have not noticed that at times I have been constrained, uneasy, even awkward, in your presence, that I have had something on my mind that I felt I must say to you."

SHE (*softly*). "Yes."

HE. "That constraint, that awkwardness, Miss Jones, was due to—due to—"

SHE. "Go on, Mr. Harkins."

HE. "—was due to the fact that I feared you were not aware that I am engaged to your mother."

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THE ARISTOCRATS: THEIR BALLAD.

'Tis true we're all devoted to a life that's democratic,
Opposed to all partaking of a bad, despotic sway;
In theory we do not tolerate the aristocratic,
Nor could we ever bring ourselves at monarchy to play.
We could not be the subjects of a potentate a day;
We think that every babe is born an equal, and is free;
And yet we can't but notice, though it fills you with dismay,
That while we're just as good as you, you're not as good as we.

Our noses are tip-tilted in a manner most erratic;
Perhaps we've something stiff'ning in our composition's clay.
Our eyes are ever darting scorn; the scorn is most emphatic,
As if we were the monarchs of all things our eyes survey.
'Tis curious we do it, too, and why I cannot say,
But certainly it never takes but half an eye to see
The thought our scornful glance is meant in general to convey—
That while we're just as good as you, you're not as good as we.

Of course to know we are the best is knowledge most ecstatic,
And to forget the happy fact we never would essay;
Perhaps there's not an heirloom stored away up in the attic,
But there is not a banker who'd our checks refuse to pay.
And here we think's the reason for our high and haughty way:
Our god is glorious Mammon; 'tis from him's our family tree;
And we doubt not it is Mammon who forbids you to denay
That while we're just as good as you, you're not as good as we.

ENVOI.

Plebs, do not strive to equal us; your plans will go astray;
We've got the Lord of Wealth with us, and he, you must agree,
Would never let the common herd against his plan inveigh,
That while we're just as good as you, you're not as good as we.

NOT A FISH-STORY.

"Speaking about forgetfulness," said Mr. Gasser, as he mechanically drew a letter from his pocket that his wife had given him to mail a week before, "I presume that I am the most forgetful man that you ever saw. I can't help thinking, Gilback, of the time I went blue-fishing last year on the Jersey coast."

"This isn't a fish-story, is it?" mildly observed Gilback.

"Oh no, not at all," replied Gasser; "although, come to think of it, we did catch a big fish, an almighty big fish; but that's not to the point. You see, it was agreed that if we had any luck we were to dine on the boat, and it being only a cat-boat, with no cook, I was given charge of the cooking outfit. Well, sir, you may not believe it—you may think it incredible—but I came away and forgot one of the most important things. Now what do you suppose I forgot?"

"I haven't the least idea," said Gilback.

"Well, sir," went on Gasser, "I actually forgot the dinner plates. Of course if we hadn't been so lucky we wouldn't have needed them."

"Certainly not," chimed in Gilback. "But you did catch a fish, you say?"

"A fish!" exclaimed Gasser. "Well, rather. It was the biggest fish you ever heard of. Yes, sir, I dressed him, cooked him, and served him with my own hands. That, however, is not what I intended to dwell on. I merely wanted to show you how forgetful a man can sometimes be. The idea of my not thinking of those plates!"

"But how in the world did you serve that fish," asked Gilback, "if you didn't have any plates to serve it on?"

"Easiest thing in the world," said Gasser, a gleam of intense satisfaction coming into his eyes. "I used the scales off that fish's back."

Tom Masson.

THE RESULT OF A TRIAL.

It was in the heart of the Cumberland Mountains, near the head-waters of the Big Sandy River. We had been riding hard all day, but had pushed several miles further on in order to sup and spend the night at old man G——'s. Mrs. G—— and her only daughter were good cooks, as cooking goes in the Southern mountains, very highly esteemed for their corn bread. On this occasion the corn meal must have given out, for we were regaled, in its place, with a honey-colored substance that looked like a sponge soaked in mucilage. We were informed that this was rye bread. Miss G——, seeing that we refused the dainty, said, apologetically:

"Waal, I don't guess you-all won't like that thar rye bread. It's right sticky. Mammy, she ate some for dinner, and it pulled her northern teeth plumb out."

W. H. Wetmore.

ASTRONOMY.

Little 'Rastus was entirely too fond of asking questions, so his father said, and in order to shift the burdens which he found too great for his uneducated shoulders to bear, old 'Rastus sent the boy to school, where the following colloquy is said to have taken place:

Little 'Rastus. "W'y am de sun brighter'n de moon, 'Fessah?"

Prof. Johnson. "We dun'no' fo' shuah dat he am, honey. Yer see, de moon's got de night ter light up, an' de sun has ony got de day. Dat's er powerful sight er diff'runce, I tells yer. Mebbe, if de sun done tackle de big job de moon's got on his hands, he couldn't do ez well."

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THE IDEAL REALIZED.

"So—this is your ideal woman?"
"It was."
"Then you have changed?"
"Yes. I *met* her."

SALARY NO OBJECT.

A BOY of not over-bright intellect, and with indefinite ideas as to the rights of property, when applying for a situation was asked by his would-be employer what remuneration he was accustomed to receive. "Oh, as for wages," he said, with a pleasant smile, "I doesn't expect much wages, 'cause, you know, I *finds things!*"

A FUTURE CITIZEN.

JUST before Arbor day last year a public-school teacher told the children in her charge that she would allow them to vote for a State tree, and that each child should have one vote. Being a woman and not a politician, her surprise was great when, the next morning, a bright-eyed Italian lad asked how much money each child would receive for his vote.

THE EXCEPTION.

AN old lady of Massachusetts was famed in her native township for health and thrift. To an acquaintance who was once congratulating her upon the former, she said:

"We *be* pretty well for old folks, Josiah and me. Josiah hasn't had an ailing-time for fifty years, 'cept last winter. And *I* 'ain't never suffered but one day in my life, and that was when I took some of the medicine Josiah had left over, so's how it shouldn't be wasted."

ILLOGICAL.

A WELL-KNOWN *littérateur* not long ago delivered a lecture before a Buffalo club, and in the course of his talk he had occasion to quote Shakespeare's lines about "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," etc. At the conclusion of his address he was approached by a Scotchman, who expressed his pleasure at the talk, but took occasion to say that his approbation of Shakespeare was only limited.

"There's that bit you said about the uneasy head and the crown. I dinna like it. It's muckle foolish. Now our Robbie Burns would na ha' writ such stuff."

The lecturer was a trifle surprised, but inquired politely why the Scot thought as he did.

"Oh," said the Scotchman, "there's na a mon in Scotland, king or anybody else, sae foolish as to go to bed wi' a crown on. Any mon o' sense wud hang it over a chair before turning in!"

WALTER C. NICHOLS.

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FROM THE ANNALS OF A QUIET NEIGHBORHOOD.

SQUIRE W——, of a certain town in northern New York, many years ago was celebrated locally for his cellar of wine (and something stronger). But the temperance movers came his way, and one day a neighbor hailed him in Main Street with:

"Squire, what do you thunk I heern? I heern them dumbed cold-water folks hez grabbed you in, and you've jined!"

The ruddy-faced squire drew rein with a heavy sigh. "Yes," said he. "My woman and me's signed the pledge. We haven't got a drop in the house now, except a little we kept for sickness. And to tell the truth, *we haven't neither of us seen a well day since!*"

NOT EXPENSIVE, ANYHOW.

DOCTOR S—— was passing a small grocery shop on L—— Street when he saw some ripe peaches, and stepped in to buy a few. The proprietor and clerk (one and the same person) answered him in a very preoccupied manner, for he was looking at some books when his customer entered.

"I've been buying some books," he suddenly announced.

"Have you?" said the doctor.

"Yes; I've bought all of Duemasses," replied the grocer.

"Dumas, you mean," said the doctor.

"Well, any way 'll do. Did you ever read any of them? Are they good?"

"Yes. Some are a little heavy, though."

"Heavy?" retorted the grocer. "I don't know about that," he added, placing the complete writings of Dumas on the grocery scales and weighing them. "They tip the scales at twenty-two pounds. At any rate, I don't think I paid very high for them. They only cost me twelve dollars. That is less than fifty cents a pound!"

THE MORAL OF THE TALE.

IN a little Southern town, where the least happening was of vital importance and lengthy conversation, a worthless citizen entered a store during the proprietor's absence, and abstracted his entire cash capital, done up in two canvas shot-pouches. The robbery was soon detected, and the robber found. He made a full confession, delivered up the money, something over a hundred dollars, and was dragged to the county jail, several miles away.

The incident, however, furnished conversation for the entire community, and the daring robbery was discussed on all sides. The news came to a country house, and was retailed at length to the family in the presence of a small Ethiop, who acted as sub-butler and chore-boy. After the capture and imprisonment of the offender had been related, the mistress, wishing to point the moral to the miniature darky, remarked:

"Well, that is what comes of stealing. Isn't it terrible, Jennings?"

"'Deed, mam, Miss Page," answered the black youth laboring under the name of Jennings—"'deed it *am* ter'ble. Dat po' man didn't have no chance 'tall ter spend dat money."

F. S. M.



IMAGINARY PICTURE CONJURED UP BY JONES OF HIS HIRED MAN AND FURNACE WHEN HIS WINTER'S COAL BILL ARRIVES

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LITERARY NOTES.

BY LAURENCE HUTTON.

HORACE CHASE[1] is a Northern man who goes to Asheville in the early spring of 1873 in search of health and of wealth. His desire is to give to the worn-out old town of the South proper railway facilities, renewed life, and something of the Yankee enterprise and prosperity which he himself represents, and at the same time to improve his own physical and financial condition. Some of his new acquaintances, who do not want to be advanced, regard him as the pioneer of spoliation; but to him, if Miss Constance Fenimore Woolson's romance is founded on fact, does the flourishing North Carolina city owe much of its present geographical and sanitary reputation.

Horace Chase is not a society man nor a summer-novel hero; but his is an attractive personality, notwithstanding the fact that he habitually says "Yes, ma'am" and "No, ma'am," and despite his pronunciation of calliope as if it rhymed with Hally Hope or Sally Soap. He is honest, genuine, and generous, and a valuable contribution to the census of the population of American fiction. Nevertheless, he will not be popular with the young ladies who read a story for the story, and even the serious readers of fiction who delight in introspective tales will wonder how he did all his creator makes him do, how he endured all he has to endure, without flinching or without breaking down. Such a husband is rare in real life; he is not often met with in romance; and let us hope, for the sake of husbands the world over, that his wife is as uncommon as he is. They are both possible, no doubt; at least Miss Woolson makes them appear so; and Chase himself, with his marvellous moral strength and forbearance, excites our admiration and our respect, even while we hesitate to accept him as a fact.

The story is well told. It contains no perceptible element of what is called sensationalism, and happily it contains no dialect. The men and women who surround Chase and his wife are not stuffed with sawdust, nor are they built, as is too often the case in "sectional novels," of any distinctively ante-bellum, either-side-of-Mason-and-Dixon's-line materials. They are made of actual flesh and blood, no matter in what part of the country they are found; while Peter and Piper, the horses, and Peter Trone, Esquire, the dog who barked his little heart out at the gate among the scattered rice after the wedding, are as real and as lifelike as are their human friends.

"Horace Chase" may not be one of the most cheerful and most pleasant pieces of work which have come from Miss Woolson's pen, but it is certainly one of the strongest and most elaborate.

MISS WOOLSON and Mr. David Christie Murray look at things from an entirely different point of view. Horace Chase is an American and a man of business, pure and simple; a man of business of the present day, and nothing more. John Fyffe, whom Mr. Murray depicts as being more than once *In Direst Peril*,[2] is a British soldier of fortune of forty or fifty years ago. Both these heroes are excellent and straightforward and lovable men, but their ways of thought and action are as entirely divergent as ways can be.

"In Direst Peril" is a tale of wild and exciting adventure. It is told in the first person by Captain Fyffe, the man of action, who pretends to no literary style, who confesses that his rough phrases have been polished by his wife, and who prefaces his narrative by the bold statement that he robbed the lady he was to marry of forty thousand pounds, breaking into her house at midnight, and threatening the life of her guardian in order to do it. How an honorable man can commit such a theft, and yet leave no stain upon his honor, how he wins a wife by the act, and how his wife is so proud of him for his burglary that she forces him to tell the story, the story itself must tell.

Love is a great treasure, says Captain Fyffe. Truth and loyalty are among man's greatest possessions. But the truest solace to the human soul is perfect trust. This love which Horace Chase missed, the truth and loyalty which were not vouchsafed to Horace Chase, the perfect trust with which Horace Chase was never to solace his unfortunate soul, all came, and deservedly so, to Captain Fyffe. He fell in love with his wife at first sight, in a romantic and an old-fashioned way; and he thanks Heaven for it, because he feels that there is nothing which can so help a man in his struggles against what is base and unworthy in himself as his love for a good woman. All this goes to emphasize the difference between his point of view and that of Miss Woolson's hero.

The most serious blot in the present novel is Mr. Alpheas P. Quorn, the traditional Yankee so common in British novels before the days when British novelists could secure Yankee copyright. He says, "I presoom you have heard the noos, sir." He prefaces all his remarks by "Wal"; he affirms that his "folks

[1] *Horace Chase.* A Novel. By CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON. 16mo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[2] *In Direst Peril.* A Novel. By DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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are considerably damn smart"; and he expectorates constantly and offensively in the fireplace of an English drawing-room while ladies are present. Mr. Murray found him on the British stage of forty or fifty years ago, and he should have left him there. He is Mr. Murray's idea of what Horace Chase would have been if Miss Woolson had made her possible American merchant out of impossible British mud. And he, also, emphasizes the fact that Miss Woolson and Mr. Murray look at, and see, men as well as things in very different lights.

The Captain of the Janizaries[3] is a soldier of fortune whom many of us have met before. He is of the school of Captain John Fyffe rather than that of Mr. Horace Chase, but he figured some five centuries before either of them was born, and the school in which he was brought forth was rougher than either of them ever dreamed of. The physical training of the young Janizaries, as Dr. Ludlow describes it at great length, and no doubt accurately, consisted in such daily exercises as would develop strength and tirelessness of muscle, steadiness of nerve, keenness and accuracy of eye, as well as grace of mien. They were also taught by expert workmen all the arts of daily need; to make as well as to use the bow; to trim and to balance the arrow; to forge, to temper, and to sharpen the sword; to shoe the horse; to make and to mend their own clothing and the entire trappings of their steeds; to build and manage their keelless caïques; to bind rafts into pontoons for crossing the streams; to reap and grind the grain; and to cook the food. Such an education might have helped Captain Fyffe out of some of his Perils, but it would hardly have been of assistance to Mr. Chase in his land speculations or his mercantile enterprises. Nevertheless, the story which Dr. Ludlow tells so vividly and so well cannot fail to interest those who follow Miss Woolson's introspective New-Englander and Mr. Murray's downright, upright, prosaic Scot to the close of their careers.

Although the Captain of the Janizaries is introduced in the form of romance, he is founded upon hard facts. Dr. Ludlow has drawn all the details of his interesting narrative from historical records; from the chronicles of the contemporary scribes; from the later Byzantine annals; from the existing customs of the Albanian people, comparatively unchanged in all these years; and from his own observations during his modern Eastern journeyings. Until this work, originally printed a few years ago, called public attention to Scanderbeg that ancient hero was half forgotten, if he was known at all. But he was a very prominent figure in his day, and he played a leading part in the history of a once important people. He won great military renown; he was distinguished by superlative devotion to his country; and he resisted the bribes of riches, power, and splendor. Longfellow sang of him as the swarthy hero, gauntlet on hand and boot on leg, and skilled in every warlike art, riding through his Albanian lands, and following the auspicious star that shone for him o'er Ak-Hissar; and he seems to have deserved all the pains Dr. Ludlow has taken to rehabilitate and to reconstruct him. Although he is the central figure, he is not the all-pervading figure in the book. There is old-fashioned love-making in plenty between the covers; truth and loyalty are conspicuous elements; and perfect trust, that truest solace to the human heart, meets in the end with a just reward.

THERE is something very sad and very pathetic in the words which are uttered by Sir J. William Dawson in the Preface to *Some Salient Points in the Science of the Earth*.[4] We feel as we read them that we are saluted for the last time by one who is about to die in a noble and magnificent cause. "The present work," he says, "contains much that is new, and much in correction and amplification of that which is old; and it is intended as a closing deliverance on some of the more important questions of geology, on the part of a veteran worker, conversant in his younger days with those giants of the last generation, who, in the heroic age of geological science, piled up the mountain on which it is now the privilege of their successors to stand."

The younger days of Dr. Dawson were passed, alas! a good many years ago, but it is to be hoped that he may be spared for many days yet to stand upon the mountain which he himself helped to erect. He was born in Nova Scotia in 1820; he was educated at the University of Edinburgh; with Sir Charles Lyell, in 1842, and again in 1852, he studied the natural history and the geology of his native province; in 1855 he became the principal of McGill University in Montreal; in 1882 he received the Lyell Medal of the Geographical Society of Great Britain for eminent discoveries; he was knighted in 1884; and in 1885 he presided at the annual meeting of the British Association at Birmingham. His contributions to the scientific literature of the English language have been many and of great importance. In the estimation of the scientific world he stands upon the Mountain of Science side by side with Jameson, Sedgwick, Phillips, Asa Gray, Murchison, Lyell, and the other giants, many of whom were his seniors, but all of whom were his contemporaries, and to whom he dedicates the different chapters of his present work. His "Modern Science in Bible Lands," "The Story of the Earth and Man," and "The Origin of the World," briefly noticed from time to time in these columns, at-

[3] *The Captain of the Janizaries*. By JAMES M. LUDLOW. New Edition. Post 8vo, Paper, 50 cents. (*In Harper's Quarterly.*) New York: Harper and Brothers.

[4] *Some Salient Points in the Science of the Earth*. By Sir J. WILLIAM DAWSON, C.M.G., LL.D. Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, $2 00. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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test his scholarship and his knowledge of his subject. He places himself in opposition to the theories of the evolutionists; he lays down as an established starting-point in the history of the earth the Hebraic theory of the creation of our first parents; he believes, as has already been said of him in these pages, that the Science of the Earth, as illustrated by geological research, is one of the noblest outgrowths of our modern intellectual life; but he demands that it be delivered from what he terms that materialistic infidelity which, by robbing nature of the spiritual element and of its presiding divinity, makes science dry, barren, and repulsive, diminishes its educational value, and even renders it less efficient for practical research. He retains always, he says, his faith in those unseen realities of which the history of the earth itself is but one of the shadows projected on the field of time; he tries to present his many-sided subject in the light in which it appears to the geologist whose studies have led him to compare the two great continental areas which are the classic ground of the science; and he feels, above all things, that the unbelieving geologist, like the undevout astronomer, is mad.

Even those scientists who are not altogether in harmony with Dr. Dawson in this regard are forced to respect his genius, his liberality, and his sincerity, and to acknowledge the force and the strength of his arguments. And even a lay-reader who pretends to no knowledge of geology whatever is forced to confess that he has read his work, if not with understanding, still with an interest he rarely feels in subjects of its kind.

PROFESSOR DODGE'S *Introduction to Elementary Practical Biology*[3] is a proper companion to Dr. Dawson's "Science of the Earth," for Biology is the science of the life and of the living things which exist on the earth and in the waters under the earth. Nothing but what Professor Dodge has to say about his own science, and about his own theories concerning it, can be set down here by one who professes the most profound ignorance concerning the science himself; and much of that which here follows is based, of necessity, upon the Introduction to Professor Dodge's work.

The doctrine of Agassiz, "Study nature, not books," is the text of the sermon Professor Dodge preaches. He quotes Huxley as saying that real knowledge in science means a personal acquaintance with the facts, be they few or many; and on this hint he speaks. His book is written as a laboratory guide for high-schools and for college students, for the purpose of developing the power of independent observation, and of showing that the source of knowledge is the specimen rather than the book which describes the specimen. The work consists, as the author says, essentially of questions on the gross and minute structure, and on the physiology of a series of common animals and plants which are typical of their kind—questions which can be answered only by actual examination of the specimen or by performance of the experiment. It contains directions for the collection of specimens, for their preservation, for preparing them for examination, and for performing simple physiological experiments. That the material of which the guide is composed has been gradually accumulated during an experience of only seven years of teaching would prove that Professor Dodge is much the junior of Dr. Dawson, and that what he utters here is the first word, not the last note, of a Biological swan. But his seven years seem to have been well spent, and it is eminently proper that students at large should benefit by what has helped those who have listened directly to his teaching in the class-rooms and the fields. The author does not mean to urge the doing away with books altogether, but he shows that there is to be seen in nature a great deal more than any book describes; and he gives in one of his appendices a long list of the literature which the student may consult with advantage after having finished the study of each particular object.

That much pleasure and instruction are to be derived from the study of living organisms is unquestioned; and it is equally true that this pleasure and instruction are lost to those who do not know what to observe or how to observe it. If Professor Dodge can succeed in this book in doing away with the belief that the study of natural history means the memorizing of a long list of unfamiliar Latin names and terms, and the collecting of nasty things in nets and bottles, and if he can succeed in cultivating a taste for the study of Nature from Nature herself, he will have accomplished a worthy object.

THIS same lay reader knows even less about Music than about Biology, or about the Science of the Earth. He cannot to this day, at the end of some five-and-thirty years, look without a sigh at a very old-fashioned piano, now transformed into a sideboard and highly cherished by his wife. He remembers how dismally he struggled to keep involuntary variations out of "The Carnival of Venice"—his first piece with both hands; and he almost weeps as he thinks how the yellow ivory keys were kept in a constantly muddy condition by the big tears which splashed upon not very clean little fingers, groping in the mist for bass notes that were usually accidentals. He made a practice of trying to do as his mother wished him to do, although not always willingly; but when she asked him to take thirty minutes out of his play-hours, every day, in order to practise upon the piano, he rebelled

[3] *Introduction to Elementary Practical Biology.* A Laboratory Guide for High-School and College Students. WRIGHT DODGE, M.S., Professor of Biology in Pratt Institute. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $1 [illegible] Harper and Brothers.

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against her authority, for the first and only time in his life; and so he gave up Music. He looks now upon a great deal of what is called Music as unnecessary noise, and he believes that the indiscriminate teaching of and practising upon the much-abused piano has done more to retard the progress of civilization in these United States than have machine politics, the cellar-heater, the Sunday newspapers, or inflammable curtains on dinner-table candles.

It is with a feeling, therefore, of hesitancy that he ventures to call the reader's attention to a neat and compact little volume entitled *Everybody's Guide to Music*,[6] by Mr. Josiah Booth. It contains, as its sub-title explains, Illustrated Chapters on Singing and the Cultivation of the Voice, on Full and Explicit Helps to the Piano and Organ, and a Complete Dictionary of Musical Terms. Its author hopes that it will serve to introduce Everybody to the theory if not to the practice of the Musical Art, that it will prove a trustworthy and an accessible guide to the development and cultivation of musical talent; and that to those who have neither ear nor voice it will present the theory of music in an intelligible shape. It is uniform with "Everybody's Pocket Cyclopædia," "Everybody's Writing-desk Book," and "Everybody's Book of Correct Conduct," and even a man possessed of neither a voice nor an ear can see with half an eye that it is likely to fulfil its promises and to accomplish its designs.

WE are told by Thomas Twining in his *Notes and Reminiscences of Travel in America 100 Years Ago*[7] that the Blue Mountains are supposed to have been once the boundaries of an immense lake, until the Susquehanna, the Potomac, and other rivers burst through them. This is the only geological statement contained in the little volume, and there is no reference to Biology or to Music at all. Nevertheless, Mr. Twining makes many interesting and even startling remarks, some of which are too valuable to be lost. He tells us that a hundred years ago Broadway extended two miles; that Newark, New Jersey, was one of the prettiest and neatest towns he had ever seen; that Saint Tammany was the patron saint of America; that President Washington lived on the left side of High Street, Philadelphia, next door to a hair-dresser; that Vice-President Adams was in his manner somewhat cold and reserved, as the citizens of Massachusetts, his native State, are said generally to be; and that the Virginian gentlemen a hundred years ago had contracted the playful habit of gouging out each other's eyes.

[6] *Everybody's Guide to Music*. With Illustrated Chapters on Singing and the Cultivation of the Voice; Full and Explicit Helps to the Piano and Organ; Complete Dictionary of Musical Terms. By JOSIAH BOOTH. Square 16mo, Cloth, Ornamental, 75 cents. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[7] *Travels in America 100 Years Ago*. Being Notes and Reminiscences. By THOMAS TWINING. Illustrated. 32mo, Cloth, Ornamental, 50 cents. (*Harper's Black and White Series*) New York: Harper and Brothers

This Thomas Twining was born in England in 1776. At the age of sixteen he went to India, and in 1795, the state of his health rendering a voyage to Europe necessary, he returned to his native land by way of America, where he remained a few months. He helped to lay the foundation of the great East Indian Empire, he was interested with the reform of an extensive department of the public administration there. To quote his own words, he had been appointed judge of a great district before he was thirty; he held the charge of a country containing more than ten thousand towns and villages, and more than two millions of people; he had been received by the Great Mogul on his throne in the Old World, and by General Washington in the New. He retired to private life early in the present century, and he lived until 1861. Whether he ever came to America again is not recorded; but what he did observe of Washington, and of his neighbor the hair-dresser, a hundred years ago, and the impression made upon him by the young republic, are very entertaining reading now. He was intelligent and unprejudiced, he was endowed with well-bred and indefatigable curiosity, and, with the exception of his belief in the Virginian method of blinding one's enemies, he seems to have kept his own eyes wide open while he was here, and to have seen things as they really existed. His picture of the Father of Our Country is one of the best contemporary sketches that have come down to us, and is worth more than all the portraits of Trumbull, Sharpless, and Peale put together. While engaged in conversation with Mrs. Washington in the drawing-room in the Philadelphia house, the door opened, "and Mrs. Washington and myself rising, she said, 'The President!' and introduced me to him. Never did I feel more interested than when I saw the tall, upright, venerable figure of this great man advancing towards me to take me by the hand. There was a seriousness in his manner which seemed to contribute to the impressive dignity of his person, without diminishing the confidence and ease which the benevolence of his countenance and the kindness of his address inspired.....The General's age was rather more than sixty-four. In person he was tall, well-proportioned, and upright. His hair was powdered and tied behind. Although his deportment was that of a general, the expression of his features had rather the calm dignity of a legislator than the severity of a soldier. He was born in Virginia, and was now contemplating his final retirement to Mount Vernon, his favorite residence, situated in that State, a few miles below Alexandria. Shortly after the period of my introduction he expressed his intentions in a feeling address."

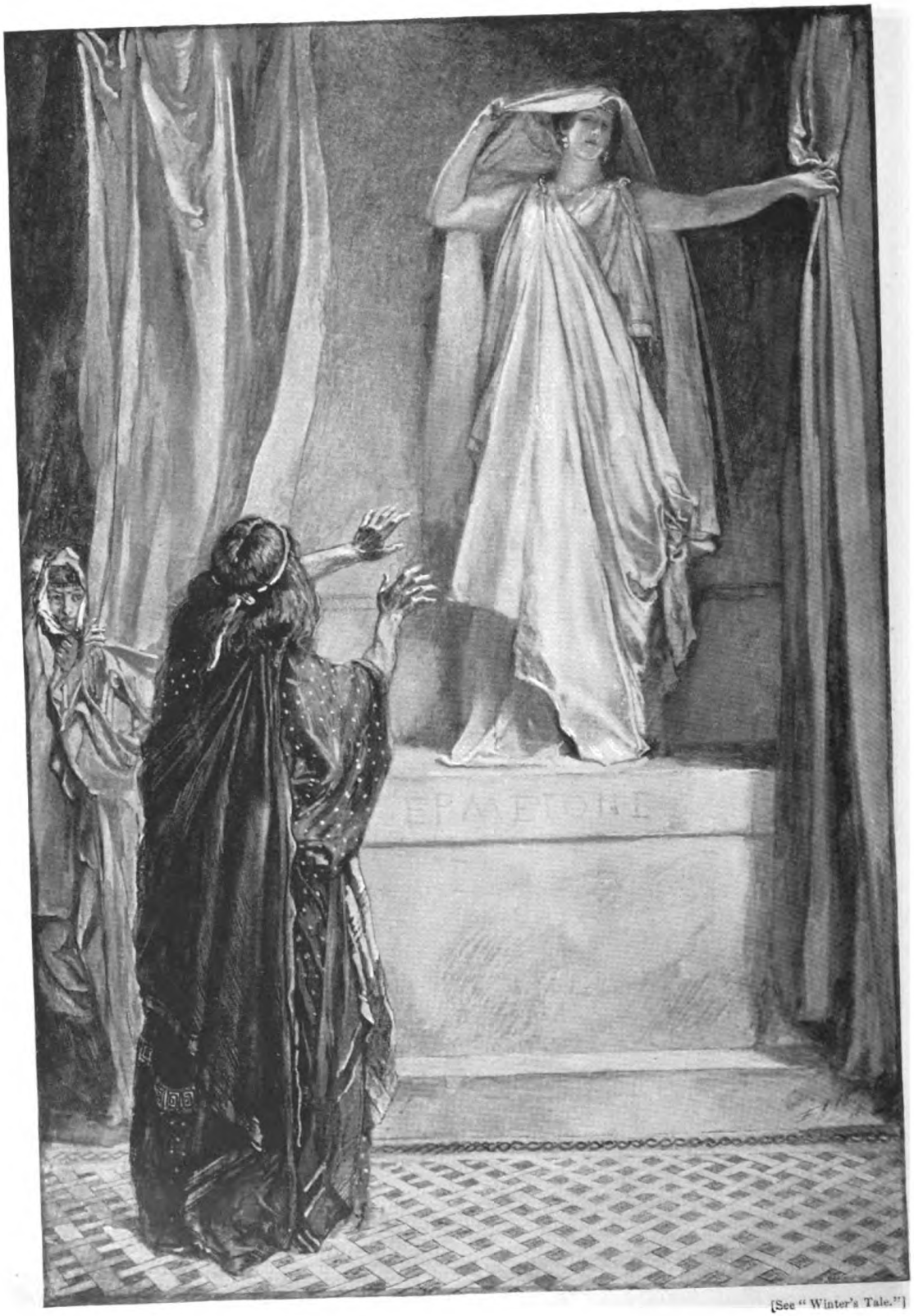
The story of the memorable interview is told in full. But even in this slight extract the whole scene is made visible, and one can almost hear Mrs. Washington announce "The President!"

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[See "Winter's Tale."]

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HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXXVIII. APRIL, 1894. No. DXXVII.

A BATTLE-SHIP IN ACTION.

BY S. A. STAUNTON, LIEUTENANT UNITED STATES NAVY.



THE *Farragut* was steaming sixteen knots, fires under every boiler, and each one of her thirty-two furnaces burning freely with the natural draught of her hundred-foot funnels, the forced draught which would give her the final and maximum battle speed of seventeen knots still kept in reserve. The vessel whose smoke had been sighted half an hour earlier was now only six miles distant, and was clearly seen to be an enemy's battle-ship, practically equal in strength to the *Farragut*, and indeed the one which the coast signal service had reported from Cape Cod the day before, and in search of which the *Farragut* was cruising.

The signal officer had gone into the military top, eighty feet above the water-line, when the first report of the lookout was heard, and with a powerful glass had made out and passed to the captain in the pilot-house below all those distinctive features of shape of hull, number of smoke-pipes and military masts, and installation of heavy guns, which marked her individuality. Although her hull had been painted a muddy gray upon the outbreak of war, not a vestige remaining of the beautiful white and gold which is a first lieutenant's pride in time of peace, and she showed as yet no national colors, not an officer upon the *Farragut's* bridge had the least doubt of her identity.

The great powers had been narrowly watching each other's armed development for many years, and there was not a battle-ship, cruiser, or torpedo-boat whose speed, strength, and characteristic features could not be found in the confidential information leisurely and accurately prepared in time of peace, and issued to commanding officers in preparation for war. The captain of the *Farragut* knew with equal certainty that the enemy's telescopes had swept every foot of his own hull with the same satisfactory result.

The display of the ensigns—a salutation in peace, a challenge in war—had not yet been made. As yet each vessel ignored the other's presence. But to a thousand human beings the issue was one of life or death, and to the two captains much more than that—the crowning effort of serious and arduous professional lives, that crucial test long studied and long prepared for, success in which meant fame and honor, while failure meant reproach and bitter mortification, if not a broken and ruined career.

The time was September, 1898, and the place a point in the Atlantic Ocean eighty miles southeast of the capes of the Delaware. There was a long, light swell, the reminiscence of a southwester, and a brisk northwest breeze which broke the gently rolling surface of the sea into dancing white-caps. The sky was clear, the sunshine brilliant, the air cool, dry, and bracing—an ideal day for sailing or fighting.

The *Farragut* was steaming due east when the enemy's smoke was sighted, and continued that course. The latter bore E.N.E. when first seen, and as she drew slightly ahead, it was evident that she was standing well to the southward and would cross the *Farragut's* bows. She was, in

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fact, making full speed on a S.S.W. course, to effect a rendezvous with her flag-officer south of Hatteras.

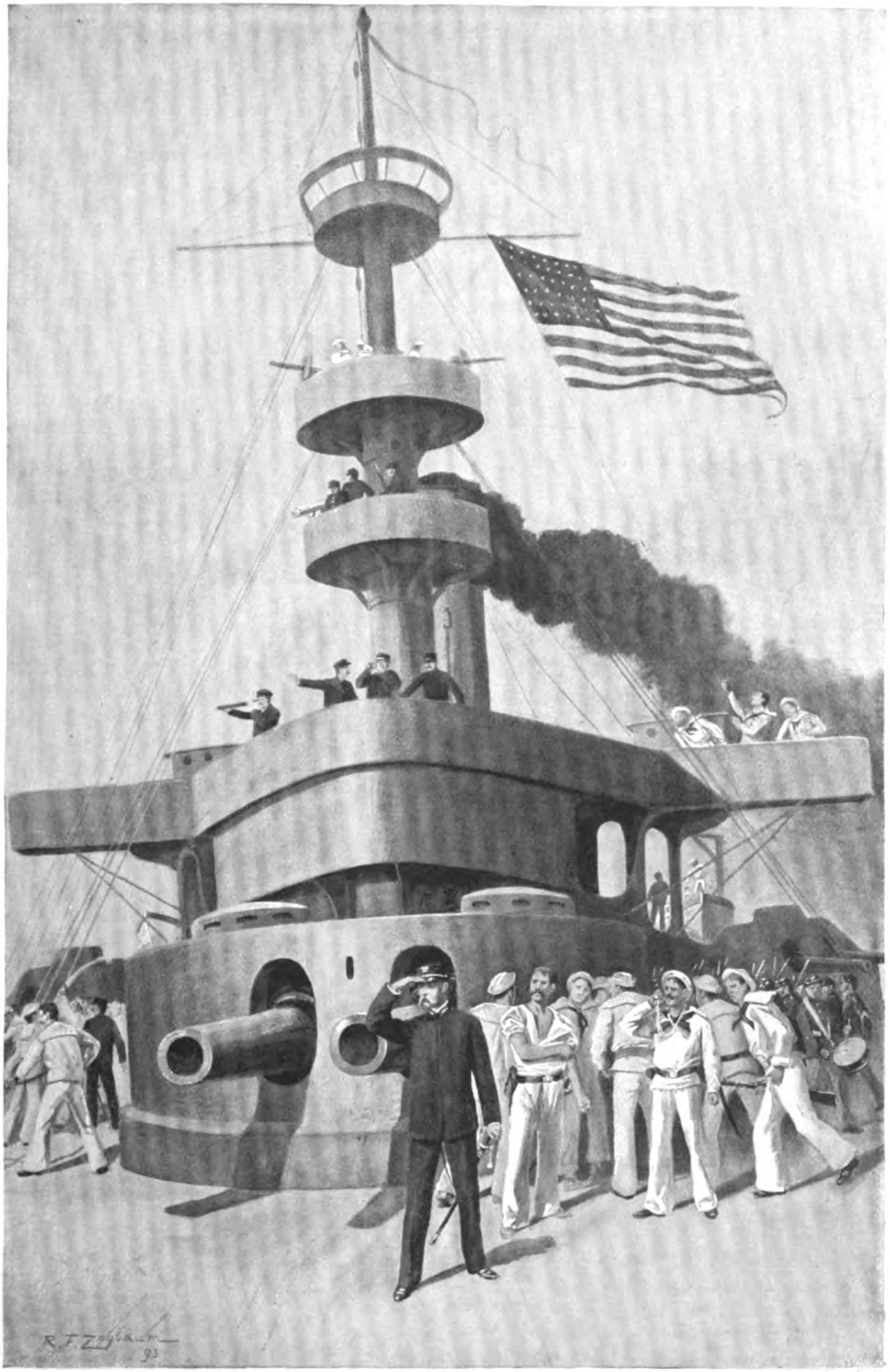
The crew had been called to quarters when the enemy's hull began to lift above the horizon, and the *Farragut* was cleared for action. Every stanchion, hatch-canopy, and railing that interfered with the fire of the guns, or that, if struck by shot, might become a missile of destruction and death, was removed. The compasses were carried below to a place of safety. Around the bridges and rails were placed hammocks as a protection against the fire of small-arms and machine-guns. The turrets had been revolved back and forth through their extreme arcs of train to test the turning machinery, and to ascertain that no obstacles to rapid and efficient work existed. All guns were charged, and torpedoes were placed in the tubes. Reports had been received from all divisions. The means of communication with the different portions of the huge and complicated structure—electrical, mechanical, and by voice-tubes—were tested.

The enemy was now six miles distant and bearing nearly ahead. The captain of the *Farragut* lifted the speaking-tube to his lips and ordered the forced draught put on, at the same time repeating the signal "full speed." In two minutes the revolutions-indicator showed an increase of three turns per minute, and continued slowly to mount. Again a low sharp order, and the stars and stripes floated from the mast-head and the flag-staff. The enemy hesitated not an instant to accept the challenge. With his helm aport he swung steadily around to meet the *Farragut*, and displayed his national colors. Now only five miles distant, and at a speed of seventeen knots, the two leviathans rushed upon each other. In nine minutes they would cover the distance which separated them. The scenery of an ocean drama was set, and the curtain had been rung up for the first act.

War had been declared in August. It was not unexpected, for the growing irritation between the people of the two nations over unfortunate questions of commercial influence and control—an irritation so pronounced that it appeared to render an amicable adjustment impossible—had extended to the governments themselves. The importance of these questions had been accented by the rapid progress of work upon the Nicaragua Canal, already at that time an assured success. The expansion of old lines of trade and the creation of new ones were certain, in public opinion, to follow the completion of that great undertaking. The prosperity and population of the United States had continued rapidly to increase, and an augmented proportion of its money and labor had again turned to the sea as a remunerative field. Cheaper coal and materials were once more making of the seaboard Americans what cheaper timber made of them fifty years before—a ship-building and ship-sailing people, carrying their own freights, and even bidding successfully for the freights of others. From well-equipped yards there had already been launched scores of steamers unrivalled in speed and economy, taking in their respective classes the position held by the American clipper-ship of the early fifties. The markets of South America were filling up with American manufactured goods, and their carrying trade was coming under the control of American lines of steamers. Slowly but surely European trade, which had long regarded that part of the world as almost its exclusive possession, was being crowded out by the competition of the United States. And this energy was extending into other seas, and threatening to disturb the security of other commercial interests. Our flag once more had become a familiar sight in the ports of the world. From the Baltic to the Mediterranean statesmen and capitalists began to regard the United States as a dangerous rival in her new field of effort, and pretexts to curtail by force of arms and subsequent treaty those commercial ambitions which economic conditions had failed to check were willingly accepted.

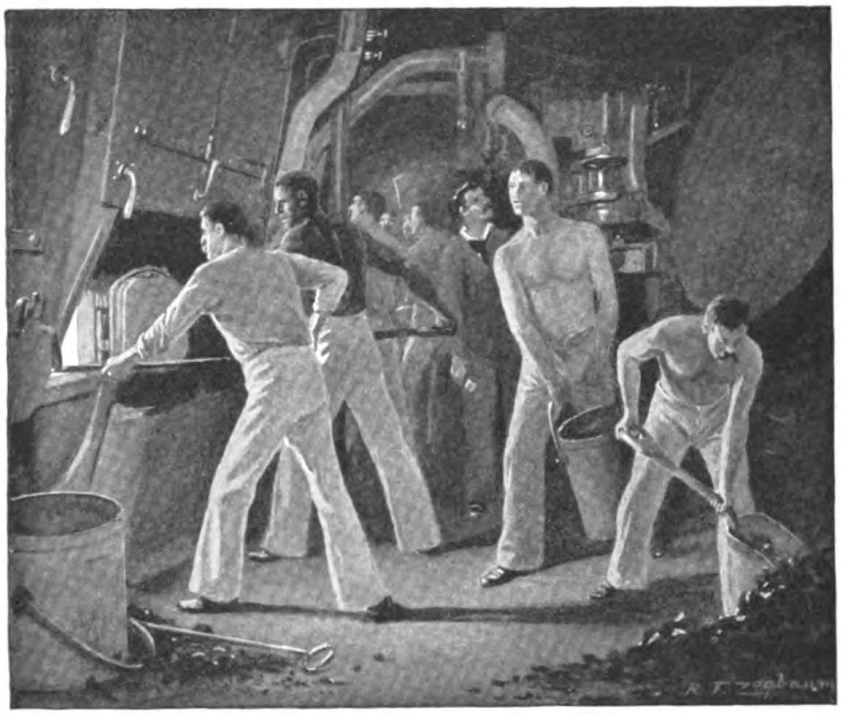
The outbreak came, as might have been expected, through arbitrary and discriminating custom-house exactions. An American steamer was seized in a foreign port, and her master was imprisoned. The captain of a United States cruiser sent an armed force on board the steamer, took her out of the hands of the customs officers, and escorted her to sea before the harbor authorities realized what was happening. A fast corvette was sent in pursuit, and an engagement took place between the public vessels, in which men were killed and wounded on both sides. There was too much hot blood to permit

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IN SIGHT OF THE ENEMY—THE CHALLENGE.

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IN THE DEPTHS OF THE SHIP.

any discussion or delay, and war immediately ensued.

The navy of the United States had grown, although not in proportion to its commercial marine. She had six battleships of the first and two of the second class; five double-turreted monitors, valuable for the defence of harbors and roadsteads, but counting for little in any work at sea; a number of powerful armored and protected cruisers; and a fair proportion of smaller craft, gunboats, and torpedo-boats. With a small margin of national income above national expense, it had frequently been a hard fight for the naval appropriations to hold their own against the river and harbor bills and other popular measures of internal improvement; but national interest in the navy had kept pace with interest in the rapidly developing commercial marine, and moderate construction bills never failed to pass.

The *Farragut* was one of the latest of the first-class sea-going battle-ships. She had been completed the year before, had been at once commissioned, and was now in thorough condition for war service, her capacities tested and understood, her crew trained, her officers knowing their ship, knowing their men, and familiar with all the duties which they would or might be called upon to perform.

The evolution and development of fifty years had produced in the modern battle-ship a wonderful and complex instrument of warfare—almost unsinkable, almost impregnable, with tremendous offensive power. She was filled with powerful agencies, all obedient to the control of man—the creatures of his brain and the servants of his will. Steam in its simple application drove her main engines and many auxiliaries. Steam transformed into hydraulic power moved her steering-gear and turned her turrets. Steam converted into electrical energy produced her incandescent and search lights, worked small motors in remote places, and fired her guns when desired. Every application of energy, every device of mechanism, found its office somewhere in that vast hull, and the source of all the varied forms of power lay in the great boilers, far down below danger of shot and shell, under which grimy stokers were always shovelling coal. Decades of thought and study, experiment and failure, trial again with partial success, and repeated trials with complete success, had assigned to each agency its appropriate function, and perfected the mechanism through which its work was performed.

The *Farragut* was a sister ship to the *Iowa*. Built two years later, the same dimensions and design had been retained, but improvements in the processes of manufacturing armor plates had enabled a saving of weight in the heavily armored parts to be effected, which saving was applied to light protection on the water-line forward and abaft of the barbettes.

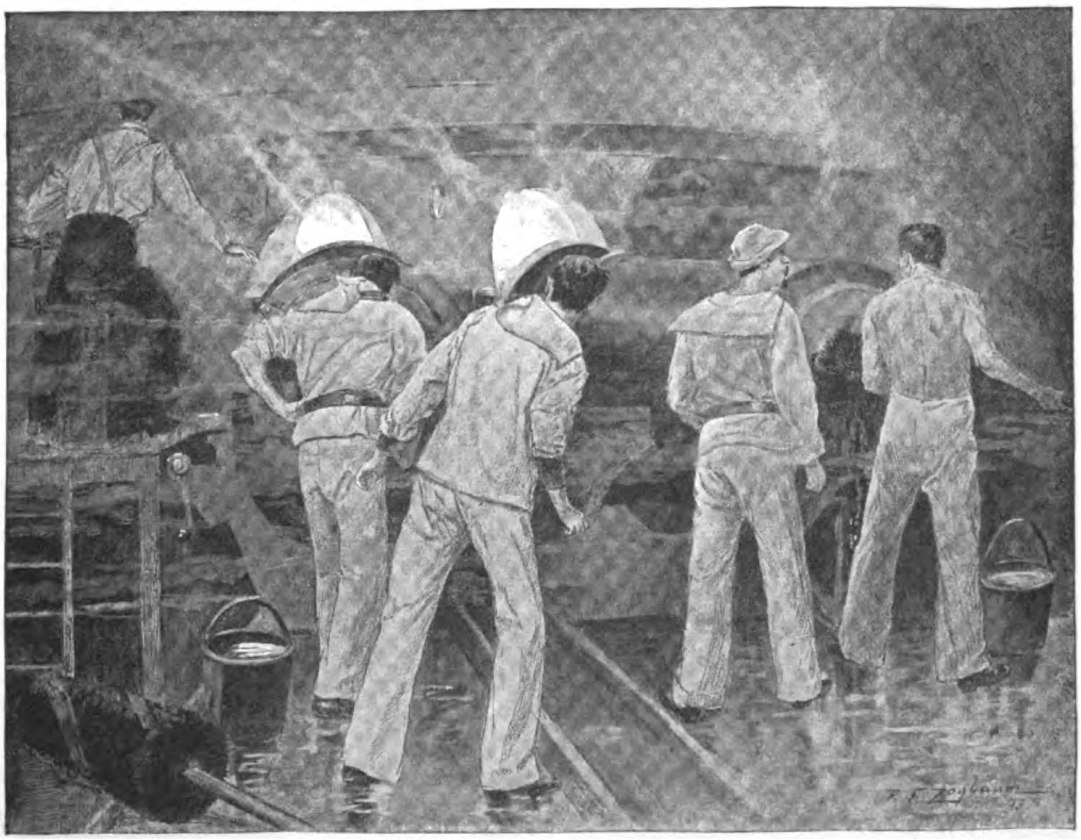
Her length was 360 feet, her breadth 72,

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her draught 24. Placed on one of the avenues of New York city, she would have covered a square and blocked two streets, with 50 or 60 feet of surplus length. Her water-line would have been 24 feet above the pavement, her heavy guns 50 feet, her conning-tower 60 feet, and the tops of her smoke-stacks 110 feet. Her total weight — 11,300 tons — was quite equal to the aggregate weight of the houses fronting Fifth Avenue on both sides of a square. Although in length and speed and in actual size she was inferior to an ocean greyhound, her enormous guns, her massive turrets and barbettes, her impervious side armor, and her torpedoes, made her an object of greater interest and study. The transatlantic liner is an ocean palace, fleet but defenceless; the battle-ship is a floating fortress, armed and invulnerable at every point.

The great hull which supports and carries the vast weights of machinery, guns, and armor was built of thin plates closely jointed and fitted, and bound together with straps, angle-irons, and brackets, to make a strong, unyielding structure. Its strength is that of the girder, and not that of the beam.

Visitors are often surprised, when being shown through the lower flats and store-rooms of a modern ship, to learn that less than an inch of steel lies between them and the depths of the sea. The *Farragut's* keel plates were one and three-eighths inches thick; the remainder of her outside plating from three-quarters to half an inch. This plating was secured to light steel transverse frames. Throughout the greater portion of the length of the ship, excluding only a certain part at either end, vertical plates were erected upon the frames and outside plating, running both lengthwise of the ship and transversely; and upon these plates was laid a second or inner bottom. Thus was formed the "double bottom," a common feature in battle-ships and heavy cruisers, adding greatly to their strength and safety. It extended in the *Farragut* throughout her heavily armored portion, and from the keel to the water-line on



IN THE TURRET.

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both sides. All its vertical plates were accurately fitted and secured to both outer and inner bottoms. All connections were strongly riveted, calked, and made water-tight.

The "double bottom" was like a honeycomb, separated into a multitude of cells, localizing an injury, and rendering it ineffective to sink or disable the vessel.

Throughout the whole length of the ship, spaced at frequent intervals, and extending from the main-deck to the keel and from side to side, were transverse water-tight bulkheads of steel, strong enough to resist the pressure of the water should one compartment be filled and the others empty. These bulkheads were placed close together at the ends of the ship, especially forward, where they added much to the structural strength and supported the ram, and in the central portion as frequently as the disposition of engines and boilers permitted.

The cellular construction of the double bottom, and compartmental construction on a larger scale throughout the ship, constituted the structural safeguards against sinking from collision, grounding, or injuries from shot or torpedoes. A slight wound, piercing only the outer skin, would be localized by the arrangement of the double bottom. A serious injury crashing through both bottoms would be confined to that part of the ship by the water-tight bulkheads. Nothing but the deadly blow of a ram, smashing through bottoms and bulkheads, and throwing several compartments into one, would be likely to sink such a ship.

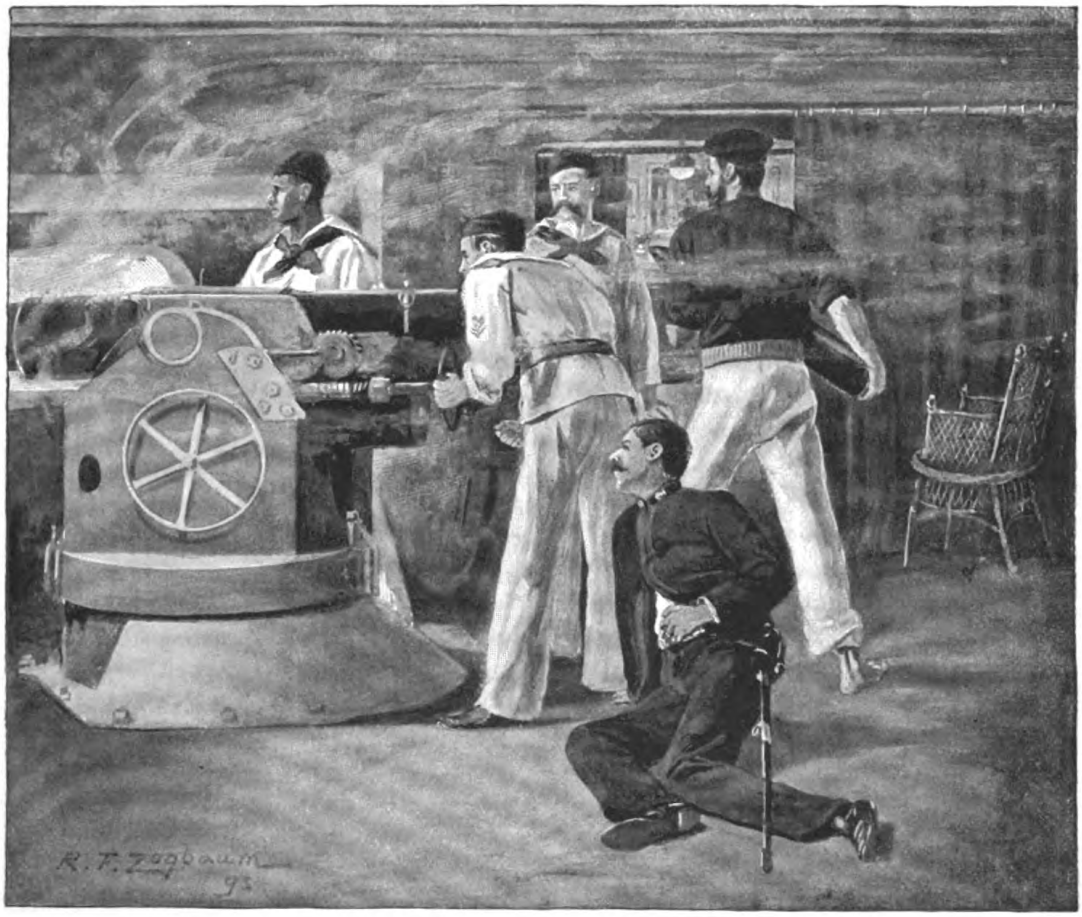
But the heavy shells from an enemy's guns may do many other forms of injury besides sinking a vessel and disabling her crew. They may strike and disable her engines, or pierce her boilers, causing disastrous explosions. They may injure her steering-gear, destroy the mechanism which controls her turrets and guns, or injure the guns themselves and their carriages. In every feature of offence which renders her a formidable and dangerous foe—her speed, her mobility, the fire of her guns—a man-of-war is dangerously vulnerable unless she be protected by armor, unless the enemy's shot be rejected by plates which it cannot penetrate.

The percentage of weight which may be allotted to armor in the design of a ship limits the area which can be wholly protected, but often permits the partial protection of other areas of less importance to her vitality and destructive force. Motive power, steering-gear, and magazines stand first upon the list of those features demanding complete protection.

The *Iowa* had a water-line belt of fourteen-inch steel armor, extending from one barbette to the other, or through about one hundred and eighty feet of the length of the ship, and from four and a half feet below the water-line to three feet above it. From the ends of this belt twelve-inch diagonal steel bulkheads extended across the vessel, and met forward of the forward barbette and abaft the after barbette, thus completely enclosing them and the whole central part of the ship in a steel box seven feet and six inches high. Over this belt was laid a three-inch steel deck to deflect plunging shot. The ends of the ship were not protected by vertical armor, but from the bottom of the belt to the stem and stern posts were laid three-inch protective steel decks. Thus there was a large part of the ship of considerably greater size than her total submerged portion, extending three feet above the water-line amidships, and to four feet and a half below the water-line at the ends, which was practically impregnable to the attacks of an enemy's battery; and this fortress contained the engines and boilers, the steering-gear, and the magazines.

The development of armor had made such progress before the *Farragut's* designs were completed that it was possible, without increasing her weight, to extend the protected area. The Harvey process of surface hardening, applied to plates of nickel-steel, had produced an armor almost ideal in its combined qualities of hardness and toughness. Highly tempered shot broke up upon its surface, and softer projectiles were so deformed that their penetrating power was seriously impaired. It was found possible to reduce the thickness of the belt, barbette, and turret armor sufficiently to extend the belt to the ends of the ship, with a thickness of five inches outside of the barbettes, and to raise it at the ends to protect the torpedo-tubes and torpedo-manipulating rooms. This much increased the water-line protection, making it invulnerable throughout against guns of small calibre, and diminished to a great degree a danger much discussed among naval men, that the unarmored ends of battle-ships would

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THE SECONDARY BATTERY—THE AFTER-CABIN.

be so riddled in action by explosive shells as to destroy their buoyancy and floating power; their compartments filled with water would immerse the whole ship to a deeper draught, would diminish her speed and steering qualities, and thus seriously impair two of her most valuable attributes.

The *Farragut's* battery was the same as that of the *Iowa*—four 12-inch rifles mounted in pairs in two turrets, eight 8-inch rifles, also mounted in pairs in turrets, six rapid-fire 4-inch rifles, and an ample secondary battery of twenty 6-pounder and six 1-pounder rapid-fire guns, and two Gatlings—all high-powered breech-loading guns of the best American manufacture.

The turrets of the 12-inch guns were placed on the midship-line of the ship, at the ends of the central heavily armored portion. They were mounted inside of fixed barbettes which supported their weight and protected the turning mechanism, communications, and passage of ammunition. The forward guns were 25 feet above the water, the after guns 18 feet.

The turrets of the 8-inch guns were placed, two on each side of the ship, between those of the 12-inch guns. They were six inches thick, and were also mounted upon barbettes six inches in thickness. These barbettes extended down to the light side armor above the belt, thus covering communications and ammunition passages.

The 4-inch and secondary battery guns were arranged to obtain the most effective angles of fire, many of them being placed upon the superstructure above the upper deck. One-pounders and Gatlings were mounted in the military tops.

The power of modern ordnance had reached an extraordinary point of development. From the 12-inch rifles steel shells weighing 850 pounds, and propelled by 400 pounds of powder, were launched

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with a velocity of 2200 feet per second. At 1500 yards' distance one of these shells was capable of penetrating 22 inches of ordinary solid steel. Only the new and improved armor, which broke up and destroyed projectiles upon a flinty surface, could prevent such powerful bolts from reaching the vitals of a ship. The two shells from one pair of these enormous guns striking together exerted an energy sufficient to raise the total weight of the *Farragut*, more than eleven thousand tons, to a height of five feet.

The 8-inch rifles, 40 calibres in length, fired 250-pound projectiles with a powder charge of 125 pounds and a velocity of 2300 feet per second. These guns were symmetrically disposed in their four turrets, so that two pairs would fire in any direction — ahead, astern, or on either side. The rapid-fire lighter guns were of equal excellence in their several classes. With skilful gunners five to fifteen aimed shots per minute could be discharged from each of them; and as a satisfactory smokeless powder had finally been produced—one which neither obscured the vision nor asphyxiated the crew—a destructive hail of explosive projectiles could be directed upon any point without delay or confusion.

The disposition of the *Farragut's* battery armed her at every point. There were no "dead angles" or parts of the horizon not swept by her guns, no directions in which a faster or more handy antagonist might lie in comparative safety while delivering his own deadly fire. Anything ahead was commanded by two 12-inch and four 8-inch guns. An enemy astern confronted the same fire, while on either beam a tremendous broadside of four 12-inch and four 8-inch could be directed.

It had been intended to give to the new battle-ship the name of a prosperous Western State; but before the time of her launching arrived, the deepening interest in naval matters had strengthened the impression that it would be wise to preserve in a concrete and tangible form the memory of brilliant and honorable pages in our naval history. It was felt that the claims of States and cities, however important and powerful, to representation upon the navy list could not always be greater than those of distinguished men who had rendered their country immortal services while many of those States and cities were yet untrodden wildernesses. The illustrious examples of an honorable service, kept alive in the breasts and minds of young officers and sailors, would point out to them always the paths in which duty and patriotism lay, and encourage them to noble deeds of emulation.

Erie, Champlain, Perry, Macdonough, Decatur, Farragut, were more than names to the bright young men who formed the bone and sinew of the country's new navy —as well to those who wore the blue jacket as to those who wore the laced coat; and when it was proposed to name the new battle-ship after the hero of Mobile Bay, the expression of public sentiment was a chorus of approval.

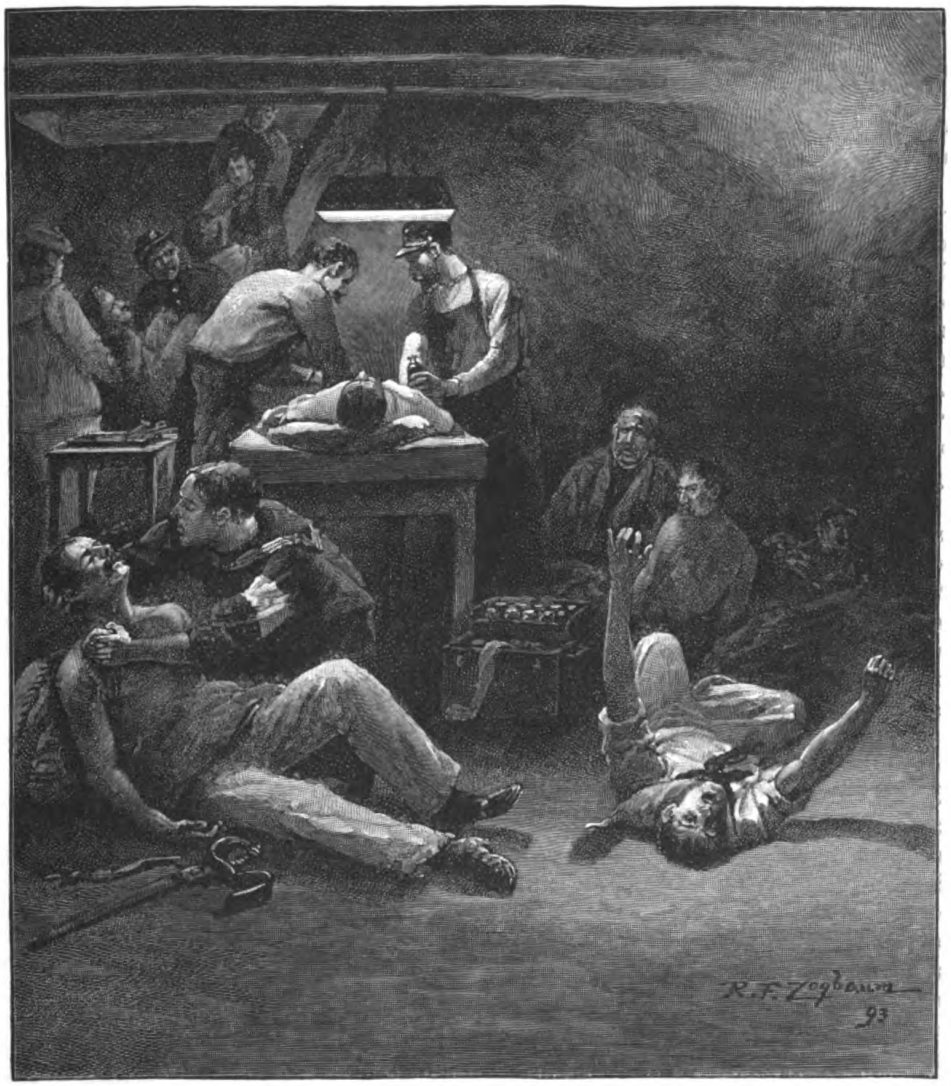
Such was the construction, the armament, and the history of the battle-ship rushing upon her antagonist that bright September morning.

Every man was at his station for battle; every preparation was made. Although several minutes would still elapse before the action began, bustle and movement had ceased. In silence and suspense, with quickened breath, the onset was awaited.

In the fire and engine rooms stood the engineer's force. These great machinery spaces, 24 feet in height from the inner plating of the double bottom to the protective deck above, were filled with the massive propelling machinery and its auxiliaries. Four enormous boilers, 17 feet in diameter and 20 in length, their steel shells one and a half inches thick, built to carry a working pressure of 160 pounds, provided the steam. Each pair of these boilers, placed fore and aft and side by side, was installed in a separate compartment, with fire-rooms at the ends. Every boiler had four furnaces in each end, which gave eight to each fire-room, or a total of thirty-two. The two boiler compartments were separated by a water-tight bulkhead, and by a deep broad coal-bunker. At the sides of the ship were also coal-bunkers, which supplemented the heavy armor belt by the protection of a mass of coal twelve feet in thickness—in itself a not inconsiderable earth-work, which might arrest the fragments of a bursting shell that had succeeded in piercing the armor. No casualty of naval combat can be worse than the penetration of high-pressure boilers by heavy shells. Their complete protection is an imperative condition, quite as important as the protection of the magazines.

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A contingent of firemen, water-tenders, and coal-heavers in each fire-room performed its duties with a precision unvarying and mechanical. Stripped to the waist, with muscles knotted on arms and shoulders, these grimy, stalwart men handled slice-bar, rake, and shovel, or dragged from the bowels of the bunkers fresh supplies of fuel. They were safe from shot and shell, but they also were denied all knowledge of passing events. The battle might rage over them and about them without conveying any intimation of the fortunes of the day. Shells might shriek and tear through the decks above, dismounting guns, maiming and killing scores of men, yet nothing would reach them except muffled and distorted sounds. In the beginning, when the enemy was first sighted and the ship put under full speed, they were informed by their comrades on deck of the progress of events. Even after the call to stations for battle vague and undecided rumors found their way to the regions below; but after the forced draught was put on, and all hatches closed, they were cut off as effectually from all further knowledge as if buried in the catacombs. Silent and intent they toiled, the blazing furnaces in front of them, a tangled mass of pipes and connections over their heads. The whir of



IN THE COCKPIT.

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the forced-draught fans made a monotonous accompaniment to the metallic clash of furnace doors and shovels, the electric light fell upon their glistening shoulders and cast strong shadows on their rugged faces, as with suspense magnified by ignorance and unrelieved by excitement they did their part.

The main engines worked with steady rhythmic stroke. On the platforms, at the reversing-gear, at every valve and throttle, were stationed men to make immediate response to every command, to meet an emergency with appropriate action. The oilers moved here and there, filling cups, feeling and examining every journal, rod, and crank. Cadets were placed at the voice-tubes and annunciators to remain in constant communication with the conning-tower. Everywhere, and in charge of all, the veteran chief-engineer moved, a principal assistant in charge of each engine and another in charge of the fire-rooms. Upon him was the responsibility of maintaining seventeen knots until the issue of battle was decided, and his sharp critical eye, as it fell upon his engines and his men, was filled with the gravity of the occasion.

The engineer's division was protected from shell, but not from two other dreaded weapons—the ram and torpedo. A Whitehead striking below the armor belt might burst with tremendous force through double bottom and coal-bunkers, or a grinding steel prow, backed by the momentum of thousands of tons, might crash irresistibly through armor, beams, and machinery to the very heart and vitals of the ship. These were possible disasters, which might not even be threatened, and which, if threatened, might be avoided by coolness and skill in manœuvring; but they would be destructive, perhaps overwhelming, if they did occur.

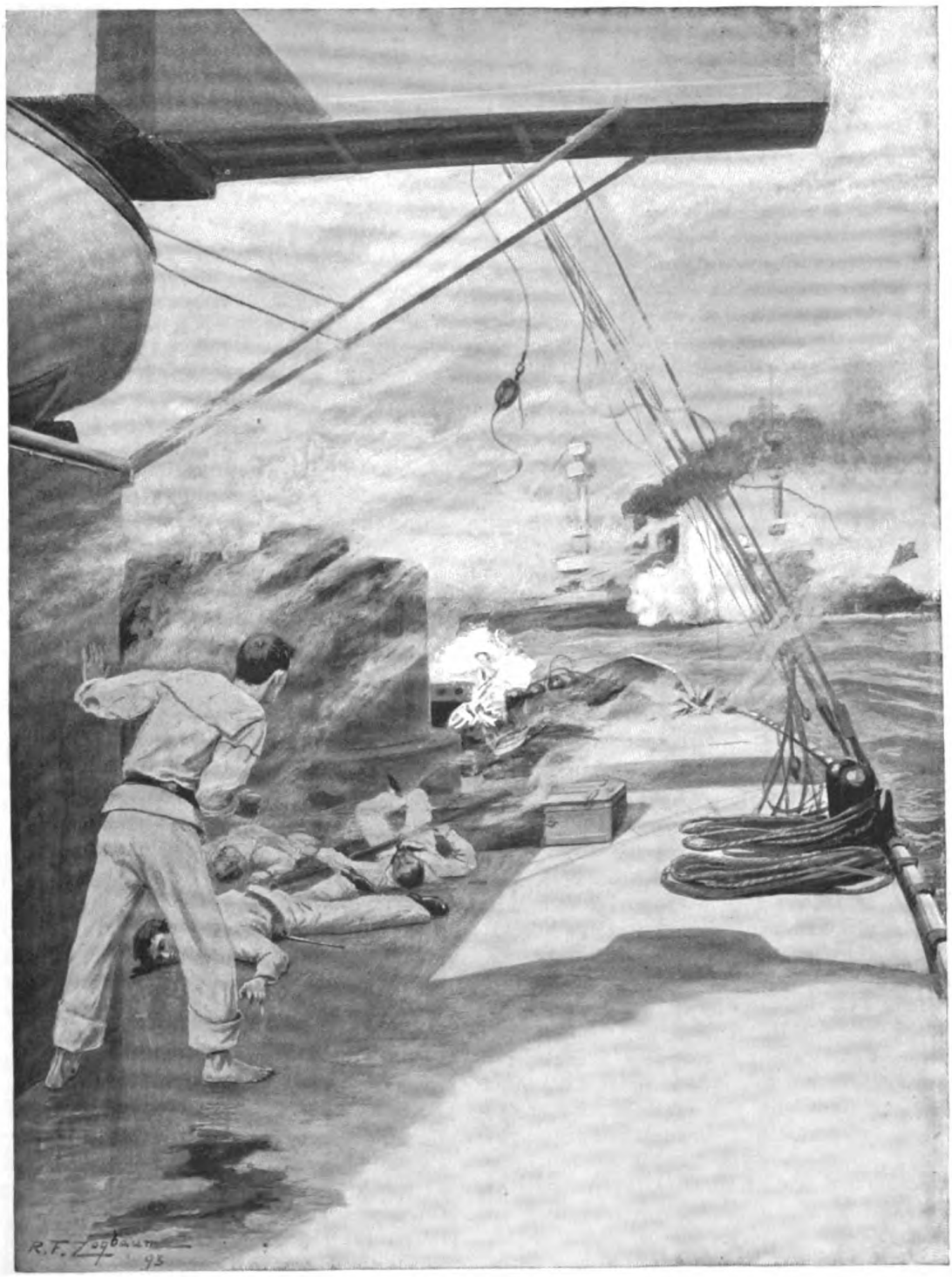
The men at the guns were sure to have a certain proportion of death and wounds from bullets and shells. Those below would escape this danger, and probably other dangers; but there was always the chance of a catastrophe.

The "powder division" provided ammunition and controlled the hoists which conveyed shell and powder to the guns of the battery. In the magazines and shell-rooms, far below the water-line, on the lower flats, and at successive stations, men stood to guide the shells, both great and small, and the cylinders of powder from the depths of the ship to the turrets and fighting-decks. This division also, although in close touch with the active business of fighting, would not have an actual part in it, except in the extreme case of calling up all hands to repel an enemy who was gaining possession of the decks—an exigency not likely to occur in modern naval battles. Below the berth-deck its members were completely protected by the ship's heaviest armor, and upon the berth-deck they were partially protected by the lighter side armor extending above the belt. The torpedo-rooms, four in number, were protected by light armor. One of them was aft and one forward, with fixed tubes, discharging their torpedoes in line with the keel. The other two were on the quarters, their tubes ranging forward to threaten any ship attempting to ram. A crew in each room adjusted the torpedo, put on its fighting-head, and upon placing it in the tube attached its percussion-fuse. The torpedoes could be discharged from the several rooms or from the conning-tower. The ship carried twelve; three for each tube. With a speed of thirty knots these torpedoes would run 500 yards—the limit of distance at which they would be employed between moving vessels—in thirty seconds.

The crews of the 8 and 12 inch rifles were assembled in the turrets, grouped about their guns, and straining their eyes at the approaching foe. Time and again their glances were cast upon every preparation and every fitting, to render doubly sure the assurance that the moment of need would find nothing unheeded or forgotten. Cutlasses and revolvers were belted on, rifles were placed near at hand, and the silence was unbroken save now and then by a hushed whispered comment on the appearance and speed of the enemy, her battery, and vulnerable points.

At the lighter guns stood the sailors in smaller groups. A part of the marine guard was stationed here, the remainder assigned as sharp-shooters. All men not actually needed for the service of the guns engaged were directed to remain in the shelter of the barbettes and turrets. There was to be no dramatic sacrifice of life. Before the fight was many minutes old there would be vacancies enough to give every man a chance to show his nerve and pluck. The officers of divisions walked

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"STAND BY TO RAM!"

to and fro or leaned upon their swords, with frequent glances ahead and at the captain on the bridge.

On one of the flats below the protective deck the surgeon's amputating-table was laid, his glistening instruments arranged in neat precision; buckets of water, sponges, and bandages at hand, all spotless and clean, but soon to be deluged by red blood then flowing through the

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veins of vigorous men. Tourniquets were distributed through the divisions to men instructed in their use, and in a hatchway were rigged a cot and tackle to gently lower the wounded men below. In hospital garb, with white coats and aprons and bared arms, the surgeon and his assistants awaited the beginning of their labors.

Now pacing the bridge with rapid nervous steps, now studying his antagonist through his binoculars, the captain of the *Farragut* seemed absorbed in anxious thought. Doubtless he was rehearsing lessons long since studied, the varying tactics and opportunities of a marine duel, and wondering what unforeseen situations the one now opening might present. The time had not yet come to enter the conning-tower, and perhaps, indeed, the gallant sailor would scarcely enter it at all, preferring, in the fierce excitement of battle, danger and a broader field of vision to comparative safety and a restricted view. It had long been doubted if a captain within the conning-tower could properly fight his ship.

After a brief and earnest conversation with the captain, the first lieutenant had withdrawn and stood in silence near the rail. A little later he would leave the bridge and move among the guns, encouraging and directing the men. The next in succession to the command, and thoroughly conversant with his superior's plan of action, it was important that he should not remain immediately at his side in action lest the same shell might disable them both.

The navigator was in the tower, quartermaster at the wheel, petty officers at the engine signals. In his bullet-proof turret at each end of the bridge a young officer kept the telescope of the range-finder directed upon the approaching ship. The ranges were recorded in the conning-tower, and a dial in each turret and division kept gun-captains constantly informed.

The captain of the *Farragut* was an officer of merit and distinction. In 1894 new conditions of promotion had been introduced into the United States Navy. Prior to that time advancement from grade to grade, from the lowest to the highest, had been controlled by seniority alone. Provided an officer neither disgraced himself nor failed in health, he was sure, irrespective of his merit, industry, or ambition, to reach the highest ranks and dignities. Promotion was entirely a waiting game, in which the indolent and indifferent shared honors equally with the ardent and enthusiastic. A good digestion was by far the most valuable qualification for attaining the rank of rear-admiral. This method, which had long since been discarded in other navies, and which was inherently discouraging to the best military development, had the double disadvantage of keeping men in the subordinate grades during the best and most vigorous years of their lives, and of making the same standard for captains and admirals as for lieutenants—permitting no discriminative choice of officers to take high duties of command and responsibility. It was felt that a radical change was imperative, and after much consideration a measure had been passed directing vacancies to be filled with officers selected and recommended by a promotion board.

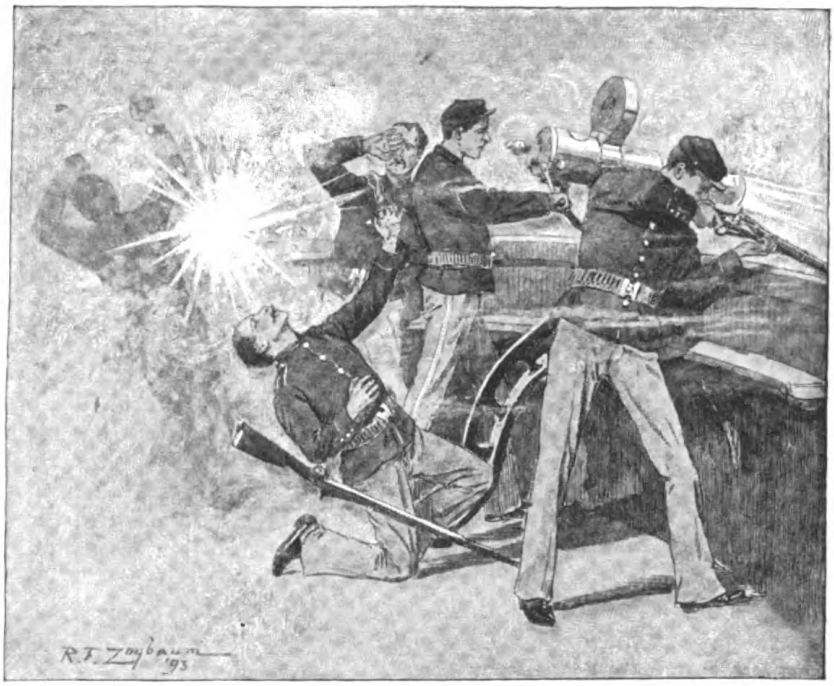
The captain of the *Farragut* was a lieutenant-commander when this act became law, and was one of the first selected for advancement to the grade of commander. Appointed to the command of a cruiser, he had an excellent ship, whose efficient organization and condition made her a model and example for the service. His prompt, skilful, and satisfactory settlement of a disagreeable incident in the Spanish Main relieved the administration of an embarrassing situation, added to his already brilliant reputation, and secured his advancement to the rank of captain.

He brought to the command of the *Farragut* those qualities which had made his command of the *Champlain* conspicuous and successful. His alert professional skill and knowledge, his active unceasing study and trial of all the qualities and capacities of his ship, stimulated and quickened his subordinates.

Frequently assembling his lieutenants, he would discuss with them the varied conditions of a naval combat, gaining their opinions and giving them his own. This had a far more important purpose than a simple increase of knowledge. Any one of these lieutenants might succeed to the command of the ship during an engagement, and to avoid delay and confusion, perhaps disaster, it was necessary to have some agreement and continuity of plan.

Only four miles—7000 yards—now separated the two combatants.

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THE MILITARY TOP.

Believing in the paramount value of rapid and well-delivered battery fire, diminishing and silencing the fire of the enemy by a pitiless and continuous hail of projectiles, the captain of the *Farragut* had given especial attention to this branch of the training of his crew. With an ample allowance of ammunition for target-practice — an allowance which for the lighter guns was so liberal that it permitted a carefully devised system of fire instruction under the conditions of actual combat—the divisions had been trained to fire continuously and rapidly at a target toward which their ship was approaching, or from which she was receding, at full speed; and scores had been made at this practice which, if equalled in action, would land nine projectiles in every ten upon the hull of a battle-ship. The smokeless powder, with which the secondary battery guns were charged, interfered neither with their own successive shots nor with the pointing of the powerful rifles of the main battery.

The plan of battle was simple. Assuming the generally expected conditions of a duel between two ships — that they would pass and repass each other at full speed, using their guns always, and employing the torpedo when within reach, until some decided advantage which permitted the use of the ram had been gained, it was ordered that fire from the lighter guns should begin at 4000 yards, and from the main battery at 2500 yards. This would give time during the advance for from fifteen to forty shots from each light gun, while each of the forward 12 and 8 inch guns could fire two shots and reload in time to train abeam for the passing broadside.

A large measure of independent action was reserved to the lieutenants of divisions. Throughout the various situations of an engagement, all of which had been anticipated and planned for, they were to regulate and control the fire of their guns without further instructions. Although everything in the ship was brought by electrical and mechanical devices within the control of the conning-tower, the captain did not consider it practicable for one man to direct with efficiency the total offensive power of the ship, nor advisable to cultivate in his officers that dependence and lack of initiative which such an organization produces. The motive and steering power of the ship remained of necessity under his immediate control, and associated with that control was the exercise of his own judgment and decision as to the use of the ram. The discharge of torpedoes was also, except under special circumstances, made subject to his immediate command.

The *Farragut* was now only 5000 yards from her foe. Each ship was slightly on the other's starboard bow, and would pass on the starboard side. The gun-captains placed their sights for 4000 yards, laid their guns upon the approaching vessel, and waited, with lock-string in hand.

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Slowly the pointers on the range-dials crept downwards. "Stand by!" came in low tones from the division officers, and "Fire!" as the pointer touched the mark. A sharp volley rang out, and from eight jets of flame two 4-inch and six 6-pounder shells sped upon their way. Sights were rapidly adjusted to the distances indicated by the range-finder, and a continuous roar marked the rapid service of the guns. A few of the shells fell in the sea, but puffs of smoke in rapid succession at different points of the enemy's hull showed that a large percentage of the shots were effective.

The enemy evidently expected the fight to be opened on both sides by the heavy guns, for it was half a minute before he made reply to the *Farragut's* artillery. Then his secondary battery opened, and with some effect, dismounting one of the *Farragut's* 6-pounders and disabling two men; but his fire was neither well-directed nor rapid, and was evidently forced by the circumstances rather than part of a definite plan of action.

The range-dial pointers moved towards the 2500-yard mark, and with a crash and shock that caused the great structure to vibrate throughout her length, the two 12-inch and four 8-inch guns were discharged. Anxious eyes watched the shells as they mounted to the height of their trajectories and fell towards the mark. One went over; another to the left; four struck; but it was impossible as yet to determine their effect. The secondary fire was suspended for a few seconds while the volume of smoke from the heavy guns drifted away, then again rang out sharp and clear. The *Farragut* had scored first with her heavy as well as with her light guns. Where was the counter-blow? The distance was now 2000 yards, and an involuntary "Ah!" broke from the lips of those in the conning-tower as four giant puffs of smoke and flame leaped from the enemy. An instant of suspense, and one 13-inch shell fell close alongside. Another burst against the forward barbette, striking a glancing blow and sending a shower of fragments across the forward angle of the main-deck. One 10-inch shell entered the forward body above the belt, and was stopped by the diagonal bulkhead; a second glanced on the side armor. A dozen men dead and wounded, but no serious injury done.

Twelve hundred yards, and a second time the *Farragut's* big forward guns belched forth their thunder-bolts. All but one shot told. The binoculars showed a 10-inch rifle jammed hard against the side of its turret port, and evidently out of action, while the track of an 8-inch shell left a great rent along the forward water-line. And now both vessels laid their guns for the passing broadside, while to the crack of the rapid-fire guns was added the rattle of the Gatlings. The light artillery was directed at the gun-ports and conning-tower, with the sole object of killing and disabling men, and thus reducing the enemy's fire. The heavy guns were pointed at the water-line, the 8-inch guns being directed to pierce the unarmored ends, the enemy in common with other vessels of her type being only partially belted.

Sweeping on with majesty and power, the two battle-ships came abeam at 300 yards, and with a blinding crash and roar, the jets of flame and smoke almost interlacing, their terrible broadsides were poured into each other. At such a distance to miss such a mark was almost impossible. Great breaches were made through the unarmored portions of both hulls; mangled men were blown along the decks by the explosion of heavy shells; bulkheads were demolished and guns dismounted. An 8-inch turret in the *Farragut* and a 10-inch turret in her antagonist were pierced, and their guns disabled. It was a hell of destruction and death, and the 6-pounders kept up their murderous fire as the vessels rapidly separated.

The ships themselves appeared to be substantially uninjured. Two of the *Farragut's* water-line plates were cracked and started, but they had rejected the 13-inch shell which struck them. The *Farragut* had sent a 12-inch shell through her enemy's belt, but it had stopped in the coal, and failed of injuring the boilers. But the *Farragut's* lightly armored ends had suffered little harm at the water-line, while the totally unprotected ends of her adversary had been badly riddled. While approaching she had received serious wounds in her forward body, and while passing, two of the *Farragut's* 8-inch shells had entered at the water-line and gone out on the other side and below. Already the injured ship was trimming by the head.

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THE WHITE FLAG.

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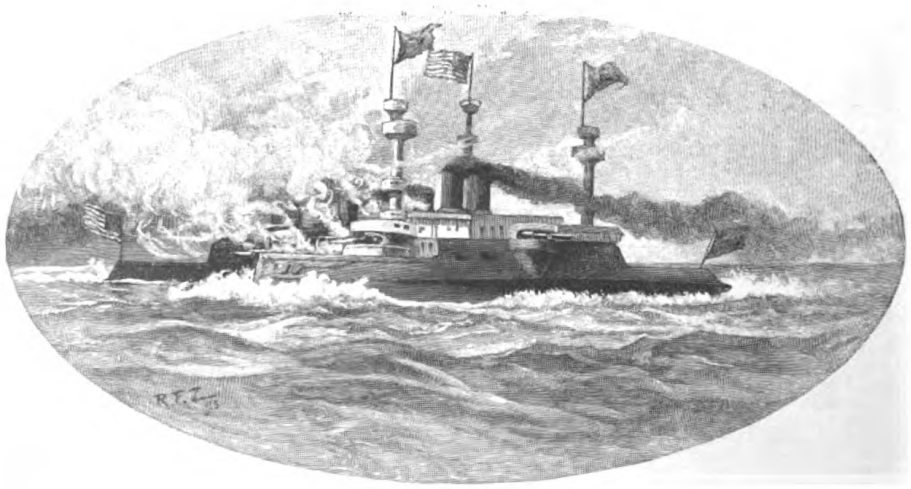
Each vessel discharged a torpedo in passing. That from the *Farragut* passed astern. The enemy's was better directed, and men held their breath while the foaming line of air-bubbles broke rapidly towards their ship. But its fuse failed, or it was turned aside by the rush of water, for no explosion was felt or seen.

The *Farragut* turned to starboard, her enemy to port; and again they approached each other with undiminished speed. This manœuvre brought their port sides opposed to each other in passing. The captain of the *Farragut*, observing that his antagonist was going deep in the water forward, ordered the fire of the light guns to be directed upon that portion of the ship, and sent word to the forward 8-inch turrets to serve their guns as rapidly as possible upon the same objective. Again the heavy guns were laid abeam, and again the broadsides thundered above the rippling sea. Again the vessels swept apart, and the *Farragut's* helm was put hard a-starboard to turn for the third charge. She had half made the turn when it was perceived that her adversary was neither turning nor steaming at full speed. She had, in fact, received a disabling blow. Her altered trim had raised her propellers and rudder nearer the surface, and pitching gently to the long swell, she occasionally brought them partly above the water. At such a moment an 8-inch shell had struck her port screw, bending its shaft, and glancing, had inflicted upon the rudder-head a fatal injury. The enemy, one vital quality destroyed, another seriously impaired, lay at the mercy of her opponent's ram.

The captain of the *Farragut* stepped out upon the bridge. Shot were still flying, crashing through steel and timber, but the fight was his; and the hope and pride, the toil and achievement of thirty years were concentrated in that glorious hour of victory. Steadily his noble ship swung around and headed for her prey.

The crippled enemy was not yet dead. His starboard screw still moving, he had turned slowly to port, and now presented his port quarter to the *Farragut*, and at a thousand yards his broadside hurled its masses of steel upon the approaching vessel. Another 8-inch turret was demolished, a 12-inch gun was bent and ruined, a heavy shell, entering and bursting on the main-deck, carried death to a dozen men and wounds to twenty more. The *Farragut* made no reply. The enemy could not reload, and the end was certain and close at hand. Would she surrender or would she go to the bottom? Victory was the same in either instance, but it would be a crowning triumph for the *Farragut* to add a captured battle-ship to her own fleet. Eight hundred yards! seven hundred yards! six hundred yards! The grinding destruction of the ram was already pictured, and men braced themselves for the shock. Five hundred yards! and a white flag fluttered from the enemy's bridge as his colors came slowly down.

There was just time. "Starboard!" shouted the *Farragut's* captain. "Stop both engines." "Back port!" and the conquering vessel forged past her beaten foe.



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A PALE GIRL'S FACE.

THE HISTORY OF A SCOOP.

BY EWAN MACPHERSON.

MIDNIGHT may have been "the witching hour" in the sixteenth century, but if Shakespeare had worked, as I do, on an American morning paper, he would have found it otherwise in these days. In the office of the *Running Diary*, midnight is the hour when things hum. It is then that the belated reporter rushes in, flings down his cuffs, and sharpens his pencil; the telephone bell screams its little riddle, the answer to which somebody is bound, under heavy penalties, to get up from his desk and find out; the city editor asks sudden questions of busy pencil-drivers. Outside, the electric lights shed a glare in which no ghost would venture to sally forth. Only when the municipal authorities cause all those electric lights to be extinguished, and the celestial authorities are not yet quite ready with the dawn, comes the hour that brings magic. The centres of light over street crossings suddenly change to red points in darkness, and the red points quickly die out, leaving ashy pallor above the line of house-tops, and darkness below, when the magic hour comes—the Sprite Hour. In that charmed time the streets are any streets you please.

One such time in early autumn I was walking along Third Street, which masked as St. Giles at Oxford. The Federal Building, rising between the east and me, the sprites had dressed up as the Radcliffe; a row of trees on the other side of the street recalled St. John's College, and St. John's recalled the square athletic figure and the reserved manner of Challoner. He was a St. John's man. I was never very intimate with him, and had but one reminiscence of him which could be called interesting.

It was of the afternoon when some half a dozen undergraduates of us were at the station to say good-by to him. He had shaken hands with us, and was just getting into his compartment, carrying a strapped bundle of rugs, walking-sticks, and Zulu assegais, when a pale girl, rather pretty, appeared among us, and held out her hand to Challoner. He showed neither surprise nor any other emotion, but coolly shook hands with her as if she had been one of us. As the guard slammed the door of the compartment, the pale girl impulsively stretched out her hands, then seemed to be going to clasp them together, but stopped, and turned away as the train moved off. I saw her face at that moment, and saw, besides its paleness, how its expression was of utter bewilderment. She went away by herself, and no one seemed to know who she was.

All this I saw again in the Sprite Hour. But the dawn came. I watched her glow and make the faint, slender moon look like a husk of past beauty, and then I went to bed, and forgot all about Challoner and Oxford and the pale girl at the station.

And when the sun had passed to the opposite horizon I was in the office, with no memory more remote than the details of a buggy accident which I had had the good fortune to see that afternoon. I wanted to get it written up at once, but the city editor willed otherwise.

"Fitz," he called to me, as he came in and hung up his hat, "have you had your supper?"

I had not had my supper.

"Well, go out and get it now, and on your way I want you to call at the Wilbor. There's a nice little sensational item there, I believe—a runaway marriage. Hurry up, and you'll just catch them."

Now who ever heard of anything sensational about a runaway marriage in our part of America? The city editor might as well have told me to look out for sensational developments in a "drunk and disorderly" case at the city court. So thinking, I yearned after my buggy item as I walked round to the Wilbor.

I was wearily crossing the hall of that hotel to begin catechising the clerk, when one of the hotel hall group of loungers attracted my attention by a very distinct, though not loud, "By Jove!" He was a square-shouldered man, with a light brown beard and blue eyes, and he rose leisurely from his chair as I looked at him. While I was still wondering where I had seen him the night before, he came towards me, holding out his hand.

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"Hullo, old chap!" he said, in just the tone to convince me that I had made his acquaintance the night before.

"Hullo, old man!" I echoed. "What do you know to-day?" But, with the interrogative intonation of the last word still incomplete, I exclaimed, in astonishment, "Challoner, by Jingo! . . . Isn't this strange?" I went on, still wondering where I had seen Challoner the night before.

"Hardly," he answered. "I knew you were in America. How long is it since we have met?"

Then I remembered the railway station at Oxford, and the pale girl, and the Sprite Hour stroll on Third Street.

"What brought you here?" I asked him.

"Depends how you mean. If you mean this State, quest of bread and cheese; if this city—well, the question presents large opportunities for prevarication or candor. On the whole, candor strikes me as the right thing with you."

Candor always is the right thing with me, although Challoner might not know it. Looking at his watch, and without asking any questions about me, he went on: "I have just fourteen minutes to tell you a long story. Have you dined? No? Then we will get a table to ourselves."

"But," I said, "I have business here. The fact is, Challoner—"

"Just let that go till we've had dinner, can't you?" he interrupted.

There was no mistake about the man's identity. I had said good-by to him at Oxford ten years before under remarkable circumstances, had heard nothing from him all that time, and now he was piloting me about a Kentucky hotel as if we had spent the interval in travelling together. That was Challoner all over.

"I hope your appetite is good," he said as we sat down, "because I want you to eat and listen while I tell my story. Have you been long in Kentucky?"

"About two years."

"Then you know where Paducah is. I have been nearly a year in Paducah, teaching in a sort of experimental grammar-school they have started there."

I wondered why he should have come to Paducah to teach in a grammar-school, instead of staying in Lancashire and practising law, as he had intended.

"Last spring," he was continuing, "I became engaged to a girl there. Her father, whose acquaintance I had the honor of making only after the engagement, objected strongly. So did her mother. Her mother belongs to some dissenting body, and objects to my religion. Unaccustomed to let dogma stand in my way, I offered to dissent in any form that might be agreeable, but the offer only made things worse. Her father's objections were chiefly on financial grounds. The grammar-school is not yet a lucrative affair. Moreover, he knew nothing of my antecedents or family connections. It was not in my power to satisfy him on the financial point, and I hardly felt inclined to get a copy of my family tree for the edification of a country ironmonger. With the aid of all her friends and relatives, they tried for three months to make Mabel throw me over. She had promised to marry me whenever I should say the word, and she has stricter views on promises than most American girls. About a month ago they got her to go and visit an old lady at a place called Harrodsburg. This old lady has always professed great affection for Mabel, but it soon became evident that she was an ally of my future mother-in-law. She has made several desperate efforts to arrange marriages between Mabel and various eligibles of Harrodsburg, and I understand she assaults my character, nationality, and religion once in every twenty-four hours."

The city editor was right as to the runaway marriage. And it was a scoop too.

"So, to put a stop to all this bother," Challoner went on, while I picked one of the Wilbor's lanky mutton-chops, "Mabel and I agreed to meet here this evening. I got here a little after six; she is due at 8.40. I was to have gone and engaged a preacher of her denomination, whose name she gave me in her letter; but, by the most abominable luck, when I went to his chapel he was not there, and I found painted on the door an address from which he seems to have lately moved. You must find him for me. His name is Pritchard. If not, you must find some one else, while I go and meet her at the Union Depot. Have you dined?"

Of course I had. It was ten minutes after eight, and Challoner was ready to leave the table. Better die of hunger than hinder the development of my novel runaway marriage item. As for the Reverend F. G. Pritchard, I had interviewed him not long since. There would be less difficulty in making sure of a minister

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than in securing the license, of which Challoner had said nothing.

While lighting our cigars in the hall, whom should I see but my friend Robinson, of the *Times*. If Challoner had not been an Englishman, and a reticent one, it would have been necessary to caution him not to give Robinson a hint of his business at the Wilbor. As it was, I had no fear in introducing the two men, and while Robinson was expressing the pleasure it gave him to know Challoner, and Challoner stared at Robinson as if he wondered why, I learned from my friend the clerk that Hardin K. Schoutz, of Hancock County, and Miss Birdie McBride, of Taylorsville, had been married in the parlors of the Wilbor at seven o'clock, and had left for Covington by the next train —the city editor's runaway marriage.

Robinson had only got as far as asking Challoner if he was a native of England, when I interrupted and asked him which way he was going. He was going down, to do the hotels, so, subordinating fact to expediency, I told him that we had to go up, as Challoner wanted to pay a visit out on Third Street.

"Then I suppose we shall meet later at the Star," said Robinson. "Good-night, Mr. Challoner. Very pleased to have met you."

As we two turned up the street, and Robinson hurried down, "Why all this duplicity?" asked Challoner. "Oughtn't we to have gone the other way to get to the station?"

"Yes; but he's on the *Times*, don't you see."

"Ah! Yes, of course. He'd have it all in his paper."

"Just so. Now, have you got a license?"

"No," he answered, coolly. "Got to wait until she comes. Nobody here to swear she's of age."

"All right, then. I'm going to find a deputy county clerk, while you wait for her at the station. If I am not there by the time the train comes, you bring her to the Wilbor—ladies' entrance—and wait for me in the ladies' sitting-room. You must ask for the 'parlor.'"

"I'll ask for the 'parlor,' and I'll call the gentleman who gives us the license a 'clurk.' Ta-ta!"

Though I could not have sworn that Cunningham, the deputy county clerk, was then sitting in the inner shrine of comfort and oblivion at the sign of the Boston, I thought it very highly probable, and going to see, found it so. I joined him in one julep, and he promised to be in his office at ten minutes before nine, and wait there until ten minutes past. When he had promised, I knew he would do it.

But, in passing through the outer barroom of the Boston as I came, I noticed a neatly built, middle-sized young man, with much brick-dust in his complexion and a small reddish mustache. He was in the act of lifting a cocktail, but paused when he saw me, set the cocktail down, and stared hard. I took no notice of him until I had finished with Cunningham and was hurrying out. The neatly built young man then stopped me with, "Say, didn't I see you at the race-track last spring?"

Studying his face, I remembered it quite well, but his name had got mixed up with some scores of others out at the race-track. When he said his name was Marston, I remembered him. A blue-grass farmer, who had plunged on a dark horse and won, and then refused to take the money because he believed the favorite had been pulled. Of course Marston wanted me to drink with him. "No," I said; "I'm rushed at present. You're staying in town?"

"Came this evening. You're a newspaper man, ain't you? Well, I want to tell you something, only you must promise not to put it in the paper. See here; I want you to help me." He pulled out a telegram from Harrodsburg: "Mabel taken train for Louisville. All over now."

I must have been near laughing aloud when I read the words "Harrodsburg" and "Mabel"; Marston's eyes took on a disagreeable expression, and he said to me, very quickly, "Do you know her?"

"No, I do not," I made haste to answer, "What is the lady's name?"

"Miss Mabel Brackenbury."

The crisis was acute. I recalled Challoner's careless mention of "various eligibles of Harrodsburg." Little as I knew of Marston, he was just the man I would have liked to oblige, but I was enlisted for Challoner. Then, too, there was my scoop. It made me nervous to think how, just inside that mahogany partition, I had been giving Cunningham, a moment before, the very information which Marston wanted.

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"If I could only speak to her," Marston went on.

"Has she any friends in the city?"

"Yes; and I am going there to look for her. But you might—"

Clearly Marston thought his Mabel had started in the morning train.

"Stop, Mr. Marston," I said. "I want you to understand that I haven't forgotten that Piaghini business last spring, so I'm going to be perfectly straight. I can't help you this time. You'll know why to-morrow morning." And with that I rushed out. There were only eight minutes left for me to get to the depot.

I began to think it would have been more agreeable to help out Marston than Challoner. I wondered whether Challoner spoke to Mabel about her people as he had spoken to me. He had said nothing exactly libellous about them, but he ought not to have called her father "a country ironmonger," and spoken as he had about her mother's religion; it was bad taste. This conclusion I reached at Fourth and Main, on my way to the depot.

At Fifth and Main I was wondering why Challoner had come to America, and that brought me again to the pale girl at Oxford. She had never before so thoroughly aroused my curiosity. Had she trusted Challoner as Mabel was trusting him? Had he told Mabel all about that pale girl?

By the time I had got to Sixth and Main I found myself pitying Mabel, which was absurd. Mabel was old enough to take care of herself. But then perhaps I might have said the same thing about that pale girl. After all, she might have been only an acquaintance. What right had I to draw ugly inferences from the single fact that a young lady had come to the station and shaken hands with my friend when he left Oxford?

Turning from Main towards the depot, I resolved not to make an ass of myself about what was none of my business. My business was my scoop. By-the-way, I must not forget to drop in at the Star, for the play was nearly as good as new. I chuckled at the thought of old Robinson sitting in the theatre all that evening taking critical notes, and just then I heard a distant train-bell.

When I reached the platform outside the iron railing Challoner was sitting, very much at his ease, on the bench by the door of the refreshment-room. At the same moment the locomotive came in sight, its bell clanging terribly. The cow-catcher, the railed platforms of the cars, and that hideous bell, all intensified by contrast my recollection of the day Challoner left Oxford.

Passing quickly through the crowd, dodging and jostling all sorts as we went, Challoner suddenly said, "I see her." I looked at the ladies' car, and saw a man I knew lifting two small children down. He kissed the children, then helped his wife to get down, and kissed her. And at the top of the steps, looking very pale in the glare of the arc lamps, was a slender girl in a dark serge dress, with a well-fitting light brown jacket and a yachting-cap. She seemed to be looking all over the depot, but at last she saw us. We were quite near her by that time, and I noticed her lips part with a look of surprise. Challoner took her satchel from her, and the conductor helped her down. From some vague instinct of delicacy, I hung back, but she was no sooner on the flooring of the depot than Challoner said, in his matter-of-fact way, "Miss Brackenbury, Mr. Fitzgerald." It was the first time I had heard Challoner utter her surname.

Perhaps it was because she reminded me of the other girl that I felt sorry for her. The first words I heard her say were, "No, I came without my trunk," when Challoner asked for her baggage check. She did not seem to be enjoying the situation. In the walk from the car to the ticket gate I could study her face, although it was not until afterwards that I learned her eyes were gray. Light brown-gold curls showed under the peak of her cap; her mouth was smaller than I like a girl's mouth to be, and yet I forgave it because the lips spoke so much without sound, and because of the little beauty-spot by the corner next me; the oval of her face was peculiarly perfect.

It occurred to me presently that I ought to say something; so I said, "Are you very tired after your journey, Miss Brackenbury?" and she said, "Sir?" in a quick, interrogative way, with a little catch of her breath, much as she had answered Challoner's embarrassing question about her trunk. It seemed a part of her idiosyncrasy—quaint and pretty. Her voice was delightfully musical.

I recommended walking, as a hack at

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the door of the court-house at that hour would have attracted attention. She said nothing when I explained why we were going to the court-house, but seemed to cling tighter to Challoner's arm. She was next the wall, I on the outside, Challoner between us.

The silence set me thinking. If there had only been some part of my plan left to think about, it would have been well; but there was not. The license secured, Challoner was to take her to the Wilbor, while I went to make sure of Brother Pritchard; then I would telephone to the hotel to tell Miss Brackenbury that her uncle and aunt were both at home, and she and Challoner would get on a Second Street car, and come out to Brother Pritchard's. I had provided a substitute, in case Brother Pritchard should not be available. Cunningham was a sure thing. So all the way to the court-house I had nothing better to think of than that pale girl at Oxford, and anything else on earth would have been better. With her pale face, her anxious, searching glance, as she stood on the platform of the car, and the involuntary look of surprise which appeared on her face when she recognized Challoner, and knew that everything had fallen out just as they had planned, Miss Mabel had reminded me of the Oxford girl.

And so that Oxford girl followed me from the depot. It took her a long time to say what she wanted to tell me. She began by observing upon the perfect trust this American young lady had shown in leaving her friends and journeying so far to meet Challoner, on the mere faith of a letter from him received nearly a week before. She hinted with tantalizing vagueness that this was not the first time a girl had trusted Challoner. She made me imagine Miss Brackenbury's two slender hands moving swiftly together, as if to clasp, and then checked by the presence of witnesses. She asked me what would become of this Kentucky girl if a marriage so very much against the wishes of her family should not turn out entirely as she hoped. How would I feel if some day I should see a quiver about the corner of that absurdly small mouth, where the little beauty-spot stood sentinel?

Miss Mabel and Challoner must have been talking together all this time, but I had no idea what they were saying. The spectre became more and more importunate. In desperation, I asked her to tell me what Challoner had ever done to her. She only replied, "Ask him"; and that was why, as we turned from deserted Main Street into Fifth, I suddenly began, "Challoner—," and straightway wondered what I should say to him.

"What is it, old fellow?" he asked.

"Oh, nothing—nothing of any consequence."

"Is there anything wrong, Mr. Fitzgerald?" said the bride, anxiously. It was then I first noticed her slight lisp.

"No. Only I remembered something I wanted to ask Challoner about."

That Oxford girl had woven her spell over me, and my scoop was forgotten. As we turned into the short walk between grass-plots protected by five-dollar fines and ornamented with sad willows, I had no thought for the glaring electric light on the tall post, so inconveniently near the basement door of the court-house that we could not go in without attracting the attention of any one who might be looking that way for news. We entered the long dark corridor, the other end of which almost faces the police station. Our footsteps sounded like the tramp of a procession, but again I could hear the Oxford girl say, "Ask him." We went up the flight of worn stone steps on the right of the door, and walked along the upper corridor in the imperfect light which the lamp outside sent through the dirty window. None of us spoke except the wraith of the Oxford girl, and she said, "Ask him now." Half-way along the upper corridor is a circular space, with a railing, and a statue of a great Kentuckian inside the railing. Just to quiet the wraith, I began again, as we reached this point: "Challoner, I want to ask you a question—" But the door of the county clerk's office opened just then. It was Cunningham, and I had to do the introductions. His big jolly face wore the regular marriage-license smile as he filled in the blanks. Miss Mabel looked round nervously into the unlighted space, where rows of stands with big books could be dimly made out if one knew beforehand what they were. She was only called upon to declare her age and to sign her name.

Cunningham came out last, turning out the lights and locking the door. It fell to me to lead the way with Miss Mabel. When we got into the open air again the scoop-hunter's secretive instinct was still

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so much awake in me that I hurried them all past that dangerous light in the yard; but as Cunningham stopped on the sidewalk to say a few pleasant conventionalities before leaving us, I again heard the pale girl whisper in my ear, "Now!"

It was extremely awkward to do what she wanted, even though Challoner himself gave me an opening. He was in high spirits, and Miss Mabel seemed more cheerful than when we had met her at the depot. I gave him his instructions as soon as Cunningham went—how to take Miss Mabel to the hotel without attracting attention, how she was to receive and understand my telephone message, and where they were to get off the car.

"All right, old chap," he said. "You're a brick, and a genius strategic. I say, though, what is it you were going to ask me?"

At that I felt sure Challoner's conscience must be void of offence. Surely the wraith of the pale girl was but the figment of an overwrought imagination. I plunged into the midst.

"An idea struck me, that was all," I said, laughing. "I didn't want to excite Miss Brackenbury's curiosity, but if you like I'll tell you what I was thinking of. Don't you remember the day you were leaving Oxford? Dent of Exeter was there at the station, and Ross of St. John's, and Sanguinetti of Teddy Hall."

I noticed Challoner beginning to look serious.

"And—well," I blundered on, "don't you remember? You didn't introduce us to that pale girl who came and said 'good-by' to you. Miss Brackenbury reminded me of her."

If Challoner had known I was going to stop there, I feel sure he would have been ready with the right answer, but he must have counted on my saying more, for when I stopped there was a silence, and Miss Mabel's fluty voice broke it.

"Was that your sister, Mr. Challoner?" she asked, smiling.

I felt intensely uncomfortable. He did not answer her question until after another horrible pause.

"It's a long story," he began at last, in a perfectly unembarrassed way; and I, glad of the opportunity to escape, chimed in with:

"Yes, I must hurry off to Mr. Pritchard's. Give me the license. *Au revoir!*"

Swinging myself on the car, I thought: "Challoner has made a break, unless his conscience is clear. If it is a long story, he will have to tell it to her." And then the pale face left me.

When I reached Brother Pritchard's door, ten minutes later, I was once more a reporter—without a past, and with no future but the promise of a triumphant scoop. It seemed that my work was all but crowned by its end when the young lady in a short frock who had once before admitted me to an interview with the Reverend Pritchard said:

"Yes, papa is at home, but— Do you wish to speak to him? Is it anything important?"

I very soon made her aware that it was something important. Would a reporter be likely to drop in on the clergy at 9.30 P.M. just to tell a good story he had heard at the barber's? She opened the study door, and I heard a familiar voice speaking to Brother Pritchard, but the dialogue was cut short.

Brother Pritchard said, "Ask him to come in"; and going to the door, I was met there by him.

But as I was taking the license from my inside pocket with one hand and holding out the other for the reportorial shake, I was a little disconcerted by the sight of Marston at the other end of the room, folding a piece of yellowish paper into very small 32mo. It was his voice I had heard. Seeing me, he came hurtling like a projectile across the room, exclaiming violently:

"Don't you have anything to do with it, Brother Pritchard! For God's sake, don't!"

I staid where I was, while Brother Pritchard, holding Marston back with one hand, said, "Quietly now, quietly!" Then to me, "Is it a marriage, Mr. Fitzgerald?"

"Yes, Mr. Pritchard. You know the bride, I believe—Miss Mabel Brackenbury. The groom is an old acquaintance of mine. Here is the license."

Then, like a torrent, came from poor Marston: "Mabel's mother and father belonged to your church at Paducah; you have known her from a child. Are you going to help this man steal her from us?"

"Allow me one word, Mr. Marston," I said. "If Mr. Pritchard refuses to perform the ceremony, I have only to go one square to get Mr. Winkelrode. Challoner is an Episcopalian, and Miss Mabel

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will have no objection under the circumstances, I suppose."

Marston was beginning something violent about Challoner, when the preacher stopped him, and I went on: "I believe Mr. Pritchard is willing to officiate if Miss Mabel insists on carrying the affair through. Whatever objections he has to make as an old friend of the family he can make to her when she gets here. So can you. Meanwhile I will go and send them word to come out by the first car."

Brother Pritchard, if I read his looks aright, was not altogether blind to the chances of a thrilling scene in his study which this plan of mine entailed. I bowed and escaped while he was trying to hold Marston from rushing after me, and hurrying to the nearest drug-store, I telephoned the message about Miss Brackenbury's uncle and aunt.

It was twenty-five minutes to ten. Standing at the corner of Second and Blackburn, I smoked and watched for more than a quarter of an hour. At last a red car came humming along, from which Challoner descended, and then I recognized the peaked cap with the little bit of gold cord.

But something must have happened. I saw that she had brought the satchel with her, and that seemed beside the programme. Neither of their faces was plainly visible; but in my heart I felt that something had gone wrong. She took Challoner's arm, I thought, not as she had taken it at the station. I only said, "This way," as I raised my hat, and we walked in silence. On general grounds I would have disliked silence, because it tended to give the party an unusual air, which might attract attention, but on the particular ground that something was wrong, and a word might make difficulties at this late hour—I still had the Star to do—the silence was well. However, as we reached the corner of Third Street, I ventured to say, "Miss Brackenbury, there is a friend of yours at Mr. Pritchard's—Mr. Marston."

She drew in her breath sharply and stopped.

Challoner said, very suavely, "Would you like to turn back?" and we went on.

"Who is Mr. Marston?" said Challoner.

Miss Mabel was going to answer him, but I interrupted: "He is from Woodford County. An old acquaintance of Miss Brackenbury's."

By that time we were less than a score of yards from the preacher's gate; and there, hurrying towards us, in and out of the shadows the maple-trees cast, was the tempestuous young man himself. Miss Mabel was admirable in the self-possessed conventionality of her salutation, followed by, "Mr. Challoner, my friend Mr. Marston."

Marston glared; Challoner raised his hat, and said, "How d'ye do, Mr. Marston?"

Marston volleyed out his speech in a hoarse, angry voice, though not loud: "Mabel, I invited myself to your wedding. Mrs. Cannon sent me a telegram from Harrodsburg. When we were both at school we were sweethearts. You know me. Do you know this man? Do you trust him?"

I went round and took her arm. As I did so she moved a step away from Challoner, who stood listening in decorous silence, as if Marston were the spokesman of a deputation delivering an address of welcome.

"Isn't this rather public?" Challoner suggested, very deliberately, as soon as Marston had finished.

Miss Mabel rested the point of her umbrella on the ground, opening and shutting her hand nervously on the handle. She looked slowly at Challoner, and said, "No, I don't trust him."

"Perhaps you had better take this," said Challoner, handing her little satchel to Marston. Then he continued, still more deliberately: "Mr. Marston, you have made a mistake. Miss Brackenbury knows what I mean."

Marston was glaring like a mad bull.

"What does he mean?" Mabel gasped.

"For God's sake, Challoner, stop!" I whispered, hurriedly, and took hold of his arm.

"Fitzgerald," he went on, taking no notice of what I said, "the license you have in your pocket is evidence that I meant to do Miss Brackenbury justice."

I would not have believed that Challoner could be such a stupid liar if his words had not been so distinct, but before I could speak my thought a scream warned me, and I turned to receive squarely in the chest a blow from Marston which was meant for him. Catching and holding that incarnate thunderbolt for the greater part of a second was one of the most extraordinary athletic

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feats I ever remember to have performed. My strength was almost exhausted when Marston got his right arm free, and I saw his hand fly back to where danger so often lurks in a Kentuckian's clothing. I saw a gleam of nickel-plate and mother-of-pearl, and I whispered, "Think of her—the story in the papers."

Marston looked at me for one moment, breathing hard. "Here—take it from me," he said, and I took it.

Miss Mabel seized him by the arm and said, "Come, Crit."

She did not invite me to come; but I went too, leaving Challoner standing, with both hands in his pockets, in the middle of a patch of light that came between two trees. If I had staid with him it would only have been to fight, and it was getting late.

A few minutes later Marston and I were explaining matters to Mr. Pritchard in his entrance-hall. The young lady in the short dress and another lady had carried Mabel off to the back parlor. It was nearly ten o'clock, and the Star remained to be done.

"Brother Pritchard," I said, "I am a little pressed for time. Will you kindly find out for me when the wedding will take place?"

They both stared, but an idea seemed to suddenly strike Marston; he said, "I'll go," and leaving the preacher with me, went into the back parlor. After keeping me waiting an unreasonable time, he came back with the authorized statement that the wedding would take place at 8 P.M. next day. Mr. Brackenbury, Mabel's father, had telegraphed that he would be there that night, and he was expected to be present at the ceremony. I next found out from Marston and the preacher certain names in full, and other details for my item.

Marston followed me outside when I said good-night, and asked how much of the story I was going to put in the paper.

"You need not fear that I shall put too much," I answered. "What am I to do with this?" and I half drew from my pocket his pearl-handled toy.

"Keep it," he said. "But do you think that fellow will ever repeat—"

"No. Not when she is Mrs. Marston. He won't lie for nothing."

"The marriage of Miss Mabel Brackenbury, of Paducah, to Mr. Crittenden Marston, of Bramhill Farm, Woodford County, which will take place at 8 o'clock this evening at the residence of the Reverend F. G. Pritchard, in the presence of a few near relatives of the parties, will be in the nature of a surprise to their friends. The bride, who has been spending the past five or six weeks at Harrodsburg as the guest of Mrs. Bowden Cannon, there renewed an acquaintance with Mr. Marston which dates from the early school-days of both. It was not generally known, however, that this acquaintance would so soon attain the happy result which is to be celebrated this evening. Miss Brackenbury arrived in town last night, and is the guest of Mrs. F. G. Pritchard. Her father, Mr. John Brackenbury, a prominent hardware merchant of Paducah, left that city yesterday in time to be present at his daughter's wedding.

"The bride, a graceful blonde of twenty-two, is well known and much admired, not only in the Purchase, but in this city, and in many other parts of the State. 'Crit' Marston, the young blue-grass stock-farmer, is a favorite throughout all that section. He is closely related to many leading families of this city."

The above, a four-line head, leaded half-way, was all that came of my scoop. However, I had the consolation of being invited to the wedding by a special note from the bride. She said to me, just before the ceremony, "Mr. Fitzgerald, I want to explain to you how it is. That man used to talk to me about how sacred a promise was. I had gotten so I believed everything he said. I said I had promised him, and would do what I promised, in spite of everybody.—(I often saw Crit at Harrodsburg.)—Then he wrote and told me to come, and I came. Then—then I asked him about that girl at Oxford, and at last he said she thought they were engaged. And thank you so much, Mr. Fitzgerald. You saved two lives last night. What did he say about me, though? Crit won't tell me."

No, it was the pale girl who saved Mabel's life. My friend Challoner got out of Kentucky alive, I believe, but the pale girl's face I still see sometimes in the Sprite Hour.

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RACE.

BY W. D. HOWELLS.

I.

LEAVE me, here, those looks of yours!
All those pretty airs and lures:
Flush of cheek, and flash of eye;
Your lips' smile and their deep dye;
Gleam of the white teeth within;
Dimple of the cloven chin;
All the sunshine that you wear
In the summer of your hair;
All the morning of your face;
All your figure's wilding grace;
The flower-pose of your head, the light
Flutter of your footsteps' flight:
I own all, and that glad heart
I must claim ere you depart.

II.

Go, yet go not unconsoled!
Sometime, after you are old,
You shall come, and I will take
From your brow the sullen ache,
From your eyes the twilight gaze
Darkening upon winter days,
From your feet their palsy pace,
And the wrinkles from your face,
From your locks the snow; the droop
Of your head, your worn frame's stoop,
And that withered smile within
The kissing of the nose and chin:
I own all, and that sad heart
I will claim ere you depart.

III.

I am Race, and both are mine,
Mortal Age and Youth divine:
Mine to grant, but not in fee;
Both again revert to me
From each that lives, that I may give
Unto each that yet shall live.

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SPRING IN A SIDE STREET.

IN the city the spring comes earlier than it does in the country, and the horse-chestnuts in the sheltered squares sometimes break into blossom a fortnight before their brethren in the open fields. That year the spring came earlier than usual, both in the country and in the city, for March, going out like a lion, made an April-fool of the following month, and the huge banks of snow heaped high by the sidewalks vanished in three or four days, leaving the gutters only a little thicker with mud than they are accustomed to be. Very trying to the convalescent was the uncertain weather, with its obvious inability to know its own mind, with its dark fog one morning and its brisk wind in the afternoon, with its mid-day as bright as June and its sudden chill descending before nightfall.

Yet when the last week of April came, and the grass in the little square around the corner was green again, and the shrubs were beginning to flower out, the sick man also felt his vigor returning. His strength came back with the spring, and restored health sent fresh blood coursing through his veins as the sap was rising in the branches of the tree before his window. He had had a hard struggle, he knew, although he did not suspect that more than once he had wrestled with death itself. Now his appetite had awakened again, and he had more force to withstand the brooding sadness which sought to master him.

The tree before his window was but a shabby sycamore, and the window belonged to a hall bedroom in a shabby boarding-house down a side street. The young man himself lay back in the steamer chair lent him by one of the few friends he had in town, and his overcoat was thrown over his knees. His hands, shrunken yet sinewy, lay crossed upon a book in his lap. His body was wasted by sickness, but the frame was well knit and solid. His face was still white and thin, although the yellow pallor of the sick-bed had gone already. His scanty boyish beard that curled about his chin had not been trimmed for two months, and his uncut brown hair fell thickly on the collar of his coat. His dark eyes bore the mark of recent suffering, but they revealed also a steadfast soul, strong to withstand misfortune.

His room was on the north side of the street, and the morning sun shone in his window, as he lay back in the chair, grateful for its warmth. A heavy cart lumbered along slowly over the worn and irregular pavement; it came to a stand at the corner, and a gang of workmen swiftly emptied it of the steel rails it contained, dropping them on the sidewalk one by one with a loud clang which reverberated harshly far down the street. From the little knot of men who were relaying the horse-car track came cries of command, and then a rail would drop into position, and be spiked swiftly to its place. Then the laborers would draw aside while an arrested horse-car urged forward again, with the regular footfall of its one horse, as audible above the mighty roar of the metropolis as the jingle of the little bell on the horse's collar. At last there came from over the house-tops a loud whistle of escaping steam, followed shortly by a dozen similar signals, proclaiming the mid-day rest. A rail or two more clanged down on the others, and then the cart rumbled away. The workmen relaying the track had already seated themselves on the curb to eat their dinner, while one of them had gone to the saloon at the corner for a large can of the new beer advertised in the window by the gaudy lithograph of a frisky young goat bearing a plump young goddess on his back.

The invalid was glad of the respite from the more violent noises of track-layers, for his head was not yet as clear as it might be, and his nerves were strained

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by pain. He leaned forward and looked down at the street below, catching the eye of a young man who was bawling "Straw-b'rees! straw-b'rees!" at the top of an unmelodious voice. The invalid smiled, for he knew that the street venders of strawberries were an infallible sign of spring—an indication of its arrival as indisputable as the small square labels announcing that three of the houses opposite to him were "To Let." The first of May was at hand. He wondered whether the flower-market in Union Square had already opened; and he recalled the early mornings of the preceding spring, when the girl he loved, the girl who had promised to marry him, had gone with him to Union Square to pick out young roses and full-blown geraniums worthy to bloom in the windows of her parlor looking out on Central Park.

He thought of her often that morning, and without bitterness, though their engagement had been broken in the fall, three months or more before he was taken sick. He had not seen her since Christmas, and he found himself wondering how she would look that afternoon, and whether she was happy. His revery was broken by the jangling notes of an ill-tuned piano in the next house, separated from his little room only by a thin party-wall. Some one was trying to pick out the simple tune of "Wait till the Clouds roll by." Seemingly it was the practice hour for one of the children next door, whose playful voices he had often heard. Seemingly also the task was unpleasant, for the piano and the tune and the hearer suffered from the ill-will of the childish performer.

A sudden hammering of a steel rail in the street below notified him the nooning was over, and that the workmen had gone back to their labors. Somehow he had failed to hear the stroke of one from the steeple of the church at the corner of the avenue, a short block away. Now he became conscious of a permeating odor, and he knew that the luncheon hour of the boarding-house had arrived. He had waked early, and his breakfast had been very light. He felt ready for food, and he was glad when the servant brought him up a plate of cold beef and a saucer



"SEEMINGLY IT WAS THE PRACTICE HOUR FOR ONE OF THE CHILDREN NEXT DOOR."

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"HE WISHED HIMSELF IN THE COUNTRY."

of prunes. His appetite was excellent, and he ate with relish and enjoyment.

When he had made an end of his unpretending meal, he leaned back again in his chair. A turbulent wind blew the dust of the street high in the air and set swinging the budding branches of the sycamore before the window. As he looked at the tender green of the young leaves dancing before him in the sunlight he felt the spring-time stir his blood; he was strong again with the strength of youth; he was able to cope with all morbid fancies, and to cast away all repining. He wished himself in the country—somewhere where there were brooks and groves and grass—somewhere where there were quiet and rest and surcease of noise—somewhere where there were time and space to think out the past and to plan out the future resolutely—somewhere where there were not two hand-organs at opposite ends of the block vying which should be the more violent, one playing "Annie Laurie" and the other "Annie Rooney." He winced as the struggle between the two

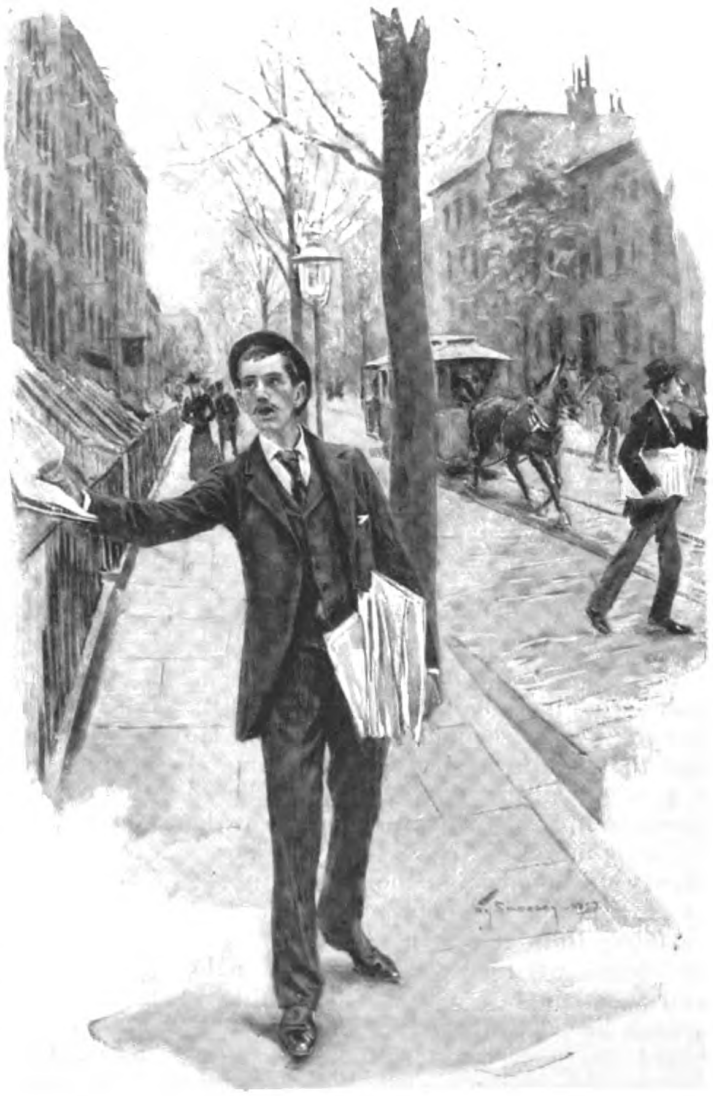
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organs attained its height, while the child next door pounded the piano more viciously than before. Then he smiled.

With returning health, why should he mind petty annoyances? In a week or so he would be able to go back to the store and to begin again to earn his own living. No doubt the work would be hard at first, but hard work was what he needed now. For the sake of its results in the future, and for its own sake also, he needed severe labor. Other young men there were a plenty in the thick of the struggle, but he knew himself as stout of heart as any in the whole city, and why might not fortune favor him too? With money and power and position he could hold his own in New York; and perhaps some of those who thought little of him now would then be glad to know him.

While he lay back in the steamer chair in his hall room the shadows began to lengthen a little, and the long day drew nearer to its end. When next he roused himself the hand-organs had both gone away, and the child next door had given over her practising, and the street was quiet again, save for the high notes of a soprano voice singing a florid aria by an open window in the conservatory of music in the next block, and save also for an unusual rattle of vehicles drawing up almost in front of the door of the boarding-house. With an effort he raised himself, and saw a line of carriages on the other side of the way, moving slowly toward the corner. A swirling sand-storm sprang up again in the street below, and a simoom of dust almost hid from him the faces of those who sat in the carriages—young girls dressed in light colors, and young men with buttoned frock-coats. They were chatting easily; now and again a gay laugh rang out.

He wondered if it were time for the wedding. With difficulty he twisted himself in his chair and took from the bureau behind him an envelope containing the wedding-cards. The ceremony was fixed for three. He looked at his watch, and he saw that it lacked but a few minutes of that hour. His hand trembled a little as he put the watch back in his pocket; and he gazed steadily into space until the bell in the steeple of the church at the corner of the avenue struck three times. The hour appointed for the wedding had arrived. There were still car-



"DISTRACTED BY THE CROSSING SHOUTS OF LOUD-VOICED MEN."

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riages driving up swiftly to deposit belated guests.

The convalescent young man in the little hall bedroom of the shabby boarding-house in the side street was not yet strong enough to venture out in the spring sunshine and to be present at the ceremony. But as he lay there in the rickety steamer chair with the old overcoat across his knees, he had no difficulty in evoking the scene in the church. He saw the middle-aged groom standing at the rail awaiting the bride. He heard the solemn and yet joyous strains of the wedding-march. He saw the bride pass slowly up the aisle on the arm of her father, with the lace veil scarcely lighter or fairer than her own filmy hair. He wondered whether she would be pale, and whether her conscience would reproach her as she stood at the altar. He heard the clergyman ask the questions and pronounce the benediction. He saw the new-made wife go down the aisle again on the arm of her husband. He sighed wearily, and lay back in his chair with his eyes closed, as though to keep out the unwelcome vision. He did not move when the carriages again crowded past his door, and went up to the church porch one after another in answer to hoarse calls from conflicting voices.

He lay there for a long while motionless and silent. He was thinking about himself, about his hopes, which had been as bright as the sunshine of spring, about his bitter disappointment. He was pondering on the mysteries of the universe, and asking himself whether he could be of any use to the world—for he still had high ambitions. He was wondering what might be the value of any one man's labor for his fellow-men, and he thought harshly of the order of things. He said to himself that we all slip out of sight when we die, and the waters close over us, for the best of us are soon forgotten, and so are the worst, since it makes little difference whether the coin you throw into the pool is gold or copper—the rarer metal



"THE BRIDE OF THAT AFTERNOON."

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does not make the more ripples. Then, as he saw the long shafts of almost level sunshine sifting through the tiny leaves of the tree before his window, he took heart again as he recalled the great things accomplished by one man. He gave over his mood of self-pity; and he even smiled at the unconscious conceit of his attitude toward himself.

He was recalled from his long revery by the thundering of a heavy fire-engine, which crashed its way down the street, with its rattling hose-reel tearing along after it. In the stillness that followed, broken only by the warning whistles of the engine as it crossed avenue after avenue further and further east, he found time to remember that every man's struggle forward helps along the advance of mankind at large. The humble fireman who does his duty and dies serves the cause of humanity.

The swift twilight of New York was almost upon him when he was next distracted from his thoughts by the crossing shouts of loud-voiced men bawling forth a catch-penny extra of a third-rate evening paper. The cries arose from both sides of the street at once, and they ceased while the fellows sold a paper here and there to the householders whose curiosity called them to the doorstep.

The sky was clear, and a single star shone out sharply. The air was fresh, and yet balmy. The clanging of rails had ceased an hour before, and the gang of men who were spiking the iron into place had dispersed each to his own home. The day was drawing to an end. Again there was an odor of cooking diffused through the house, heralding the dinner hour.

But the young man who lay back in the steamer chair in the hall bedroom of the boarding-house was unconscious of all except his own thoughts. Before him was a picture of a train of cars speeding along moonlit valleys, and casting a hurrying shadow. In this train, as he saw it, was the bride of that afternoon, borne away by the side of her husband. But it was the bride he saw, and not the husband. He saw her pale face and her luminous eyes and her ashen-gold hair; and he wondered whether in the years to come she would be as happy as if she had kept her promise to marry him.

THE WAPENTAKE.*

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

BLACK was his robe, and mute his lip,
Iron his weapon at the tip:
Dread sight, from sights more dreadful come:
In all his ways he walketh dumb.

For stern the code, and dark the day:
Old England knew no happier way.
She haled the people at a whim;
Whoso is touched must follow him.

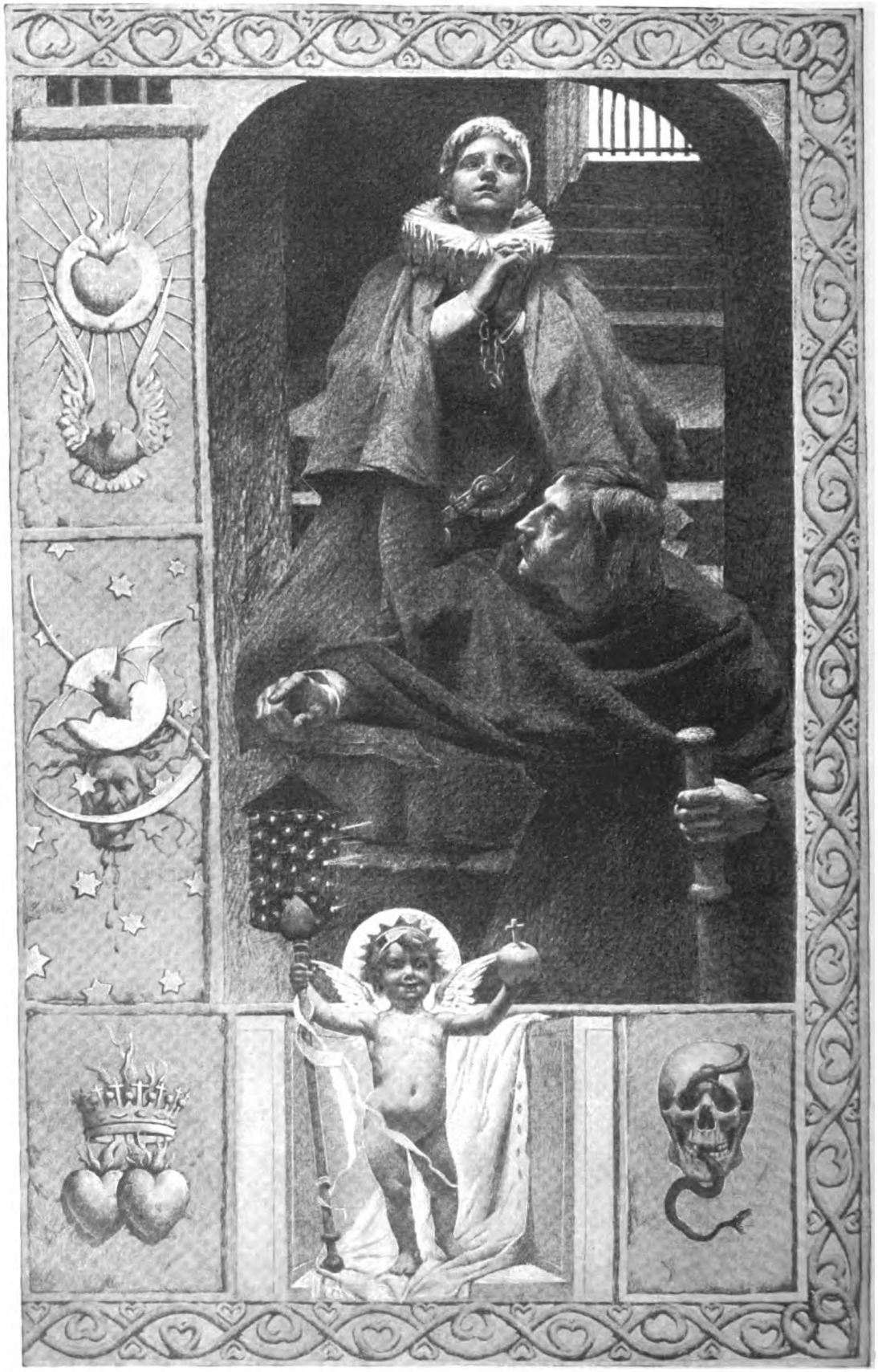
"Oh God, behold the Wapentake!"
In the Queen's name, for the Queen's sake.
Without a word, without a moan,
Summoned to dungeon or to throne,

The heir, the yeoman, or the bride,
Fear-frozen, followed at his side.
None dared to ask, and none knew why,
Nor guessed if 'twere to live or die.

A sign—and, lo! that still arrest;
A touch—and swift at his behest,
From castle hall or cottage gate,
He dragged, and left the desolate.

* The word Wapentake is used here in the sense in which it is used by Victor Hugo in *L'Homme qui rit*—the tragedy whose hero is touched by the Wapentake and summoned to an extreme fate.

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And if to joy, or if to woe,
Unclasp the arms and let him go.
See ye tell no man what ye saw.
The Queen did will. It was the Law.

Out in the dark you found me, and out of the dark you came,
A messenger whose errand had no warrant and no name;
And without speech or language you made the feudal sign
That, pointed soulward, meaneth: "I take thee. Thou art mine."

Oh, what if a heart should struggle, and beat itself to blood,
Resisting—what? It knoweth not—an evil or a good?
And what if the lips should open, and utter the whole cry
That bewails a dream deserted, and a hope like heaven high?

And then if all the fruitless, wild entreaty on the air
Fell idly—as it falters—and I see you, smiling there,
Serene, advancing, confident, for rapture or for woe,
Insistent, daring, dazzling, like sun upon the snow?....

Pass by, thou mighty Wapentake.
Spare me Love's terrors for Love's sake!
Silent and iron, pressing on,
Give thy still sign, and get thee gone.

What! Waiting yet, thou solemn Fate?
So stern, so strong, so sweet, so late?
Relentless Joy! thou takest me.
Love's life-long risk! I follow thee.

I ask not, guess not, know not why,
Nor care if 'tis to live or die.
Hush! I tell no man what I saw.
The King hath willed. It is the Law.

Dear, give me the life of the window! Find me the breath from the door!
Go, beg the soul of the sea to steal into mine once more.
Oh, for a moment, a moment! I had a thing to say.
I did not think—did you?—that I should be called to-day.

So—let the tears run over, and do not try to smile.
That is harder to bear than the other—I have such a little while!
And I wanted to bless you once, for the word of a dying wife
Is said to follow a man, and to fashion all his life.

We con a hundred lessons, but Love's are always best,
And now I cannot say them, though I learned them on your breast.
Take from me, darling, take the last, who gave the first long kiss.
Oh, what can life, in any world, give us like that, or this?

Approach, thou awful Wapentake,
Whose signal maketh no mistake.
Dumb and direct, thou halest me;
Silent as thou, I follow thee.

And if 'twere ill, or were it well,
Those whom thou touchest do not tell.
Now no man knoweth what I see.
It is the Law. Let God decree.

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THE ENGLISH SENATE.

BY GEORGE W. SMALLEY.

THE House of Lords seems to be chiefly interesting to Americans as an object of attack. Our own attacks on it are, for the most part, so many expressions of democratic impatience with an institution based on the hereditary and not on the elective principle. Democracy has advanced with such strides in England that the same sort of impatience makes itself heard here also, but it would be a mistake to suppose that much of the existing English dislike of this House as a legislative body springs from sentiment, or even from theory. So far as it is sentimental, it is ineffective. So far as it is theoretical, the influence of it is secondary. The number of Englishmen in public life who take, or hold very strongly, theoretical views of the Constitution is never very large. They pride themselves, and with reason, not upon the symmetrical form of their institutions, but upon the practical working of them. The main reason why Radicals want to get rid of the Upper House is that it stands in the way of their schemes. They cannot get their bills through—or, in Lord Brougham's phrase, through or over—the House of Lords. We might expect them to assail, first of all, the Throne, since the Throne is hereditary, and a more anti-democratic institution than an aristocracy. But they do not. The Throne does not stand in their way, and the House of Lords does, and to the English mind the practical reason is almost always a sufficient reason.

The writers and speakers who base their condemnation of the House of Lords on theory are, for the most part, those to whom not only the House of Lords, but any Second Chamber whatever, is hateful. They are doctrinaires, and the foremost of them, Mr. John Morley, is not only a doctrinaire, but a sort of English Jacobin; the most amiable of men in private life, one of the most honorable and sincere in public life, but of an implacable austerity which too often hardens into bitterness. He it was who levelled at the Lords the phrase which has passed into a proverb among the agitators—End them or Mend them. That was the only alternative he would consider when he set out upon his crusade against the Upper House. Now he will hardly admit that there is an alternative. They must be ended. He would have the House of Commons supreme. He would commit the Constitution and fortunes of this empire to the mercies of the majority of the moment in that House. He would not leave anywhere in this kingdom any authority to suspend or to revise or to reconsider the decision of a snap majority of a single House, elected perchance on a totally different issue from the one they were deciding. He would have no check on popular impulses or on Parliamentary politics. What the people, or the loudest section of them, might demand, and what their representatives, obeying the French doctrine of the mandate, might enact, that shall become law, and become not only law, but the fundamental law of the land and an integral part of the Constitution. In one word, Mr. John Morley would set up in Westminster the French Convention, putting the clock of the world a hundred years back, and repeating in another country, in a later age, in totally different circumstances, and among a people to whom the ideas from which the Convention sprang are alien—repeating, I say, one of the crudest legislative experiments ever made. There was a Jacobin conquest of France, and the Convention was the legislative symbol and instrument of the tyranny of an unscrupulous minority. Mr. Morley would subject England also to a Jacobin conquest, and to the unchecked tyranny of a single Chamber.

It is not necessary to take so extreme a view as Mr. Morley's, or to take an extreme view at all, in order to find material for censure in the constitution of the House of Lords. The House has existed for some six centuries. Since it came into being every institution in England has passed through various stages of change for the better. The Monarchy, the Church, the House of Commons—all have been transformed. The House of Lords alone remains, not indeed what it was in the beginning, for in the beginning it was mainly an ecclesiastical body, but remains, and has remained during three centuries, impervious to those influences which have modified everything else. The spirit of reform has passed it by. It has gained political authority and lost it again, its legislative constitution and

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place in the Constitution of the kingdom continuing all the while what they were. Democracy itself has left it thus far unaltered. It is therefore to-day a gigantic anachronism. It is not only out of date, but, for the most part, out of touch with the springs and sources of power. To use a French phrase, it is not *dans le mouvement*, and it rests still on the principle which, to modern ideas, is the most vicious of all principles of authority—the hereditary principle.

The House of Lords, nevertheless, keeps its place in the Constitution. Its assent to every bill passed by the Commons is a preliminary to its becoming law. Its legislative power is unquestioned and unquestionable, save when some considerable measure of reform or of party politics is at issue. Then the Lords are denounced if they venture to throw it out. They may reject, and do constantly reject, or perhaps amend into impotence, other measures, and nobody challenges them, or denies their co-ordinate legislative authority. It is, however, well understood that in the case of a bill large enough to agitate the country upon, their power of rejection is limited. What is called the veto of the Lords, which is an unscientific phrase, becomes in that case a suspensory veto. The Lords use their right of rejecting a bill in order that, if big enough, it may be referred to the country. If, after its rejection, the country returns a majority of the House of Commons in favor of this rejected measure, the Lords no longer oppose it, but accept it, and pass it, and the country has its way. All the Lords do is to make sure that the country does desire that the bill in question shall become law. That is what is meant by the suspensory veto, and that is the limitation which, by force of usage and of opinion, and without any statute, has been set upon the constitutional privileges of the House of Lords.

It may be well to remind ourselves that the complaint against the existing House of Lords is not that it lacks political or legislative or debating ability. Nobody alleges that. The more extreme Radicals, it is true, bring an indictment against the Peers themselves. That is their way. If they attack an institution, they denounce the personal character of those who compose or support it. They are not content to complain of the use their adversaries make of their powers, which is the legitimate form of political criticism. They revile the individuals of whose votes they disapprove. The Peers are, says the most extreme journal of all, a powerful and widely circulated newspaper in London, "lords and lackeys, vulgar, out of date appanages of an impossible social system. They have got to go." They are, or many of them are, "life-long enemies of the people," and "mere low evil-livers and race-course notorieties." It is another echo of the French Revolution; the Peers are to be hunted down; perhaps their property confiscated, their castles burnt; perhaps their lives menaced.

Well, there are black sheep among the Peers as there are among the Commons, but neither body is to be judged by its exceptions. Lord Rosebery, the flower of the Liberals in the House of Lords, described it not long ago as an assembly of men of great ability, great business capacity, and great common-sense. Can no use be found for such an assembly except to abolish it? There are many Peers who have come up from the ranks—the Bishops, the Law Lords, the four nominated Judges who now sit in the Lords, the ennobled representatives of finance, of commerce, of business, and many more. It is an aristocracy of intelligence. But if you exclude all these, and look only to the men who are members of the House by virtue of hereditary right, you may compile a list of great distinction. Lord Salisbury, Lord Rosebery, the Duke of Argyll, the Duke of Devonshire—it is useless to multiply names familiar to everybody. Mr. Gladstone's present Cabinet contains five Peers, one-tenth of all his supporters in what he calls the "gilded chamber"—a change no doubt from the time when Mr. Pitt was the only Commoner in his own Cabinet; but they are enough to show how much the great Prime Minister leans on colleagues who are members of the House he assails. When the long four months' struggle between coal-owners and coal-miners was ended by the conference over which Lord Rosebery presided, a good Gladstonian said to a Conservative friend, "You see, the Old Man has scored again." "Yes," was the answer, "but he had to go to the House of Lords to do it." And you must go to the same place for much of the finest debating and most effective political oratory of the time. A dress-debate

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in the Lords is to-day perhaps a more perfect and admirable performance than a similar debate in the House of Commons, even if Mr. Gladstone be reckoned among the debaters.

There are, then, two ways in which the House of Lords may be looked at. You may consider it as a hereditary Chamber based upon a principle vicious because hereditary. Or you may consider it simply as a Second Chamber, which, be its faults what they may, is part of the Legislature of this country, and the only restraint upon the legislative energy of the House of Commons. And there are three parties among its opponents. There are those who would simply abolish it, among whom Mr. Asquith, the brilliant young Liberal who is Mr. Gladstone's Home Secretary, must now be reckoned; there are those who would perhaps abolish it if some efficient and more popular substitute could be provided; and there are those who would reform the existing House.

The ending and mending policies are not merely alternative; they are inconsistent and irreconcilable. The party which wants to end the Lords will have nothing to say to mending them. Amendment would diminish the force of the argument, whatever it may be, for abolition. We may come at once, therefore, to the question, How is the House of Lords to be ended? The answer is simpler than some of the champions of abolition seem to suspect. There is but one method which is not revolutionary: an Act of Parliament. But there can be no Act of Parliament which has not passed the Lords as well as the Commons. The abolitionists are therefore confronted with the question how they are to induce the Lords to abolish themselves.

If this problem has ever been discussed, it has been discussed in private, and not in public. I doubt whether it has been much discussed even in private. There have been two recent, or comparatively recent, occasions on which the abolition of the House of Lords has been talked of freely. One was in 1884, when they were thought likely to reject the County Franchise Bill. One was during last year, when they did reject the Home-Rule Bill. In the interval the question slept, or, at most, simmered. At the crises, whether in 1884 or in 1893, little or nothing was said to indicate that the subject had ever been thought out. It was taken for granted that abolition could be effected somehow. There is a vague notion that the existing majority in the Lords might be swamped by a creation of new Peers pledged to vote for their own extinction. It is not quite certain how far such pledges would be thought binding by those who might give them. Mr. Gladstone's Peers—I mean the Peers created upon his advice—have in great part turned against him. But there is a graver doubt: Would the Queen consent to create these new Peers? They must be created by her if at all, and her opinion, her will, her judgment, are, or might be, very important factors.

The House of Lords now consists of about 550 members. The Conservative majority last August threw out the Home-Rule bill by 419 to 41. Taking that as a fair test, there are 378 votes to be overcome, 379 new Peers to be created in order to obtain a majority of one for the abolition of the House. That is more than twice the number which was contemplated in 1832, and even then the creation of less than 200 Peers to overwhelm the existing House was regarded as, and defended as, a revolutionary measure. It was urged and defended on the ground that not otherwise could a greater revolution be averted. The Lords themselves took this last view, and yielded, and both revolutions were averted.

But to-day, where is the sign of revolution, or even of any popular agitation which threatens revolution in the country, or could be held to justify a revolutionary policy toward the Lords themselves? Notoriously there is none. It may come, but it has not come yet. Mr. Gladstone was expected to give the signal for it at Edinburgh last September. But Mr. Gladstone, impetuous and masterful though he be in dealing with his own party, or with the House of Commons, is a cautious leader when he has to face the constituencies. He saw clearly that the action of the Lords in rejecting his darling measure had provoked no general resentment in the country, stirred no agitation, created no wish for abolition. The country, so far from clamoring for the overthrow of the Upper House, found in this rejection a new reason for maintaining it. In 1832 the country was up in arms against the Lords, and, to some extent, in 1884. In 1893 not one single

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great meeting was held to protest against the defeat of Home-Rule, or to complain of the legislative body which had thrown out the bill. Mr. Gladstone, therefore, had to choose between his Radical supporters and the country. Of course he chose for the country. He conciliated, to some slight extent, the Radicals by an invective against the Lords, a recapitulation of their offences in time past, and a forecast of the doom that might overtake them in some more or less distant future. But his long speech contained no recommendation for the present, no proposal either of abolition or reform, no programme even for agitation, no serious menace. The Radicals understood that they had to lie low for the present. The platforms from which they were to have thundered all through the autumn have been silent. Mr. Gladstone's own thunder was but *brutum fulmen*. He had discharged a broadside, but the guns were not shotted.

The only definite, or rather the only positive, answer yet given to this question how to end the Lords was given by Mr. John Morley at Manchester on the 8th of last November. He said they can only be dealt with by force. Mr. Morley is so considerable a person, and this passage in his speech so remarkable, that it may be quoted:

"You are dealing with a vast, overwhelming preponderance, a huge dead weight of prejudice, of passion, of interest, of bigotry, of blind class and party spirit, impenetrable by argument, immovable by discussion, beyond the reach of reason, and only to be driven from its hereditary and antiquated entrenchments, not by argument or by reason or by discussion, but by force."

There are, no doubt, several kinds of force, but Mr. Morley seems to mean that the force he would employ against the House of Lords is physical force. It cannot be the force of argument, for he says they are impenetrable by argument; nor of reason, for they are beyond its reach; nor can any known form of moral force be supposed capable of dealing with a huge dead weight of prejudice, passion, bigotry, and blind class spirit. What Mr. Morley proposes is violence. He would apparently contemplate "with sombre acquiescence" the invasion of the House by a street mob, as the French Assemblies have so often been invaded by a street mob, calling itself, and being called by a certain class of historians, the people. Mr. Morley is, or tries to be, a philosophical politician. He is a Cabinet Minister. He has an important following and a wide reputation in the country. Is it likely that he would advocate revolution if he saw his way to his end by legal and peaceable means? His speech at Manchester is a counsel of despair. And there is no other.

To mend the Lords is another matter, and raises a wholly different class of questions. The most convinced believer in a Second Chamber would be the first to admit and to assert that large reforms in the present constitution of this assembly are needed and are urgent. If the Lords were a sagacious body as a whole, they would reform themselves from within, lest a worse thing befall them from without. They might do much to mitigate the force of hostile criticism. Whether they have, or ever will have, a virtue heroic enough to go to the root of the evil and extinguish the hereditary character of their House may be doubted. It is not likely that anything short of that will suffice. The most interesting of the few attempts at reform from within has been made by Lord Rosebery. He brought forward two proposals, one in 1884, one in 1888. In each case he asked his colleagues to appoint a committee to inquire into the constitution of the House. On the second occasion he obtained 50 votes for this proposal, which was rejected by 97. The first effort hardly went beyond details. The second dealt with principles, and among others with the hereditary principle. Lord Rosebery, knowing how hopeless it would be to suggest its abolition as a principle, condemned only the indiscriminate and untempered application of it. He said:

"What you require in a hereditary legislative Chamber, by the mere fact and principle of its existence, is an unblemished succession of hereditary virtue, hereditary wisdom, and hereditary discretion."

That is to require the impossible, and that is what Lord Rosebery meant. He would escape from the dilemma by a compromise — the most English of all methods. He urges that any reform should respect the name of the House of Lords, and that a reconstructed House should be limited in number, and consist

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of selected or elected hereditary Peers, and that by some process and some form of constituency there should be representative Peers, to be called Lords of Parliament. He makes many other suggestions, often acute and sagacious, but this is the central idea of his scheme. He does not undertake to determine who the electors should be, but suggests county boards, the larger municipalities, and the House of Commons, or all three. That is not the valuable part of his proposal. There would be nothing organic in the composition of a body elected in that rather miscellaneous manner. But nobody has yet proposed a better; and the fact that Lord Rosebery has nothing better to offer, and that nothing better is offered, is a measure of the perplexity of the problem. The proposal for a House composed of Peers nominated for life only evades the hereditary difficulty, but does not meet the demand for an assembly that shall be both representative and elective.

If the House of Lords in its legislative capacity is to be defended, it must be on American principles. Put aside its hereditary character, not now defensible on any principle, consider it merely as a Second Chamber, and you will find that the most effective defence of it may be drawn from American analogies and American precedents.

Indeed, before an American tries to judge the situation in England, he would do well to put clearly before himself the difference between his own Constitution and that of the United Kingdom so far as it affects this issue. He must take into account the undisputed fact that the House of Lords is the sole check upon the legislative supremacy of the House of Commons. Let him try to draw a parallel between Westminster and Washington, and consider with what safeguards and precautions constitutional legislation at Washington is hedged about, and how every one of them is wanting at Westminster. There is at Westminster no distinction between the making of an ordinary law and of fundamental law, or of what we call a constitutional amendment. There are no more formalities in the one case than in the other, nor any different procedure. A bill which subverts the Constitution of this realm is brought in like any other bill, and may be passed through the House of Commons like any other bill, between ten o'clock and midnight, by a bare majority. It may be forced through by the closure and without debate, or half debated. A constitutional amendment in America is a matter of a few lines, the declaration of a single principle or purpose; brief, clear, easily understanded of all men. The bill passed by the House of Commons may be, as the recent bill to amend the provision for the government of Ireland, commonly called the Home-Rule Bill, was, an extremely intricate, complicated, and voluminous bill—a bill of forty clauses and seven schedules; a bill profoundly modifying the relations of the component parts of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland; dissolving a Legislative Union, creating a new Legislature and a new Executive in Ireland, and profoundly modifying the constitution of the House of Commons itself. Such a bill may be, and in fact was, passed by the drastic use of the closure; more than two-thirds of it undebated, unconsidered, by the House at any stage; not even amendments allowed to be put to vote. That bill, so passed, would be law to-day if there were no House of Lords. You may think it ought to be, but do you think it ought to be passed in that way? If you do, you condemn the American system and reproach the authors of the American Constitution.

Any bill, any measure of constitutional innovation, once passed, goes to the House of Lords, and the House of Lords is thenceforward the sole means by which the final passage of it can be delayed. There are no State Legislatures to which it can be referred. There is no Supreme Court which can directly or indirectly declare it to be unconstitutional. Every Act of Parliament is constitutional. The English Constitution, in so far as it has any written existence, consists of Acts of Parliament, and one is as good as another. No English court would listen to an argument based on the alleged unconstitutionality of a statute. There is no such thing. Constitutionality, as Selden said of Privilege, is whatever Parliament pleases. There is no veto. The veto of the Crown, once valid and effective and not infrequent, has not been used since Queen Anne's time; and Queen Anne, as we all know, is dead. The last veto was in 1707. There is no machinery by which a bill can be referred to the people, unless indirectly through the House of Lords. There

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is no provision for ascertaining the real sense of the people, either their second thoughts if a bill has been passed in obedience to a popular wish or impulse, or their first thoughts if the bill be without popular backing. It may be the offspring of a powerful minister or of a pushing clique. The people may never have asked for it. If they have not, they cannot be consulted.

Such is the condition of things at Westminster. What it is at Washington every American knows; but he may like to know how the American system strikes the mind of the English Radical in a hurry for reform. An anecdote will show him. A very eminent English Radical once asked me to explain to him the processes by which an amendment to the Constitution of the United States was proposed and adopted or rejected. He listened, with ever-increasing impatience, to the recital of the long series of checks and safeguards which the wisdom of our fathers had provided to insure stability to the fabric they created, and to protect it against the gusts of popular passion or interest or caprice—in short, against the dangers of pure Democracy. When the recital came to an end, he exclaimed, with heat, "You need not suppose we should stand that sort of thing over here."

If, then, you apply American principles to the House of Lords, considered without reference to its hereditary character, but merely as a Second Chamber, you find it discharging a useful and, to the American mind, an indispensable function. Whether it has discharged that function wisely or unwisely during the last two or three generations is another question. I do not enter upon any historical inquiry. It is sufficient to say that, from our point of view, the House of Lords has, during most of that period, been the opponent of reform, or has consented to reform unwillingly. It has set itself in many instances against the will of the nation. It opposed the great Reform Bill of 1831-2. It opposed Lord Melbourne's measures of Irish reform from 1835 to 1841. It opposed the abolition of the duty on paper in 1860. These are the modern cases most frequently cited, and, after all, the catalogue is not a very formidable one. Nor was the majority of the Lords always, as it is now, anti-Liberal. Till 1832 it commonly supported the government of the day. Its later conservatism, says Lord Salisbury, dates from the accession of Mr. Gladstone to power, and from Mr. Gladstone's persistent efforts to sow division and dissension between different classes and different sections of the kingdom.

On the other hand, it has passed many Liberal measures in obedience to public opinion or to good advice. Hearkening to the counsels of the Duke of Wellington, it assented to the repeal of the Corn Laws in 1846. It assented, in deference to the judgment of Lord Beaconsfield, to the overthrow of the Irish Church in 1869. It passed, under the same influence, the Irish Land Bill of 1870. It passed the Reform Bill of 1884, after negotiations ending in a compromise. It passed the Reform Bill of 1867, in some respects the most radical and sweeping measure of suffrage ever proposed in England, and it rejected the Home-Rule Bill of 1893. On both these last two occasions it was on the side of the people of Great Britain, and gave effect to their wishes. Let us, however, admit that it has more often thwarted than promoted the cause of progress, and that it deserves the censures which it has incurred. What then? Is it to be dealt with penally? Is a great constitutional question to be considered in a merely vindictive spirit? Or is it to be considered primarily and all the time with reference to the public interest, and to the present and future efficiency and good working of the Constitution itself?

So considering it we may escape the historical inquiry, and it will become unnecessary to organize a political party into a criminal court, or put the Lords or anybody else into the dock. The true question is: How can legislation be made safe and wise in a country which has no written Constitution and no tribunal to which constitutional questions can be referred? When we come to answer that question, we may prudently lay down one proposition, namely, that any Second Chamber is better than none. The House of Lords and the House of Commons may each be looked at as an instrument for giving effect to the popular will. And the House of Lords, though not elective, may be, and sometimes is, representative. It may be, and to-day probably is, at least with reference to one great question, stronger than the House of Commons, and more democratic than the House of Commons, because it has the people at its back. If there were no

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Second Chamber, the most revolutionary measure of modern times, perhaps of any time in England, would have become law, against the declared wish of the people of England and of the people of Great Britain. The British majority against Home-Rule in the House of Commons is 21. The English majority against it is 70. There are, in other words, thirty millions of whom the majority is opposed to Home-Rule, and there are five millions of whom the majority is in favor of Home-Rule. The Lords are on the side of the thirty millions against the five millions. They have rejected the bill, as it was admittedly their constitutional right to do, and also their constitutional duty. This revolutionary measure had never been before the people at all. Its nature, its provisions, the form of government it was meant to set up in Ireland, were all unknown when the present session of Parliament begun. After its introduction it was turned inside out, and on two if not three vital points was transformed and became a new bill. What the Lords have done is to insure the reference of this measure—revolutionary, secret, transitory, kaleidoscopic, as it proved to be in its passage through the House of Commons—to the people for their final decision. Will any American who values American principles say that this procedure is not strictly in accord with the ideas which underlie our own political system?

Fully agreeing that the House of Lords must be reformed if it is to endure, I nevertheless think that the majority of Englishmen who act from other than party motives, or impulse, or mere doctrinairism, will resist the abolition of it, at least until some rational and workable scheme for another Second Chamber shall have been proposed. For it is their one bulwark against an untamed, untaught, inexperienced, incapable Democracy. If that expression shock any thinking American, I will ask him whether there are no limits to his belief in Democracy as a political panacea. He knows that in America Democracy has a bit in its mouth. He knows that in England it has none. Does he think all men fit to be trusted with self-government?

I do not wish to make disagreeable comparisons, nor will I make any. But the present majority of the English electorate consists of agricultural and unskilled laborers. Does the thinking American know what they are like, and what degree of political intelligence they possess? If he does, will he say that the government of an immense empire can be safely confided to them, or to a majority of which they are the majority? Let him ask any Englishman, familiar with elections, on what elections turn in an agricultural constituency. On Home-Rule, on Disestablishment, on Foreign Policy, on Colonial Policy? Nothing of the sort. But on beer, on purely local interests, on personal influence, on appeals to cupidity and to prejudice and to class hatreds.

The lower and larger stratum of the Democracy of England is in the hands of the Demagogue. Three or four millions of voters were enfranchised at a blow. They had no political training of any kind, no town meeting, no local assembly, no control of any kind of affairs, nothing which the American has always had. It was in that condition that they became the arbiters of the destiny of the realm. They have to learn the business of government at the expense of the governed, themselves included. They elect the House of Commons, or a majority of its members. The House of Commons *is* the government; for the Cabinet is, in effect, only a committee of the House. Between the House of Commons, which springs from such sources, and the Empire there is absolutely nothing, legislatively speaking, but the House of Lords. Be its faults what they may, will any wise man sweep it away and leave nothing in its place? When the waters are out, will you open the dikes because you don't like the fashion of the masonry?

There are signs that this country is approaching a grave social crisis—possibly enough, revolutionary. If it be revolutionary, it may overturn many things besides the House of Lords. If it stop short of revolution; if Radicalism and Socialism proceed by constitutional methods; if they attack property and individual liberties, as they daily threaten to do, under cover of law; and if, in pursuit of such ends, they once elect a majority of the House of Commons, and abolish the House of Lords—they are masters of the kingdom. Until they abolish it, society in its existing form has a last line of defence, and the true friends of order and liberty might in such circumstances consider even a hereditary Chamber a less evil than civil convulsion.

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THE MONUMENT TO CORDER.

BY EVA WILDER McGLASSON.

SHE looked back at the house as if with a sudden feeling that in the importance of her mission she had forgotten to lock the door. The old gray cottage, with its hanging eaves and dark little windows, seemed to convey to her some reassurance, for she clasped the tiny red flower-pots more closely to the sagging bosom of her brown cotton frock, and went on down the street.

There was distinct purpose in her gait. Something not unlike peace shone from the dim blue eyes under the poking rim of her straw bonnet. Vague flecks of pink mottled her wrinkled cheeks; and not since Corder died, along in the winter, had his wife's soft old lips worn a look so like a smile.

He had been dead three months, had Corder. The shutters of the small weather-worn house, in which he had lived so long, were still tied with strips of black cotton stuff. These mournful tokens, dangling against the moss-blotched wall, gave a funereal aspect to the aged yew by the door-step—a yew in itself so threadbare and rusty as to seem out of all harmony with the genial freshness of the spring morning. For April was well forward, and all the maples along the creek-flagged walk had little wormy-looking brown buds creeping out upon their twigs. Bushes were veiled in hazes of pale green. Willows charmed the air with wands of bright gold; and even the tall forest trees skirting the village had a perceptible liveliness of tone, as if the sap leaped warm at their reluctant hearts.

The sleepy old houses of the little Kentucky hamlet nestled back in bits of yards, just beginning to be softly dashed with powdery green. Here and there, as if for the triumphal passage of forgetfulness, a rickety gate lifted an arch of vines. Moss scored the fence-rails and crept up the walls. Indeed, since the building of the new railway, four miles to eastward, the small old town, left out of touch with time and traffic, had seemed as if settling comfortably back to a state of nature. Even the Brundage House, a low brick structure with enclosed side galleries glooming over a mouldy garden space—even this once popular inn had an air of disuse. Though the door was open and a row of chairs sat hospitably on the curb, most of the blue shades were drawn, the mortar was crumbling away between the bricks, and Oblivion appeared to have gone over the threshold, leaving faint greenish foot-prints behind him on the stone steps.

No one was in sight. Then presently a woman, rather excitedly waving a turkey-wing fan in her fat white hand, came to the door and peered eagerly down the street.

She was amply modelled, with broad pink cheeks and soft stayless girth. Her gray hair was closely rippled. She had little red-brown eyes and a small mouth, at present anxiously puckered.

"It's her!" she said. "It's Jane Corder, sure 'nough. She's goin' down street lickety-switch—her arms full of flower-pots agin. That's the fourth time this week! Them's flower-pots, ain't they, Minervy?"

A pretty girl, whose curves promised well for future rotundity, appeared in the doorway.

"Yes, maw, they're flower-pots," she corroborated. "I reckon she's going to the graveyard. Watch how her skirt flaps! I don't reckon it ever see starch. It's a wonder she wouldn't wear mourning for Corder—her letting on to think so much of him!"

The fat woman scanned the wisp of a figure in brown cotton. She rearranged the heavy gold watch-chain looping her lavishly crape-trimmed bosom.

"Mebby she thinks it's onchristian to wear black when you're bereaved," she considered, with a smile of tolerant scorn. "I never argify with folks's notionts. For me, I've been in crape the three hull years since your paw died, Minervy. He 'ain't got it to throw up to me at the throne of grace as I didn't pay proper respeck. Many's the time I've set in meetin' fahly stranglin' through my veil. The unly thing that kept me up was rememberin' that there wasn't a widow woman in town wore their crape heavier. It comes high, so it does. Every person hasn't the money to show how their bosom's tore."

"Maybe Mrs. Corder hasn't," charitably suggested Minerva.

"She ought to hev," hotly contested Mrs. Brundage, "livin' as pore as her and Corder did. I hev'n't no sympathy with

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folks that's always scrimpin'. I d'know as I've much use for Jane Corder anyways. We've never visited since your paw and Corder run that wagon-shop together. Your paw was as keen as they make 'em, and if he found as he hed to squeeze Corder out of the business, I 'ain't a word to say. I never asked nothing about it. Brundage made me a good livin', and hardly ever give me a cross word. Corder was no 'count, anyhow; and when I heard he was telling it everywhere that your paw had cheated him, I jest stopped goin' to see his wife." She added, mournfully, that no one would ever know how she missed Brundage. "If he'd of lived, that railroad never would have left us four mile out! It's ruined the business," she continued. "We don't take in skercely anything nowadays. I'm mighty glad I got your paw a fine monnymint whiles I had the money. He's got the highest-priced monnymint will ever be in the graveyard, so he hes."

"Unless Mrs. Corder lays off to buy a finer one," said Minerva.

Her mother's face assumed a look of ominous conjecture.

"It 'd kill me," she gasped; "it 'd p'intedly kill me if she got her man a bigger stone than your paw's! their lot right next to ours and all! Law me, I wouldn't wonder if she was a-hoardin' up for that very thing!" A tremor passed over her massive shoulders. "Minervy," she commanded, sternly, "you git out my bunnit. I'm goin' to step out yender to the graveyard and find out what she's up to."

Mental disturbance was by no means common with Mrs. Brundage. Life had dealt easily with her always. She had been a handsome girl, and she had married well. It was true that Jacob Brundage had not been specially well-favored. With his narrow frame, lean face, and expression of reserve, he had possessed a constrained and stealthy look, as of one who has squeezed and crept to prominence through thready, surreptitious byways. But though he was so plain, Brundage had not been ill equipped for life's race, being in no wise handicapped by any foolish ideas of business integrity. He was a successful man, and the other village women envied Mrs. Brundage her rustling silks and gorgeous bonnets.

Once, observing her as she swept pompously by to church, Corder, leaning on the old gate before his house, had turned away with a darkening brow.

"Jinny," he said to his wife, who was gazing, awe-struck, at her neighbor's passage, "if I hadn't been fooled and rascaled out'n my share of that wagon-shop, you'd of worn as fine fixin's as *her!* It ain't right! it ain't! I've ben honest and hard-workin' all my life, and I 'ain't ever laid by nothing." His shoulders seemed to bend even more than their wont with this new recognition of life's futility and injustice.

"I find no fault with you-'ns, Albert," said his wife, gently.

"I find fault with myself!" he muttered. "You done porely when you married me, Jinny!"

"I ain't complainin'" she said, laughing softly, and regarding him with eyes of content. She was well on in her fifties, but her eyes had always kept a haunting of girlishness.

These, however, since Corder died, had lost the old gentle light. Something sharp and stern pervaded them, and people remarked that though Mrs. Corder did not "take on" as a bereaved woman excusably might, her mental attitude was not what they called "resignated."

Unrest seemed to possess her. She went often to the graveyard just beyond the village, returning always with the same unsubdued bitterness in her little pinched face.

When spring opened, and she began to plant flowers on Corder's grave, this expression of resentful sorrow became a little less marked.

"I'm not doin' what I'd like to," she muttered, tucking the roots of a geranium into the easy soil, "but I'm doing something."

She cast round a slow, implacable glance. Hard by the long yellow mound under which Corder lay, a gleaming marble tomb cast off the morning sunshine in a glare of white. It was massive, and shaped like a box, with an engraved slab surmounting its four sides. The polished surface, the delicate veinings, indefinite as if faint wreaths of smoke garlanded the serene whiteness, the smoothly finished edges and sharp depth of the letters—all these things took Mrs. Corder's eye with a certain mocking perfection.

She noticed that the grass lifted well above the gleamy base of Brundage's tomb. It had evidently had no spring

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cutting, while the sward rolling greenly from the unmarked mound in the next lot was clipped to a velvety softness.

"He's got everything but remembrance," commented Mrs. Corder, as if a little heartened. "He's got marble over him, and his name and age and all, but his folks ain't keepin' up the lot. They don't come out to see how things are doin'." Catching a noise, she looked up.

Some one heavily clothed in black was climbing the white steps of the graveyard stile. The large figure mounted with difficulty, clutching at obscuring veils and impeding skirts. Having made the ascent, it paused, and cautiously set foot on the inner steps.

The path was overrun with grass, but it showed itself as a faint silvery trail leading through the dark luxuriance of myrtle-clad hillocks. Mrs. Brundage came along it with slow solemnity of tread, holding up her skirts at each side, and peering through her crape with an eye apprehensive of green garter-snakes.

"Why, howdy?" she exclaimed, pausing at the Corder lot, and observing with well-feigned surprise the figure working at the mound. "This is right soon in the day to be travellin' out here. But I says to Minervy, I says, 'Them that's ben bereaved don't study 'bout what time o' the morning they take to shed a tear in.'" She sighed deeply, and with an important gesture flung the black stuff from her face.

Corder's grave now plainly revealed to her lines of green where seeding-plants daintily pushed their heads through the soil. These seemed to maintain some design, so that the little knoll appeared to be overcast with a crumpled fabric of brown delicately wrought in verdant threads. Across the flat expanse a cross of geraniums, already budding, stretched its arms.

Elsewhere, in notable contrast with this trim gardening, flourished the rank plenitude of forgetfulness. Grass and weeds were high. Myrtle wove a stout dark web over the paths. Rose-trees stretched thorny, untrimmed branches over the lost footways, catching with plaintive insistence at the garments of infrequent rangers through these dwellings of the dead. The very cypresses, unpruned and black, seemed as if settling toward the ground in a sullen apathy. Head-stones stood awry. Many of their inscriptions were padded with moss; and frail dark lichens were everywhere tracing upon the marbles characters no man could read.

Mrs. Brundage eyed the flowery promise of the mound before her, and cast an abashed glance at the riotous greenery of her own lot.

"I no idea the grass was so forward," she remarked. "Them marble slabs of Brundage's don't look nothing like their size when the blades are so high. There's no better marble made than them slabs! I told the stone-cutter, 'Wilkins,' says I, 'don't spare anything on that monnymint. He was a good man,' says I, 'and hardly ever give me a cross word. I aim to hev him the finest stone can be got. And I want it made box-shape,' says I. 'They're not so showy as the peaked kind, but they come high, and 'tain't every one kin hev 'em.'" She broke off with a cheerful air, as if her consciousness of the uncut grass had been swept from her mind by a vivid remembrance of the tomb's cost. "Wilkins did right well by me," she pursued; "I kin recommend him." And she added, with a casual sort of manner: "The sod's pretty well settled in your lot, Mrs. Corder. I reckon you'll be 'rectin' a stone 'fore long?"

Mrs. Corder bent over the hillock, wiping the dust from a geranium leaf. Her face was hidden in the rim of her bonnet.

"I got a prejudice agin gravestones," she said, calmly.

Mrs. Brundage stared. "I never heard the like!" she gasped.

The other woman's shoulders twitched as if a nervous tremor had contracted them.

"I d'know as I mind a little shaft of marble—a *little* one, right at the head of a grave," she conceded, tolerantly; "but I ain't sure I could conscience heapin' five heavy slabs of rock on top of any one I keered for. I d'know as I could rest nights a-studyin' about 'em crushed down onder all that hefty stone. That's how I feel. Buyin' big monnymints, and clappin' 'em down over your lost ones, always 'pears to me a sorry way of showin' grief. It's like you said to 'em, 'There, now! I've set to work in weddin' hurry and r'ared you a stone and plastered you up fast and sound. I've done all any person could ask for. If there ain't no flowers laid over you, and the grass gits rank,

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it's 'cuz I got somethin' else to do besides a-rickellectin' of you continual. Rest as easy as you kin, for I've done all I'm goin' to!'"

"I never heard the like!" again gasped Mrs. Brundage. Her broad face harbored a resentful crimson. "Any one kin mess round with a few flowers. They don't cost skercely anything."

"It takes time and labor to keep 'em flourishin'," contested the other, also a little breathless. "And folks that sees 'em growin' knows the person underneath ain't forgit by their kin." She patted down the edge of the sod before her, glancing with an eye of mild commiseration toward Brundage's tomb.

Mrs. Brundage, still convulsively grasping her skirts, had a color which had deepened from red to purple as she listened to these extraordinary views.

"I reckon there's no male man moljerin' in this place as is remembered as constant as Jacob Brundage," she burst out, defiantly.

"I never passed no names," Mrs. Corder softly reminded her. She had risen, and stood, small and shrunken and pale, facing down in her faded old frock the lavish figure opposing her with its profuse ostentation of woe.

Mrs. Brundage's bosom heaved. An uncomfortable thought seemed to haunt her.

"I don't reckon them that's dead hes feelin's about whether their gravestones lays flat on 'em or r'ares up," she speculated.

"We don't know what they feel," said Mrs. Corder. "I knew a woman whose sister ha'nted her day and night, always a-mournin' that her hands hurted her so she couldn't rest in her coffin. And finally the woman—she was kin to my folks, name of Lidy Clay—finally she hed 'em to take her sister up, and there was her fingers all twisted in and out like they'd fixed 'em when they laid her out. So they straightened her hands, and Lidy she never heard no more of her sister's ghost. Well, I don't *say* as the dead feels. But if I'd put a stone over any of my folks to keep the sun and air off 'em, I'd kind of look for 'em to walk nights."

The other woman's wide cheeks paled. She started and glanced toward the tomb as if half expecting to see a sheeted figure thrust the stone cover aside.

"Well, good-day!" she ejaculated. "I'm goin' to send up and hev that grass mowed."

The green blades murmured silkily as they sprang upright from the swish of her skirts. Her form disappeared behind the bushes. Mrs. Corder's eyes held a strange little gleam as she flashed them again on Brundage's resting-place.

"You hev no right to lay there onder that monnymint!" she breathed, huskily. "My man was honest and true. You beat him out'n everything. And there you lay in that fine tomb. Oh, Corder, Corder! there's unly a few pore flowers over you! but I'm savin'—I'm savin'. I 'ain't got much, but I'm workin' and savin'. I wouldn't even spend a cent to buy myself a thread of crape to show as my heart's broke since you left me!" She gathered up the empty flower-pots and went toward the stile.

As the season went on, people began to talk about Corder's grave. It had bloomed into a sweet expanse of bright flowers. Mignonette furred the edges with fragrant green, pansies scrolled ribbons of purple about, geraniums spanned it with a white cross, which seemed to shine always as if it caught some pallid glory from beyond the summer skies.

A remorseful envy twitched at the hearts of those who had half forgotten how often they once used to climb the graveyard stile. A late redding up of weedy and sunken hillocks took place, for Corder's grave was a page typed with characters to make the dullest grief almost warm again. Mrs. Brundage herself observed its waxing beauty with a reluctant eye. Standing of Sunday afternoons by Brundage's tomb, a renewed sense of widowhood quickened in her breast, and she felt as a stern reproach the breathing glow of Corder's flowers.

Once she brought a bunch of blossoms to lay on her husband's tomb, but the pretty things had so piteous an incongruity with the glittering slab that she snatched them off and burst into tears.

"I paid out a heap more'n I could afford on that monnymint!" she sobbed, as if exonerating herself to an unseen presence.

To her daughter she said, hysterically: "It's killin' me, Minervy! I keep thinkin' of your paw a-smotherin' onder them stones till I'm mighty nigh near distracted. He was never no hand for much kivers—used to haul off and kick the com-

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forts down in the dead of winter. Oh me! And there's Corder--triflin' man he was!—there's Corder a-smilin' under his posies like he felt the sun meltin' his marrer!"

One night in July, Minerva, sleeping in her four-post bed, was roused by a spasmodic grasp. Her mother, with nightcap askew on her streaming gray hair, stood shaking by the bedside.

"Minervy," she panted, "I ben havin' awful dreams! I 'lowed I see your paw, and he was twistin' and turnin' and gaspin' for breath, and he says to me, 'Molly, I hardly ever give you a cross word, and yit you've went and soldered me up so tight I can't git my breath!'" She drew a gurgling sigh.

Minerva turned drowsily over. "It was the boiled cabbage you had for supper," she argued, falling asleep.

The next morning Mrs. Brundage sat at meat with stern abstraction in her face. Afterwards, as she donned her crapes and proceeded down the street, she looked as if her pulpiness of mind and body had finally taken fixed shape. She stopped at a little shop, from which came a sound of ringing steel. Through the door could be seen a rear yard, in which slabs of gray and white stone stood about. On a stone chiselled with the design of a sleeping lamb a man was cutting some letters.

"Wilkins," said Mrs. Brundage, "I want you to do something for me. I ain't satisfied with that monnymint of ours. It's too heavy. It looks too smotherin'. I—I can't abide to hev him under it no longer. I want you to take it back, and put up a little light-weighted stone."

The man stared.

"That ain't business. I can't sell them slabs to no one. Might use the sides for something, but—"

"You won't lose a cent," cut in Mrs. Brundage. "If you won't allow me nothing for the slabs—God knows they came high!—I'll pay for the little stone. Only change it quick. I'm goin' to hev the grave sodded. Oh, law me! When did you say you'd hev the small stone up?—in a week?"

A day or two later, Mrs. Corder, going up the graveyard lane, heard a sound of voices. She paused at the stile to listen. Golden-rod was powdering the fence with yellow, and the graveyard stretched away in the bright fulness of midsummer leafage. Late roses dropped their languid pink petals on the thick sward. It was warm and still, except for the talk of two men in blue blouses who seemed to be working over Brundage's tomb. They laughed together as they set crowbars into the crevices, lifting the heavy top slab upward so that the tomb gaped wide.

Mrs. Corder approached the laborers.

"What — what —" she stammered, pointing with an unsteady hand at the displaced stone.

Wilkins set his hands on his hips to explain.

"Blame foolishness!" he commented, in finishing. "All them slabs on my hands!—and no call for this style tomb skercely. Folks wants angels nowadays, and lambs, and patiences, and sech. Well, women beats the devil!"

He plucked up his crowbar.

Mrs. Corder watched the marble sides fall out of Brundage's tomb. She saw the pale green things which had netted themselves as in some blind effort of growth within the sunless space. There was a final flash of the crowbar. Then the brown soft lips of the earth writhed apart, mouthing at the last slab as it fell outward.

A wagon stood just beyond.

"Hev a holt!" cried Wilkins to his man. He bent over his end of the nearer marble, and then looked up to see what had touched his shoulder. Mrs. Corder was standing very near. Her face was drawn to the keenness of a blade.

"I want to speak to you," she said, strangely—"I want to speak to you."

An hour afterward Wilkins drew up at the Brundage house and entered. Mrs. Brundage met him in the hall.

"Well, it's all right," he said. "I'll hev the new shaft up next week. And mebby I kin allow something on the old one. I 'ain't reckoned jest what, but I'll let you know."

"Be sure the new stone's right slim and light," Mrs. Brundage adjured him, drawing a sigh of relief.

At the time appointed she went out to see the new shaft. The late sun cast a mellow glow upon Brundage's last resting-place, which, even at the distance of the stile, revealed itself to Mrs. Brundage by reason of the sharp new whiteness at its head. It was not much of a monument. Dozens of those at hand matched it for height. But Mrs. Brundage, observing it through her veils, felt satisfied

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to see how slight a shadow it cast on the freshly sodded hillock below.

Still advancing, she turned her veils back, and then suddenly she stopped short. Was she the victim of an illusion? What was that quadrangular pile confronting her in a massive lift of white? Had Brundage risen by night in his grave-clothes and shifted quarters to the lot of his enemy? For there under the rose-bush Mrs. Corder had set out stood the boxlike tomb of the innkeeper.

Mrs. Brundage, possessed of a sense of hallucination, struggled nearer, and set dazed eyes on the table of stone. Whosesoever the monument may once have been, it was now sacred to the memory of Albert Corder, whose birth and death were recorded upon it in freshly chipped letters, still powdery with stone-dust.

Mrs. Brundage looked at the edges of the top piece. The bevel was reversed. The slab had been turned.

She clutched at the glittering coldness and gazed blankly. A woman who had come up the path stood still at the side of the lot.

Mrs. Brundage, turning, set her gaze on the figure standing there in its strait faded gown, a figure hardly seeming to observe her, for the tranquil intensity with which it looked beyond at Corder's tomb.

Mrs. Brundage pointed toward it.

"How came you," she stammered—"how came you—"

"I bought it of Wilkins," said Mrs. Corder, simply. "He was willin' to let it go cheap. And I had a little money saved—nearly enough—and I kin work the rest out sewin' for Mrs. Wilkins."

"You bought 'em—after all you said, you bought them stones to lay on top of Corder?"

"I got to studyin' 'bout winter comin' on," said Mrs. Corder, dreamily, "and it hurt me to think of rain and snow fallin' on him. Flowers are all very well in summer, but I couldn't lay in my warm bed of bleak blowy nights and study over Corder without even a plank betwix' him and the storm." And she added: "Then an uncovered grave needs a heap of care. When I'm gone there'll be no one to 'tend to this lot. I take a heap of comfort in knowin' that howsomever Corder may of ben done out of his rights in this life, he's got a monnymint that 'll stand firm when all these little 'pindlin' stones hereabouts are layin' in the dust!"

"But the weight—the—"

"I got to studyin' that the weight don't come on him at all. He lays onder the holler of it," said Mrs. Corder, gently. There was nothing like triumph in the look she cast upon the purple perplexity of Mrs. Brundage's face. And as she turned to go, she regarded again with a certain rapt tranquillity the meagre shaft at Brundage's head and the broad white block below which Corder lay, at last splendid in his ashes and pompous in his tomb.

A VIGOROUS POLITICIAN OF THE OLDEN TIME.

BY JOHN GILMER SPEED.

COLONEL MATTHEW LYON was for twenty years one of the best-known men in Vermont, and for a further twenty one of the best-known in the United States, and his life, from beginning to end, was as picturesque as any to be found in our annals. It was one indomitable fight against adverse fortune, and he died unconquered.

Matthew Lyon was born in County Wicklow, Ireland, in 1746. He received some rudimentary education, but before he was thirteen was apprenticed to a printer and bookbinder in Dublin. At the mature age of thirteen he concluded to come to America. Arranging with the ship-captain that upon his arrival he should be bound out to service to such person as would pay for his passage, he ran away from parents and master to become a "redemptioner" in New England. His first master sold his indentures, the consideration being a yoke of oxen. This episode in his early career was never lost sight of by his adversaries when he became a person of political consequence; but it did not particularly bother him, and during all his life his favorite oath was, "By the bulls that redeemed me!" To him so humble an origin and so ludicrous an occurrence suggested nothing discreditable, but to his children it was a sore subject, and by it they were provoked to many a hard bout of fisticuffs when bantered by other children.

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When he attained his liberty he became a farm laborer and married. He had four children, but early became a widower. At this time he was a laborer for Thomas Chittenden, of Arlington, who was afterwards Governor of Vermont. Lyon, shortly after the death of his first wife, married Beulah Chittenden, the daughter of his master. She lived with him for fifty years, and survived him for a short time. They had several children, and from this marriage sprung several of the best-known and most highly respected families in Kentucky, whither Matthew Lyon moved in the early part of this century. It must not be thought that this marriage of the Irish farm laborer and the Governor's daughter provoked any social upheaval in the Green Mountains in those Colonial days. Not at all. The democracy was very pure at that time, at least in that section, and the union was thought to be a very proper one.

Lyon's first appearance in public life was not auspicious. He was, in 1776, a lieutenant of a company commanded by a Captain Fassett, and belonging to the Continental army under General Gates, which was operating against the British forces under Sir Guy Carlton. The company was stationed at Jericho, while General Gates, with the main army, was at Ticonderoga. The position of the Vermont company was not pleasant. Some of the officers, not willing to take the responsibility of abandoning the post, suggested that the men mutiny and desert. This they did, and Lieutenant Lyon was sent to Ticonderoga to convey the intelligence to General Gates. Though Lyon protested that he took no part in the conspiracy to procure a mutiny, he was placed in arrest, and, with the other officers, tried by court martial and cashiered. He could not have been very blameworthy in this matter, for he never appeared to suffer in the esteem of the Vermont people—and they knew more of it than any others—and shortly afterwards he was commissioned a paymaster in the army by General Schuyler, and served some time in that capacity.

Colonel Lyon's political adversaries in State affairs, and afterwards when he had a larger place in the national Congress, continued to make use of this early episode in his career, and he was sometimes called "the knight of the wooden sword." I fancy the real truth was that Colonel Lyon, like the great majority of his race, rather preferred a fight than not, and found enjoyment in a controversy for its own sake.

When Lyon returned from the army he began his career as a civil office-holder as deputy secretary to the Governor and Council, and clerk of the Court of Confiscation. This tribunal had the extraordinary power of ordering the confiscation and sale of the estates "of the enemies of this State, living within the State, who distinguished themselves by repairing to the enemy or other treasonable conduct." This clerkship he held during the existence of the court, but he did not settle his affairs without a dispute. In 1785 the Council of Censors directed that he turn over the records to them. He declined to do this, and he was impeached by the General Assembly, and ordered to hand over the records or pay a fine of five hundred dollars. On a rehearing the matter was satisfactorily arranged. I only mention this minor episode because it was one of the many disagreeable things which happened to Lyon in his public employment, in which he was pretty nearly always in the hottest kind of hot water. In 1779 he was sent to the General Assembly from Arlington, being one of the two chosen to succeed Ethan Allen and Thomas Chittenden. While the Legislature was in session in 1780, Lyon had his first physical encounter on account of legislative business. Judge Nathaniel Chipman made a report on the work of the Court of Confiscation, and Colonel Lyon, in his breezy and impetuous way, said that no man having a spark of honesty in him could have made such a report. The judge retorted by calling the colonel an ignorant Irish puppy. Of course there was a fight, but not much harm was done. Until Lyon removed to Fair Haven in 1783 he continued to represent Arlington in the General Assembly, and took a prominent part in the proceedings looking towards the settlement of the boundaries of Vermont. The main contention as to the boundary was with New Hampshire, but both Massachusetts and New York were making what Lord Coke calls "continual claim"; for though neither State could make good its pretensions, they acted like the old litigant "who hath title to enter into any lands, if he dares not enter into the same lands for fear of a

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beating, or for doubt of death, goeth as near to the tenements as he dare for such doubt, and by word claimeth the land to be his."

Upon his removal to Fair Haven, Colonel Lyon was at once elected to the General Assembly to represent that constituency, and he continued in that position for fourteen years. In Fair Haven he began industries which flourished until a few years ago, and some of which are still pursued. He built a sawmill, a grist-mill, paper-mill, and forge, and engaged largely in the manufacture of lumber, paper, and iron. In 1793 he also started a newspaper, *The Farmer's Library*, and printed it on paper of his own making. This was edited sometimes by himself and sometimes by his son James. It ran for three or four years, being known towards the end of its career as the Fair Haven *Gazette*. From his press in the paper-mill several books were also issued, among them being a Life of Franklin and a novel called *Alphonso and Delinda*. In 1798 he started a semi-monthly magazine, *The Scourge of Aristocracy and Repository of Important Political Truths*. It was a duodecimo of thirty-six pages, and nominally edited by James Lyon, but it was well understood that the father was the actual editor. It lasted for one year, but it evidently served its purpose, for Colonel Lyon by its aid secured his second election to Congress.

When Vermont was admitted to the Union in 1791, the same day upon which Kentucky was admitted, Colonel Lyon announced himself as a candidate for Congress, as "the representative of the commercial, agricultural, and manufacturing interests, in preference to any of the law characters." There were three candidates, and Lyon received a plurality, but not a majority. At the second election, one of the candidates having withdrawn, Lyon was defeated. At each succeeding election, with an ever-increasing strength, he was a candidate, until in 1796 he was elected. When Lyon began his career in Congress it was customary, after the reception of the President's message, to reply to it in form. Lyon took this occasion to make his first appearance as a speaker. He denounced the practice of making such responses as inconvenient and ridiculous, as well as slavish and anti-republican, a waste of time, and a delay of public business. He also set forth at considerable length his own services in the cause of democracy, and moved that he personally might be excused from the customary attendance on the presentation of the reply. This speech was not received well by either Federalists or Democrats. The Federalists regarded what had been said as insulting to the Executive, while the Democrats thought the new member from Vermont was trying to unduly exalt himself in the ranks of the party. The difficulty was solved by Mr. Dana of Connecticut, who, in a very contemptuous tone, seconded the motion, saying that the company of the gentleman from Vermont was not very desirable. Permission was therefore unanimously granted, and that time Colonel Lyon was not required to wait upon President John Adams. At the second session of the same Congress Lyon renewed his request under similar circumstances, but on this occasion the motion was voted down by a large majority.

During this session of Congress Colonel Lyon had a personal altercation on the floor of the House, and before the whole matter was settled there were two resolutions for his expulsion voted upon. The House had voted to impeach William Blount (formerly Governor of the territory south of the Ohio) for misconduct while in office, and the tellers were engaged in counting the ballots for managers of the impeachment, the Speaker having left the chair, and many members their seats, as was not unusual on such occasions, though the House remained in session. The Speaker and several members of the House, among whom were Mr. Lyon and the Hon. Samuel W. Dana, of Connecticut, gathered around the fire and engaged in conversation. Between Lyon and Dana the conversation soon degenerated into dispute respecting the amendment to a certain bill which had recently been under discussion. Lyon declared that the Representatives from Connecticut would every one of them lose their re-election if they voted against the amendment; and said other things of an irritating nature, to which Dana replied in the same style. The Speaker here interposed, saying, "Gentlemen, keep yourselves cool; if you proceed much further you will want seconds." Lyon then addressed himself to the Speaker, and, in allusion to Dana's fiery temper, said that he

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had in his own mind designated the mission to Cayenne as an appropriate one for the member from Connecticut. A brief and pleasant conversation ensued, after which Lyon resumed his animadversions upon the conduct of the Connecticut delegation. He declared that they were acting in direct opposition to the wishes and opinions of nine-tenths of their constituents, and that they were seeking their own interests, regardless of the public good; that they were looking for offices, not holding it material whether the salaries annexed were nine thousand dollars or one thousand; and that he well knew the people of Connecticut, as he had to fight them in his own district.

Mr. Roger Griswold, of Connecticut, who sat near, asked if he had fought them with his wooden sword. Lyon, not hearing the question, or affecting not to hear it, continued his remarks to the Speaker, and said that when the Connecticut people came into his district on visits to relations they came with strong prejudices against him and his politics, but after conversing with them freely, he could always bring them to his side, and that if he could go into Connecticut and talk with them there, he could effect an entire change in the politics of the State. Griswold then, laying his hand upon Lyon's arm to secure his attention, said, "If you were to go into Connecticut for the purpose you mention, you could not alter the opinion of the meanest hostler." Lyon replied that he knew better; that if he were to remove there and conduct a paper for six months, he could effect a revolution, and induce the people to turn out all their present Representatives. Griswold then said, "When you go into Connecticut you had better take with you your wooden sword." To this Lyon made no other reply than by spitting in Griswold's face, who thereupon stepped back, clinched his fist, and was about to take immediate revenge for the insult; but his colleague interposed, and reminded him that another time and place were more appropriate for the settlement of the affair. He and his colleague then left the House.

As soon as the matter then in hand was disposed of a resolution was introduced into the House to expel Mr. Lyon "for a gross indecency committed in the presence of the House." This was vehemently opposed by the Democrats, headed by Nicholas and Gallatin. Parties were so nearly equal in the House that the loss of a single man would have been a serious misfortune to his party, and though it was not possible to excuse the act, there was ground for the plausible argument that the House should not take cognizance of what was done while it was in such a disorderly condition. This was urged very strongly, but at length the resolution was referred to the Committee on Privileges, with instructions to report the facts and an opinion thereon. While the investigation was going on, Lyon addressed a letter to the Speaker, declaring that he was ignorant of the House being in session, and expressing his regret that he unwittingly transgressed its privileges. On the 2d of February, 1798, four days after the occurrence, the committee reported, recommending the adoption of the resolution of expulsion. This gave rise to a smart debate, in which Lyon participated, defending himself as having only answered one insult with another, and giving a detailed statement of the affair at Jericho, all the blame of which he threw upon the chief officer. A motion to substitute reprimand for expulsion was lost by a vote of 44 to 52, and the resolution of expulsion received a corresponding vote of 52 to 44; but a vote of two-thirds was necessary to expel a member, and Lyon retained his seat.

Griswold, not satisfied with this result, determined to take his revenge with his own hands. On the 20th of February, having provided himself with a heavy hickory cane, he assailed Lyon while in his seat in the House. Morning prayer had been offered, but the House had not been called to order, and members were occupied in reading, writing, or talking. Lyon was in his seat, engaged with papers, and having a small cane leaning against his chair. He did not notice Griswold's approach in season to meet him, but while still in his seat Griswold struck him violently on the head, repeating the blows as rapidly as possible, so that several blows were struck before Lyon could put himself in a position of defence. In the mean time he was disengaging himself as best he might from the desk and chair that embarrassed his movements. Having at length extricated himself, he rushed towards his assailant, endeavoring to close with him; but Griswold retreated, pushing him off with the left hand, and continuing to ply the cane,

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till the parties came near the fireplace, where Lyon seized a pair of tongs, and went into the fray with fresh hope and courage. The combatants now closed, and in the contest Griswold got the better of Lyon, threw him upon the floor, and fell upon him. By this time some of the members thought it expedient to interfere; others were for letting them have it out to a finish. But at length Mr. Haven and Mr. Elmendorf each seized a leg of Griswold and dragged him off. All this while the Speaker forbore to call the House to order, and interfered only to remonstrate with those who attempted to withdraw Griswold from the fray. A resolution to expel both Griswold and Lyon was lost by a vote of 73 to 21. A vote of censure was also lost.

The Congress whose labors were enlivened by the scenes just described passed what was known as the sedition law, and it went into effect on the 4th of July, 1798. When Colonel Lyon returned home from Philadelphia at the end of the session he was not long permitted to rest in peace; or rather, more properly speaking, he would not allow himself to rest in peace. This sedition law provided that any person who should write or publish, or cause to be written or published, or assist in writing or publishing, any words calumniating the government of the United States, or either House of Congress, or the President of the United States, or any words calculated to bring either of them into disrepute, or to stir up sedition in the country, should be punished by a fine not exceeding two thousand dollars, and be imprisoned not more than two years.

About that time a violent attack had been made on Lyon in the *Vermont Journal*, and the article was copied in the Federalist papers in Philadelphia. On the 20th of June Lyon wrote and posted to the editor of the *Journal* a letter in his own defence, and this letter was published on the 31st of July. It was written and posted fourteen days before the sedition law went into effect, but it was not published until after the law had become operative. In this letter Lyon said:

"As to the Executive, when I shall see the efforts of that power bent on the promotion of the comfort, the happiness, and the accommodation of the people, that Executive shall have my zealous and uniform support. But whenever I shall, on the part of the Executive, see every consideration of public welfare swallowed up in a continual grasp for power, in an unbounded thirst for ridiculous pomp, foolish adulation, or selfish avarice; when I shall behold men of real merit turned out of office, for no other cause but independency of spirit; when I shall see men of firmness, merit, years, abilities, and experience discarded, in their applications for office, for fear they possess that independence, and men of meanness preferred, for the ease with which they can take up and advocate opinions the consequences of which they know little of; when I shall see the sacred name of religion employed as a State engine to make mankind hate and persecute each other—I shall not be their humble advocate."

This was considered by the Federal law officers in Vermont to be against the new sedition law, and the matter was brought before the Grand Jury, together with the additional charge that he had procured the publication of a "letter [containing seditious matter] from an American diplomatic character to a member of Congress in Philadelphia." This letter was said to have been written by Joel Barlow to Abraham Baldwin.

On the 3d of October, 1798, an indictment was found by the Federal Grand Jury in Rutland, and on the 6th of the same month Colonel Lyon's trial began before Justice Patterson, of the Supreme Court of the United States, and Judge Hitchcock, who presided over the Vermont District Court. These judges were both strong Federalists, as were also the other officers of the court. Lyon maintained that his letter in the *Vermont Journal* had been written and posted and had passed out of his control before the sedition law went into effect. Therefore he could not be convicted for that letter except by an *ex post facto* operation. As to the other publication, he denied all participation in it, and said that so far from procuring its publication, he had done what he could to prevent its publication by destroying every copy that came into his hands. His defence availed him nothing. He was convicted, and sentenced to four months' imprisonment, and to pay a fine of $1000 and the costs of the prosecution, these being taxed at $60 96.

The marshal of the court took his prisoner to Vergennes, where he was imprisoned for the specified time. Colonel Lyon had not the means with which to pay his fine, so he organized a lottery, giving his houses and lots in Fair Haven as prizes.

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By this means he raised over $4000. He was denied common comforts while in jail, and treated with the greatest harshness. But during his imprisonment he was re-elected to Congress. He well knew that his political enemies would try to arrest him when his time was out, on some other charge. So when he was released on the morning of February 9, 1799, he at once announced that he was on his way to Philadelphia, where Congress was sitting. His privilege as a member secured him from arrest. His release was celebrated by the Vermont Democrats, and his progress through his district was like a triumphal march. At Tinmouth the children formed a procession, and one of them offered the following sentiment:

"This day satisfies Federal vengeance. Our brave representative, who has been suffering under an unjust sentence and the tyranny of a detested understrapper of despotism, this day rises superior to despotism."

He reached Philadelphia on the 20th of February, and took his seat. At once a resolution of expulsion was offered on the ground that he had been "convicted of being a malicious and seditious person, of a depraved mind and wicked and diabolical disposition, guilty of public libels against the President with intent to bring the government of the United States into contempt." The vote on this resolution was 49 in the affirmative to 45 against, but again was Lyon secured in his seat because of the necessity for a two-thirds vote to expel a member. This sedition law did not remain long operative. Were it in force now, nearly all the opposition newspapers in America would be edited from the common jails of the country. In 1840 Congress passed a bill appropriating $1060 96, with interest from 1799, to the heirs of Colonel Lyon, on account of a fine paid by him under a law which was void.

In the contest in the House between Jefferson and Burr for the Presidency, each having had an equal number of electoral votes, there was balloting for seven days, and still there was no choice. Jefferson had eight States, Burr six; and two States, Vermont and Maryland, were equally divided. Mr. Morris, Mr. Lyon's colleague from Vermont, voted for Burr, and Lyon for Jefferson. When the Federalists abandoned all hope of electing Burr, it was arranged that Mr. Morris should absent himself from the House, and Colonel Lyon cast the vote of Vermont for Jefferson, and thus end a contest which had become dangerously exciting. Colonel Lyon always took much pride in the part he enacted on this occasion, and when, some time later, he had a disagreement with the President—it will have been noted that Lyon had a way of disagreeing with people in high places—he exclaimed, with an oath, "I made him, and I can unmake him." Alas, for the vanity of human pride!

When this session of Congress was over, Colonel Lyon moved to southwestern Kentucky, and bought property in Caldwell County, on the Cumberland River. Later he was joined there by several families from Vermont, and a new town was founded—Eddyville, from its situation between two eddies in the river. Colonel Lyon started several industries in the new town, among others a printing-office, the type for which was carried across the Alleghanies on horseback. He was soon also engaged in politics, and in 1802 was elected to the Kentucky Legislature. The next year he was sent to Congress, and served four consecutive terms.

When the war against Great Britain was declared, in 1812, Colonel Lyon made a contract with the government to build a fleet of gunboats and float them down the Ohio and Mississippi, delivering them to the naval authorities on the Atlantic. Two of them were sunk in the Mississippi, and the others fell into the hands of the British at New Orleans. As he was unable to fulfil his contract, the government never paid him anything on it, and he was much embarrassed in his affairs. He made an assignment to his son, Chittenden Lyon, who advanced $28,000 from his own resources, to meet his father's obligations. From this time to 1820 he was busy at Eddyville with private affairs. He was then appointed, by President Monroe, Factor of the United States with the Cherokee Indians in Arkansas. When Arkansas was organized as a Territory, Colonel Lyon was elected the first delegate to Congress. But he did not live to take his seat, as he died at Spadra Bluffs in 1822, in the seventy-sixth year of his age. His son, Chittenden Lyon, was in his day one of the foremost men in Kentucky, and the descendants of the irrepressible democrat are well established in various parts of the State.

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AS TOLD TO HIS GRACE.

BY WILLIAM McLENNAN.

V.—AN INTERRUPTED STORY.

ONE evening in his rooms the Duke turned to his friends and asked, "Perhaps, gentlemen, you may never have heard how my late father insisted on telling a story to the Duc de Choiseul?"

"We are listening," smiled M. Guilloux, while M. d'Arde nodded eagerly.

"I have no distinct remembrance of my father," began the young Duke, "for he died when I was still a child, but I know he added to his ability a somewhat quick and imperious temper. In '62 he was accredited to your court to conclude the terms of the treaty upon which the fate of Canada was to be decided.

"The Duke de Choiseul, although then Minister of War and Marine, was the actual power, and all the terms were quickly agreed upon, save certain points which touched the protection of the fishing rights of your nation.

"Neither would listen to any compromise; my father declared that the point must be yielded in his favor, as his instructions were positive. 'Very well,' answered M. de Choiseul, hotly; 'then war! You are at liberty to withdraw whenever it may suit your convenience.'

"My father, highly indignant, was about to reply as hotly, but suddenly controlled himself, and dropping into his natural tone, said, 'But, *mon cher duc*, you must listen while I tell a little story.'

"M. de Choiseul replied, very dryly, that he might spare himself the trouble, but my father went on, unheeding: 'It was only the other day, when walking through the grounds of M. Bouret, that I—'"

At this point the young Duke was interrupted by a heavy trampling of feet in the outer passage, followed by a sharp rat-tat-tat of a cane on the panel of the door of the antechamber and a quick turn of the handle. The door was locked, and an impatient voice was heard: "Open, open, citizens, in the name of the Nation!"

The servant appeared with a blanched face at the inner door.

"What shall I do, milord?"

"Open, open, citizen, in the name of the Nation!" laughingly answered the Duke.

The three friends waited a moment in silence; they heard the door unlocked and pushed violently open, a few impatient demands from the intruders, and when the inner door was held back again it was to admit three men—the leader arrayed in all the dignity of cockade and scarf.

"*Le citoyen anglais*, styling himself Bedfort?" he queried, with curt incivility.

The young Duke turned towards the speaker and said, smiling, "I am Francis Russell, whom most men call the *Duke* of Bedford."

"H-m-m, brown hair, high complexion, large nose; h-m-m, yes, yes, that answers the description. Well, *Citoyen François*, or Russell, or Bedfort, or whatever you may choose to style yourself, we are not too sure of your motives; and in its paternal solicitude for inquisitive strangers, as well as its own children, the Nation has decreed that all foreigners must leave France within twenty-four hours after receiving notice, which I now hand you."

D'Arde, who was boiling with indignation throughout this diatribe, stepped forward. "Come, come, my fine fellow, the Nation gives you no right to insult peaceable citizens, and if you don't keep a civil tongue in your head I'll throw you down stairs."

"Not so loud, my big country gamecock! You were wearing a uniform a few months ago, and where is it now? Have a care how you crow, for I have my eye upon you, and you may find yourself in water hot enough to draggle your feathers before you know what has happened."

D'Arde was about to put his threat into execution, when M. Guilloux's hand dropped heavily on his shoulder. "Have a care, have a care, my friend; you may only compromise the Duke."

The whispered warning was sufficient, and D'Arde controlled himself, while the Duke, who had glanced over the paper, turned to the official, and said, quietly, "Your instructions are exact, Citoyen—?"

"Loches," answered the man, somewhat mollified.

"Citoyen Loches, and I have ever been too honest an upholder of public order to resist such a demand for a moment. Let me have my passport in the morning, and I will trouble the Nation no longer with my insignificant pres-

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ence," and, with perfect coolness, he bowed the commissioner and his following out through the antechamber, and closed the door behind their clattering heels.

"The whole affair appears to me to be false on its very face. There never has been any such order passed, milord," said M. Guilloux. "This man is certainly not a regular official, bad as they are. Why not apply to Danton? I am sure this is the work of some private enemy."

But his Grace only laughed. "It has spoiled my story, at all events, and things have now come to such a pass here that I can do no good by remaining."

The friends consulted long and earnestly, and separated at midnight with hearts full of foreboding. The following day the Duke left Paris, never to enter her walls again.

VI.—A LETTER.

"*À Monseigneur,*
Monseigneur le Duc de Bedford
à son Château de Woborn
Comté de Bedford
En Angleterre"

PARIS, *Thermidor, l'an* II.

MY LORD,—I have an opportunity to send this by a safe hand, and hasten to apprise you of the fate of our friend M. d'Arde, with whom we passed so many pleasant hours a long year and a half ago.

It did not require any great insight into the future to foresee the path into which he was drifting, and you already know how the death of the unfortunate King drove him completely from the ranks of the extreme party.

He was aware that he was closely watched; but to leave France was impossible, and to return home was even more dangerous than to remain here.

On the morning of the 16th of October last he dressed quietly, and took up his position, with others, in the *Place de la Révolution* to look for the last time on the face of Marie Antoinette, whose heroic courage first opened his eyes to the other side of the struggle.

At noon, when she reached the scaffold, there was more or less disturbance in various points in the crowd, probably excited by creatures expressly employed for this purpose.

Our friend was standing quietly, his eyes fixed on the unfortunate princess, whom he had learned to reverence as his Queen during the weary months of her sufferings, when he was startled by a harsh voice beside him:

"Where is your cockade, citizen?"

He turned, and saw close behind him the malignant face of Loches, whom you will remember as the *soi-disant* official on the night of your departure, now one of the public accusers. Without a word, D'Arde fixed his eyes again on the scaffold, only to be tapped insolently on the shoulder and hear the ruffian's brutal voice raised in the same question: "Where is your cockade, citizen?"

Recognizing his intention, D'Arde sensibly suppressed his anger, and remonstrated: "*Mais, mais, monsieur . . .*"

"No more *monsieur* than yourself, *mon aristo*!" interrupted the spy; "all honest men are citizens together now! Have you ever cried 'Vive la République,' *mon p'tit avoué!*" he continued, bound to pick his quarrel.

"I have, citizen," answered D'Arde, with admirable coolness.

"Then shout it now, *coquin!*" screamed the brute as the axe fell.

With a cry of disgust, D'Arde turned, and struck the foul animal full in the face.

There was a scream, a struggle, and before our friend fully realized what had happened, he was half-way across Paris, on his way to the Conciergerie.

For more than two weeks I could hear no word of him, and feared that he had perished. My first move was to enter his rooms, burn every paper that could possibly compromise him, and secure his valuables. Then I set to work, and at last succeeded in finding that he was confined in one of the dungeons with some of the worst criminals. There was no specific charge against him. Loches had disappeared, so I had him removed to the main corridor, where he had a cell to himself, the liberty of the large hall, and even got so far as to visit him once, when I handed him a sum of money to secure him what comforts were possible.

He had found friends there—the old Comte de Velesme and his daughter, the principal family of his native town. The old Comte was a completely broken man. He barely tolerated our friend, whose unvarying kindness and unceasing self-denial were accepted by the Comte as a natural offering due to one of his exalted

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position. With the petulance of a child, the old gentleman blamed him personally for the whole Revolution and his individual misfortunes. But our young friend bore with it all; and why, my lord?

The question would not be difficult to answer did you know Mademoiselle Arline. Whatever burden of ingratitude the old Comte endeavored to lay upon M. d'Arde was borne equally by his bright-eyed friend, separated from him by the great iron grating. Prison flowers grow apace, my lord, and if ever the flower of love took deep root, it was in the hearts of these two young people.

The winter dragged out its long tragedy of death and despair; the old Comte grumbled and growled disconsolate, inconsolable, and before spring came died in the faithful arms of the man he had dared to despise in his selfish arrogance.

The awful prison was ever filling, ever emptying, but these two lived on uncalled-for, unnoticed; it seemed as if even Death had forgotten them.

At the risk of instant execution, if discovered, they joined hands through the bars, and amid the tears and laughter, the coming and going of that ever unquiet centre, were made man and wife by a priest, who ventured his life to add a gleam of happiness to two passing souls.

The summer came, and the prison was even more intolerable than in winter; few of their original fellow-prisoners remained; but the Conciergerie was none the less full. The rule of Robespierre and his creatures was at its height; the former pretence of trial had now dwindled down to a hurried examination, the summons to which was given by the jailer during the previous evening, at an hour whose uncertainty added to its terror, and in the early morning a chalk mark on the door of the cells told who were to be taken.

One evening in July the unfortunates sat in their usual expectancy, awaiting the coming of the jailer with his fatal list.

D'Arde stood at the grating beside Arline when the door opened to admit the jailer and his clerk, accompanied by an unknown man evidently of some authority. They advanced into the middle of the room, under the light of the lantern hung from the vaulted ceiling, and the jailer began to read aloud what he playfully called "*les extraits mortuaires.*"

Name after name was called, and was received in silence: Jean Coulet, gendarme, twenty-four years; Pierre François Daulhac, ex-abbé, thirty years; Arline Tourigny, heretofore Comtesse de Velesme, aristocrat, twenty years.

"Oh, my God, my God!" moaned Arline in her sudden terror as she fell half fainting against the *grille.* The three men looked up at her faint cry.

"She thought we had forgotten her, *la sainte Nitouche!*" laughed the jailer.

The official looked sharply at D'Arde for a moment. "Who is that tall fellow beside her?" he whispered.

The clerk turned over his list and read: "D'Arde, Jacques-Michel, Haute Lorraine. Here since October. Was a *fédéré* on service at the Tuileries. No special charge."

D'Arde looked anxiously toward the group. The face of the new official seemed strangely familiar, but before he had time to recall it, his own name was read out—"Jacques-Michel d'Arde, advocate, twenty-six years!" and he turned to whisper joyously to the fainting girl: "Courage! courage, *ma mie!* We are together!"

At an early hour in the morning d'Arde was up and dressed, impatient for the opening of his cell. When the door was at length swung back he called the turnkey, and placing his few remaining gold pieces in his hand, begged for a last favor—that Arline should be placed in the same cart with him. The man, a Swiss, named Straale, who had all along shown him much kindness, consented readily, and d'Arde waited patiently for his call.

The short hours passed; he heard voices and the sound of footsteps through the prison; the noises outside increased, and he knew what was passing in the court below.

The door of his cell was slammed to suddenly. He stared at it for a moment in surprise, then instantly sprang forward and began to beat upon it with all his strength, crying after the retreating turnkey. The man returned, unlocked the door, swung it open again, and left on his round without a word, while D'Arde stood trembling within the narrow limits of his cell.

Presently the head jailer began his round; he heard cell after cell opened, he heard the brief summons to the condemn-

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ed, until "Jacques-Michel d'Arde!" sounded like a cry of deliverance at his door.

He joined a little group, and with them passed through the familiar corridor, with one last glance at the great hall, in which he had found a joy surpassing all his suffering, through doors and passages, until they joined the main body of the victims in the outer hall.

He glanced quickly about, but there was no sign of Arline; but he instantly determined that she had gone on before.

Each prisoner's hands were securely bound, and then one by one, as their names were called, they entered an adjoining room, and went through the pitiable mockery of a trial. There was practically no charge against D'Arde; but he refused to reply to the questions put by his judges, for in the man sitting beside the chief official he recognized the triumphant face of Loches the informer. He heard his fate without emotion, and was led away to join the condemned.

"All here!" rung out a stentorian voice. The great doors were slowly opened; a file of soldiers passed out and formed up. There was a refreshing rush of cool morning air, but D'Arde hardly felt it; there was a hoarse murmur from the waiting crowd, but he was not conscious of it—all his senses were concentrated towards one object. The moment he stepped on the threshold he raised himself to his full height—and saw the three waiting carts were empty! He was to die alone!

For the first time since his imprisonment he broke down; and, Englishman as you are, my lord, I know you will count it no shame that the tears sprung to those eyes which no fear had ever dimmed. He stood there, seeing nothing, hearing nothing, thinking only of the terrible misery of the poor creature he had left behind; thinking of how short this weary journey would have been had she stood beside him.

How slowly, slowly, the dismal little procession moved forward! Gradually he recognized things about him, and saw they were entering the Rue St.-Antoine; he became aware that there was unusual disturbance on the quays; there were stoppages in their slow progress; twice had the carts been arrested, and the uproar and crowding in the narrow street forced the soldiers to use their muskets, to the intense anger and irritation of the pressing crowd, whose attacks were directed rather against them than against their prisoners.

He roused himself, and saw in front of him, in the same cart, a mother with her three daughters, the eldest not more than twelve. A man in a long military cloak pressed close to the cart, and D'Arde heard him say, distinctly, "I can save one, madame."

"'Toinette, maman; save 'Toinette!" whispered the other two; and when the man was forced away from the wheels the little one was safe under the folds of his cloak.

D'Arde realized that a dozen eyes must have seen the rescue, but no alarm was given, and the deliverer disappeared without difficulty in the pressing crowd.

Then for the first time awoke a fierce desire for life and liberty. Why should he die like a dog, and never raise his hand to help Arline?

He sat down at the back of the cart unnoticed, and at the next disturbance, which was fiercer than ever about the foremost carts, he slipped out, and in a moment had reached the side of the street, and was moving along in the same direction as the crowd, with his bound hands against the wall.

No hand was raised against him; every eye was directed towards the soldiery and their charge. Scarcely daring to credit his good fortune, he found himself at the corner of the Rue Tison, and moving quickly up it, always with his back against the wall, gained the Rue du Roi de Sicile, which, to his joy, was entirely deserted.

He stopped at the angle of a house, and set to work to cut away his bonds against the sharp stone. But as he sawed at the tough cords he heard footsteps, and a moment later saw a man rounding the corner and rapidly approach, with his face muffled in his cloak.

D'Arde's position was too compromising to admit of any attempt at concealment; he would risk his fate and boldly ask for assistance. "Citizen—" he began, before the passer-by perceived him.

The man looked up. It was Loches!

With a shout of hatred the informer leaped at his throat, but with a cry of equal fierceness D'Arde sprung to meet him, and with his shoulder struck him full under the chin. The man fell without a cry, and lay insensible on the stones. The effort had broken D'Arde's bonds,

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who, without a look at his enemy, picked up his hat and hurried on, with an exultant feeling of renewed strength and resolve.

Hastily undoing the remnants of cord, he thrust them into his pockets, and kept on his way through the quiet streets, careless of where he wandered, so long as he left the noise of the mob behind. But want of food and the excitement of the past hours began to tell upon him, and, to his alarm, he found himself staggering from weakness.

At a corner he saw a small fountain. Hurrying towards it, he drank heartily, and then, removing his hat and coat, bathed his face and swollen wrists.

Whilst so employed he heard steps, and turned expectant of fresh peril, but the new-comer proved to be a young girl of seventeen or eighteen, bearing her pitcher. The unusual sight of a gentleman thus performing his toilet in public made her hesitate, but he spoke at once: "Mademoiselle, I am an escaped prisoner; my name is D'Arde. If you like, you can give me up; but if I can read your face aright, I am safe in your hands."

"What can I do, monsieur?"

"Can you take me somewhere where I can have an hour's rest and something to eat?"

"Willingly, monsieur; you can come with me."

"But not to your home, mademoiselle. I have no right to bring danger to your roof."

"Come, come, monsieur; I am sure my father will approve."

She filled her pitcher, and following her across the little square, he entered a narrow street, and in a few minutes was in safety in her humble apartments.

In a short time he was refreshed and anxious to depart, but she urged him to wait until her father returned. Any one might suspect him, with his white face and thin beard. If monsieur could shave himself she would bring her father's razors. He shaved carefully, and after dressing his hair was a different-looking man from the escaped prisoner of a few hours before. He agreed to wait until the father returned, and in the interval his hostess told him their simple story. Her father was a watch-maker; so was her brother, but he had been hurried off to the frontier, under pain of death, and they had heard nothing of him since Longwy.

He told her something of his own story, and she was full of sympathy and thoughtful suggestion. If he would help poor despairing madame, his first care must be for his own safety; and he had better not venture out until dusk.

He felt the truth of her warning, and forced himself into an apparent quiet, but the long July day seemed never-ending, and in his anxiety a vague suspicion was aroused. Was the girl's father really a watch-maker? and was her story as true as it was simple?

At last a knock came to the door, and crying, "Ah, there he is!" his hostess flew to open it. D'Arde arose apprehensive, but his fears took flight at the sight of the honest face bent in kindly greeting.

It only required a few words of explanation to insure a welcome to his unexpected guest; and, with his welcome, he cried: "But, monsieur, there is news—great, wonderful news! Robespierre is arrested; they say he is dead; at all events, an end has come, and we are free men once more!"

My lord, that same evening the honest watch-maker sought me out, and in his own house I once again held in my arms our friend returned from the dead.

Before another day France was free from the tyrant who had so long held her in terror; in their joy the people were rushing to the other extreme; the doors of French prisons were once more opened to release the innocent, and Arline de Velesme was a free woman before she knew of her lover's safety.

As I write they are journeying in all hope to claim a welcome at your hands, and on their account, and my letter being their *avant-coureur*, public news must in this case give way to private rejoicing.

Our young friends urged me to accompany them, as I could readily have procured a third passport, but I am old enough to dread change more than danger; besides, "*J'ai du tabac dans ma tabatière*," and while it lasts I will quietly await the future, ever with strong hope that we have seen the worst, and that the day is coming of which we so often spoke in '92,

And until it dawns
I am,
My Lord,
Your ever-admiring friend and servant,
GUILLOUX.

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"WHAT CAN I DO, MONSIEUR?"

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THE COMEDIES OF SHAKESPEARE.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. A. ABBEY, AND COMMENT BY ANDREW LANG.

XII.—WINTER'S TALE.

NONE of Shakespeare's comedies are more appropriately named than the *Midsummer-Night's Dream* and *Winter's Tale.*

Midsummer night not only was, but still is, the season when goblin, ghost, and fairy play their pranks beneath the moon. My friend, a certain game-keeper in a certain part of England, is a person of good sense, of excellent temper, of wonderful keen sight, of some reading, and not more superstitious than a sceptical member of the Society for Psychical Research. Yet he has but now told me a tale of his one solitary abnormal experience—abnormal enough in all conscience, and shared by a gallant officer in her Majesty's service. The events (which were congenial to *Puck*, but not to Shakespearian criticism in general) occurred on Midsummer night. Hence I infer that the spells of that season are as potent now as when Shakespeare chose the name of the great fairy comedy, the most magical page in the literature of the world.

Not less appropriate to the matter is the title of *Winter's Tale.* The old Greeks spoke of "a winter's dream, when the nights are longest," and in Elizabethan speech "a winter's tale" corresponded to the French *conte à dormir debout.* An endless long rambling story of exposed children, reanimated corpses, recovered heirs—"this news, which is called true, is so like an old tale," says the Second Gentleman—such is the matter of *Winter's Tale.* Wandering about through a generation, skipping long tracts of years, the topic and theme of *Winter's Tale* entirely lacks unity. Such dramas as this, or rather dramas on such a *donnée* as this, were mocked at by Sir Philip Sidney in a famous passage of *The Defence of Poesy:*

"Now of time they are much more liberal: for ordinary it is that too young princes fall in love" (here a chaste generation requires a change in the phrase; let us say, she becomes a mother); "her fair boy is lost, groweth a man, falleth in love, and is ready to get another child; and all this in two hours' space, which, how absurd it is in sense, even sense may imagine; and art hath taught, and all ancient examples justified, and at this day the ordinary players in Italy will not err in."

However, Shakespeare chose not to heed such objections as Sidney's, and was wholly indifferent to the unities of Aristotle. For this negligence Ben Jonson seems to have glanced severely at Shakespeare, in his conversations with Drummond of Hawthornden. Now there can be no doubt that Aristotle and Sidney and Ben Jonson are right in theory. A work of art should be duly and decorously organized. The instinct, as it were, of the Greeks told them this; they naturally evolved the unities, in practice (there are certain exceptions), long before Aristotle extracted, from the use and wont of the stage, his celebrated rule. In this matter of art we encounter a curious paradox. Nothing is really so easy as the construction of a plot, the organization of a play. To say that a plot holds water, and is not marred by inconsistencies and incoherencies, to say that a drama is *bien charpenté*, is to say very little. These excellences are almost mechanical; any playwright, any critic, could show how the organization of *A Winter's Tale*, how the conduct of a Waverley novel, might be made more "correct," more in accordance with the canons of Aristotle and Sidney. Thus Euripides would have put all the earlier part of the *Winter's Tale*, all the affairs of Hermione, Polixenes, and Leontes, into a prologue. Apollo (as his oracle takes part in the play) might have prologized and told the beginnings of the tale. I cannot see that this is really a more artistic plan than "Enter *Time*, as Chorus," at the opening of Act IV. The predecessors of Euripides, Æschylus and Sophocles, would probably have made the drama begin in the second generation (the generation of Perdita and Florizel), and would have

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THE IMPRISONMENT OF THE QUEEN.

Act II., Scene 1.

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made some messenger, nurse, or courtier tell the tale of the earlier generation in the course of the play. "And so," says Sidney, "was the manner the ancients took by some *nuntius* to recount things done in former time or other place."

All these expedients are easy, familiar, traditional. It is easy to wind up a novel or a play with a seemly, satisfactory *dénouement*. We could all do these things—we critics and intelligent amateurs. We are like Andrea del Sarto, in Mr. Browning's poem, criticising Raphael:

"That arm is wrongly put; and there again,
A fault to pardon in the drawing's lines,
Its body, so to speak; its soul is right.
He means right—that, a child may understand.
Still, what an arm! and I could alter it.
.... And indeed the arm is wrong.
I hardly dare—yet, only you to see—
Give the chalk here, quick,—thus the line should go!
Ay, but the soul! he's Rafael! rub it out!"

This is the paradox and this the puzzle. Why, when it is easy enough to get the body right, the drawing right—why do artists who can give the soul neglect the body? Any one almost can see the great good-humored faults in the *dénouements* of Shakespeare, Molière, Scott. The carelessnesses of the English and the Scotch poets "leap at the eyes." Shakespeare cannot but have known, Scott cannot but have known, that a very little care would better, in the eyes of the ordinary spectator or critic, the structure of their plays or tales. But they, who could give us the soul, displayed often a lordly indifference to the body, to the drawing of the arm, as in Andrea's soliloquy.

Thus in the *Winter's Tale* Shakespeare seems to have deliberately illustrated Sidney's criticism. It is as if he had read, or heard, such remarks, and had said, "I shall fly in the face of all this learning, and yet make an immortal masterpiece." To men who naturally grasp the essentials, the life of art, like Shakespeare and Scott, the rules, the unities, even finish, may seem almost contemptible. In *Winter's Tale* we may almost fancy that Shakespeare is mocking at contemporary critics. "You say that I am not a university man, no scholar. Very good. I shall make, by design, such blunders, such anachronisms, as even a dunce could hardly make inadvertently, and yet my work shall be immortal." Shakespeare was so entirely devoid of vanity, of touchy self-consciousness, that, doubtless, he never deliberately reflected thus. Yet he piled up anachronisms only to be matched in Thackeray's *Barbazure;* "Four hundred knights and six times as many archers fought round the banner of Barbazure at Bouvines, Malplaquet, and Azincour. For his services at Fontenoy against the English, the heroic Charles Martel was appointed the fourteenth Baron, Hereditary Grand Boot-jack of the Kingdom of France."

Shakespeare sins in this large plausible manner. The sea-shore of Bohemia; the Delphic oracle appealed to by a Sicilian tyrant who has wedded a daughter of the Czar; a statue of this lady executed by Giulio Romano—these among other playful excesses does Shakespeare commit, throwing in printed ballads at an age earlier than the last utterance of the last oracle, the immortally beautiful strain rescued for us by Cedrenus. Perhaps even Autolycus is intended for the old classic Autolycus who "outdid men in skill with the oath," as Homer informs us. I like to think of Ben Jonson, that learned poet, in his stall at the first night of the play, and bounding in his seat as he hears the monstrous anachronisms come out all unashamed. It may be disrespectful to think that Shakespeare went too far wrong in a spirit of humorous despite against pedantic critics, but the hypothesis has its temptations.

Mr. Halliwell Phillipps thinks that the name of the *Winter's Tale* "is probably owing to its having been produced in the winter season." This reason would only have a very temporary meaning. The phrase "winter's tale," as Mr. Halliwell Phillipps himself remarks, was usual in English with the sense of a very extravagant story. The materials of the comedy are adapted, as is well known, from *Pandosto*, a novel by Robert Greene, published not later than 1588. The hero and heroine, Dorastus and Fawnia, correspond to Florizel and Perdita. Their adventures, reduced to the shape and price of a chap-book, amused the populace of England till the end of the last century. Our own age of "progress" has entirely destroyed the purely literary culture of which the populace once had its share. In addition to the charmed imagination of our oldest literary inheritance, folk-lore, the people read in cheap editions the tale of Troy, which had fascinated Caxton's contemporaries, and the adventures of Dorastus

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HERMIONE ENTREATS POLIXENES.—*Act I., Scene II.*

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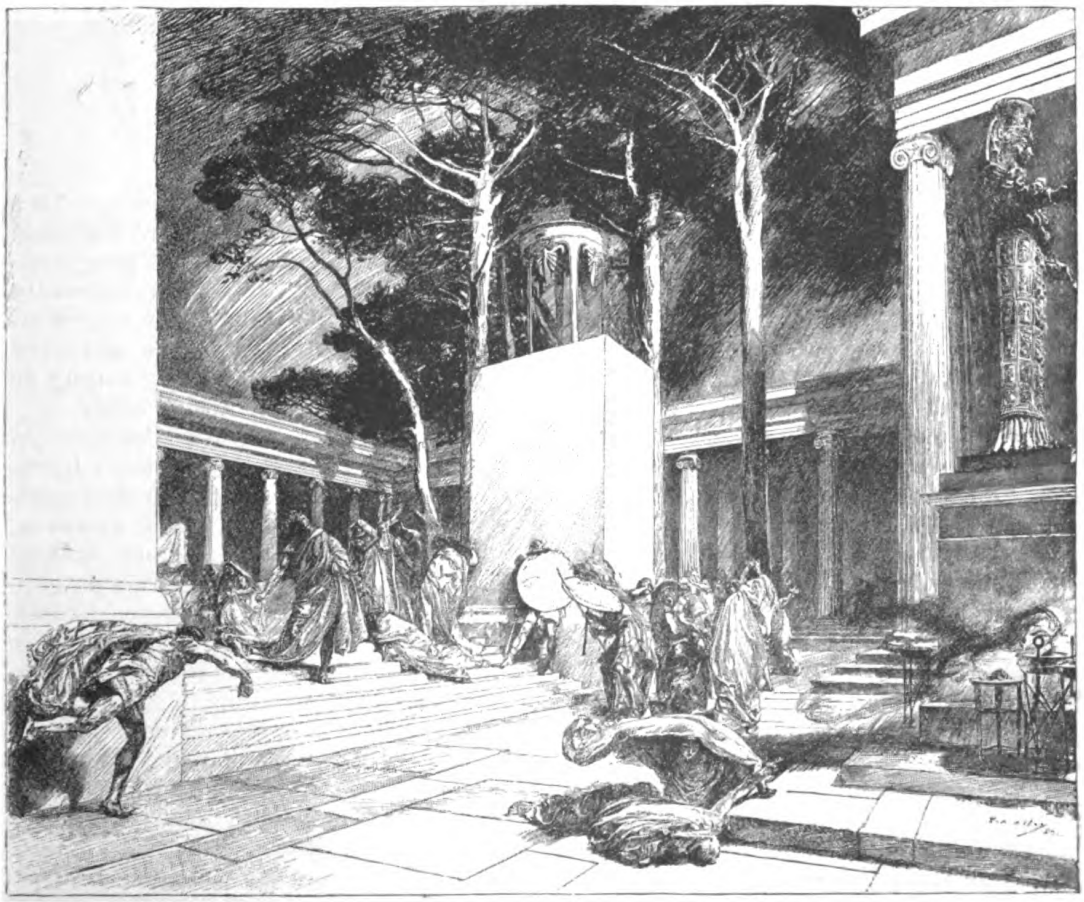
ENTER TIME, AS CHORUS.

and Fawnia, which had beguiled the leisure of Elizabethan courtiers. Now, for poetry, the populace has music-hall songs; for literature, it studies cheap appeals to political passions and cheap scandal about people in general. These are the fruits of progress and of education, as far as letters are concerned.

The novel of Robert Greene reads as if it had been conveyed from the French or the Italian, but its foreign source, if foreign source it possesses, has not yet been discovered. The great popularity of the story, no doubt, depends on the pure and disinterested passion of Dorastus. Here is a prince who loves a shepherd's daughter *pour le bon motif*. His royal father may rage, "but Love shall still be Lord

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of all." This in itself is very popular, but when fidelity gets its worldly reward, when the shepherdess proves to be no shepherdess, but a princess in disguise, then the ancient popular sentiment (which was not envious) received all the pleasure which dreams could give. Fawnia enjoyed the advantages of the Claimant to the Tichbourne estates. Popular sentiment espoused his cause, for that he was a Butcher. Popular logic also, without difficulty, recognized in Arthur Orton a "B. B. K.," a Baronet. Fawnia was dear to the people as a daughter of the people, still more dear as the daughter of a king "kep' out of her own." Recognitions of exposed children, or of children "changed at nurse," have been dear to human fancy since the earliest days of the Greek drama; nay, since earlier days. Trojan Paris was a prince, exposed on Mount Ida, and "kep' out of his own." Such a plot is still dear to the unsophisticated novel-reader, and will ever be dear. *Repetita placebit.* In a recent book, Mr. Gosse, perhaps ironically, says that the old, old plots are outworn, and expresses the desire entertained by Culture for a novel which shall contain instructive information about the pilchard fishery. This must assuredly be an employment of the figure called irony. The mass of mankind that reads fiction does not care a baubee for the details of the pilchard fishery. Humanity is like children, who cry for the same old story over again. The lost child, the wandering heir, have aroused the world's hopes and fears since long before Homer's day. These plots sufficed for Sophocles, Euripides, and Shakespeare. In their plays we see that the staleness of the plot, the fact that the stories have been told and retold eternally, is a matter of no importance. There is only a certain very limited number of stories to tell. Mr. Kipling and Mr. Haggard, in the last year, have gone back to Romulus and Remus, to Signy and Sinfjötli, to the Wolf Brethren. For his part, Shakespeare never, perhaps, dreamed of



THE ORACLE DEFIED.—*Act III., Scene II.*

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PERDITA DISCOVERED — *Act III., Scene III.*

inventing. The old, old story, a threadbare plot, sufficed him, as in *Winter's Tale.*

The falsely accused queen of the fairy tales and legends like *Berthe aux grans piés;* the exposed child; the course of true love; the feigned death — these sufficed him as materials for a deathless poem. Neither he and his contemporaries, nor Homer and his contemporaries, nor Sophocles and his contemporaries, regarded Romance as a kind of Blue Book, valuable for its interesting information about the pilchard fishery. We are warned not to prophesy before we know, yet I would gladly pledge my most indispensable garment to secure funds for a bet that the exposed child and the faithful shepherdess will outlive all the novels which rely on moving details about the sardine trade or the millinery business.

In adapting Greene's novel, Shakespeare made many changes, some of them demanded by the necessities of the stage. He altered all the names of the characters except that of Mopsa. He inverted the relations of Sicily and Bohemia. This process makes it inevitable that Bohemia must have a seaboard. That geographical rearrangement has been learnedly apologized for by students of mediæval history, but Shakespeare does not need their assistance. One fantasy among so many is not worth explaining away.

The jealousy of Leontes (Pandosto in the novel) is gradual in the tale; inevitably it is represented as a sudden madness on the stage. This is not, however, wrong in psychology. Many mental changes, especially that of religious conversion (as in Colonel Gardiner's case), seem sudden to the patient. They have really been maturing for long in the dim regions of the "subliminal self." Thus Leontes becomes explicitly conscious of his jealousy in a moment when Hermione and Polixenes display their honorable and blameless affection by those salutations which were so offensive to John Knox. The old English, from the time of Erasmus at least, down to that of Mr. Samuel Pepys, were a great people for kissing.

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AUTOLYCUS.

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PERDITA'S FOSTER-RELATIVES.—*Act IV., Scene II.*

Mr. Pepys records his discomfort when he saw a French friend kissing Mrs. Pepys, though, as he says, he "knows there is no harm in it." In similar circumstances, Leontes carries his sentiment very much further than Mr. Pepys did. He awakes, as it were, to find himself jealous, the captive and victim of a credulous passion. But the passion (as in Greene's novel) had probably been maturing for months. The personal meetings of kings, as Comines argues very acutely, are invariably dangerous. Even such old friends from boyhood as Leontes and Polixenes could not meet without danger, and James V. was not as ill-advised as Mr. Froude supposes when he did not meet Henry VIII. Such opportunities, Comines thought, are too much for mortal virtue, and so it proves in the play; Leontes conspires to poison Polixenes. In the novel, Pandosto (Leontes) commits suicide; in no other way can he escape from his grief and shame.

The unvarying smiling tolerance of Shakespeare, his godlike charity for his

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POLIXENES AND PERDITA.
Act IV., Scene III.

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creatures, rescues the wretched Leontes from this doom. Shakespeare regards his jealousy as a long madness, out of which he wakens at the last. In the novel the accused queen also dies; the statue by Giulio Romano is Shakespeare's own device, or rather the use of it here is his device.

As to the date of the play, Mr. Halliwell Phillipps quotes an entry in the office-book of Sir Henry Herbert. In 1623 he licensed "an old play, *A Winter's Tale*," previously licensed by his predecessor, Sir George Buck, and likewise by himself. Now, in 1603, Buck received a reversionary grant of the office of Master of the Revels, and entered fully on the office in 1610. As deputy, he had been licensing plays long before 1610, and the *Winter's Tale* might, conceivably, be as old as 1603. Probably it was not acted, however, before 1610; it alludes to the song "Whoop, do me no harm, good man," of which the music was published in 1610 by William Corkine, in "Ayres to sing and play to the Lute and Basse Viol." On May 15, 1611, the comedy was witnessed at the Globe Theatre by Dr. Forman, the notorious astrologer.* The doctor made some notes on the piece. "Remember also the rog that came in all tottered like Coll Piper;" he draws a moral against trusting "feined beggars." The *Winter's Tale* was not published during Shakespeare's lifetime; at least there is no trace of a separate publication. Had we a quarto, perhaps some obscurities in an early speech of Leontes might be cleared up.

Though seldom seen on the modern stage in England (for Mr. Irving would be something over-parted with Florizel, and Polixenes is not always "on"), the *Winter's Tale* is probably among the very foremost favorites of students. The frank and noble Hermione, that heart of gold; Mamillius, that rare and living study of a boy; the loyal Paulina, a termagant for the right, like Beatrice; the half-insane Leontes, an object at once of pity and contempt—are all among Shakespeare's most original portraits. The picture which Polixenes draws of boyish friendship,

> "We were, fair queen,
> Two lads, that thought there was no more behind,
> But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
> And to be boy eternal,"

contains the very sum of the delight of youth. The affecting misery of the earlier acts, wherein we are only less pained for Hermione than, in *Othello*, for Desdemona, is happily relieved by the golden rustic world of Bohemia. Perhaps those Bohemian shepherds are the most winning of all Shakespeare's humorous rustics. They pun less than most of such characters in Shakespeare; they are shrewd, but not quite shrewd enough to escape from the most enchanting of all Shakespeare's rogues, Autolycus. Shakespeare decidedly likes rogues. As Thackeray says, in a kindred spirit, "the mind loves to repose, and broods benevolently over this expanded theme. What thieves are there in Paris, oh heavens!....or else, without a rag to their ebony backs, swigging quass out of calabashes, and smeared over with palm-oil, lolling at the doors of clay huts in the sunny city of Timbuctoo!" There is no doubt that Shakespeare likes his rogues; he cannot bear to see them punished. He gives Autolycus some of his prettiest songs: "How bless'd are we, that are not simple men!" says this delicious knave. The jangling country girls, the good old shepherd, the honorable clown with his "first gentlemanlike tears," are all rare foils to Autolycus. As for Perdita, Shakespeare has deliberately made her one perfection, the flower of beauty, innocence, goodness; fragrant and fair as the blossoms which she bestows, like a happier Ophelia, on her visitors. In the affection of Florizel and Perdita, Shakespeare again, as in *The Tempest*, draws a love soft, pure, and passionate, of indefeasible loyalty: the ideal first and last love, so rarely found on earth. That Florizel's conduct is not exactly filial, the audience forgives, for Florizel's father is only a king, with royally conventional ideas, and he must submit to the sway of "Love, that is a great master." But these graces are not hid, as in Sir Andrew Ague-cheek's case, and need no pointing to and no commendation. Out of his hackneyed old materials Shakespeare has made an immortal poem, ringing with every note of pain and pleasure, of jealousy and mirth; fragrant, too, of an older, a fresher, a happier, and a wiser world than ours. For out of that world "country Content" had not yet taken flight; Content, the lost good angel, whom no Reforms, no Revolutions, no innumerable multitude of votes, can ever recall to earth.

* The curious may consult "*Forman*, a Tale," in three volumes. London: 1819.

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TRILBY.*

BY GEORGE DU MAURIER.

Part Fourth.

MID-DAY had struck. The expected hamper had not turned up in the Place St.-Anatole des Arts.

All Madame Vinard's kitchen battery was in readiness; Trilby and Madame Angèle Boisse were in the studio, their sleeves turned up, and ready to begin.

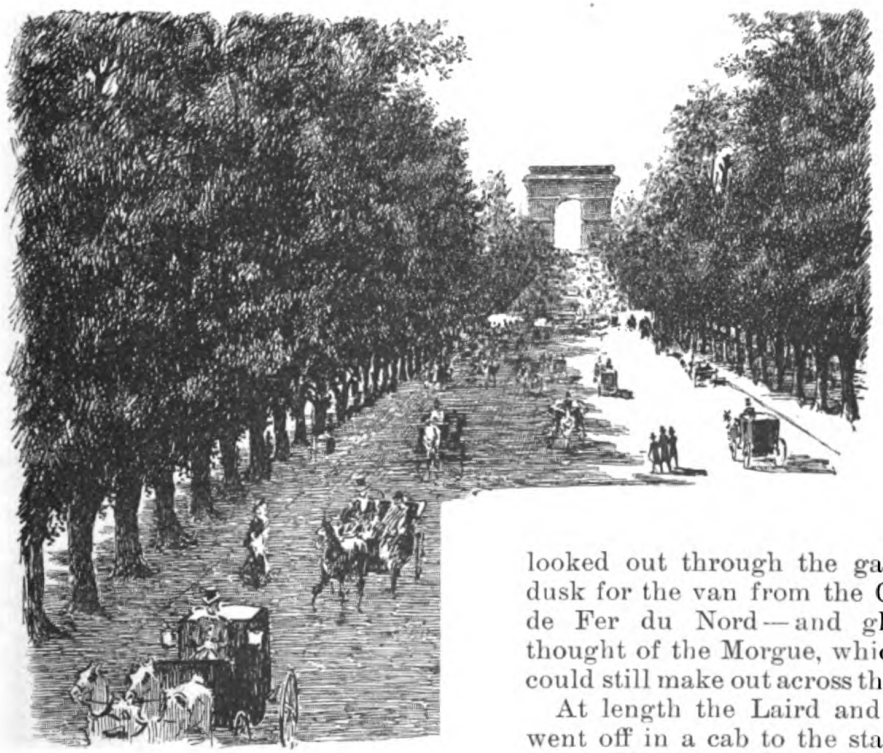
At twelve the Trois Angliches and the two fair blanchisseuses sat down to lunch in a very anxious frame of mind; and finished a pâté de foie gras and two bottles of Burgundy between them, such was their disquietude.

The guests had been invited for six o'clock.

Most elaborately they laid the cloth on the table they had borrowed from the Hôtel de Seine, and settled who was to sit next to whom, and then unsettled it, and quarrelled over it—Trilby, as was her wont in such matters, assuming an authority that did not rightly belong to her, and of course getting her own way in the end.

And that, as the Laird remarked, was her confounded Trilbiness.

Two o'clock—three—four—but no hamper! Darkness had almost set in. It was simply maddening. They kneeled on the divan, with their elbows on the window-sill, and watched the street lamps popping into life along the quays—and looked out through the gathering dusk for the van from the Chemin de Fer du Nord—and gloomily thought of the Morgue, which they could still make out across the river.



SOUVENIR.

At length the Laird and Trilby went off in a cab to the station—a long drive—and, lo! before they came back the long-expected hamper arrived, at six o'clock.

And with it Durien, Vincent, Sibley, Lorrimer, Carnegie, Petrolicoconose, Dodor, and l'Zouzou—the last two in uniform, as usual.

And suddenly the studio, which had been so silent, dark, and dull, with Taffy and Little Billee sitting hopeless and despondent round the stove, became a scene of the noisiest, busiest, and cheerfulest animation. The three big lamps were lit, and all the Chinese lanterns. The pieces of resistance and the pudding were

* Begun in January number, 1894.

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whisked off by Trilby, Angèle, and Madame Vinard to other regions—the porter's lodge and Durien's studio (which had been lent for the purpose); and every one was pressed into the preparations for the banquet. There was plenty for idle hands to do. Sausages to be fried for the turkey, stuffing made, and sauces, salads mixed, and punch—holly hung in festoons all round and about—a thousand things. Everybody was so clever and good-humored that nobody got in anybody's way—not even Carnegie, who was in evening dress (to the Laird's delight). So they made him do the scullion's work—cleaning, rinsing, peeling, etc.

The cooking of the dinner was almost better fun than the eating of it. And though there were so many cooks, not even the broth was spoilt (cockaleekie, from a receipt of the Laird's).

It was ten o'clock before they sat down to that most memorable repast.

Zouzou and Dodor, who had been the most useful and energetic of all its cooks, apparently quite forgot they were due at their respective barracks at that very moment: they had only been able to obtain "la permission de dix heures." If they remembered it, the certainty that next day Zouzou would be reduced to the ranks for the fifth time, and Dodor confined to his barracks for a month, did not trouble them in the least.

The waiting was as good as the cooking. The handsome, quick, authoritative Madame Vinard was in a dozen places at once, and openly prompted, rebuked, and ballyragged her husband into a proper smartness. The pretty little Madame Angèle moved about as deftly and as quietly as a mouse; which of course did not prevent them both from genially joining in the general conversation whenever it wandered into French.

Trilby, tall, graceful, and stately, and also swift of action, though more like Juno or Diana than Hebe, devoted herself more especially to her own particular favorites—Durien, Taffy, the Laird, Little Billee—and Dodor and Zouzou, whom she loved, and tutoyé'd en bonne camarade as she served them with all there was of the choicest.

The two little Vinards did their little best—they scrupulously respected the mince pies, and only broke two bottles of oil and one of Harvey sauce, which made their mother furious. To console them, the Laird took one of them on each knee and gave them of his share of plum-pudding and many other unaccustomed good things, so bad for their little French tumtums.

The genteel Carnegie had never been at such a queer scene in his life. It opened his mind—and Dodor and Zouzou, between whom he sat (the Laird thought it would do him good to sit between a private soldier and a humble corporal), taught him more French than he had learnt during the three months he had spent in Paris. It was a specialty of theirs. It was more colloquial than what is generally used in diplomatic circles, and stuck longer in the memory; but it hasn't interfered with his preferment in the Church.

He quite unbent. He was the first to volunteer a song (without being asked) when the pipes and cigars were lit, and after the usual toasts had been drunk—her Majesty's health, Tennyson, Thackeray, and Dickens, and John Leech.

He sang, with a very cracked and rather hiccupy voice, his only song (it seems)—an English one, of which the burden, he explained, was French:

"Veeverler veeverler veeverler vee
Veeverler companyee!"

And Zouzou and Dodor complimented him so profusely on his French accent that he was with difficulty prevented from singing it all over again.

Then everybody sang in rotation.

The Laird, with a capital barytone, sang

"Hic diddle Dee for the Lowlands low,"

which was encored.

Little Billee sang "Little Billee."

Vincent sang

"Old Joe kicking up behind and afore,
And the yaller gal a-kicking up behind old Joe."

A capital song, with words of quite a masterly scansion.

Joe Sibley sang "Le Sire de Framboisy." Enthusiastic encore.

Lorrimer, inspired no doubt by the occasion, sang the "Hallelujah Chorus," and accompanied himself on the piano, but failed to obtain an encore.

Durien sang:

"Plaisir d'amour ne dure qu'un moment;
Chagrin d'amour dure toute la vie...."

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"MY SISTER DEAR."

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It was his favorite song, and one of the beautiful songs of the world, and he sang it very well—and it became popular in the quartier latin ever after.

The Greek couldn't sing, and very wisely didn't.

Zouzou sang capitally a capital song in praise of "le vin à quat' sous!"

Taffy, in a voice like a high wind (and with a very good imitation of the Yorkshire brogue), sang a Somersetshire hunting-ditty, ending:

"Of this 'ere song should I be axed the reason for to show,
I don't exactly know, I don't exactly know!
But all my fancy dwells upon Nancy,
And I sing Tally-ho!"

It is a quite superexcellent ditty, and haunts my memory to this day; and one felt sure that Nancy was a dear and a sweet, wherever she lived, and when. So Taffy was encored twice—once for her sake, once for his own.



A DUCAL FRENCH FIGHTING-COCK.

And finally, to the surprise of all, the bold dragoon sang (in English) "My sister dear," out of *Masaniello*, with such pathos, and in a voice so sweet and high and well in tune, that his audience felt almost weepy in the midst of their jollification, and grew quite sentimental, as Englishmen abroad are apt to do when they are rather tipsy and hear pretty music, and think of their dear sisters across the sea, or their friends' dear sisters.

Madame Vinard interrupted her Christmas dinner on the model-throne to listen, and wept and wiped her eyes quite openly, and remarked to Madame Boisse, who stood modestly close by: "Il est gentil tout plein, ce dragon! Mon Dieu! comme il chante bien! Il est Angliche aussi, il paraît. Ils sont joliment bien élevés, tous ces Angliches—tous plus gentils les uns que les autres! et quant à Monsieur Litrebili, on lui donnerait le bon Dieu sans confession!"

And Madame Boisse agreed.

Then Svengali and Gecko came, and the table had to be laid and decorated anew, for it was supper-time.

Supper was even jollier than dinner, which had taken off the keen edge of the appetites, so that every one talked at once—the true test of a successful supper—except when J. Sibley told some of his experiences of bohemia; for instance, how, after staying at home all day for a month to avoid his creditors, he became reckless one Sunday morning, and went to the Bains Deligny, and jumped into a deep part by mistake, and was saved from a watery grave by a bold swimmer, who turned out to be his boot-maker, Satory, to whom he owed sixty francs—of all his duns the one he dreaded the most—and who didn't let him go in a hurry.

Whereupon Svengali remarked that he also owed sixty francs to Satory,—"Mais comme che ne me baigne chamais, che n'ai rien à craindre!"

Whereupon there was such a laugh that Svengali felt he had scored off Sibley at last and had a prettier wit. He flattered himself that he'd got the laugh of Sibley *this* time.

And after supper Svengali and Gecko made such lovely music that everybody was sobered and athirst again, and the punch-bowl, wreathed with holly and mistletoe, was placed in the middle of the table, and clean glasses set all round it.

Then Dodor and l'Zouzou stood up to dance with Trilby and Madame Angèle, and executed a series of cancan steps, which, though they were so inimitably droll that they had each and all to be encored, were such that not one of them need have brought the blush of shame to the cheek of modesty.

Then the Laird danced a sword-dance over two T squares and broke them both.

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And Taffy, baring his mighty arms to the admiring gaze of all, did dumbbell exercises, with Little Billee for a dumbbell, and all but dropped him into the punch-bowl; and tried to cut a pewter ladle in two with Dodor's sabre, and sent it through the window; and this made him cross, so that he abused French sabres, and said they were made of worse pewter than even French ladles; and the Laird sententiously opined that they managed these things better in England, and winked at Little Billee.

Then they played at "cock-fighting," with their wrists tied across their shins, and a broomstick thrust in between; thus manacled, you are placed opposite your antagonist, and try to upset him with your feet, and he you. It is a very good game. The cuirassier and the Zouave playing at this got so angry, and were so irresistibly droll a sight, that the shouts of laughter could be heard on the other side of the river, so that a sergent de ville came in and civilly requested them not to make so much noise. They were disturbing the whole quartier, he said, and there was quite a "rassemblement" outside. So they made him tipsy, and also another policeman, who came to look after his comrade, and yet another; and these guardians of the peace of Paris were trussed and made to play at cock-fighting, and were still droller than the two soldiers, and laughed louder and made more noise than any one else, so that Madame Vinard had to remonstrate with them, till they got too tipsy to speak, and fell fast asleep, and were laid next to each other behind the stove.

The *fin de siècle* reader, disgusted at the thought of such an orgy as I have been trying to describe, must remember that it happened in the fifties, when men calling themselves gentlemen, and being called so, still wrenched off door-knockers and came back drunk from the Derby, and even drank too much after dinner before joining the ladies, as is all duly chronicled and set down in John Leech's immortal pictures of life and character out of *Punch*.

Then M. and Madame Vinard and Trilby and Angèle Boisse bade the company good-night, Trilby being the last of them to leave.

Little Billee took her to the top of the staircase, and there he said to her:



"ANSWER ME, TRILBY!"

"Trilby, I have asked you nineteen times, and you have refused. Trilby, once more, on Christmas night, for the twentieth time—*will* you marry me? If not, I leave Paris to-morrow morning, and never come back. I swear it on my word of honor!"

Trilby turned very pale, and leant her back against the wall, and covered her face with her hands.

Little Billee pulled them away.

"Answer me, Trilby!"

"God forgive me, *yes!*" said Trilby, and she ran down stairs, weeping.

It was now very late.

It soon became evident that Little Billee was in extraordinary high spirits—in an abnormal state of excitement.

He challenged Svengali to spar, and made his nose bleed, and frightened him out of his sardonic wits. He performed wonderful and quite unsuspected feats of strength. He swore eternal friendship to Dodor and Zouzou, and filled their

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"LES GLOUGLOUX DU VIN À QUAT' SOUS...."

glasses again and again, and also (in his innocence) his own, and trinquéd with them many times running. They were the last to leave (except the three helpless policemen); and at about five or six in the morning, to his surprise, he found himself walking between Dodor and Zouzou by the late windy moonlight in the Rue Vieille des mauvais Ladres, now on one side of the frozen gutter, now on the other, now in the middle of it, stopping them now and then to tell them how jolly they were and how dearly he loved them.

Presently his hat flew away, and went rolling and skipping and bounding up the narrow street, and they discovered that as soon as they let each other go to run after it, they all three sat down.

So Dodor and Little Billee remained sitting, with their arms round each other's necks and their feet in the gutter, while Zouzou went after the hat on all fours, and caught it, and brought it back in his mouth like a tipsy retriever. Little Billee wept for sheer love and gratitude, and called him a cary*hat*ide (in English), and laughed loudly at his own wit, which was quite thrown away on Zouzou! "No man ever *had* such dear, dear frenge! no man ever *was* s'happy!"

After sitting for a while in love and amity, they managed to get up on their feet again, each helping the other; and in some never-to-be-remembered way they reached the Hôtel Corneille.

There they sat Little Billee on the door-step and rang the bell, and seeing some one coming up the Place de l'Odéon, and fearing he might be a sergent de ville, they bid Little Billee a most affectionate but hasty farewell, kissing him on both cheeks in French fashion, and contrived to get themselves round the corner and out of sight.

Little Billee tried to sing Zouzou's drinking song:

"Quoi de plus doux
Que les glougloux—
Les glougloux du vin à quat' sous...."

The stranger came up. Fortunately, it was no sergent de ville, but Ribot, just back from a Christmas tree and a little family dance at his aunt's, Madame Kolb (the Alsacian banker's wife, in the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin).

Next morning poor Little Billee was dreadfully ill.

He had passed a terrible night. His bed had heaved like the ocean, with oceanic results. He had forgotten to put out his candle, but fortunately Ribot had blown it out for him, after putting him to bed and tucking him up like a real good Samaritan.

And next morning, when Madame Paul brought him a cup of tisane de chiendent (which does not happen to mean a hair of the dog that bit him), she was kind, but very severe on the dangers and disgrace of intoxication, and talked to him like a mother.

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"If it had not been for kind Monsieur Ribot" (she told him), "the door-step would have been his portion; and who could say he didn't deserve it? And then think of the dangers of fire from a tipsy man all alone in a small bedroom with chintz curtains and a lighted candle!"

"Ribot was kind enough to blow out my candle," said Little Billee, humbly.

"Ah, Dame!" said Madame Paul, with much meaning—"au moins il a *bon cœur*, Monsieur Ribot!"

And the cruelest sting of all was when the good-natured and incorrigibly festive Ribot came and sat by his bedside, and was kind and tenderly sympathetic, and got him a pick-me-up from the chemist's (unbeknown to Madame Paul).

"Credieu! vous vous êtes crânement bien amusé, hier soir! quelle bosse, hein! je parie que c'était plus drôle que chez ma tante Kolb!"

All of which, of course, it is unnecessary to translate; except perhaps the word "bosse," which stands for "noce," which stands for a "jolly good spree."

In all his innocent little life Little Billee had never dreamt of such humiliation as this—such ignominious depths of shame and misery and remorse! He did not care to live. He had but one longing: that Trilby, dear Trilby, kind Trilby, would come and pillow his head on her beautiful white English bosom, and lay her soft cool tender hand on his aching brow, and there let him go to sleep, and sleeping, die!

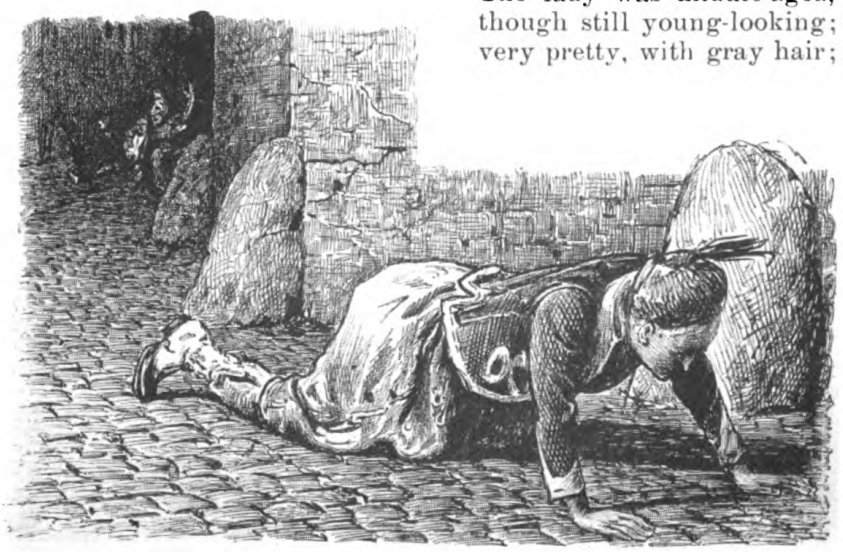
He slept and slept, with no better rest for his aching brow than the pillow of his bed in the Hôtel Corneille, and failed to die this time. And when, after some forty-eight hours or so, he had quite slept off the fumes of that memorable Christmas debauch, he found that a sad thing had happened to him, and a strange!

It was as though a tarnishing breath had swept over the reminiscent mirror of his mind and left a little film behind it, so that no past thing he wished to see therein was reflected with quite the old pristine clearness. As though the keen quick razorlike edge of his power to reach and re-evoke the by-gone charm and glamour and essence of things had been blunted and coarsened. As though the bloom of that special joy, the gift he unconsciously had of recalling past emotions and sensations and situations, and making them actual once more by a mere effort of the will, had been brushed away.

And he never recovered the full use of that most precious faculty, the boon of youth and happy childhood, and which he had once possessed, without knowing it, in such singular and exceptional completeness. He was to lose other precious faculties of his over-rich and complex nature—to be pruned and clipped and thinned—that his one supreme faculty of painting might have elbow-room to reach its fullest, or else you could never have seen the wood for the trees (or *vice versa*—which is it?).

On New-Year's day Taffy and the Laird were at their work in the studio, when there was a knock at the door, and Monsieur Vinard, cap in hand, respectfully introduced a pair of visitors, an English lady and gentleman.

The gentleman was a clergyman, small, thin, round-shouldered, with a long neck; weak-eyed, and dryly polite. The lady was middle-aged, though still young-looking; very pretty, with gray hair;



A CARYHATIDE.

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very well dressed; very small, full of nervous energy, with tiny hands and feet. It was Little Billee's mother; and the clergyman, the Rev. Thomas Bagot, was her brother-in-law.

Their faces were full of trouble — so much so that the two painters did not even apologize for the carelessness of their attire, or for the odor of tobacco that filled the room. Little Billee's mother recognized the two painters at a glance, from the sketches and descriptions of which her son's letters were always full.

They all sat down.

After a moment's embarrassed silence, Mrs. Bagot exclaimed, addressing Taffy: "Mr. Wynne, we are in terrible distress of mind. I don't know if my son has told you, but on Christmas day he engaged himself to be married!"

"To—be—*married!*" exclaimed Taffy and the Laird, for whom this was news indeed.

"Yes—to be married to a Miss Trilby O'Ferrall, who, from what he implies, is in quite a different position in life to himself. Do you know the lady, Mr. Wynne?"

"Oh yes! I know her very well indeed; we *all* know her."

"Is she English?"

"She's an English subject, I believe."

"Is she a Protestant or a Roman Catholic?" inquired the clergyman.

"A—a—upon my word, I really don't know!"

"You know her very well indeed, and you *don't—know—that*, Mr. Wynne!" exclaimed Mr. Bagot.

"Is she a *lady*, Mr. Wynne?" asked Mrs. Bagot, somewhat impatiently, as if that were a much more important matter.

By this time the Laird had managed to basely desert his friend; had got himself into his bedroom, and from thence, by another door, into the street and away.

"A lady?" said Taffy; "a--it so much depends upon what that word exactly means, you know; things are so—a—so different here. Her father was a gentleman, I believe—a fellow of Trinity, Cambridge—and a clergyman, if *that* means anything! . . . he was unfortunate and all that—a—intemperate, I fear, and not successful in life. He has been dead six or seven years."

"And her mother?"

"I really know very little about her mother, except that she was very handsome, I believe, and of inferior social rank to her husband. She's also dead; she died soon after him."

"What is the young lady, then? An English governess, or something of that sort?"

"Oh, no, no—a—nothing of *that* sort," said Taffy (and inwardly, "You coward—you cad of a Scotch thief of a sneak of a Laird—to leave all this to me!").

"What? Has she independent means of her own, then?"

"A—not that I know of; I should even say, decidedly not!"

"What *is* she, then? She's at least respectable, I hope!"

"At present she's a—a blanchisseuse de fin—that is considered respectable here."

"Why, that's a washer-woman, isn't it?"

"Well--rather better than that, perhaps—*de fin*, you know!—things are so different in Paris! I don't think you'd say she was very much like a washer-woman—to look at!"

"Is she so good-looking, then?"

"Oh yes; extremely so. You may well say that—very beautiful, indeed—about that, at least, there is no doubt whatever!"

"And of unblemished character?"

Taffy, red and perspiring as if he were going through his Indian-club exercise, was silent—and his face expressed a miserable perplexity. But nothing could equal the anxious misery of those two maternal eyes, so wistfully fixed on his.

After some seconds of a most painful stillness, the lady said, "Can't you—oh, *can't* you give me an answer, Mr. Wynne?"

"Oh, Mrs. Bagot, you have placed me in a terrible position! I—I love your son just as if he were my own brother! This engagement is a complete surprise to me—a most painful surprise! I'd thought of many possible things, but never of *that!* I cannot—I really *must* not conceal from you that it would be an unfortunate marriage for your son—from a—a worldly point of view, you know—although both I and McAllister have a very deep and warm regard for poor Trilby O'Ferrall—indeed, a great admiration and affection and respect! She was once a model."

"A *model*, Mr. Wynne? What *sort* of

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model—there are models and models, of course."

"Well, a model of every sort, in every possible sense of the word—head, hands, feet, everything!"

"A model for the *figure?*"

"Well—yes!"

"Oh, my God! my God! my God!" cried Mrs. Bagot—and she got up and walked up and down the studio in a most terrible state of agitation, her brother-in-law following her and begging her to control herself. Her exclamations seemed to shock him, and she didn't seem to care.

"Oh! Mr. Wynne! — Mr. Wynne! If you only *knew* what my son is to me —to all of us— always has been! He has been with us all his life, till he came to this wicked, accursed city! My poor husband would never hear of his going to any school, for fear of all the harm he might learn there. My son was as innocent and pure-minded as any girl, Mr. Wynne—I could have trusted him anywhere—and that's why I gave way and allowed him to come *here*, of all places in the world—all alone. Oh! I should have come with him! Fool—fool—fool that I was!....

"Oh, Mr. Wynne, he won't see either his mother or his uncle! I found a letter from him at the hotel, saying he'd left Paris—and I don't even know where he's gone!.... Can't *you*, can't Mr. McAllister, do *anything* to avert this miserable disaster? You don't know how he loves you both—you should see his letters to me and to his sister! they are always full of you!"

"Indeed, Mrs. Bagot—you can count on McAllister and me for doing everything in our power! But it is of no use our trying to influence your son—I feel quite sure of *that!* It is to *her* we must make our appeal."

"Oh, Mr. Wynne! to a washer-woman—a figure model—and Heaven knows what besides! and with such a chance as this!"



"A MODEL, MR. WYNNE?"

"Mrs. Bagot, you don't know her! She may have been all that. But, strange as it may seem to you—and seems to me, for that matter — she's a — she's — upon my word of honor, I really think she's about the best woman I ever met—the most unselfish—the most—"

"Ah! She's a *beautiful* woman — I can well see *that!*"

"She has a beautiful nature, Mrs. Bagot —you may believe me or not, as you like —and it is to that I shall make my appeal, as your son's friend, who has his interests at heart. And let me tell you that deeply as I grieve for you in your present distress, my grief and concern for her are far greater!"

"What! grief for her if she marries my son!"

"No, indeed -- but if she refuses to marry him. She may not do so, of course —but my instinct tells me she will!"

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"Oh! Mr. Wynne, is that likely?"

"I will do my best to make it so—with such an utter trust in her unselfish goodness of heart and her passionate affection for your son as—"

"How do you know she has all this passionate affection for him?"

"Oh, McAllister and I have long guessed it—though we never thought this particular thing would come of it. I think, perhaps, that first of all you ought to see her yourself—you would get quite a new idea of what she really is—you would be surprised, I assure you."

Mrs. Wynne shrugged her shoulders impatiently, and there was silence for a minute or two.

And then, just as in a play, Trilby's "Milk below!" was sounded at the door, and Trilby came into the little antechamber, and seeing strangers, was about to turn back. She was dressed as a grisette, in her Sunday gown and pretty white cap (for it was New-Year's day), and looking her very best.

Taffy called out, "Come in, Trilby!"

And Trilby came into the studio.

As soon as she saw Mrs. Bagot's face she stopped short—erect, her shoulders a little high, her mouth a little open, her eyes wide with fright—and pale to the lips—a pathetic, yet commanding, magnificent, and most distinguished apparition, in spite of her humble attire.

The little lady got up and walked straight to her, and looked up into her face, that seemed to tower so. Trilby breathed hard.

At length Mrs. Bagot said, in her high accents, "You are Miss Trilby O'Ferrall?"

"Oh yes—yes—I am Trilby O'Ferrall; and you are Mrs. Bagot; I can see that!"

A new tone had come into her large deep soft voice, so tragic, so touching, so strangely in accord with her whole aspect just then—so strangely in accord with the whole situation—that Taffy felt his cheeks and lips go cold, and his big spine thrill and tickle all down his back.

"Oh yes; you are very, very beautiful—there's no doubt about *that!* You wish to marry my son?"

"I've refused to marry him nineteen times—for his own sake; he will tell you so himself. I am not the right person for him to marry. I know that. On Christmas night he asked me for the twentieth time; he swore he would leave Paris next day forever if I refused him. I hadn't the courage. I was weak, you see! It was a dreadful mistake."

"Are you so fond of him?"

"*Fond* of him? Aren't *you?*"

"I'm his mother, my good girl!"

To this Trilby seemed to have nothing to say.

"You have just said yourself you are not a fit wife for him. If you are so *fond* of him, will you ruin him by marrying him; drag him down; prevent him from getting on in life; separate him from his sister, his family, his friends?"

Trilby turned her miserable eyes to Taffy's miserable face, and said, "Will it really be all that, Taffy?"

"Oh, Trilby, things have got all wrong, and can't be righted! I'm afraid it might be so. Dear Trilby—I can't tell you what I feel—but I can't tell you lies, you know!"

"Oh no—Taffy—you don't tell lies!"

Then Trilby began to tremble very much, and Taffy tried to make her sit down, but she wouldn't. Mrs. Bagot looked up into her face, herself breathless with keen suspense and cruel anxiety—almost imploring.

Trilby looked down at Mrs. Bagot very kindly, put out her shaking hand, and said: "Good-by, Mrs. Bagot. I will not marry your son. I *promise* you. I will never see him again."

Mrs. Bagot caught and clasped her hand and tried to kiss it, and said: "Don't go yet, my dear good girl. I want to talk to you. I want to tell you how deeply I—"

"Good-by, Mrs. Bagot," said Trilby, once more; and disengaging her hand, she walked swiftly out of the room.

Mrs. Bagot seemed stupefied, and only half content with her quick triumph.

"She will not marry your son, Mrs. Bagot. I only wish to God she'd marry *me!*"

"Oh, Mr. Wynne!" said Mrs. Bagot, and burst into tears.

"Ah!" exclaimed the clergyman, with a feebly satirical smile and a little cough and sniff that were not sympathetic, "now if *that* could be arranged—and I've no doubt there wouldn't be much opposition on the part of the lady" (here he made a little complimentary bow), "it would be a very desirable thing all round!"

"It's tremendously good of you, I'm sure—to interest yourself in *my* humble

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affairs," said Taffy. "Look here, sir—I'm not a great genius like your nephew—and it doesn't much matter to any one but myself what I make of my life—but I can assure you that if Trilby's heart were set on me as it is on him, I would gladly cast in my lot with hers for life. She's one in a thousand. She's the one sinner that repenteth, you know!"

"Ah, yes—to be sure!—to be sure! I know all about that; still, facts are facts, and the world is the world, and we've got to live in it," said Mr. Bagot, whose satirical smile had died away under the gleam of Taffy's choleric blue eye.



"FOND OF HIM? AREN'T YOU?"

Then said the good Taffy, frowning down on the parson (who looked mean and foolish, as people can sometimes do even with right on their side): "And now, Mr. Bagot—I can't tell you how very keenly I have suffered during this—a—this most painful interview—on account of my very deep regard for Trilby O'Ferrall. I congratulate you and your sister-in-law on its complete success. I also feel very deeply for your nephew. I'm not sure that he has not lost more than he will gain by—a—by the—a—the success of this—a—this interview, in short!"

Taffy's eloquence was exhausted, and his quick temper was getting the better of him.

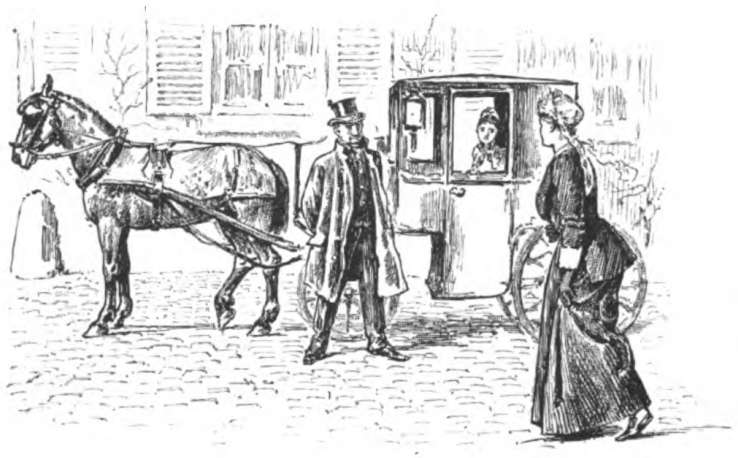
Then Mrs. Bagot, drying her eyes, came and took his hand in a very charming and simple manner, and said: "Mr. Wynne, I think I know what you are feeling just now. You must try and make some allowance for us. You will, I am sure, when we are gone, and you have had time to think a little. As for that noble and beautiful girl, I only wish that she were such that my son *could* marry her—in her past life, I mean. It is not her humble rank that would frighten me; *pray* believe that I am quite sincere in this—and don't think too hardly of your friend's mother. Think of all I shall have to go through with my poor son—who is deeply in love—and no wonder! and who has won the love of such a woman as that! and who cannot see at present how fatal to him such a marriage would be. I can see all the charm and believe in all the goodness, in spite of all. And, oh, how beautiful she is, and what a voice! All that counts for so much, doesn't it? I cannot tell you how I grieve for her. I can make no amends—who could, for such a thing? There are no amends, and I shall not even try. I will only write and tell her all I think and feel. You will forgive us, won't you?"

And in the quick, impulsive warmth and grace and sincerity of her manner as she said all this, Mrs. Bagot was so absurdly like Little Billee that it touched big Taffy's heart, and he would have forgiven anything, and there was nothing to forgive.

"Oh, Mrs. Bagot, there's no question of forgiveness. Good heavens! it is all so unfortunate, you know! Nobody's to

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blame, that I can see. Good-by, Mrs. Bagot; good-by, sir," and so saying, he saw them down to their "remise," in which sat a singularly pretty young lady of seventeen or so, pale and anxious, and so like Little Billee that it was quite funny, and touched big Taffy's heart again.



"SO LIKE LITTLE BILLEE."

When Trilby went out into the courtyard in the Place St.-Anatole des Arts, she saw Miss Bagot looking out of the carriage window, and in the young lady's face, as she caught her eye, an expression of sweet surprise and sympathetic admiration, with lifted eyebrows and parted lips—just such a look as she had often got from Little Billee! She knew her for his sister at once. It was a sharp pang.

She turned away, saying to herself: "Oh no; I will not separate him from his sister, his family, his friends! That would *never* do! *That's* settled, anyhow!"

Feeling a little dazed, and wishing to think, she turned up the Rue Vieille des mauvais Ladres, which was always deserted at this hour. It was empty, but for a solitary figure sitting on a post, with its legs dangling, its hands in its trouser pockets, an inverted pipe in its mouth, a tattered straw hat on the back of its head, and a long gray coat down to its heels. It was the Laird.

As soon as he saw her he jumped off his post and came to her, saying: "Oh, Trilby—what's it all about? I couldn't stand it! I ran away! Little Billee's mother's there!"

"Yes, Sandy dear, I've just seen her."

"Well, what's up?"

"I've promised her never to see Little Billee any more. I was foolish enough to promise to marry him. I refused many times these last three months, and then he said he'd leave Paris and never come back, and so, like a fool, I gave way. I've offered to live with him and take care of him and be his servant—to be everything he wished but his wife! But he wouldn't hear of it. Dear, dear Little Billee! he's an angel—and I'll take precious good care no harm shall ever come to him through me! I shall leave this hateful place and go and live in the country: I suppose I must manage to get through life somehow. I know of some poor people who were once very fond of me, and I could live with them and help them and keep myself. The difficulty is about Jeannot. I thought it all out before it came to this. I was well prepared, you see."

She smiled in a forlorn sort of way, with her upper lip drawn tight against her teeth, as if some one were pulling her back by the lobes of her ears.

"Oh! but Trilby—what shall we do without you? Taffy and I, you know! You've become one of us!"

"Now how good and kind of you to say that!" exclaimed poor Trilby, her eyes filling. "Why, that's just all I lived for, till all this happened. But it can't be any more now, can it? Everything is changed for me—the very sky seems different. Ah! Durien's little song—'*Plaisir d'amour—chagrin d'amour!* it's all quite true, isn't it! I shall start immediately, and take Jeannot with me, I think."

"But where do you think of going?"

"Ah! I mayn't tell you that, Sandy dear—not for a long time! Think of all the trouble there'd be— Well, there's no time to be lost. I must take the bull by the horns."

She tried to laugh, and took him by his big side whiskers and kissed him on the eyes and mouth, and her tears fell on his face.

Then, feeling unable to speak, she nod-

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ded farewell, and walked quickly up the narrow winding street. When she came to the first bend she turned round and waved her hand, and kissed it two or three times, and then disappeared.

The Laird stared for several minutes up the empty thoroughfare — wretched, full of sorrow and compassion. Then he filled himself another pipe and lit it, and hitched himself on to another post, and sat there dangling his legs and kicking his heels, and waited for the Bagots' cab to depart, that he might go up and face the righteous wrath of Taffy like a man, and bear up against his bitter reproaches for cowardice and desertion before the foe.

Next morning Taffy received two letters: one, a very long one, was from Mrs. Bagot. He read it twice over, and was forced to acknowledge that it was a very good letter—the letter of a clever, warm-hearted woman, but a woman also whose son was to her as the very apple of her eye. One felt she was ready to flay her dearest friend alive in order to make Little Billee a pair of gloves out of the skin, if he wanted a pair; but one also felt she would be genuinely sorry for the friend. Taffy's own mother had been a little like that, and he missed her every day of his life.

Full justice was done by Mrs. Bagot to all Trilby's qualities of head and heart and person; but at the same time she pointed out, with all the cunning and ingeniously casuistic logic of her sex, when it takes to special pleading (even when it has right on its side), what the consequences of such a marriage must inevitably be in a few years—even sooner! The quick disenchantment, the life-long regret, on both sides!

He could not have found a word to controvert her arguments, save perhaps in his own private belief that Trilby and Little Billee were both exceptional people; and how could he hope to know Little Billee's nature better than the boy's own mother?

And if he had been the boy's elder brother in blood, as he already was in art and affection, would he, should he, could he have given his fraternal sanction to such a match?

Both as his friend and his brother he felt it was out of the question.

The other letter was from Trilby, in her bold, careless handwriting, that sprawled all over the page, and her occasionally imperfect spelling. It ran thus:

"MY DEAR, DEAR TAFFY,—This is to say good-by. I'm going away, to put an end to all this misery, for which nobody's to blame but myself.

"The very moment after I'd said *yes* to Little Billee I knew perfectly well what a stupid fool I was, and I've been ashamed of myself ever since. I had a miserable week, I can tell you. I knew how it would all turn out.

"I am dreadfully unhappy, but not half so unhappy as if I married him and he were ever to regret it and be ashamed of me; and of course he would, really, even



"I MUST TAKE THE BULL BY THE HORNS."

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"TRILBY! WHERE IS SHE?"

if he didn't show it—good and kind as he is—an angel!

"Besides—of course I could never be a lady—how could I?—though I ought to have been one, I suppose. But everything seems to have gone wrong with me, though I never found it out before—and it can't be righted!

"Poor papa!

"I am going away with Jeannot. I've been neglecting him shamefully. I mean to make up for it all now.

"You mustn't try and find out where I am going; I know you won't if I beg you, nor any one else. It would make everything so much harder for me.

"Angèle knows; she has promised me not to tell. I should like to have a line from you very much. If you send it to her she will send it on to me.

"Dear Taffy, next to Little Billee, I love you and the Laird better than any one else in the whole world. I've never known real happiness till I met you. You have changed me into another person—you and Sandy and Little Billee.

"Oh, it *has* been a jolly time, though it didn't last long. It will have to do for me for life. So good-by. I shall never, never forget; and remain, with dearest love,

"Your ever faithful and most affectionate friend,

TRILBY O'FERRALL.

"P.S.—When it has all blown over and settled again, if it ever does, I shall come back to Paris, perhaps, and see you again some day."

The good Taffy pondered deeply over this letter—read it half a dozen times at least; and then he kissed it, and put it back into its envelope and locked it up.

He knew what very deep anguish underlay this somewhat trivial expression of her sorrow.

He guessed how Trilby, so childishly impulsive and demonstrative in the ordinary intercourse of friendship, would be more reticent than most women in such a case as this.

He wrote to her warmly, affectionately, at great length, and sent the letter as she had told him.

The Laird also wrote a long letter full of tenderly worded friendship and sincere regard. Both expressed their hope and belief that they would soon see her again, when the first bitterness of her grief would be over, and that the old pleasant relations would be renewed.

And then, feeling wretched, they went and silently lunched together at the Café de l'Odéon, where the omelets were good and the wine wasn't blue.

Late that evening they sat together in the studio, reading. They found they could not talk to each other very readily without Little Billee to listen—three's company sometimes and two's none!

Suddenly there was a tremendous getting up the dark stairs outside in a violent hurry, and Little Billee burst into the room like a small whirlwind—haggard, out of breath, almost speechless at first with excitement.

"Trilby! where is she? . . . what's become of her? . . She's run away . . . oh! She's written me such a letter! . . . We

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were to have been married . . . at the Embassy . . . my mother . . . she's been meddling; and that cursed old ass . . . that beast . . my uncle! . . They've been here! I know all about it . . . . Why didn't you stick up for her? . . ."

"I did . . . as well as I could. Sandy couldn't stand it, and cut."

"*You* stuck up for her . . . *you*—why, you agreed with my mother that she oughtn't to marry me—you—you false friend—you . . . . . Why, she's an angel—far too good for the likes of *me* . . you know she is. As . . as for her social position and all that, what degrading rot! Her father was as much a gentleman as mine . . . besides . . . what the devil do I care for her father? . . . it's *her* I want—*her—her—her*, I tell you . . . I can't *live* without her . . I must have her *back*—I must have her *back* . . do you *hear?* We were to have lived together at Barbizon . . . all our lives—and I was to have painted stunning pictures . . . like those other fellows there. Who cares for *their* social position, I should like to know . . . or that of their wives? *D*—— social position! . . we've often said so—over and over again. An artist's life should be *away* from the world—above all that meanness and paltriness . . . all in his work. Social position, indeed! Over and over again we've said what fetid bestial rot it all was—a thing to make one sick and shut one's self away from the world . . . Why say one thing and act another? . . Love comes before all—love levels all—love and art . . and beauty—before such beauty as Trilby's rank doesn't exist. Such rank as mine, too! Good God! I'll never paint another stroke till I've got her back . . never, never, I tell you—I can't—I won't! . . "

And so the poor boy went on, tearing and raving about in his rampage, knocking over chairs and easels, stammering and shrieking, mad with excitement.

They tried to reason with him, to make him listen, to point out that it was not her social position alone that unfitted her to be his wife and the mother of his children, etc.

It was no good. He grew more and more uncontrollable, became almost unintelligible, he stammered so—a pitiable sight and pitiable to hear.

"Oh! oh! good heavens! are you so precious immaculate, you two, that you should throw stones at poor Trilby? What a shame, what a hideous shame it is that there should be one law for the woman and another for the man! . . . poor weak women—poor soft affectionate things that beasts of men are always running after, and pestering, and ruining, and trampling underfoot . . . Oh! oh! it makes me sick—it makes me sick!" And finally he gasped and screamed and fell down in a fit on the floor.

The doctor was sent for; Taffy went in a cab to the Hôtel de Lille et d'Albion to fetch his mother; and poor Little Billee, quite unconscious, was undressed by Sandy and Madame Vinard and put into the Laird's bed.



"LA SŒUR DE LITREBILI."

The doctor came, and not long after Mrs. Bagot and her daughter. It was a serious case. Another doctor was called in. Beds were got and made up in the studio for the two grief-stricken ladies, and thus closed the eve of what was to have been poor Little Billee's wedding-day, it seems.

Little Billee's attack appears to have been a kind of epileptic seizure. It ended in brain-fever and other complications—a long and tedious illness. It was many weeks before he was out of danger, and his convalescence was long and tedious too.

His nature seemed changed. He lay languid and listless—never even men-

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tioned Trilby, except once to ask if she had come back, and if any one knew where she was, and if she had been written to.

She had not, it appears. Mrs. Bagot had thought it was better not, and Taffy and the Laird agreed with her that no good could come of writing.

Mrs. Bagot felt bitterly against the woman who had been the cause of all this trouble, and bitterly against herself for her injustice. It was an unhappy time for everybody.

There was more unhappiness still to come.

One day in February Madame Angèle Boisse called on Taffy and the Laird in the temporary studio where they worked. She was in terrible tribulation.

Trilby's little brother had died of scarlet fever and was buried, and Trilby had left her hiding-place the day after the funeral and had never come back, and this was a week ago. She and Jeannot had been living at a village called Vibraye, in la Sarthe, lodging with some poor people she knew—she washing and working with her needle till her brother fell ill.

She had never left his bedside for a moment, night or day, and when he died her grief was so terrible that people thought she would go out of her mind; and the day after he was buried she was not to be found anywhere—she had disappeared, taking nothing with her, not even her clothes—simply vanished and left no sign, no message of any kind.

All the ponds had been searched—all the wells, and the small stream that flows through Vibraye—and the old forest.

Taffy went to Vibraye, cross-examined everybody he could, communicated with the Paris police, but with no result, and every afternoon, with a beating heart, he went to the Morgue.....

The news was of course kept from Little Billee. There was no difficulty about this. He never asked a question, hardly ever spoke.

When he first got up and was carried into the studio he asked for his picture "The Pitcher goes to the Well," and looked at it for a while, and then shrugged his shoulders and laughed—a miserable sort of laugh, painful to hear—the laugh of a cold old man, who laughs so as not to cry! Then he looked at his mother and sister, and saw the sad havoc that grief and anxiety had wrought in them.

It seemed to him, as in a bad dream, that he had been mad for many years—a cause of endless sickening terror and distress; and that his poor weak wandering wits had come back at last, bringing in their train cruel remorse, and the remembrance of all the patient love and kindness that had been lavished on him for many years! His sweet sister—his dear, long-suffering mother! what had really happened to make them look like this?

And taking them both in his feeble arms, he fell a-weeping, quite desperately and for a long time.

And when his weeping fit was over, when he had quite wept himself out, he fell asleep.

And when he woke he was conscious that another sad thing had happened to him, and that for some mysterious cause his power of loving had not come back with his wandering wits—had been left behind—and it seemed to him that it was gone for ever and ever—would never come back again—not even his love for his mother and sister, not even his love for Trilby—where all *that* had once been was a void, a gap, a blankness.....

Truly, if Trilby had suffered much, she had also been the innocent cause of terrible suffering. Poor Mrs. Bagot, in her heart, could not forgive her.

I feel this is getting to be quite a sad story, and that it is high time to cut this part of it short.

As the warmer weather came, and Little Billee got stronger, the studio became more pleasant. The ladies' beds were removed to another studio on the next landing, which was vacant, and the friends came to see Little Billee, and make it more lively for him and his sister.

As for Taffy and the Laird, they had already long been to Mrs. Bagot as a pair of crutches, without whose invaluable help she could never have held herself upright to pick her way in all this maze of trouble.

Then M. Carrel came every day to chat with his favorite pupil and gladden Mrs. Bagot's heart. And also Durien, Carnegie, Petrolicoconose, Vincent, Sibley, Lorrimer, Dodor, and l'Zouzou; Mrs. Bagot thought the last two irresistible, when she had once been satisfied that they were "gentlemen," in spite of appearances.

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And, indeed, they showed themselves to great advantage; and though they were so much the opposite to Little Billee in everything, she felt almost maternal towards them, and gave them innocent good motherly advice, which they swallowed *avec attendrissement*, not even stealing a look at each other. And they held Mrs. Bagot's wool, and listened to Miss Bagot's sacred music with upturned pious eyes, and mealy mouths that butter wouldn't melt in!



"HE FELL A-WEEPING QUITE DESPERATELY."

It is good to be a soldier and a detrimental; you touch the hearts of women and charm them—old and young, high or low (excepting, perhaps, a few worldly mothers of marriageable daughters). They take the sticking of your tongue in the cheek for the wearing of your heart on the sleeve.

Indeed, good women all over the world, and ever since it began, have loved to be bamboozled by these genial roistering dare-devils, who haven't got a penny to bless themselves with (which is so touching), and are supposed to carry their lives in their hands, even in piping times of peace. Nay, even a few rare *bad* women sometimes, such women as the best and wisest of us are often ready to sell our souls for!

"A lightsome eye, a soldier's mien,
A feather of the blue,
A doublet of the Lincoln green—
No more of me you knew,
My love!
No more of me you knew. . . ."

As if that wasn't enough, and to spare!

Little Billee could hardly realize that these two polite and gentle and sympathetic sons of Mars were the lively grigs who had made themselves so pleasant all round, and in such a singular manner, on the top of that St. Cloud omnibus; and he admired how they added hypocrisy to their other crimes!

Svengali had gone back to Germany, it seemed, with his pockets full of napoleons and big Havana cigars, and wrapped in an immense fur-lined coat, which he meant to wear all through the summer. But little Gecko often came with his violin and made lovely music, and that seemed to do Little Billee more good than anything else.

It made him realize in his brain all the love he could no longer feel in his heart. The sweet melodic phrase, rendered by a master, was as wholesome, refreshing balm to him while it lasted—or as manna in the wilderness. It was the one good thing within his reach, never to be taken from him as long as his eardrums remained and he could hear a master play.

Poor Gecko treated the two English ladies *de bas en haut* as if they had been goddesses, even when they accompanied him on the piano! He begged their pardon for every wrong note they struck, and adopted their "tempi"—that is the proper technical term, I believe—and turned scherzos and allegrettos into fu-

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neral dirges to please them; and agreed with them, poor little traitor, that it all sounded much better like that!

Oh Beethoven! oh Mozart! did you turn in your graves?

Then, on fine afternoons, Little Billee was taken for drives to the Bois de Boulogne with his mother and sister in an open fly, and generally Taffy as a fourth; to Passy, Auteuil, Boulogne, St. Cloud, Meudon—there are many charming places within an easy drive of Paris.

And sometimes Taffy or the Laird would escort Mrs. and Miss Bagot to the Luxembourg Gallery, the Louvre, the Palais Royal—to the Comédie Française once or twice; and on Sundays, now and then, to the English chapel in the Rue Marbœuf. It was all very pleasant; and Miss Bagot looks back on the days of her brother's convalescence as among the happiest in her life.

And they would all five dine together in the studio, with Madame Vinard to wait, and her mother (a cordon bleu) for cook; and the whole aspect of the place was changed and made fragrant, sweet, and charming by all this new feminine invasion and occupation.

And what is sweeter to watch than the dawn and growth of love's young dream, when strength and beauty meet together by the couch of a beloved invalid?

Of course the sympathetic reader will foresee how readily the stalwart Taffy fell a victim to the charms of his friend's sweet sister, and how she grew to return his more than brotherly regard! and how, one lovely evening, just as March was going out like a lamb (to make room for the first of April), Little Billee joined their hands together, and gave them his brotherly blessing!

As a matter of fact, however, nothing of this kind happened. Nothing ever happens but the *un*foreseen. Pazienza!

Then at length one day—it was a fine, sunny, showery day in April, by-the-bye, and the big studio window was open at the top and let in a pleasant breeze from the northwest, just as when our little story began—a railway omnibus drew up at the porte cochère in the Place St.-Anatole des Arts, and carried away to the station of the Chemin de Fer du Nord Little Billee and his mother and sister, and all their belongings (the famous picture had gone before); and Taffy and the Laird rode with them, their faces very long, to see the last of the dear people, and of the train that was to bear them away from Paris; and Little Billee, with his quick, prehensile, æsthetic eye, took many a long and wistful parting gaze at many a French thing he loved, from the gray towers of Notre Dame downwards—Heaven only knew when he might see them again!—so he tried to get their aspect well by heart, that he might have the better store of beloved shape and color memories to chew the cud of when his lost powers of loving and remembering clearly should come back, and he lay awake at night and listened to the wash of the Atlantic along the beautiful red sandstone coast at home.

He had a faint hope that he should feel sorry at parting with Taffy and the Laird.

But when the time came for saying good-by he couldn't feel sorry in the least, for all he tried and strained so hard!

So he thanked them so earnestly and profusely for all their kindness and patience and sympathy (as did also his mother and sister) that their hearts were too full to speak, and their manner was quite gruff—it was a way they had when they were deeply moved and didn't want to show it.

And as he gazed out of the carriage window at their two forlorn figures looking after him when the train steamed out of the station, his sorrow at not feeling sorry made him look so haggard and so woe-begone that they could scarcely bear the sight of him departing without them, and almost felt as if they must follow by the next train, and go and cheer him up in Devonshire, and themselves too.

They did not yield to this amiable weakness. Sorrowfully, arm in arm, with trailing umbrellas, they recrossed the river, and found their way to the Café de l'Odéon, where they ate many omelets in silence, and dejectedly drank of the best they could get, and were very sad indeed.

. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .

"Félicite passée
Qui ne peux revenir,
Tourment de ma pensée,
Que n'ay-je, en te perdant, perdu le souvenir!"

Nearly five years have elapsed since we bade farewell and *au revoir* to Taffy

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and the Laird at the Paris station of the Chemin de Fer du Nord, and wished Little Billee and his mother and sister God-speed on their way to Devonshire, where the poor sufferer was to rest and lie fallow for a few months, and recruit his lost strength and energy, that he might follow up his first and well-deserved success, which perhaps contributed just a little to his recovery.

Many of my readers will remember his splendid début at the Royal Academy in Trafalgar Square with that now so famous canvas "The Pitcher goes to the Well," and how it was sold three times over on the morning of the private view, the third time for a thousand pounds—just five times what he got for it himself. And that was thought a large sum in those days for a beginner's picture, two feet by four.

I am well aware that such a vulgar test is no criterion whatever of a picture's real merit. But this picture is well known to all the world by this time, and sold only last year at Christy's (more than thirty-six years after it was painted) for three thousand pounds.

Thirty-six years! That goes a long way to redeem even three thousand pounds of all their cumulative vulgarity.

"The Pitcher" is now in the National Gallery, with that other canvas by the same hand, "The Moon-Dial." There they hang together for all who care to see them, his first and his last—the blossom and the fruit.

He had not long to live himself, and it was his good fortune, so rare among those whose work is destined to live forever, that he succeeded at his first go-off.

And his success was of the best and most flattering kind.

It began high up, where it should, among the masters of his own craft. But his fame filtered quickly down to those immediately beneath, and through these to wider circles. And there was quite enough of opposition and vilification and coarse abuse of him to clear it of any suspicion of cheapness or evanescence. What better antiseptic can there be than the philistine's deep hate? what sweeter, fresher, wholesomer music than the sound of his voice when he doth so furiously rage?

Yes! That is "good production"—as Svengali would have said—"c'est un cri du cœur."

And then, when popular acclaim brings the great dealers and the big cheques, up rises the printed howl of the duffer, the



"THE SWEET MELODIC PHRASE."

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disappointed one, the "wounded thing with an angry cry"—the prosperous and happy bagman that *should* have been, who has given up all for art, and finds he can't paint and make himself a name, after all, and never will, so falls to writing about those who can—and what writing!

To write in hissing dispraise of our more successful fellow-craftsman, and of those who admire him! that is not a clean or pretty trade. It seems, alas! an easy one, and it gives pleasure to so many. It does not even want good grammar. But it pays—well enough even to start and run a magazine with, instead of scholarship and taste and talent! humor, sense, wit, and wisdom! It is something like the purveying of pornographic pictures: some of us look at them and laugh, and even buy. To be a purchaser is bad enough; but to be the purveyor thereof—ugh!

A poor devil of a cracked soprano (are there such people still?) who has been turned out of the Pope's choir because he can't sing in tune, *after all!*—think of him yelling and squeaking his treble rage at Santley—Sims Reeves—Lablache!

Poor lost beardless nondescript! why not fly to other climes, where at least thou might'st hide from us thy woful crack, and keep thy miserable secret to thyself! Are there no harems still left in Stamboul for the likes of thee to sweep and clean, no women's beds to make and slops to empty, and doors and windows to bar—and tales to carry, and the pasha's confidence and favor and protection to win? Even *that* is a better trade than pandering for hire to the basest instinct of all—the dirty pleasure we feel (some of us) in seeing mud and dead cats and rotten eggs flung at those we cannot but admire—and secretly envy!

All of which eloquence means that Little Billee was pitched into right and left, as well as overpraised. And it all rolled off him like water off a duck's back, both praise and blame.

It was a happy summer for Mrs. Bagot, a sweet compensation for all the anguish of the winter that had gone before, with her two beloved children together under her wing, and all the world (for her) ringing with the praise of her boy, the apple of her eye, so providentially rescued from the very jaws of death, and from other dangers almost as terrible to her fiercely jealous maternal heart.

And his affection for her *seemed* to grow with his returning health; but, alas! he was never again to be quite the same light-hearted, innocent, expansive lad he had been before that fatal year spent in Paris.

One chapter of his life was closed, never to be reopened, never to be spoken of again by him to her, by her to him. She could neither forgive nor forget. She could but be silent.

Otherwise he was pleasant and sweet to live with, and everything was done to make his life at home as sweet and pleasant as a loving mother could—as could a most charming sister—and others' sisters who were charming too, and much disposed to worship at the shrine of this young celebrity, who woke up one morning in their little village to find himself famous, and bore his blushing honors so meekly. And among them the vicar's daughter, his sister's friend and co-teacher at the Sunday-school, "a simple, pure, and pious maiden of gentle birth," everything he once thought a young lady should be; and her name it was Alice, and she was sweet, and her hair was brown—as brown!....

And if he no longer found the simple country pleasures, the junketings and picnics, the garden parties and innocent little musical evenings, quite so exciting as of old, he never showed it.

Indeed, there was much that he did not show, and that his mother and sister tried in vain to guess—many things.

And among them one thing that constantly preoccupied and distressed him—the numbness of his affections. He could be as easily demonstrative to his mother and sister as though nothing had ever happened to him—from the mere force of a sweet old habit—even more so, out of sheer gratitude and compunction.

But, alas! he felt that in his heart he could no longer care for them in the least!—nor for Taffy, nor the Laird, nor for himself; not even for Trilby, of whom he constantly thought, but without emotion; and of whose strange disappearance he had been told, and the story had been confirmed in all its details by Angèle Boisse, to whom he had written.

It was as though some part of his brain where his affections were seated had been paralyzed, while all the rest of it was as

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keen and as active as ever. He felt like some poor live bird or beast or reptile, a part of whose cerebrum (or cerebellum, or whatever it is) had been dug out by the vivisector for experimental purposes; and the strongest emotional feeling he seemed capable of was his anxiety and alarm about this curious symptom, and his concern as to whether he ought to mention it or not.

He did not do so, for fear of causing distress, hoping that it would pass away in time, and redoubled his caresses to his mother and sister, and clung to them more than ever; and became more considerate of others in manner, word, and deed than he had ever been before, as though by constantly assuming the virtue he had no longer he would gradually coax it back again. There was no trouble he would not take to give pleasure to the humblest.

Also, his vanity about himself had become as nothing, and he missed it almost as much as his affection.

Yet he told himself over and over again that he was a great artist, and that he would spare no pains to make himself a greater. But that was no merit of his own.

$2+2=4$, also $2\times2=4$; that peculiarity was no reason why 4 should be conceited; for what was 4 but a result, either way?

Well, he was like 4—just an inevitable result of circumstances over which he had no control—a mere product or sum; and though he meant to make himself as big a 4 as he could (to cultivate his peculiar *fourness*), he could no longer feel the old conceit and self-complacency; and they had been a joy, and it was hard to do without them.

At the bottom of it all was a vague disquieting unhappiness, a constant fidget.

And it seemed to him, and much to his distress, that such mild unhappiness would be the greatest he could ever feel henceforward—but that, such as it was, it would never leave him, and that his moral existence would be for evermore one long gray gloomy blank—the glimmer of twilight—never glad confident morning again!



"SORROWFULLY, ARM IN ARM."

So much for Little Billee's convalescence.

Then one day in the late autumn he spread his wings and flew away to London, which was very ready with open arms to welcome William Bagot, the already famous painter, *alias* Little Billee!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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EMPEROR WILLIAM'S STUD-FARM AND HUNTING FOREST.

BY POULTNEY BIGELOW.

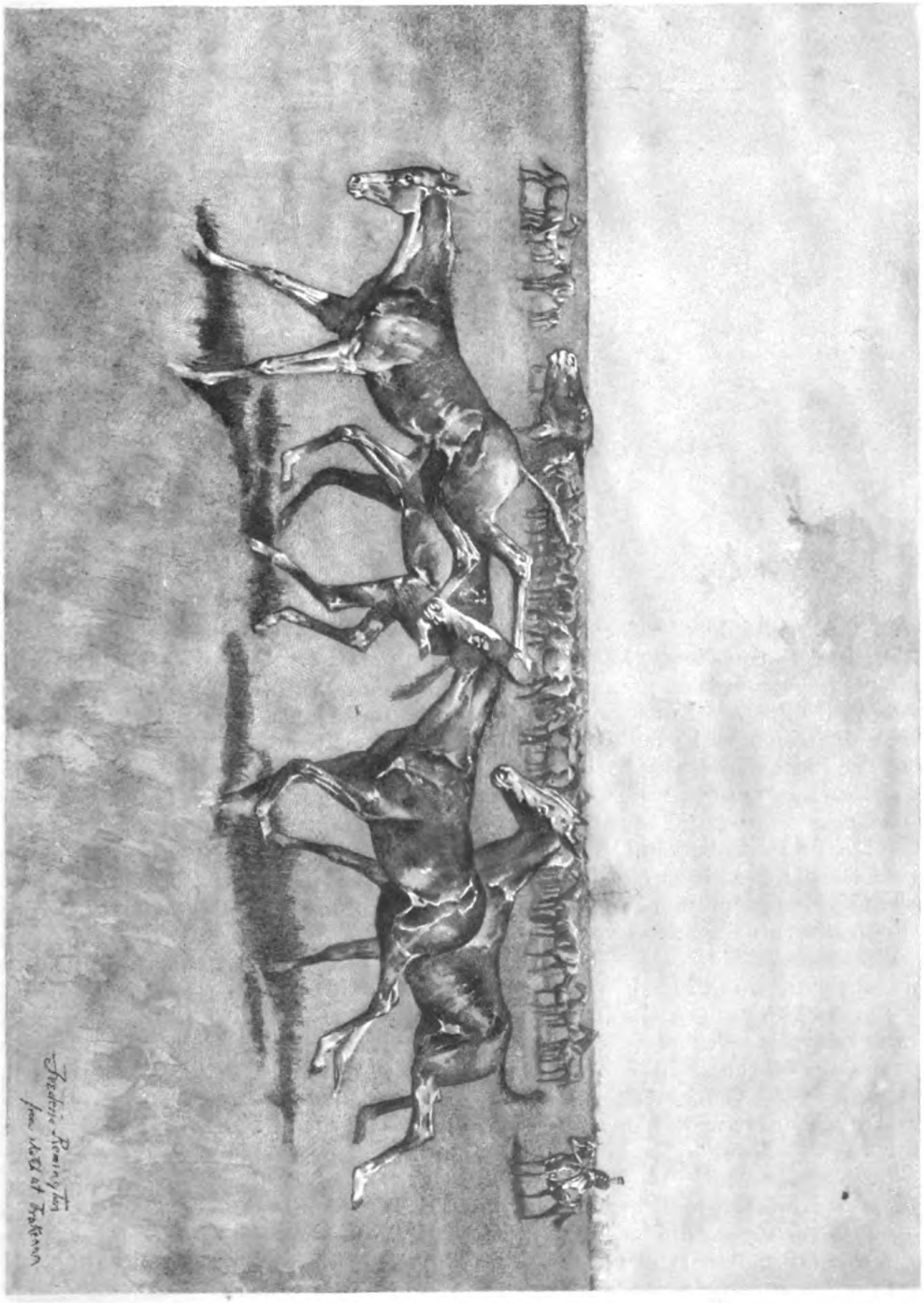


WHEN Remington and I crossed into Germany we determined to make an excursion into the very eastern most corner of the Prussian monarchy, where the father of Frederick the Great established a great horse-breeding establishment near a little village called Trakehnen. This famous stud-farm is still carried on with characteristic energy, and not only provides the German Army with the hundred thousand horses which it requires in time of peace, but does an enormous amount towards keeping up in the country a high standard of horse for general purposes. Trakehnen is only about ten miles from the Russian frontier, and has three times been exposed to capture by invasion from over the border; but each time the authorities have been able to escape with all the animals there, a feat which appears almost miraculous considering the flat and open character of the country. I had with me a letter of introduction to the commandant or governor of this estate, Major von Frankenberg-Proschlitz. We alighted one beautiful day in July at the little station of Trakehnen. It was the only house in sight, the village was four miles away, but the Major had kindly sent an open carriage to meet us. The drive to the Major's house was along beautiful avenues shaded by oak-trees almost the whole way. When we halted at the front door, our host received us with every manifestation of good-will in spite of the fact that on the morrow he was anticipating an official inspection at the hands of no less impressive dignitaries than the Minister of War and his colleague of the Agricultural Department. A Prussian inspection is a matter of tremendous importance, and that Major von Frankenberg under such circumstances should appear comfortable, even genial, speaks volumes for the self-reliance and sweetness of that gentleman's nature.

Nothing more pretty can be conceived than the appearance of the Major's quarters as we drove up through the vista of trees. It was large, commodious, covered with vines, fragrant with the odor of flowers that grew about and before the door. A shady lawn stretched in the rear with flower beds on its edges, and close by was a delightful arbor where coffee was served in the afternoon during the warm season. Within a few minutes the family of this Prussian officer made us feel that we had once more fallen amongst good friends. The kind Major quickly divined the interest which we felt in the great horse-breeding establishment which he controlled, and as soon as luncheon was disposed of lost no time in driving us about from point to point, chatting with us in regard to what we saw, and answering our questions with frankness.

To begin with, Trakehnen is situated in the most favored province of Germany for horse-breeding purposes, although, geographically considered, it appears to be the most unpropitious. Nearly every farm in East Prussia is devoted to this one occupation, and the German army gets many more horses from this little corner than from any other province or kingdom of the empire. The war authorities are, in respect to this branch of the government, very liberal, for it affects the army directly as well as it does the country indirectly. The very best thoroughbreds that can be bought for money are brought here, and from them are bred a secondary class of horses which the Germans call "halbblut," a word which cannot be safely translated as half-breed, but is more nearly rendered by the French "près du sang." Every year some of the best names on the English turf disappear in favor of the breeding-farms for the German cavalry. The stallions chosen are such as have good records on the race-track, and, in addition, the peculiar qualities of form and structure which the German officer considers essential to the ideal cavalry horse—that is to say, one in whom speed and weight-carrying capacity unite to the highest possible degree. All told, Trakehnen has about a thousand head of every age, but of only one general class. It has been by strict adher-

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COLTS PLAYING NEAR A HERD.

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MASSAGE OF A COLT'S KNEES.

ence to the principle of selection above mentioned that the *Trakehner* or *Prussian* horse has reached its present definite position and high level of power. Remington's drawings will give a better notion of the ideal which the Prussian military authorities entertain on the subject of this horse than any lengthy description which I might attempt. Suffice it to say that Germans at least consider themselves amply compensated for the cost of this institution during the two centuries of its existence.

The Major does not breed for the race-track nor for the plough; he has in view the heavy cavalry cuirassier horse, or the requirements of the lighter hussar, and Trakehnen may be considered a national stud-farm, in so far as the horse required for the cavalry is one that is useful for other purposes as well.

We pulled up in a field in which were a hundred three-year-old stallions running free and watched by two herders, each bearing a long whip, which they cracked now and then as a warning that some one of the herd was straying. The herders had no saddles or stirrups, sat simply upon a blanket strapped to the horse's back, and were dressed in the livery of the estate, which is not dissimilar to the grooms' livery of the royal family. Any one familiar with three-year-old stallions in English or American stables might easily expect that a herd of one hundred would be disposed to resent the intrusion of a couple of strangers in their midst, especially remembering that these colts were of thoroughbred parents at least on one side and of fair blood on the other. We naturally remarked that the herd appeared very quiet, and paid little attention to our carriage as it drove up close to them on the grass. The Major wished us, however, to understand that they were as gentle as sheep and not half as shy, and in order to make a practical test of this, I jumped from my seat and walked up to the herd, into the very midst of them, strolling in and out amongst them, patting them on the nose or on the flank, wherever I happened to be nearest them. Amongst German cavalry horses I had often experienced an extraordinary docility, which comes naturally as the result of intelligent handling on the part of the grooms, and was therefore more or less prepared to risk the heels and the teeth of those into whose midst Major von Frankenberg requested me to wander.

If this docility sprang from sleepiness or coarseness of blood, there would be little worth noting, but in the case of animals of most unquestioned pluck and power the experience is certainly unique.

"How do you accomplish this result?" we asked.

"We offer a prize," answered the Major, "to those whose horses show the most confiding disposition at the approach of man. Whenever I enter the large spaces under roof where they are gathered for the night, if I discover the least shyness

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A "TRAKEHNER" HORSE-WRANGLER.

or unfriendliness on the part of the colts, it is a sign that the herdsmen have acted contrary to their duty."

Every spring, usually about May, the four-year-olds are distributed amongst the auxiliary or secondary stud-farms of Prussia, likewise for breeding purposes, so that with the exception of the stallions and brood-mares all the good blood here is disposed of when it is four years old. There is a very formidable committee that determines what horses are to be reserved for military breeding purposes at the other stations and what shall be sold at auction, an event which draws to Trakehnen buyers from every country of the

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globe, anxious to secure specimens of this excellent breed of horse. It is from this estate that the Emperor draws the horses which he uses for private purposes in his carriages and for the saddle.

By a special arrangement, made in 1848, the Prussian crown made these estates a present to the government, on condition that each year the King should be allowed to select thirty horses for private use, and naturally those selected are apt to be the best. A beautiful little saddle-horse was being trained for the Emperor's eldest son during our visit, as well built an animal as one could wish, and as gentle as a baby. The royal stables of Prussia are filled almost exclusively with black horses for driving purposes, although for riding the Emperor does not confine himself to any particular color. In addition to the breeding animals which are sent from here to the various stud-farms of the government in other parts of Prussia, the government is very wise



BRINGING OUT A STALLION.

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THE RIDE THROUGH THE WOOD WITH THE OLD FORESTER.

and generous in encouraging horse-breeding in the neighborhood by every possible means. The farmers are permitted the use of government stallions of excellent pedigree at a remarkably low figure—$5 was, I believe, the current price last year.

The secret of Trakehnen's fame as a horse-breeding place, according to our host, is the fact that it is irrigated in every direction in such a manner that the grass is rich and sweet to an extraordinary extent. The soil, too, is most favorable—deep and spongy. When it was originally selected for this purpose it was nothing better than a vast swamp over which the moose roamed wild, as he still roams in a circumscribed section of the Baltic shores near the mouth of the Memel River. The father of Frederick the Great was a capital farmer, and had a good eye for horses as well. He converted this swamp into the richest pasture-land of Germany, where even to-day one cannot dig two feet without striking water. In winter the meadows are flooded, and only the most careful irrigation preserves them in good condition for the balance of the year. There are no fences anywhere upon the estate, which stretches about nine miles in one direction and three or four in the other, and were the horses less docile than they are, it would seem an easy thing for them to get lost many times in the year.

Major von Frankenberg has an enormous admiration for this particular horse, and as he goes to England every year for the purpose of selecting thoroughbreds, and has visited the stud-farms of nearly every country in the world, it is fair to conclude that his feelings are not the result of bias.

"But," said he, "I insist on one indispensable condition—our horse must not be used until he is six years old. He must be allowed to get his growth and seasoning before using. We made a great mistake in 1870 in permitting many young horses, as young as four years of age, to come into the army. They nearly all broke down, and in the long-run were a source of great loss to us—far beyond their cost. With proper food and treatment, however, I will back him against any horse I know."

The Major gave us many illustrations of what the *Trakehner* has done in his experience; not such rides as Austrian and German officers performed in October of 1892, but work of practical value. For instance, in the campaign against France of 1870 and 1871, he led his regiment of hussars throughout the months of January, February, and March, over a

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ARREST OF A POACHER IN THE FOREST.

country covered with ice and snow, at the rate of thirty-five English miles a day.

At the same time the Major was careful to point out what United States cavalry officers can appreciate more than those of any other army, that these are not horses that can be turned out to take care of themselves, like the Indian's mustang or the rough Cossack pony of the steppes.

All the young horses are carefully rubbed clean and inspected every day, the brush and curry-comb being used in cleaning. During this process the young colts are tied, but when three or four years old they stand quietly enough and enjoy it. In order to insure docility on the part of these animals it is made a rule that each day the colts are to be stroked with the hand, their feet raised — in other words, treated in such a way as to make them familiar with their future masters.

It would seem as though the rich succulent grass produced by the pastures would be enough food for these young animals, but the Major said that they did better when they received two portions of oats a day, once in the morning and again at noon, but never at night.

One evening the Major took us to see the horses called home from the pasture. They came in troops of hundreds, and gathered in large enclosures facing the stables, or rather the large spaces in which they all spent the night in common, in groups of one hundred or less. These paddock were formed by planting railway sleepers on end at short intervals, connected by gas-pipes—a very simple and economical arrangement. Here the young horses are exercised in the winter when it would be unsuitable to let them out in the snow. They go round and round in a ring under the eye of the groom.

On the occasion of our visit I noticed that the main body divided itself according to color—the blacks going to one corner, the browns to another, the bays to a third; of whites or grays I saw no specimens. Here and there would be one who had mistaken his corner, or was seeking forbidden company out of deviltry. The keeper had no difficulty in bringing him to his right senses, however, by simply calling his name and waving his hand in the direction of the corner to which he belonged. The colt thus addressed invariably leaped out from the corner in which he was an intruder, and galloped straight

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to the corner whose color matched his. This we saw done many times over, and it never failed....

Neither Remington nor I had intended to tax the hospitality of our kindly host more than a day, but we were gladly persuaded to prolong our stay, which gave us an opportunity to visit the vast and almost primeval forests to which the Emperor of Germany retires in order to hunt the wild deer and boar. A victoria was placed at our disposal by the Major, and in this luxurious vehicle we sat while a pair of black Trakehner mares carried us swiftly, and without interruption, over the twenty miles of country road that separated us from the hunting-lodge of Rominten. It was a rolling open country across which we drove, until we came upon the edges of sombre woods. The cultivation was on all sides of a high grade, and in striking contrast to what prevails across the border, only about five or ten miles distant. There were few villages, but their inhabitants were clean and tidily dressed. Had it not been a day of sunshine, made more beautiful by the effect of fleecy clouds studding here and there the blue heavens, in an atmosphere freshened by the breeze following a day of rain, with a road under us neither dusty nor muddy, although towards the latter part of it it was a mere cart-track through a somewhat sandy soil, I fear that we might have termed our twenty miles rather desolate travelling. We saw some fine specimens of the Emperor's wild-boar and big red deer, that bounded into the thicket as we approached, for these animals are not as tame as those in English parks, being rarely disturbed. At one point our driver stopped to let us get out and see how near we could come to a herd that appeared to be about a thousand yards off. We stalked so close that Remington decided emphatically that he would have bagged half a dozen had he been allowed to try his hand at it. As it was, however, he did something better by making some sketches from behind a fallen tree. We drove a long distance, after this, amidst magnificent trees, mostly evergreens, although oak and poplar appeared here and there. The forest, which includes about fifty square miles, is watered by some excellent streams, stocked with a variety of fish, chief of all the trout, although pike, perch, carp, *Scardinius erythrophthalmus*, *Carassius vulgaris*, and many others of excellent quality are also abundant. Half a dozen houses compose all there is of the village



PEASANTS NEAR ROMINTEN.

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here, whose inhabitants are principally occupied in work about the forest. We passed through the village, over a bridge, and up a hill, on the top of which stood the house which the Emperor is building as his hunting-lodge. The dark evergreen forest closes it in at the rear, and in many respects it suggests a summer residence in the Adirondack Mountains. There were several officials in the house at the time, on various errands, the most important



GERMAN PEASANT, EAST PRUSSIA.

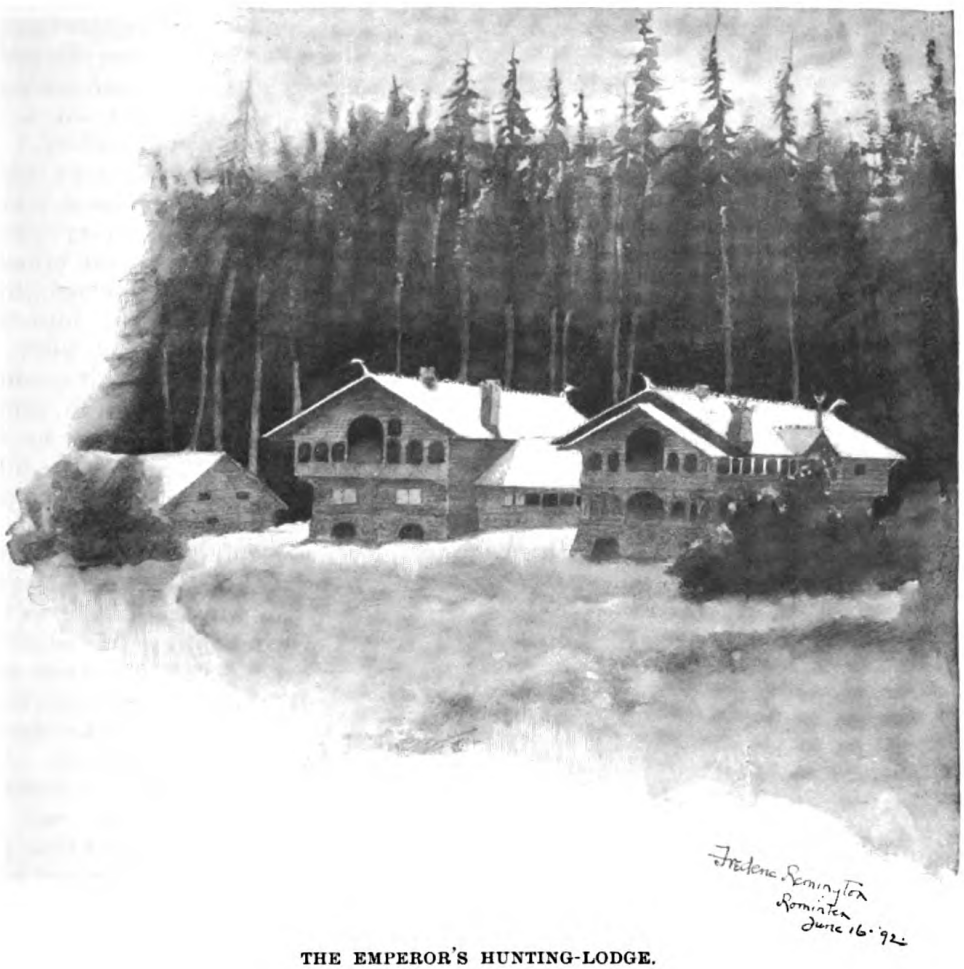
to us being the forester. We asked permission to enter and take a look at the rooms, but were politely informed, with apparent regret, that this was contrary to their orders. The German court was, however, at Potsdam, and as there was a telegraph office near by, we wired to the capital asking permission of the Emperor to visit his place here. The postmaster and chief of the telegraph department we found perched on the ridge-pole of his thatched roof making some repairs. He came down cheerfully from the roof, sent off our message for us, and acceded to our desire that he should harness up his ponies to a farm wagon and point out to us some interesting features of the wilderness. We had a rather bumpy ride of it, for our way led over rocks and stumps, zigzagging in and out among the big trees without reference to any road or path. He was a pretty old man, this forester, bent by rheumatism as well as years, but withal of a communicative and kindly disposition. As the Emperor's house here is so near the Russian frontier, it naturally occurred to Remington that a party of enterprising Muscovite cowboys could, without difficulty, on some moonlight night, jump this ranch, so to speak, and carry off the Emperor a hostage to St. Petersburg, without any more difficulty than cutting the telegraph wires leading from Rominten to the main line, some twenty or thirty miles away.

The old forester took us to points where we had glimpses of little lakes and streams and patches of meadow, surrounded by wilderness as perfect as anything in Colorado, and amused us until it was time to think of our noonday dinner, with a running commentary upon his life at Rominten.

His greatest hardship used to be protecting the forest from poachers. He told us that the last head game-keeper here had been shot by a poacher, but remarked, by way of a consoling foot-note, that his successor managed to kill two poachers at one shot. It would seem as though next to impossible to prevent poaching in such a vast forest as this, yet he assured me that with proper organization they had succeeded in almost suppressing this nuisance. The staff of foresters numbers from forty to fifty men, whose principal occupation is the patrolling of the woods, according to preconcerted arrangement, studying trees and plants, and noting everything that affects the welfare of the beasts who provide sport for the Emperor and his guests.

It is only since 1890 that the Emperor has taken a fancy to this hunting-ground, and until he built the hunting-lodge for whose inspection we had sought permission, he lived at the little inn where we had ordered dinner, and slept in the very room from the window of which Remington made a sketch of the building. The place appeals strongly to the Emper-

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THE EMPEROR'S HUNTING-LODGE.

or, because it is so thoroughly natural and wild, in refreshing contrast to many royal parks, where the grass appears to be trimmed by a lawn-mower, and every tree has, so to speak, its hair brushed every morning. William II., too, is the first monarch of Europe who has appreciated the value of American methods of travel, and has so organized his train of cars that he can move from one end of his empire to another not only without personal fatigue, but under conditions that enable him to transact state business as satisfactorily as if he were in his working-room at Potsdam or Berlin. The Chicago Vestibule Limited finds its counterpart in the German imperial train, which may be said to have doubled the capacity for work of a monarch mainly criticised because of his superabundant energy. People who find fault with the Emperor because, as they say, he is perpetually rushing from one corner of Europe to the other, forget that it is not he who does the rushing, but the train of cars under him. His life, meanwhile, is as placid and methodical as one could wish, but where his grandfather was satisfied to know a man through a written report, William II. prefers to see that man face to face.

But this is digression. The old forester illustrated the formerly neglected condition of this forest by telling us that thirty years ago there were not more than fifteen head of deer in the whole chase, thanks to neglect and poaching; to-day it is estimated that there are at least one thousand, thanks for which are mainly due to the excellent administration of the late forester who was shot by the poacher. Two months before we visited the place wild-boar had been introduced, and already four young ones had been born on the estate. This will prove an additional attraction for the future, as the wild-boar is notoriously one of the gami-

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est of animals. There are some moose here as well, differing scarcely at all from those of New Brunswick and Maine, but it is doubtful whether this animal will survive. The sport most relished here is the chase after the big red deer, of which about one hundred and fifty head are shot annually. At different points in the forest we came upon racks at which the deer fed during severe winters when food had to be provided for them, but they offered nothing in their structure to call for particular comment. Here, as in our first approach to the house, we were struck by the diversity and fine growth of the oak, beech, ash, elm, chestnut, linden, and evergreen trees about us. Also by the great diversity in the surface of the ground, in marked contrast to the rest of the great Prussian plain. There were steep little hills, beautiful gorges, and travelling as we did, it appeared as though we were in a hilly country, with streams in every valley, the slopes of which had been laid out with consummate art to simulate the Adirondacks.

Wolves, according to our worthy forester, are a great nuisance, and do a vast amount of mischief. Last year the keepers shot a most savage beast, who did an extraordinary amount of injury to the other animals. It seemed impossible to find him until the following plan was adopted: A wide circle was made about the spot in which they knew he must have his hiding-place; this line was marked off by twigs planted in the ground at short intervals. Packthread was then drawn from twig to twig, connecting the whole circle excepting at one point, where an opening was left, near which the hunters stationed themselves. At intervals of ten feet red and yellow bits of rag were hung upon this line, for it was discovered that a wolf will not cross an impediment of this nature, which reminds one of the superstitious feeling the chicken is said to have in regard to crossing a chalk-line. The wolf made his appearance in due course of time, and went from rag to rag in the hope of finding a way out. When he did so, however, it was to fall into the hands of his avengers, who shot him on the 15th day of November, 1891. He was stuffed, and is now scowling, through glass eyes only, in one of the corners of the hunting-lodge—a fine-looking beast, whose acquaintance, however, I should not like to have made under any other circumstances.

Our dinner was quite a festive affair, for in the midst of this wilderness had congregated at one and the same time not only the forester and the major-domo of the palace, but a high economic functionary from Berlin, who was here to make an inspection of the Emperor's property. All three received us in the spirit of fellowship, caused perhaps by the fact that on returning to the inn we found a dispatch from the Lord Chamber-

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lain at Potsdam, informing us that the Emperor had given us the permission we desired. It was a permission which we had had little reason to anticipate, because an inventory of the place was being made, the furniture was in a somewhat confused state, and clerks were at work on the premises.



A FORESTER.

This hunting-lodge of the Emperor's is a cross between the typical Swiss chalet and an American log house; there is a striking amount of quaint Norwegian carving about it, and the rafters of the roof come to a point in the shape of grinning dragons' heads—a feature of Scandinavian architecture I had noticed at many points in Norway. The Emperor took a great fancy to the simplicity and strength characterizing Norwegian buildings on his many journeys along that coast, and had

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a dozen Norwegian builders come down on purpose from Christiania in order to erect this house for him. It is, of course, unpainted, and finished in the most severe style, as befits the purpose for which it was originally designed. Inside, the walls and ceilings are all of the natural logs, finished off roughly and stained. The ceilings are low, the rooms small, but every corner is pervaded with coziness. The large assembly or living room looks down a series of rustic terraces to the little valley, where the trout stream runs from the Russian frontier to the Baltic. At one end of this large room is a great double fireplace, about which a large family can gather in the evening for the purpose of spinning hunting-yarns or telling ghost-stories. It is an exact counterpart of the fireplace in many a Norwegian house I have seen, reproduced here with minute fidelity. From the ceiling hangs an elaborate chandelier consisting entirely of antlers, so arranged as to form innumerable holders for candles.

The Emperor strongly dislikes anything in the nature of guards when he is on his hunting expeditions, although half a dozen country policemen do duty here when the Emperor is present. On his first arrival they were drawn up in line to salute him, but he ordered that it should not happen again, and now they are carefully kept out of sight. He is a man so indifferent to danger or personal safety that the mere idea of having officials watching on his account is in the highest degree distasteful. The furniture of the rooms at Rominten was in harmony with the simplicity of the walls—hard-wood, strongly made, and merely stained, so as to disclose the natural grain, which is, after all, the greatest charm about any furniture. On the walls hung many pictures of hunting scenes, notably the magnificent studies of Landseer. Amongst the pictures our guides pointed out two which they said had been done by the Emperor himself. I suspected the authorship at the time, because they were colored copies of notable paintings, and I knew that the Emperor preferred to do something more original than merely copy the work of another. Of course I did not mention my doubts to these officials, but on complimenting the Emperor in regard to them shortly afterwards, he emphatically disclaimed their authorship, and gave me the name of the friend who had copied them. However, it is now a tradition in the palace of Rominten that these two pictures were done by the Emperor, and there is little doubt that successive generations of care-takers will receive this tradition, and spread the error amongst all those who visit that interesting house. We may expect before long to see these works reproduced in some magazine as evidence of the Emperor's taste as an artist. He is, it is true, clever with his pencil, but in a different and more important way than is suggested by his alleged works at his hunting-box.

His study is a room of equal simplicity with the others, so arranged that should he arrive at an hour's notice he would find it ready for work. On the table in front of him stands a little framed photograph of his wife. There is scarcely more than room enough in the apartment for the large table which he always requires for the purpose of spreading out maps and plans. The room is a literary workshop, and no more. Amongst the ornaments, however, I noticed an excellent photograph of the Prince of Wales, his uncle, looking very slim and graceful in the uniform of a Prussian hussar.

Naturally, the most interesting points about the place were the many antlers fastened to the wall as trophies of the chase. The forester told us that hunting here was not such an easy matter as one might suppose; that they often went six days without finding any game, although on the very next day they might kill two. He thought a fair average would be to bag one deer in every four days. The antlers which appeared to be the most numerous belonged to the Damhirsch or Damwildpret; they resemble the big red deer of Europe, but have at the same time a suggestion of the moose in the shovel character of part of their horns. We were shown the hoof of one of these animals, which I measured and found to be thirteen centimetres in breadth, or about four and a half inches. As I said before, the moose is dying out, but an effort is being made to cross it with Norwegian in the hope of reviving the breed.

The Emperor, as is well known, is a capital shot in spite of the fact that he has little more than one arm to do his work with. His rifle is notable in an exceeding length of stock, by which he is able to shoot with his right hand alone. By long practice and natural aptitude he has

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succeeded in making one almost forget that his left arm is very weak. As a matter of detail, the sportsman may care to know that the favorite rifle for deer in this place is thirteen millimetres calibre, with which eight grammes of powder are used. The trophies that here adorn the walls have a value far above those which decorate the hunting-lodges of most princes, who, when they go out shooting, stand in a favored spot and allow the game to be driven by them, much as one would a drove of sheep or cows. The game here has to be legitimately hunted, and it is this very difficulty in securing a shot that makes Rominten, in the eyes of the Emperor, a favorite shooting-ground.

The characteristic Norwegian decoration of the hunting-lodge is carried out at other points of the forest, notably a bridge which we crossed on our forenoon's journey with the venerable postmaster-forester and his two shaggy Polish ponies. The bridge was of roughhewn logs resting upon two series of piles, protected upstream against descending masses of ice, exactly as in the rapid torrents of Norway. Over the bridge is an arch, made by two beams crossing, at each end of which is carved the same draconical design characterizing the gables of the hunting-lodge. This bridge is interesting from the fact that it was built in four days by eighty-five men of the pioneer corps, who marched to this point for this purpose, did their work, and returned.

We parted from Rominten with many regrets, particularly from the rheumatic old forester who had done so much to make our day brimful of pleasant memories of a glorious forest and a unique race of woodcraftsmen.



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"'HAPPIER,' SHE REPLIED, 'THAN I EVER THOUGHT ANYBODY COULD BE.'"

[See page 757.]

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THE PROMISED LAND.

BY OWEN WISTER.

PERHAPS there were ten of them—these galloping dots were hard to count—down in the distant bottom across the river. Their swiftly moving dust hung with them close, thinning to a yellow veil when they halted short. They clustered a moment, then parted like beads, and went wide asunder on the plain. They veered singly over the level, merged in twos and threes, apparently racing, shrank together like elastic, and broke ranks again to swerve over the stretching waste. From this visioned pantomime presently came a sound, a tiny shot. The figures were too far for discerning which fired it. It evidently did no harm, and was repeated at once. A babel of diminutive explosions followed, while the horsemen galloped on in unexpected circles. Soon, for no visible reason, the dots ran together, bunching compactly. The shooting stopped, the dust rose thick again from the crowded hoofs, cloaking the group, and so passed back and was lost among the silent barren hills.

Four emigrants had watched this from the high bleak rim of the Big Bend. They stood where the flat of the desert broke and tilted down in grooves and bulges deep to the lurking Columbia. Empty levels lay opposite, narrowing up into the high country.

"That's the Colville Reservation across the river from us," said the man.

"Another!" sighed his wife.

"The last Indians we'll strike. Our trail to the Okanagon goes over a corner of it."

"We're going to those hills?" The mother looked at her little girl and back where the cloud had gone.

"Only a corner, Liza. The ferry puts us over on it, and we've got to go by the ferry or stay this side of the Columbia. You wouldn't want to start a home here?"

They had driven twenty-one hundred miles at a walk. Standing by them were the six horses with the wagon, and its tunnelled roof of canvas shone duskily on the empty verge of the wilderness. A dry windless air hung over the table-land of the Big Bend, but a sound rose from somewhere, floating voluminous upon the silence, and sank again.

"Rapids!" The man pointed far up the giant rut of the stream to where a streak of white water twinkled at the foot of the hills. "We've struck the river too high," he added.

"Then we don't cross here?" said the woman, quickly.

"No. By what they told me the cabin and the ferry ought to be five miles down."

Her face fell. "Only five miles! I was wondering, John— Wouldn't there be a way round for the children to—"

"Now, mother," interrupted the husband, "that ain't like you. We've crossed plenty Indian reservations this trip a'ready."

"I don't want to go round," the little girl said. "Father, don't make me go round."

Mart, the boy, with a loose hook of hair

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hanging down to his eyes from his hat, did not trouble to speak. He had been disappointed in the westward journey to find all the Indians peaceful. He knew which way he should go now, and he went to the wagon to look once again down the clean barrel of his rifle.

"Why, Nancy, you don't like Indians?" said her mother.

"Yes, I do. I like chiefs."

Mrs. Clallam looked across the river. "It was so strange, John, the way they acted. It seems to get stranger, thinking about it."

"They didn't see us. They didn't have a notion—"

"But if we're going right over?"

"We're not going over there, Liza. That quick water's the Mahkin Rapids, and our ferry's clear down below from this place."

"What could they have been after, do you think?"

"Those chaps? Oh, nothing, I guess. They weren't killing anybody."

"Playing cross-tag," said Mart.

"I'd like to know, John, how you know they weren't killing anybody. They might have been trying to."

"Then we're perfectly safe, Liza. We can set and let 'em kill us all day."

"Well, I don't think it's any kind of way to behave, running around shooting right off your horse."

"And Fourth of July over too," said Mart from the wagon. He was putting cartridges into the magazine of his Winchester. His common-sense told him that those horsemen would not cross the river, but the notion of a night attack pleased the imagination of sixteen.

"It was the children," said Mrs. Clallam. "And nobody's getting me any wood. How am I going to cook supper? Stir yourselves!"

They had carried water in the wagon, and father and son went for wood. Some way down the hill they came upon a gully with some dead brush, and climbed back with this. Supper was eaten on the ground, the horses were watered, given grain, and turned loose to find what pickings they might in the lean growth, and dusk had not turned to dark when the emigrants were in their beds on the soft dust. The noise of the rapids dominated the air with distant sonority, and the children slept at once, the boy with his rifle along his blanket's edge. John Clallam lay till the moon rose hard and brilliant, and then quietly, lest his wife should hear from her bed by the wagon, went to look across the river. Where the downward slope began he came upon her. She had been watching for some time. They were the only objects in that bald moonlight. No shrub grew anywhere that reached to the waist, and the two figures drew together on the lonely hill. They stood hand in hand and motionless, except that the man bent over the woman and kissed her. When she spoke of Iowa they had left, he talked of the new region of their hopes, the country that lay behind the void hills opposite, where it would not be a struggle to live. He dwelt on the home they would make, and her mood followed his at last, till husband and wife were building distant plans together. The Dipper had swung low when he remarked that they were a couple of fools, and they went back to their beds. Cold came over the ground, and their musings turned to dreams. Next morning both were ashamed of their fears.

By four the wagon was on the move. Inside, Nancy's voice was heard discussing with her mother whether the schoolteacher where they were going to live now would have a black dog with a white tail, that could swim with a basket in his mouth. They crawled along the edge of the vast descent, making slow progress, for at times the valley widened and they receded far from the river, and then circuitously drew close again where the slant sank abruptly. When the ferryman's cabin came in sight, the canvas interior of the wagon was hot in the long-risen sun. The lay of the land had brought them close above the stream, but no one seemed to be at the cabin on the other side, nor was there any sign of a ferry. Groves of trees lay in the narrow folds of the valley, and the water swept black between untenanted shores. Nothing living could be seen along the scant levels of the bottom-land. Yet there stood the cabin as they had been told, the only one between the rapids and the Okanagon; and bright in the sun the Colville Reservation confronted them. They came upon tracks going down over the hill, marks of wagons and horses, plain in the soil, and charred sticks, with empty cans, lying where camps had been. Heartened by this proof that they were on

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the right road, John Clallam turned his horses over the brink. The slant steepened suddenly in a hundred yards, tilting the wagon so no brake or shoe would hold it if it moved further.

"All out!" said Clallam. "Either folks travel light in this country or they unpack." He went down a little way. "That's the trail too," he said. "Wheel marks down there and the little bushes snapped off."

Nancy slipped out. "I'm unpacked," said she. "Oh, what a splendid hill to go down! We'll go like anything."

"Yes, that surely is the trail," Clallam pursued. "I can see away down where somebody's left a wheel among them big stones. But where does he keep his ferry-boat? And where does he keep himself?"

"Now, John, if it's here we're to go down, don't you get to studying over something else. It 'll be time enough after we're at the bottom. Nancy, here's your chair." Mrs. Clallam began lifting the lighter things from the wagon.

"Mart," said her husband, "we'll have to chain-lock the wheels after we're empty. I guess we'll start with the worst. You and me 'll take the stove apart and get her down somehow. We're in luck to have open country and no timber to work through. Drop that bedding, mother! Yourself is all you're going to carry. We'll pack that truck on the horses."

"Then pack it now and let me start first. I'll make two trips while you're at the stove."

"There's the man!" said Nancy.

A man—a white man—was riding up the other side of the river. Near the cabin he leaned to see something on the ground. Ten yards more and he was off the horse and picked up something and threw it away. He loitered along, picking up and throwing till he was at the door. He pushed it open and took a survey of the interior. Then he went to his horse, and when they saw him going away on the road he had come, they set up a shouting, and Mart fired a signal. The rider dived from his saddle and made headlong into the cabin, where the door clapped to like a trap. Nothing happened further, and the horse stood on the bank.

"That's the funniest man I ever saw," said Nancy.

"They're all funny over there," said Mart. "I'll signal him again." But the cabin remained shut, and the deserted horse turned, took a few first steps of freedom, then trotted briskly down the river.

"Why, then, he don't belong there at all," said Nancy.

"Wait, child, till we know something about it."

"She's liable to be right, Liza. The horse, anyway, don't belong, or he'd not run off. That's good judgment, Nancy. Right good for a little girl."

"I am six years old," said Nancy, "and I know lots more than that."

"Well, let's get mother and the bedding started down. It 'll be noon before we know it."

There were two pack-saddles in the wagon, ready against such straits as this. The rolls were made, balanced as side packs, and circled with the swing-ropes, loose cloths, clothes, frying-pans, the lantern, and the axe tossed in to fill the gap in the middle, canvas flung over the whole, and the diamond-hitch hauled taut on the first pack, when a second rider appeared across the river. He came out of a space between the opposite hills, into which the trail seemed to turn, and he was leading the first man's horse. The heavy work before them was forgotten, and the Clallams sat down in a row to watch.

"He's stealing it," said Mrs. Clallam.

"Then the other man will come out and catch him," said Nancy.

Mart corrected them. "A man never steals horses that way. He drives them up in the mountains, where the owner don't travel much."

The new rider had arrived at the bank and came steadily along till opposite the door, where he paused and looked up and down the river.

"See him stoop," said Clallam the father. "He's seen the tracks don't go further."

"I guess he's after the other one," added Clallam the son.

"Which of them is the ferry-man?" said Mrs. Clallam.

The man had got off and gone straight inside the cabin. In the black of the doorway appeared immediately the first man, dangling in the grip of the other, who kicked him along to the horse. There the victim mounted his own ani-

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mal and rode back down the river. The chastiser was returning to the cabin, when Mart fired his rifle. The man stopped short, saw the emigrants, and waved his hand. He dismounted and came to the edge of the water. They could hear he was shouting to them, but it was too far for the words to carry. From a certain reiterated cadence, he seemed to be saying one thing. John and Mart tried to show they did not understand, and indicated their wagon, walking to it and getting aboard. On that the stranger redoubled his signs and shoutings, ran to the cabin, where he opened and shut the door several times, came back, and pointed to the hills.

"He's going away, and can't ferry us over," said Mrs. Clallam.

"And the other man thought he'd gone," said Nancy, "and he came and caught him in his house."

"This don't suit me," Clallam remarked. "Mart, we'll go to the shore and talk to him."

When the man saw them descending the hill, he got on his horse and swam the stream. It carried him below, but he was waiting for them when they reached the level. He was tall, shambling, and bony, and roved over them a pleasant, restless eye.

"Good-morning," said he. "Fine weather. I was baptized Edward Wilson, but you inquire for Wild-Goose Jake. Them other names are retired and pensioned. I expect you seen me kick him?"

"Couldn't help seeing."

"Oh, I ain't blamin' you, son, not a bit, I ain't. He can't bile water without burnin' it, and his toes turns in, and he's blurry round the finger-nails. He's jest kultus, he is. Hev some?" With a furtive smile that often ran across his lips, he pulled out a flat bottle, and all took an acquaintanceship swallow, while the Clallams explained their journey. "How many air there of yu' slidin' down the hill?" he inquired, shifting his eye to the wagon.

"I've got my wife and little girl up there. That's all of us."

"Ladies along! Then I'll step behind this bush." He was dragging his feet from his waterlogged boots. "Hear them suck, now?" he commented. "Didn't hev to think about a wetting onced. There, I guess I 'ain't caught a chill." He had whipped his breeches off and spread them on the sand. "Now you arrive down this here hill from Ioway, and says you: 'Where's that ferry? 'Ain't we hit the right spot?' Well, that's what you hev hit. You're all right, and the spot is hunky-dory, and it's the durned old boat hez made the mistake, begosh! A cloud busted in this country, and she tore out fer the coast, and the joke's on her! You'd ought to hev heerd her cable snap! Whoosh, if that wire didn't screech! Jest last week it was, and the river come round the corner on us in a wave four feet high, same as a wall. I was up here on business, and seen the whole thing. So the ferry she up and bid us good-by, and lit out for Astoria with her cargo. Beggin' pardon, hev you tobacco, for mine's in my wet pants? Twenty-four hogs and the driver, and two Sheeny drummers bound to the mines with brass jew'lry, all gone to hell, for they didn't near git to Astoria. They sank in the sight of all, as we run along the bank. I seen their arms wave, and them hogs rolling over like 'taters bilin' round in the kettle." Wild-Goose Jake's words came slow and went more slowly as he looked at the river and spoke, but rather to himself. "It warn't long, though. I expect it warn't three minutes till the water was all there was left there. My stars, what a lot of it! And I might hev been part of that cargo, easy as not. Freight behind time was all that come between me and them that went. So, we'd hev gone bobbin' down that flood, me and my piah-chuck."

"Your piah-chuck?" Mart inquired.

The man faced the boy like a rat, but the alertness faded instantly from his eye, and his lip slacked into a slipshod smile. "Why yes, sonny, me and my grub-stake. You've been to school, I'll bet, but they didn't learn yu' Chinook, now, did they? Chinook's the lingo us white folks trade in with the Siwashes, and we kinder falls into it, talking along. I was thinkin' how but for delay me and my grub-stake—provisions, ye know—that was consigned to me clear away at Spokane, might hev been drownded along with them hogs and Hebrews. That's what the good folks calls a dispensation of the Sauklee Tyee! 'One shall be taken and the other left.' And that's what beats me—they got left; and I'm a bigger sinner than them drummers, for I'm ten

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WILD-GOOSE JAKE.

years older than they was. And the poor hogs was better than any of us. That can't be gainsaid. Oh no! oh no!"

Mart laughed.

"I mean it, son. Some day such thoughts will come to you." He stared at the river unsteadily with his light gray eyes.

"Well, if the ferry's gone," said John Clallam, getting on his legs, "we'll go on down to the next one."

"Hold on! hold on! Did you never hear tell of a raft? I'll put you folks over this river. Wait till I git my pants on," said he, stalking nimbly to where they lay.

"It's just this way," Clallam continued; "we're bound for the upper Okanagon country, and we must get in there to build our cabin before cold weather."

"Don't you worry about that. It 'll take you three days to the next ferry, while you and me and the boy kin build a raft right here by to-morrow noon. You hev an axe, I expect? Well, here is timber close, and your trail takes over to my place on the Okanagon, where you've got another crossin' to make. And all this time we're keeping the ladies waitin' up the hill! We'll talk business as we go along; and, see here, if I don't suit yu', or fail in my bargain, you needn't to pay me a cent."

He began climbing, and on the way they came to an agreement. Wild-Goose Jake bowed low to Mrs. Clallam, and as low to Nancy, who held her mother's dress and said nothing, keeping one finger in her mouth. All began emptying the wagon quickly, and tins of baking-powder, with rocking-chairs and flowered quilts, lay on the hill. Wild-Goose Jake worked hard, and sustained a pleasant talk by himself. His fluency was of an eagerness that parried interruption or inquiry.

"So you've come acrosst the Big Bend! Ain't it a cozy place? Reminds me of them medicine pictures, 'Before and After Using.' The Big Bend's the way this world looked before. Ever seen specimens of Big Bend produce, ma'am? They send 'em East. Grain and plums and such. The feller that gathered them cu-

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riosities hed to hunt forty square miles apiece for 'em. But it's good-payin' policy, and it fetches lots of settlers to the Territory. They come here hummin' and walks around the wilderness, and 'Where's the plums?' says they. 'Can't you see I'm busy?' says the land agent; and out they goes. But you needn' to worry, ma'am. The country where you're goin' ain't like that. There's water and timber and rich soil and mines. Billy Moon has gone there—he's the man run the ferry. When she wrecked, he pulled his freight for the new mines at Loop Loop."

"Did the man live in the little house?" said Nancy.

"Right there, miss. And nobody lives there any more, so you take it if you're wantin' a place of your own."

"What made you kick the other man if it wasn't your house?"

"Well, now, if it ain't a good one on him to hev you see that! I'll tell him a little girl seen that, and maybe he'll feel the disgrace. Only he's no account, and don't take any experience the reg'lar way. He's nigh onto thirty, and you'll not believe me, I know, but he 'ain't never learned to spit right."

"Is he yours?" inquired Nancy.

"Gosh! no, miss — beggin' pardon. He's jest workin' for me."

"Did he know you were coming to kick him when he hid?"

"Hid? What's that?" The man's eyes narrowed again into points. "You folks seen him hide?" he said to Clallam.

"Why, of course; didn't he say anything?"

"He didn't get much chance," muttered Jake. "What did he hide at?"

"Us."

"You, begosh!"

"I guess so," said Mart. "We took him for the ferry-man, and when he couldn't hear us—"

"What was he doin'?"

"Just riding along. And so I fired to signal him, and he flew into the door."

"So you fired, and he flew into the door. Oh, h'm." Jake continued to pack the second horse, attending carefully to the ropes. "I never knowed he was that weak in the upper story," he said, in about five minutes. "Knew his brains was tenas, but didn't suspect he were that weak in the upper story. You're sure he didn't go in till he heerd your gun?"

"He'd taken a look and was going away," said Mart.

"Now ain't some people jest odd! Now you follow me, and I'll tell you folks what I figured he'd been at. Billy Moon he lived in that cabin, yu' see. And he had his stuff there, yu' see, and run the ferry, and a kind of a store. He kept coffee and canned goods and star-plug and this and that to supply the prospectin' outfits that come acrosst on his ferry on the trail to the mines. Then a cloudbust hits his boat and his job's sp'iled on the river, and he quits for the mines, takin' his stuff along—do you follow me? But he hed to leave some, and he give me the key, and I was to send the balance after him next freight team that come along my way. Leander—that's him I was kickin'—he knowed about it, and he'll steal a hot stove he's that dumb. He knowed there was stuff here of Billy Moon's. Well, last night we hed some horses stray, and I says to him, 'Andy, you git up by daylight and find them.' And he gits. But by seven the horses come in all right of theirselves, and Mr. Leander he was missin'; and says I to myself, 'I'll ketch you, yu' blamed hobo.' And I thought I had ketched him, yu' see. Weren't that reasonable of me? Wouldn't any of you folks hev drawed that conclusion?" The man had fallen into a wheedling tone as he studied their faces. "Jest put yourselves in my place," he said.

"Then what was he after?" said Mart.

"Stealin'. But he figured he'd come again."

"He didn't like my gun much."

"They always skeers him when he don't know the parties shootin'. That's his dumbness. Maybe he thought I was after him; he's jest that distrustful. Begosh! we'll hev the laugh on him when he finds he run from a little girl."

"He didn't wait to see who he was running from," said Mart.

"Of course he didn't. Andy hears your gun and he don't inquire further, but hits the first hole he kin crawl into. That's Andy! That's the kind of boy I hev to work for me. All the good ones goes where you're goin', where the grain grows without irrigation and the blacktail deer comes out on the hill and asks yu' to shoot 'em for dinner. Who's ready for the bottom? If I stay talkin' the sun 'll go down on us. Don't yu' let me get

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LEANDER.

started agin. Jest you shet me off twiced anyway each twenty-four hours."

He began to descend with his pack-horse and the first load. All afternoon they went up and down over the hot bare face of the hill, until the baggage, heavy and light, was transported and dropped piecemeal on the shore. The torn-out insides of their home littered the stones with familiar shapes and colors, and Nancy played among them, visiting each parcel and folded thing.

"There's the red table cover!" she exclaimed, "and the big coffee-grinder. And there's our table, and the hole Mart burned in it." She took a long look at this. "Oh, how I wish I could see our pump!" she said, and began to cry.

"You talk to her, mother," said Clallam. "She's tuckered out."

The men returned to bring the wagon. With chain-locked wheels, and tilted half over by the cross slant of the mountain, it came heavily down, reeling and sliding on the slippery yellow weeds, and grinding deep ruts across the faces of the shelving beds of gravel. Jake guided it as he could, straining back on the bits of the two hunched horses when their hoofs glanced from the stones that rolled to the bottom; and the others leaned their weight on a pole lodged between the spokes, making a balance to the wagon, for it leaned the other way so far that at any jolt the two wheels left the ground. When it was safe on the level of the stream, dusk had come and a white flat of mist lay along the river, striping its course among the gaunt hills. They slept without moving, and rose early to cut logs, which the horses dragged to the shore. The outside trunks were nailed and lashed with ropes, and sank almost below the surface with the weight of the wood fastened crosswise on top. But the whole floated dry with its cargo, and crossed clumsily on the quick wrinkled current. Then it brought the wagon; and the six horses swam. The force of the river had landed them below the cabin, and when they had repacked there was too little left of day to go on. Clallam suggested it was a good time to take Moon's leavings over to the Okanagon, but Wild-Goose Jake said at once that their load was heavy enough; and about this they could not change his mind. He made a journey to the cabin by himself, and returned saying that he had managed to lock the door.

"Father," said Mart, as they were harnessing next day, "I've been up there. I went awful early. There's no lock to the door, and the cabin's empty."

"I guessed that might be."

"There has been a lock pried off pretty lately. There was a lot of broken bottles around everywheres, inside and out."

"Part of what he says is all right," said Clallam. "You can see where the ferry's cable used to be fastened on this side. And yonder goes the trail."

"What do you make out of it?" said Mart.

"Nothing yet. He wants to get us away, and I'm with him there. I want to get up the Okanagon as soon as we can."

"Well, I'm takin' yu' the soonest way," said Wild-Goose Jake, behind them. From his casual smile there was no telling

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"SET UP A WAILING LIKE VULTURES."

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what he had heard. "I'll put your stuff acrosst the Okanagon to-morrow mornin'. But to-night yourselves 'll all be over, and the ladies kin sleep in my room."

The wagon made good time. The trail crossed easy valleys and over the yellow grass of the hills, while now and then their guide took a short-cut. He wished to get home, he said, since there could be no estimating what Leander might be doing. While the sun was still well up in the sky they came over a round knob and saw the Okanagon, blue in the bright afternoon, and the cabin on its further bank. This was a roomier building to see than common, and a hay-field was by it, and a bit of green pasture, fenced in. Saddle-horses were tied in front, heads hanging and feet knuckled askew with long waiting, and from inside an uneven, riotous din whiffled lightly across the river and intervening meadow to the hill.

"If you'll excuse me," said Jake, "I'll jest git along ahead, and see what game them folks is puttin' up on Andy. Likely as not he's weighin' 'em out flour at two cents, with it costin' me two and a half on freightin' alone. I'll hev supper ready time you ketch up."

He was gone at once, getting away at a sharp pace, till presently they could see him swimming the stream. When he was in the cabin the sounds changed, dropping off to one at a time, and expired. But when the riders came out into the air, they leaned and collided at random, whirled their arms, and screaming till they gathered heart, charged with wavering menace at the door. The foremost was flung from the sill, and he shot along toppling and scraped his length in the dust, while the owner of the cabin stood in the entrance. The Indian picked himself up, and at some word of Jake's which the emigrants could half follow by the fierce lift of his arm, all got on their horses and set up a wailing, like vultures driven off. They went up the river a little and crossed, and Mrs. Clallam was thankful when their evil noise had died away up the valley. They had seen the wagon coming, but gave it no attention. A man soon came over the river from the cabin, and was lounging against a tree when the emigrants drew up at the margin.

"I don't know what you know," he whined defiantly from the tree, "but I'm goin' to Cornwall, Connecticut, and I don't care who knows it." He sent a cowed look across the river.

"Get out of the wagon, Nancy," said Clallam. "Mart, help her down."

"I'm going back," said the man, blinking like a scolded dog. "I ain't stayin' here for nobody. You can tell him I said so, too." Again his eye slunk sidewise toward the cabin, and instantly back.

"While you're staying," said Mart, "you might as well give a hand here."

He came with alacrity, and made a shift of unhitching the horses. "I was better off coupling freight cars on the Housatonic," he soon remarked. His voice came shallow, from no deeper than his throat, and a peevish apprehension rattled through it. "That was a good job. And I've had better, too; forty, fifty, sixty dollars better."

"Shall we unpack the wagon?" Clallam inquired.

"I don't know. You ever been to New Milford? I sold shoes there. Thirty-five dollars and board."

The emigrants attended to their affairs, watering the horses and driving picket stakes. Leander uselessly followed behind them with conversation, blinking and with lower lip sagged, showing a couple of teeth. "My brother's in business in Pittsfield, Massachusetts," said he, "and I can get a salary in Bridgeport any day I say so. That a Marlin?"

"No," said Mart. "It's a Winchester."

"I had a Marlin. He's took it from me. I'll bet you never got shot at."

"Anybody want to shoot you?" Mart inquired.

"Well and I guess you'll believe they did day before yesterday."

"If you're talking about up at that cabin, it was me."

Leander gave Mart a leer. "That won't do," said he. "He's put you up to telling me that, and I'm going to Cornwall, Connecticut. I know what's good for me, I guess."

"I tell you we were looking for the ferry, and I signalled you across the river."

"No, no," said Leander. "I never seen you in my life. Don't you be like him and take me for a fool."

"All right. Why did they want to murder you?"

"Why?" said the man, shrilly. "Why? Hadn't they broke in and filled themselves up on his piah-chuck till they were crazy-

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drunk? And when I came along didn't they—"

"When you came along they were nowhere near there," said Mart.

"Now you're going to claim it was me drunk it and scattered all them bottles of his," screamed Leander, backing away. "I tell you I didn't. I told him I didn't, and he knowed it well, too. But he's just that mean when he's mad he likes to put a thing on me whether or no, when he never seen me touch a drop of whiskey, nor any one else, neither. They were riding and shooting loose over the country like they always do on a drunk. And I'm glad they stole his stuff. What business had he to keep it at Billy Moon's old cabin and send me away up there to see it was all right? Let him do his own dirty work. I ain't going to break the laws on the salary he pays me."

The Clallam family had gathered round Leander, who was stricken with volubility. "It ain't once in a while, but it's every day and every week," he went on, always in a woolly scream. "And the longer he ain't caught the bolder he gets, and puts everything that goes wrong on to me. Was it me traded them for that liquor this afternoon? It was his squaw, Big Tracks, and he knowed it well. He lets that mud-faced baboon run the house when he's off, and I don't have the keys nor nothing, and never did have. But of course he had to come in and say it was me just because he was mad about having you see them Siwashes hollering around. And he come and shook me where I was sittin', and oh, my, he knowed well the lie he was acting. I bet I've got the marks on my neck now. See any red marks?" Leander exhibited the back of his head, but the violence done him had evidently been fleeting. "He'll be awful good to you, for he's that scared—"

Leander stood tremulously straight in silence, his lip sagging, as Wild-Goose Jake called pleasantly from the other bank. "Come to supper, you folks," said he. "Why, Andy, I told you to bring them acrosst, and you've let them picket their horses. Was you expectin' Mrs. Clallam to take your arm and ford six feet of water?" For some reason his voice sounded kind as he spoke to his assistant.

"Well, mother?" said Clallam.

"If it was not for Nancy, John—"

"I know, I know. Out on the shore here would be a pleasanter bedroom for you, but" (he looked up the valley) "I guess our friend's plan is more sensible to-night."

The horses put them with not much wetting to the other bank, where Jake, most eager and friendly, hovered to meet his party, and when they were safe ashore pervaded his premises in their behalf.

"Turn them horses into the pasture, Andy," said he, "and first feed 'em a couple of quarts." It may have been hearing himself say this, but tone and voice dropped to the confidential and his sentences came with a chuckle. "Quarts to the horses and quarts to the Siwashes and a skookum peck of trouble all round, Mrs. Clallam! If I hedn't a-came to stop it a while ago, why about all the spirits that's in stock jest now was bein' traded off for some blamed ponies the bears hev let hobble on the range unswallered ever since I settled here. A store on a trail like this here, ye see, it hez to keep spirits, of course; and—well, well! here's my room; you ladies 'll excuse, and make yourselves at home as well as you can."

It was of a surprising neatness, due all to him, they presently saw; the log walls covered with a sort of bunting that was also stretched across to make a ceiling below the shingles of the roof; fresh soap and towels, china service, a clean floor and bed, on the wall a print of some white and red village among elms, with a covered bridge and the water running over an apron-dam just above; and a rich smell of whiskey everywhere. "Fix up as comfortable as yu' can," the host repeated, "and I'll see how Mrs. Jake's tossin' the flapjacks. She's Injun, yu' know, and five years of married life hain't learned her to toss flapjacks. Now if I was you" (he was lingering in the doorway) "I wouldn't shet that winder so quick. It don't smell nice yet for ladies in here, and I'd hev like to git the time to do better for ye; but them Siwashes—well, of course, you folks see how it is. Maybe it ain't always and only white men that patronizes our goods. Uncle Sam is a long way off, and I don't say we'd ought to, but when the cat's away, why the mice *will*, ye know—they most always *will!*"

There was a rattle of boards outside, at which he shut the door quickly, and they heard him run. A light muttering came in at the window, and the mother, peeping out, saw Andy fallen among a rub-

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bish of crates and empty cans, where he lay staring, and his two fists beat up and down like a disordered toy. Wild-Goose Jake came, and having lifted him with great tenderness, was laying him flat as Elizabeth Clallam hurried to his help.

"No, ma'am," he sighed, "you can't do nothing, I guess."

"Just let me go over and get our medicines."

"Thank you, ma'am," said Jake, and the pain on his face was miserable to see; "there ain't no medicine. We're kind o' used to this, Andy and me. Maybe, if you wouldn't mind stayin' till he comes to— Why, a sick man takes comfort at the sight of a lady."

When the fit had passed they helped him to his feet, and Jake led him away.

Mrs. Jake made her first appearance upon the guests sitting down to their meal, when she waited on table, passing forth and back from the kitchen with her dishes. She had but three or four English words, and her best years were plainly behind her; but her cooking was good, fried and boiled with sticks of her own chopping, and she served with industry. Indeed, a squaw is one of the few species of the domestic wife that survive to-day upon our continent. Andy seemed now to keep all his dislike for her, and followed her with a scowling eye, while he frequented Jake, drawing a chair to sit next him when he smoked by the wall after supper, and sometimes watching him with a sort of clouded affection upon his face. He did not talk, and the seizure had evidently jarred his mind as well as his frame. When the squaw was about lighting a lamp he brushed her arm in a childish way so the match went out, and set him laughing. She poured out a harangue in Chinook, showing the dead match to Jake, who rose and gravely lighted the lamp himself, Andy laughing more than ever. When Mrs. Clallam had taken Nancy with her to bed, Jake walked John Clallam to the river-bank, and looking up and down, spoke a little of his real mind.

"I guess you see how it is with me. Anyway, I don't commonly hev use for stranger-folks in this house. But that little girl of yourn started cryin' about not havin' the pump along that she'd been used to seein' in the yard at home. And I says to myself, 'Look a-here, Jake, I don't care if they do ketch on to you and yer blamed whiskey business. They're not the sort to tell on you.' Gee! but that about the pump got me! And I says, 'Jake, you're goin' to give them the best you hev got.' Why, that Big Bend desert and lonesome valley of the Columbia hez chilled my heart in the days that are gone when I weren't used to things; and the little girl hed came so fur! And I knowed how she was a-feelin'."

He stopped, and seemed to be turning matters over.

"I'm much obliged to you," said Clallam.

"And your wife was jest beautiful about Andy. You've saw me wicked to Andy. I am, and often, for I rile turruble quick, and God forgive me! But when that boy gits at his meanness — yu've seen jest a touch of it — there's scarcely livin' with him. It seems like he got reg'lar inspired. Some days he'll lie —make up big lies to the fust man comes in at the door. They ain't harmless, his lies ain't. Then he'll trick my woman, that's real good to him; and I believe he'd lick whiskey up off the dirt. And every drop is poison for him with his complaint. But I'd ought to remember. You'd surely think I could remember, and forbear. Most likely he made a big talk to you about that cabin."

John Clallam told him.

"Well, that's all true, for onced. I did think he'd been up to stealin' that whiskey gradual, 'stead of fishin', the times he was out all day. And the salary I give him" — Jake laughed a little — "ain't enough to justify a man's breaking the law. I did take his rifle away when he tried to shoot my woman. I guess it was Siwashes bruck into that cabin."

"I'm pretty certain of it," said Clallam.

"You? What makes yu'?"

John began the tale of the galloping dots, and Jake stopped walking to listen the harder. "Yes," he said; "that's bad. That's jest bad. They hev carried a lot off to drink. That's the worst."

He had little to say after this, but talked under his tongue as they went to the house, where he offered a bed to Clallam and Mart. They would not turn him out, so he showed them over to a haystack, where they crawled in and went to sleep.

Most white men know when they have had enough whiskey. Most Indians do

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not. This is a difference between the races of which government has taken notice. Government says that "no ardent spirits shall be introduced under any pretence into the Indian country." It also says that the white man who attempts to break this law "shall be punished by imprisonment for not more than two years and by a fine of not more than three hundred dollars." It further says that if any superintendent of Indian affairs has reason to suspect a man, he may cause the "boats, stores, packages, wagons, sleds, and places of deposit" of such person to be searched, and if ardent spirits be found it shall be forfeit, together with the boats and all other substances with it connected, one half to the informer and the other half to the use of the United States. The courts and all legal machines necessary for trial and punishment of offenders are oiled and ready; two years is a long while in jail; three hundred dollars and confiscation sounds heavy; altogether the penalty looks severe on the printed page—and all the while there's no brisker success in our far West than selling whiskey to Indians. Very few people know what the whiskey is made of, and the Indian does not care. He drinks till he drops senseless. If he has killed nobody and nobody him during the process, it is a good thing, for then the matter ends with his getting sober and going home to his tent till such happy time when he can put his hand on some further possession to trade away. The white offender is caught now and then; but Okanagon County lies pretty snug from the arm of the law. It's against Canada to the north, and the empty county of Stevens to the east; south of it rushes the Columbia, with the naked horrible Big Bend beyond, and to its west rises a domain of unfooted mountains. There is law up in the top of it at Conconully sometimes, but not much even to-day, for that is still a new country, where flow the Methow, the Ashinola, and the Similikameen.

Consequently a cabin like Wild-Goose Jake's was a holiday place. The blanketed denizens of the reservation crossed to it, and the citizens who had neighboring cabins along the trail repaired here to spend what money they had. As Mrs. Clallam lay in her bed she heard customers arrive. Two or three loud voices spoke in English, and several Indians and squaws seemed to be with the party, bantering in Chinook. The visitors were in too strong force for Jake's word about coming some other night to be of any avail.

"Open your cellar and quit your talk," Elizabeth heard, and next she heard some door that stuck pulled open with a shriek of the warped timber. Next they were gambling, and made not much noise over it at first; but the Indians in due time began to lose to the soberer whites, becoming quarrelsome, and raising a clumsy disturbance, though it was plain the whites had their own way and were feared. The voices rose, and soon there was no moment that several were not shouting curses at once, till Mrs. Clallam stopped her ears. She was still for a time, hearing only in a muffled way, when all at once the smell of drink and tobacco, that had sifted only a little through the cracks, grew heavy in the room, and she felt Nancy shrink close to her side.

"Mother, mother," the child whispered, "what's that?"

It had gone beyond card-playing with the company in the saloon; they seemed now to be having a savage horse-play, those on their feet tramping in their scuffles upon others on the floor, who bellowed incoherently. Elizabeth Clallam took Nancy in her arms and told her that nobody would come where they were.

But the child was shaking. "Yes they will," she whispered, in terror. "They are!" And she began a tearless sobbing, holding her mother with her whole strength.

A little sound came close by the bed, and Elizabeth's senses stopped so that for half a minute she could not stir. She staid rigid beneath the quilt, and Nancy clung to her. Something was moving over the floor. It came quite near, but turned, and its slight rustle crawled away towards the window.

"Who is that?" demanded Mrs. Clallam, sitting up.

There was no answer, but the slow creeping continued, always close along the floor, like the folds of stuff rubbing, and hands feeling their way in short slides against the boards. She had no way to find where her husband was sleeping, and while she thought of this and whether or not to rush out at the door, the table was gently shaken, there was a drawer opened, and some object fell.

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"Only a thief," she said to herself, and in a sort of sharp joy cried out her question again.

The singular broken voice of a woman answered, seemingly in fear. "Match-es," it said; and "Match-es" said a second voice, pronouncing with difficulty like the first. She knew it was some of the squaws, and sprang from the bed, asking what they were doing there. "Match-es," they murmured; and when she had struck a light she saw how the two were cringing, their blankets huddled round them. Their motionless black eyes looked up at her from the floor where they lay sprawled, making no offer to get up. It was clear to her from the pleading fear in the one word they answered to whatever she said that they had come here to hide from the fury of the next room; and as she stood listening to that she would have let them remain, but their escape had been noticed. A man burst into the room, and at sight of her and Nancy stopped, and was blundering excuses, when Jake caught his arm and had dragged him almost out, but he saw the two on the floor; at this, getting himself free, he half swept the crouching figures with his boot as they fled out of the room, and the door was swung shut. Mrs. Clallam heard his violent words to the squaws for daring to disturb the strangers, and there followed the heavy lashing of a quirt, with screams and lamenting. No trouble came from the Indian husbands, for they were stupefied on the ground, and when their intelligences quickened enough for them to move, the punishment was long over and no one in the house awake but Elizabeth and Nancy, seated together in their bed, watching for the day. Mother and daughter heard them rise and go out one by one, and the horses grew distant up and down the river. As the rustling trees lighted and turned transparent in the rising sun, Jake roused those that remained and got them away. Later he knocked at the door.

"I hev a little raft fixed this morning," said he, "and I guess we can swim the wagon."

"Whatever's quickest to take us from this place," Elizabeth answered.

"Breakfast 'll be ready, ma'am, whenever you say."

"I am ready now. I shall want to start ferrying our things— Where's Mr. Clallam? Tell him to come here."

"I will, ma'am. I'm sorry—"

"Tell Mr. Clallam to come here, please."

John had slept sound in his haystack, and heard nothing. "Well," he said, after comforting his wife and Nancy, "you were better off in the room, anyway. I'd not blame him so, Liza. How was he going to help it?"

But Elizabeth was a woman, and just now saw one thing alone: if selling whiskey led to such things in this country, the man who sold it was much worse than any mere law-breaker. John Clallam, being now a long time married, made no argument. He was looking absently at the open drawer of a table. "That's queer," he said, and picked up a tintype.

She had no curiosity for anything in that room, and he laid it in the drawer again, his thoughts being taken up with the next step of their journey, and what might be coming to them all.

During breakfast Jake was humble about the fright the ladies had received in his house, explaining how he thought he had acted for the best; at which Clallam and Mart said that in a rough country folks must look for rough doings, and get along as well as they can; but Elizabeth said nothing. The little raft took all but Nancy over the river to the wagon, where they set about dividing their belongings in loads that could be floated over, one at a time, and Jake returned to repair some of the disorder that remained from the night at the cabin. John and Mart poled the first cargo across, and while they were on the other side, Elizabeth looked out of the wagon, where she was working alone, and saw five Indian riders coming down the valley. The dust hung in the air they had rushed through, and they swung apart and closed again as she had seen before; so she looked for a rifle; but the fire-arms had gone over the Okanagon with the first load. She got down and stood at the front wheel of the wagon, confronting the riders when they pulled up their horses. One climbed unsteadily from his saddle and swayed towards her.

"Drink!" said he, half friendly, and held out a bottle.

Elizabeth shook her head.

"Drink," he grunted again, pushing the bottle at her. "Piah-chuck! Skookum!" He had a sluggish animal grin, and when she drew back, tipped the bottle into his mouth, and directly choked, so that his friends on their horses laughed loud as he stood coughing. "Heap good," he re-

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marked, looking at Elizabeth, who watched his eyes swim with the glut of the drink. "Where you come back?" he inquired, touching the wagon. "You cross Okanagon? Me cross you; cross horses; cross all. Heap cheap. What yes?"

The others nodded. "Heap cheap," they said.

"We don't want you," said Elizabeth.

"No cross? Maybe he going cross you? What yes?"

Again Elizabeth nodded.

"Maybe he Jake?" pursued the Indian.

"Yes, he is. We don't want you."

"We cross you all same. He not."

The Indian spoke loud and thick, and Elizabeth looked over the river where her husband was running with a rifle, and Jake behind him, holding a warning hand on his arm. Jake spoke to the Indians, who listened sullenly, but got on their horses and went up the river.

"Now," said Jake to Clallam, "they ain't gone. Get your wife over so she kin set in my room till I see what kin be done."

She was stepping on the raft that John had taken over at once, when the noise and flight of riders descended along the other bank. They went in a circle, with hoarse shouts, round the cabin as Mart with Nancy came from the pasture. The boy no sooner saw them than he caught his sister up and carried her quickly away among the corrals and sheds, where the two went out of sight.

"You stay here, Liza," her husband said. "I'll go back over."

But Mrs. Clallam laughed.

"Get ashore," he cried to her. "Quick!"

"Where you go, I go, John."

"What good, what good, in the name—"

"Then I'll get myself over," said she. And he seized her as she would have jumped into the stream.

While they crossed, the Indians had tied their horses and rambled into the cabin. Jake came from it to stop the Clallams.

"They're after your contract," said he, quietly. "They say they're going to have the job of takin' your stuff acrosst the Okanagon."

"What did you say?" asked Mrs. Clallam.

"I set 'em up drinks to gain time."

"Do you want me there?" said Clallam.

"Begosh, no! That would mix things worse."

"Can't you make them go away?" Elizabeth inquired.

"Me and them, ye see, ma'am, we hev a sort of bargain they're to git certain ferryin'. I can't make 'em savvy how I took charge of you. If you want them—" He paused.

"We want them!" exclaimed Elizabeth. "If you're joking, it's a poor joke."

"It ain't no joke at all, ma'am." Jake's face grew brooding. "Of course folks kin say who they'll be ferried by. And you may believe I'd rather do it. I didn't look for jest this complication; but maybe I kin steer through; and it's myself I've got to thank. Of course, if them Siwashes did git your job, they'd sober up gittin' ready. And—"

The emigrants waited, but he did not go on with what was in his mind. "It's all right," said he, in a brisk tone. "Whatever's a-comin's a-comin'." He turned abruptly towards the door. "Keep yerselves away jest now," he added, and went inside.

The parents sought their children, finding Mart had concealed Nancy in the haystack. They put Mrs. Clallam also in a protected place, as a loud altercation seemed to be rising at the cabin; this grew as they listened, and Jake's squaw came running to hide herself. She could tell them nothing, nor make them understand more than they knew; but she touched John's rifle, signing to know if it were loaded, and was greatly relieved when he showed her the magazine full of cartridges. The quarrelling had fallen silent, but rose in a new gust of fierceness, sounding as if in the open air and coming their way. No Indian appeared, however, and the noise passed to the river, where the emigrants soon could hear wood being split in pieces.

John risked a survey. "It's the raft," he said. "They're smashing it. Now they're going back. Stay with the children, Liza."

"You're never going to that cabin?" she said.

"He's in a scrape, mother."

John started away, heedless of his wife's despair. At his coming the Indians shouted and surrounded him, while he heard Jake say, "Drop your gun and drink with them."

"Drink!" said Andy, laughing with the screech he had made at the match go-

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ing out. "We're all going to Canaan, Connecticut."

Each Indian held a tin cup, and at the instant these were emptied they were thrust towards Jake, who filled them again, going and coming through a door that led a step or two down into a dark place which was half underground. Once he was not quick, or was imagined to be refusing, for an Indian raised his cup and drunkenly dashed it on Jake's head. Jake laughed good-humoredly, and filled the cup.

"It's our one chance," said he to John as the Indian, propping himself by a hand on the wall, offered the whiskey to Clallam.

"We cross you Okanagon," he said. "What yes?"

"Maybe you say no?" said another, pressing the emigrant to the wall.

A third interfered, saying something in their language, at which the other two disagreed. They talked a moment with threatening rage till suddenly all drew pistols. At this the two remaining stumbled among the group, and a shot went into the roof. Jake was there in one step with a keg, that they no sooner saw than they fell upon it, and the liquor jetted out as they clinched, wrestling over the room till one lay on his back with his mouth at the open bung. It was wrenched from him, and directly there was not a drop more in it. They tilted it, and when none ran out, flung the keg out of doors and crowded to the door of the dark place, where Jake barred the way. "Don't take to that yet!" he said to Clallam, for John was lifting his rifle.

"Piah-chuck!" yelled the Indians, scarcely able to stand. All other thought had left them, and a new thought came to Jake. He reached for a fresh keg, while they held their tin cups in the left hand and pistols in the right, pushing so it was a slow matter to get the keg opened. They were fast nearing the sodden stage, and one sank on the floor. Jake glanced in at the door behind him, and filled the cups once again. While all were drinking he went in the storeroom and set more liquor open, beckoning them to come as they looked up from the rims where their lips had been glued. They moved round behind the table, grasping it to keep on their feet, with the one on the floor crawling among the legs of the rest. When they were all inside, Jake leaped out and locked the door.

"They kin sleep now," said he. "Gunpowder won't be needed. Keep wide away from in front."

There was a minute of stillness within, and then a grovelling noise and struggle. A couple of bullets came harmless through the door. Those inside fought together as well as they could, while those outside listened as it grew less, the bodies falling stupefied without further sound of rising. One or two, still active, began striking at the boards with what heavy thing they could find, until suddenly the blade of an axe crashed through.

"Keep away!" cried Jake. But Andy had leaped insanely in front of the door, and fell dead with a bullet through him. With a terrible scream, Jake flung himself at the place, and poured six shots through the panel; then, as Clallam caught him, wrenched at the lock, and they saw inside. Whiskey and blood dripped together, and no one was moving there. It was liquor with some, and death with others, and all of it lay upon the guilty soul of Jake.

"You deserve killing yourself," said Clallam.

"That's been attended to," replied Jake, and he reeled, for during his fire the Indian shot once more.

Clallam supported him to the room where his wife and Nancy had passed the night, and laid him on the bed. "I'll get Mrs. Clallam," said he.

"If she'll be willin' to see me," said the wounded man, humbly.

She came, dazed beyond feeling any horror, or even any joy, and she did what she could.

"It was seein' 'em hit Andy," said Jake. "Is Andy gone? Yes, I kin tell he's gone from your face." He shut his eyes, and lay still so long a time that they thought he might be dying now; but he moved at length, and looked slowly round the wall till he saw the print of the village among the elms and the covered bridge. His hand lifted to show them this. "That's the road," said he. "Andy and me used to go fishin' acrosst that bridge. Did you ever see the Housatonic River? I've fished a lot there. Cornwall, Connecticut. The hills are pretty there. Then Andy got worse. You look in that drawer." John remembered, and when he got out

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the tintype, Jake stretched for it eagerly. "His mother and him, age ten," he explained to Elizabeth, and held it for her to see, then studied the faces in silence. "You kin tell it's Andy, can't yu'?" She told him yes. "That was before we knowed he weren't—weren't goin' to grow up like the other boys he played with. So after a while, when she was gone, I got ashamed seein' Andy's friends makin' their way when he couldn't seem to, and so I took him away where nobody hed ever been acquainted with us. I was layin' money by to git him the best doctor in Europe. I 'ain't been a good man."

A faintness mastered him, and Elizabeth would have put the picture on the table, but his hand closed round it. They let him lie so, and Elizabeth sat there, while John, with Mart, kept Nancy away till the horror in the outer room was made invisible. They came and went quietly, and Jake seemed in a deepening torpor, once only rousing suddenly to call his son's name, and then, upon looking from one to the other, he recollected, and his eyes closed again. His mind wandered, but very little, for torpor seemed to be overcoming him. The squaw had stolen in, and sat cowering and useless. Towards sundown John's heart sickened at the sound of more horsemen; but it was only two white men, a sheriff and his deputy.

"Go easy," said John. "He's not going to resist."

"What's up here, anyway? Who are you?"

Clallam explained, and was evidently not so much as half believed.

"If there are Indians killed," said the sheriff, "there's still another matter for the law to settle with him. We're sent to search for whiskey. The county's about tired of him."

"You'll find him pretty sick," said John.

"People I find always are pretty sick," said the sheriff, and pushed his way in, stopping at sight of Mrs. Clallam and the figure on the bed. "I'm arresting that man, madam," he said, with a shade of apology. "The county court wants him."

Jake sat up and knew the sheriff. "You're a little late, Proctor," said he. "The Supreme Court's a-goin' to call my case." Then he fell back, for his case had been called.

AN AFFAIR OF THE HEART.

BY GRACE KING.

LIFE is like a sugar-plantation: it is never without something to worry about. An old sugar-planter must be excused for using such a homely, near-to-hand metaphor. The time was when he could have compared life to the great and mysterious and unknown with the best of them, in literature and out of it. But, what with the river, and fertilizers, and triple effects, and stubble, and seed-cane, and droughts, and rains, and duty, and bounty, and commission merchants, and trusts, and Chinese, Italians, and negroes, and boiler-makers, and sugar-makers, and railroads, and steamboats, and mules, and cultivators, and road-machines, and always some old debt to pay off and a new one to contract, not only his figures of speech, but his thoughts, had become so involved in his life that even his imagination had given up soaring, to plod along in the daily routine with common-sense.

Indeed, on a plantation there is no time to think or feel about anything but the plantation. And yet life has some claims, which, be the crops what they may, must be presented some time. There is birth, there is death; and between these extremes, these termini, there is—nay, there must be—love or loves. Love! of all things for a harassed planter, in the midst of preparations for rolling, to have to think about!

He shaded his eyes from the lamp with one hand, and pretended to be smoking, but he was covertly looking at his daughter.

Of what use is it to describe a person? What difference does it make to the outside world, the color of the eyes, the hair—the qualities of the nose, the mouth? At any rate, all that is of so little importance to a man looking at his only daughter! One would hesitate to write, even if one knew it to a certainty, how an only daughter appears in the eyes of a father; what he felt when he was looking so at her. For, to tell the truth, the situation was a little intense between them.

Not that she seemed to feel it. Oh no! Not the least in the world. She sat close

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to the lamp, doing her embroidery—red cross-stitch initials on towels, like the good little housewife she was. The light of the lamp played over her hair, and the sun itself could hardly have shone more tenderly upon it—at least so it seemed to the father, looking covertly at her. When she raised her eyes to thread her needle, always casting a glance at her father, he could detect in them not an expression of anything but cross-stitch and affection for him.

She was talking to him, fast and excitedly, for she was always so interested in interesting him that she could not help getting excited over it.

"—And then, after all those preliminaries, the great news came out; she told me of her engagement—an engagement only since last week. I could not help a scream. 'What! Him!' And although she is my best friend, papa, I could not help just a little movement of the heart against her. Fortunately I could conceal it under my surprise;.... but fancy, papa, to marry him!"

It would seem that no surprise could have concealed the contempt of her tone and air.

"But..."

"Oh, papa! As usual, you are going to defend her choice. You always defend the choice of young girls."

"But..."

"But ask yourself what there is in him! Of an insignificance—an insignificance that would appall an ant! And his age! Young to disgust!"

"But..."

"Oh, I do not say she is old. She is a year younger than I; and he, twenty-one; but to marry a man—a baby, I call it—of twenty-one—"

"But..."

"Ah, but, papa! Let me finish before you begin to annihilate me with your arguments! And then, what does he do? A—a—a" (oh, the depreciation of her tone!) "lawyer!"

"But..."

"Oh, he has prospects; I grant you that; his father is justice of the Supreme Court. But, papa, to marry a lawyer, you must confess—"

"But..."

"Oh, I do not say that I did not find the same objections last year when Theresa married her little doctor. Marry a doctor! Good heavens!"

"But..."

"He was older—yes—than this specimen of Marie's; but so commonplace! As commonplace as bread! And do you remember how tightly he held your hand when he shook it? It was an experience! I have never liked Theresa since."

"But..."

"Now, papa, do not play the innocent, and ask for reasons! When a thing happens, it happens, and I cannot see that reasons make it any better. Reasons are only excuses, that is all. As if I should ask myself for reasons why I should dislike Theresa! I do not believe now that I ever liked her seriously."

"But..."

"How could I tell whom she was going to marry when at school? We agreed so well about everything else that I thought we agreed about that too. Like Josephine. At school there was no one I took more pleasure in talking with than Josephine. Like me, always her first choice for a man was Richard Cœur de Lion, then Godefroi de Bouillon, then all the rest—Philippe Auguste, Francis I., Bayard, Du Guesclin, Saladin, and all like them. And we agreed perfectly well about those we disliked, as men—Cincinnatus, Brutus, Alfred the Great, George Washington."

"But..."

"Oh, papa! You do not suppose, oh, really, that any girl could love George Washington? That is, after he became George Washington. No! After every lesson in American history Josephine and I used to lie awake in our beds at night, and run the risk of punishment, just to talk about how much we hated him, and how glad we were that we had not to be Mrs. Washington. Just think, papa, how he looked? And he must have been of a stiffness! I should have felt like running and hiding behind a door whenever I heard him coming if I had been the deceased Mrs. Washington. Oh! I would just as soon have married the Professor of Mathematics... as Josephine wanted to do. Yes, that was the reason they took her away from school before her graduation. After having loved Richard Cœur de Lion, to want to marry the Professor of Mathematics!"

"But..."

"Oh, he was married when she first went to school, but he lost his wife, and of course they could not send him away

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immediately. He did not look like George Washington, though; he looked like St. François Xavier, only he had six children. Ah me!"

"But..."

"It has always seemed to me very curious that a young girl should be born with all of her ideas. Oh, they must be born with them! Where could they get them otherwise?—we are brought up with such particularity; never a forbidden book; never a suspected companion; never a pleasure, even, that had not received a prize of innocence. And what becomes of these ideas? All of a sudden they leave, they go somewhere;... and we marry, no matter whom!... Not I, though, I promise you! My ideas, I have them there," tapping her heart. "No; bravery, heroism, gallantry, a temper that stands nothing! fortitude, chivalry—they still exist for me! And your doctors, your lawyers, your professors, your clerks, your—

"But..."

"But, papa, I say they do! What do you know? You are not a woman, you! It is not a question with you of— Oh no! You do not understand the question at all."

"But..."

"The only one outside of a woman who understands that is God. That is why women, even the worst, do not deny God. They know in their hearts that since they exist, He must exist."

"But..."

"Oh, you know, I only count upon what women know by the heart; what they know by the head does not amount to much. What they know by the heart is the juice as it exists in the cane, the living, growing juice; what they know by the head is that cane juice squeezed out, and steam-trained, and clarified, and triple-effect, and—what?—made into sugar, to be adulterated, and given into the hands of those highwaymen of the Trust."

"But..."

"Oh yes. They are highwaymen. Men are what their principles are, and the principles of the Trust!... When I think of it!... And it will be this year like last;... and the next year like this;... and—"

"But..."

"No! I have no hope, papa! No hope! Oh, if thinking could destroy the enemies of sugar they would have been destroyed long ago, I promise you!... What do you suppose I am thinking of all day long, and all night? Oh yes! all night, when I hear you sleeping, and snoring too, though you deny it... Sometimes, at night that way, I feel, yes, I feel like Charlotte Corday."

"But..."

"No! She is not one of my heroines; but I understand her so well! When it gets to the last point, and a woman does not know what to do, then she feels she must do something."

"But..."

"I don't know, papa, what you call the last point... In fact, I do not know what it is myself. Every year there seems to be a new last point, worse than the last one."

"But..."

"Last year it was putting everything in machinery, and this year, the bounty being taken off—"

"But..."

"Oh, they will take it off, be sure of that! They hate us so in Washington! Legislation! Ah, bah! They help those they like in Washington well enough!"

"But..."

"Don't tell me I do not read the papers. I read them every day... I read them too much... It is enough only to read the newspapers to make one revolutionary, when it should be all the other way."

"But..."

"Oh, papa, you are not a judge! You go only by your own experience. You have a good crop this year. You can grind. You are on this side the river, in fact... As for me, I must judge by the experience of others. My own experience, what is it?—serving, servants."

"But..."

"If you say one should stay inside his own experience, oh, papa, how egoistic that would be! Then everybody would be like you, would have good crops, would be able to grind this year—would be on this side the river, in fact... Instead of which— As for me... I can live only with the unlucky, only on the other side the river. I see nothing but what is over there: those broken levees; those destroyed fields; those ruined roads; the fallen cabins; the tottering sugar-house; the beautiful garden planted by one's great-great-grandmother, desolate; the fine old house, with wave-marks on it... And then... the mort-

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gage, the big debt; . . . and all the work, the work, the work—"

"But . . ."

"Oh, papa, you have said yourself that working that plantation had been a labor such as—such as— Oh, I can never get over that night! The levee must break, the levee must break, every one said. This side of the river or that, the levee must break! And the patrol riding up and down, . . . the torches flying along between the bonfires, . . . and every planter with his gang! . . . Ah! we worked that night as if the opposite side of the river held our worst enemies . . . Every shovelful of earth to strengthen us hurt them! And I, I prayed, and made vows for our side, this side, as I sent out the hot coffee to you all in front, . . . and I watched the lights and bonfires on the other side the river . . . Suddenly the lights all came together, . . . then they ran far, far apart, . . . a roar—a great bonfire went out! Oh, my heavens! It had broken on the other side . . . right opposite . . . on the place of— Oh God! If it had only been ours! . . . Oh, papa! let me alone! What have I said? I have said nothing . . . Papa, let me alone! Go away! I have not said anything! I have not said anything! Only let me cry, papa! Crying signifies nothing! Oh, papa! papa!"

At last throwing her arms around him, and hiding her face close under his.

EDITOR'S STUDY.

I.

IT seems necessary to say, in view of recent occurrences, that prison reform—that is, the intelligent treatment of criminals—is hindered by two causes. These are political influence and sentimentality. Of these interferences, one arises from greed for place, and for power with voters, and the other from good impulses, but it is difficult to say which is the more demoralizing, or more likely to defeat the objects of the reform movement. These objects are the safety of society, reduction of the taxation made necessary by crime, and the reformation of the criminal. If the objects of incarceration were simply social isolation and punishment, political interference in this matter would not be of much consequence, except in its corrupting influence upon politics; and if the object were simply to make comfortable and agreeable the lot of the criminal, and not to discipline him into a better moral state, the efforts of the sentimentalists would call for less condemnation. But under the modern idea of the value of a man to the state, that his treatment as an offender should be, first, for the protection of society, and second, for the discipline of the man with a view to his reformation—his reconstruction mentally, morally, and physically—it becomes evident at once that this idea cannot be carried out if the prisons and reformatories are part of the political party machine, or if they are administered in a spirit of misplaced sentiment. Economy and reformatory discipline are the key-notes of the modern treatment of criminals.

If the leading object of incarceration were punishment—that is, injury to the individual—most of our prisons are admirably adapted to their end. For the worst punishment that can be inflicted upon a person is to confirm him in evil ways, and to make him worse than he is. In doing this society takes the place of the ingenious Satan. Our machinery which catches hold of an offender and draws him into the circuit of its education is calculated to confirm him in his tendencies, and make him a professional criminal. It is rare that the jail and penitentiary influences are such as to improve him in any way, except occasionally in his physical condition. The advantage to a criminal of confinement is that abstinence and a regular life may improve his health; but better moral habits will not be formed in him unless the authority to which he is subjected is concerned in the effort to educate him into a better life. It does not need any argument to show that if the men put in charge of him are selected not for their fitness for their difficult duties, but are chosen by the political machine on ac-

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count of their service to the machine, the prisons will be run without intelligent reference to the reformation of the criminals. Sometimes our prisons are honestly managed and sometimes they are corruptly managed by the politicians, but never when politics interferes are they conducted either with regard to economy for the tax-payers or in the moral interests of the condemned. So that there has never been the least hope for prison reform, nor will there ever be until the prisons are "taken out of politics." Public opinion has compelled the State to build better jails, to pay more attention to sanitary measures, and to conduct them more humanely, but the manufacture of confirmed criminals goes on in the old way, and only here and there is any effort made for the permanent change of their habits. That change will not come so long as the prisons are merely places of confinement, and for giving situations to political workers.

But when we come to methods of reform, they are hindered as much by a misconception of the work to be done and by sentimentality as by political interference. The problem that presents itself in its simplest form is to reduce the number of professional criminals who live lawlessly upon the community. This can only be done by confining them, taking them away from the field of their activity, and bringing to bear upon them influences that will change their habits if not their characters. These influences must be educational and disciplinary in a high degree, as well as humane. There can be no reform of degraded natures without discipline, and there can be no discipline without force behind it. There is no sort of government—of a state or an institution—worth a rush that is not founded on adequate force. This is fundamental, and it is as true of the state as it is of the family. Parental authority implies the right to use force, and power of punishment of the refractory child lies back of the disregarded rules. In no case must the punishment be vindictive or cruel, or for the sake of punishment, but always educationary, disciplinary, for the sake of reform. If it does not have this effect in a family, in an institution, there is generally something the matter with the authority, though there are no doubt some incorrigible cases which no discipline can better. With every manager of a prison or a reformatory (and all prisons should be reformatories) must reside physical power to enforce his rules; and this is still more necessary where there is an intention of benefiting the man than where there is only the idea of carrying out, without escape, a sentence of confinement by way of punishment for a crime. Let any one consider for a moment the material of which our great prisons are made up. In one aspect they are dens of insubordination, of brutality, of all evil tendencies. In another aspect their inmates are human beings, separated from the mass of mankind often by narrow lines, and capable of being trained into orderly and decent ways of living. But they are generally so degraded, or so crooked and distorted, that they can only be raised and straightened by severe and persistent discipline. There must be applied to them the rules that make the athlete, that make the soldier, that make the trained scholar. And this will not come about with perverted beings who have little power of will by voluntary effort. The discipline that normal people apply to themselves they will not apply. They must be compelled into new habits, and this compulsion implies the authority to use physical force at times. In such an extensive compilation as the unique *Police and Prison Cyclopædia*, edited by Mr. George W. Hale, of Lawrence, Massachusetts, which embraces foreign as well as domestic statistics, it is seen that physical punishment is commonly in reserve, but it is used for the purpose of order, not of reform. The sentimentalists fail to make this distinction, and cannot conceive of any reform based upon the physical power to enforce discipline—that is, the discipline that shall change habits and character. For most criminals indefinite confinement where they are subject to disciplinary good influences is the greatest mercy; definite sentences for punishment and the petting of the sentimentalists are the worst curse.

II.

It is often said that education is more generally diffused in the United States than in any other country, except perhaps Germany, and of course except Iceland. By this it is meant that more people proportionally enjoy the advantages of a common-school education, that more are in the habit of reading, especially of read-

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ing the newspapers, that periodicals of a semi-literary character have a very large circulation, and that, in short, the average of intelligence and appreciation is higher, except in knowledge and correct taste in the fine arts. In the fine arts it is acknowledged that the taste is uninstructed and crude. There has been some improvement recently in this respect. New England is an illustration of this, and the New England of twenty or thirty years ago is also an illustration of the fact that high literary appreciation may exist without art appreciation or cultivation. If this claim for the United States is well founded, then it should follow that the number of persons exceptionally gifted for writing should be exceptionally large also. For it is an acknowledged law that where the mass of the population is on a high intellectual plane there is the greater probability of the production of exceptional geniuses of a high order. Logically this should be so. It should follow also, if this claim is well founded, that we have an exceptionally discriminating public in regard to the intellectual product called literature, or at least in regard to books, periodicals, and newspapers. The average popular judgment should show ability to sift out the good writing from the false and tawdry and inartistic writing. Have we this ability in as high degree as our universal system of education should give? Is it shown in the quality and character of the books that have the largest sale, in those that are most popular, judged either by the sale or by the call for them at the free libraries? Is this discrimination, or critical faculty, shown in the ordinary conversation one hears about books? For what are books commonly praised or condemned? How often is the book judged by its literary quality, or by the soundness of its relation to life?

Let there be no misconception as to this term "literary quality." It is not something superfluous, but necessarily inherent in all good work, as necessary as correct drawing is to a picture. A work may be "literary"—that is, work of the closet, well enough in form, self-conscious, affected, got out of books and not out of life—that does not have the literary quality here meant, for it has not reality. To illustrate: The Greek poetry, epic, lyric, dramatic, was written to be recited. It was recited to audiences who probably could not read or write, and to please them it must first of all have reality, and be in harmony with human life and experience, and with the religious or patriotic sentiments of the people. It must not be obscure, however profound, and it must make its appeal with tolerable directness. But it was recited to audiences trained to be more critical than any other audiences to whom a literary product has ever been submitted. They demanded artistic perfection in technique. They demanded form in this art, the constant application of fundamental laws, as they did in the work of the sculptors. They permitted no more violations of art in literature than in the proportions and construction of the human figure. The reason in both cases was the same—the feeling for reality. And this is the everlasting lesson of Greek poetry and Greek sculpture. It is the expression of nature in perfect art.

The Greek poet and the Greek sculptor were not sure they had hit the mark until they had obtained the popular verdict. Then they were sure. A great deal has been said recently upon the desirability of criticism, of the knowledge and application, in all literary judgment, of certain eternal and cosmopolitan standards. In view of the Greek example it is asked whether this will ever be effective until we have an educated, discriminating, if not a highly critical public. Whatever may be true as to exceptional products of occasional genius, it seems clear that the mass of our literature can never be of a high order unless we have a discriminating public. Bakers, to use a familiar illustration, will continue to make poor bread until the public knows what good bread is, and demands it. The responsibility, therefore, for wholesome and helpful criticism rests more with the general public than with the professional critic, who can do little more than point the way, and be content to be considered a fault-finder, and also conceited, until the public is itself educated in the exercise of discrimination. How is this power of discrimination to be acquired? We boast of our public schools and our colleges. What proportion of students in any of them come out with any training in this discrimination? The test of this is open to common observation. See what sort of books the pupils of these schools read, and listen to their comments on them. Nay, read daily the judgment passed by

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these scholars, in the press, upon the books of new writers, upon those which have not been fixed in their place by the verdict of time. And then inquire what place in any curriculum, or plan for developing the mind, this education of the critical faculty holds, what place this power of discrimination in one of the most important matters that concern our daily life and enjoyment occupies in the minds of educators.

III.

The extension of the function of the modern newspaper reporter into the field of the detection of crime has been a good deal commented on. This has gone so far that the chief ambition of many reporters is to shine as detectives, and their belief is that their reputation in this work will increase their value to the newspapers they serve. This ambition is natural under the recent notion of the newspaper that it is in charge of the affairs of the universe in general; that it must instruct the statesman how to govern, the general how to fight, the minister how to preach, the courts how to try cases, the schools how to educate pupils, the scientist how to investigate, the player how to act. If it is the business of the newspaper to detect the criminal, collect evidence against him, and try him, and judge him before the courts get a chance at him, then naturally the reporter becomes a detective, a sifter of evidence, and a jury. The editor is just simply an ordinary Rhadamanthus. One theory in this matter is that it is the business of the newspaper to print the news, to report whatever actually occurs as faithfully as possible, to give all the facts ascertainable, but not to assume that these facts are final, and to pass judgment upon them before the evidence is in. Another theory is that a newspaper must have news, that the public demands it every day, and if it cannot be found it must be invented or guessed at, or some rumor must be so dressed up as to have the appearance of verity. This means, as an illustration, that if a man has nothing to say for himself, the reporter is to report what in his judgment the man might have said or ought to have said. Also, in case of the commission of a crime, the detection of which is baffled, it is the duty of the newspaper to come forward with so-called facts or suspicions or theories that shall entertain the waiting public mind. So it happens that the reporter comes forward as an amateur detective, and with his "nose for news" he sometimes achieves a brilliant success. It is possible, therefore, that the criminal stands more in awe of the newspaper than he does of the officers of the law. We may even go so far as to say that the reporter as detective, if he does not also usurp the character of judge, is a useful person. And in this character he is playing a rôle not exactly new. The first historical mention of the reporter we have discovered is in a vision of Ezekiel, though commentators differ as to the English translation, and many will consider the inference drawn from it a forced one. But if we have here a reporter, he did mingle detective functions with his occupation. We read, "And behold, the man clothed with linen, which had the inkhorn by his side, reported the matter, saying, I have done as thou hast commanded me." It will be noticed that in this case he did not hand in a written report, as we should expect a man with the inkhorn to do. The context shows that this man was one of six with slaughter weapons in their hands, and that he "was clothed with linen, with a writer's inkhorn by his side." From this description to that of a newspaper man clothed in a linen duster, with a fountain-pen in his vest pocket, it does not require a lively imagination to go. In this case the duty of the man with the inkhorn was specifically detective; he was sent into the city to pick out and mark all the righteous persons, and the five other men went in and slew all those who were not marked. Of course this is a vision, and it may be said that it does not apply to anything modern. But is there nothing visionary in our reportorial work? And does not the vision teach the reporter that in looking for news it is as important to look for the good as for the bad? If the man clothed in linen with the inkhorn at his side would go about spotting the good deeds and the agreeable people, our newspapers would have a more cheerful appearance.

IV.

We used to hear a great deal about a national literature, a national school of painting, and a national school of music. Probably it is as true of these things as it is said to be of the kingdom of heaven, that they do not come by observation. And also that they come, if they do come,

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from sources least suspected. During the past winter there were performed from unpublished manuscripts a symphony in New York and Boston, and a quartet and a quintet in these cities and in Hartford, composed by Antonin Dvorák, the Bohemian genius who has been sojourning in the United States, which compositions for the first time made use of a distinctively American material for the highest purposes of art. Fortunately for his experiment, he found here the Kneisel Club to interpret the quartet and the quintet in the most sympathetic and artistic manner. In one sense the material was not new. What was new was Dvorák's use of it, his recognition of its adaptability to the highest musical purpose. What was called negro music, the music of the slaves on the Southern plantations, especially of the "spirituals," which were least tinctured by white association, has always been a favorite with the American public. Immensely popular were the "negro melodies" composed by Foster and others. Gottschalk entered somewhat the same field in his piano transcriptions of creole melodies and his frank imitations of the banjo. These were, however, imitations, or in the main sentimental departures from the *sui generis* African folk-songs. In Dvorák's attempts he has not in any way departed from the highest musical traditions. He has not attempted to idealize the negro melodies. He has used the American folk-songs in the scientific and we may say aristocratic (as distinguished from vulgar) manner in which the somewhat similar folk-songs appear in Hungarian and Polish compositions. As Mr. H. E. Krehbiel says, "he has shown that there are the same latent possibilities in the folk-songs which have grown up in America as in the folk-songs of other peoples." This notable achievement was reserved for a foreigner, who was quick to perceive these possibilities—the existence of which has long been vaguely recognized—and turn them to the enrichment of the highest art. The African seems to be naturally musical. The quality which we sometimes call Oriental and sometimes tropical he may have brought with him to this country and developed in his pathetic life as a slave. However it arose, the negro folk-song is as distinctly marked in character as any other folk-songs. It has long been believed that the negro had something to contribute to the artistic side of our life. Those who heard and saw the cantata of *Esther* given by the Hampton students in Daly's Theatre in New York a winter ago, in the naïveté of the performance recognized a decided capacity for dramatic representation that did not seem imitation, but had a primeval quality. Whether the negro himself will ever use this capacity in the higher realm of art remains to be seen. But Dvorák has shown that his peculiarities of rhythm and melody can be used as vehicles of the most exquisite musical expression. He has not attempted to popularize negro melodies, nor to tickle the ear with imitations of them, but, as Mr. Krehbiel says, he is simply cultivating a folk-song field which is rich and American.

V.

Spring has come! For a considerable part of the human race this is the most beautiful sentence in language. It announces the arrival of a new life, a renewal of hope, an end of various suffering, conflict, discouragement. Spring, or at least some show of change and renewal, is always coming somewhere, but nowhere does it mean so much as in these Northern latitudes, for the farmer, the poet, the young maiden, and the boy. There is not a human being in these latitudes who does not know when the sap begins to run up the tree trunks. It is then, if ever, that the poet taps the boles, and gathers the sweet fluid into a bucket, and boils it down into a poem. Or it is then, if he prefers another figure, that he begins to sing like the early birds, who are stimulated by the tint of green and the flush of blossoms to thoughts of domestic life. Why is it that spring poetry is considered "fresh," and is quoted low in the market? There is a notion that it is immature. People say that they do not care to drink so much sap; they want art applied to the natural product; they want it boiled down till it will crystallize. They say that much of the spring poetry is sticky, by which they mean sentimental. There is some injustice in this. The poet is really moved by the universal sentiment, and it seems hard that his product should be classed as raw material. There is no sound sweeter to country ears than the cackle of the spring hen some morning when the south wind blows, and the snow-banks are shrinking away, when the barn door is open, and

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the eaves are dripping, and the fleecy clouds promise transition, both showers and fine weather. The hen is not making music, but she announces that she has begun the production of a somewhat indefinite series of new lives. To us who know life there is a note of sadness in the cackle, for it is probable that the maternal instinct of the hen is to be disappointed by the nest-hunting boy and the greed of the family, and all her exuberant joy of life turned into a commercial operation. But no objection is made against the eggs because they are too fresh. Nor is any question raised by the statesmen in Washington whether they are raw material or finished product. To the hen they are both. The hen is no tariff-reformer. She is just solicitous for the prosperity of her race. The poet is sometimes more culpable than the hen. He has no ambitious patience to sit upon his eggs long enough to determine whether they have or have not life in them, but he sells them to the magazines and newspapers, and the public is so often deceived that it raises a cry that raw material should not come in free.

But this line of remark belittles the glorious conception of the resurrection-time of the year. It is a sort of Miriam song of triumph that the Red Sea is passed, and that the horrid forces of the enemy are drowned in the spring freshet. There is also in it the feeling of security and confidence that whatever Frost and Thaw may do hereafter, things are going in the right direction, and the sun is every morning rising further north. In this exultant spirit it is easy to forgive enemies and creditors. There are so many signs of coming abundance and gracious ease in living. Spring has come! But let there be no grain of deception in these papers. It has come to the reader, but not to the writer. There can be no confidence in the Study if its integrity is doubted. Its reasoning may not commend itself to the reader, but it is necessary that there should be belief in its honesty. While this Song of the Vernal Equinox is being penned, the ground is white with snow, the bare branches of the trees are thrashing about in a cruel northwest gale, there is a sort of lurid light along the western sky, which if seen by a sailor at sea would make him reef his sails and send the passengers below, and the telegraph announces that a Rocky Mountain cyclone is travelling hither, waltzing along in the arms of a Texan hurricane. These are the facts. All the rest is the work of the imagination. And it is justified. For the New England man, most part of the year, lives by his imagination. Without it he would perish.

MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 10th of February.—On January 17th Secretary Carlisle issued a circular offering $50,000,000 ten-year five-per-cent. bonds for public subscription. The entire amount was subscribed by February 3d, about $43,000,000 being taken in New York.

The Midwinter Fair was formally opened in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, on January 27th.

Unknown persons broke into the American Legation at Rome on January 29th and set fire to all the papers in the offices.

The House of Representatives, on February 1st, passed the Wilson tariff bill with the income-tax clause by a vote of 204 to 140.

Prince Bismarck visited Berlin on January 26th as the guest of the German Emperor.

French troops captured and occupied Timbuctoo early in January.

American merchant vessels in the harbor of Rio de Janeiro were fired upon by Brazilian insurgents while attempting to pass the blockade January 30th. Admiral Benham, commanding the United States cruiser *Detroit*, returned the fire, and compelled Admiral da Gama to ask for quarter.

DISASTERS.

January 15th.—Eleven persons were killed and forty-four injured by a collision on the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western Railway near New York.

February 2d.—The United States corvette *Kearsarge* was wrecked on Roncador Reef in the Caribbean Sea. The officers and crew were saved.

OBITUARY.

January 11th.—At Leigh, England, Isabella Shawe Thackeray, widow of William Makepeace Thackeray.

January 13th.—In Paris, William Henry Waddington, formerly French Ambassador to England.

January 24th.—At Venice, Italy, Constance Fenimore Woolson, aged forty-six years.

January 27th.—In London, Rosina Vokes, the actress, aged forty years.

February 3d.—At Philadelphia, George William Childs, aged sixty-five years.

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EDITOR'S DRAWER

"TINCTER OV IRON."

BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH.

IT was in an old town in Connecticut. Marbles kept the shop. "Joseph Marbles, Shipwright and Blacksmith," the sign read.

I knew Joe. He had repaired one of the lighters used in carrying materials for the foundation of the light-house I was building. The town lay in the barren end of the State, where they raised rocks enough to make four stone fences to the acre. Joe always looked to me as if he had lived off the crop. The diet never affected his temper nor hardened his heart, as far as I could see. It was his body, his long, lean, lank body, that suggested the stone diet, and convinced you on closer acquaintance that even that slight nourishment had dropped through in a hurry.

In his early days Joe had married a helpmate. She had lasted until the beginning of the third year, and then she had been carried to the cemetery on the hill, and another stone, and a new one, added to the general assortment.

This wife was a constant topic with Marbles. It was his way of showing his affection. He never seemed to speak of her, though, as a part of his life, one who had shared his bed and board, and therefore entitled to his love and reverent remembrance. It was rather as an appendage to his household, a curiosity, a natural freak, as one would discuss the habits of a chimpanzee, and with a certain pity, too, for the poor creature who had been housed, fed, poked at, humored, and then buried.

And yet with it all I could always see that nothing else in his life had made so profound an impression upon him as the companionship of this "poor creeter"—he had never married again—and that underneath his sparsely covered ribs there still glowed a spot fer the woman who had given him her youth.

He would say, "It wuz one ov them days when she wouldn't eat, or it was kind o' cur'us to watch her go on when she had one ov them tantrums." Sometimes he would rub his ribs in glee—holding his sides would have been superfluous—when he would recount some joke he had played upon her.



"'TASTE IT,' I SEZ."

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"That wuz when she fust come, yer know," he said to me one day, leaning against an old boat, his adze in his hand. "Her folks belonged over to Westerly. I never had seen much ov wimmen, and didn't know their ways. But I tell yer she wuz a queer 'un, allers imaginin' she wuz ailin', er had heart-disease when she got out er breath runnin' up stairs, er as'mer, er lumbago, er somethin' else dreadful. She wuz the cur'usest critter too to take medicin' ye ever see. She never ailed none really 'cept when she broke her coller-bone a-fallin' down stairs, and the last sickness, the one that killed her, but she believed all the time she wuz, which was wuss. Every time the druggist would git out a new red card and stick it in his winder, with a cure fer cold, or chilblains, er croup, er e'sipelas, she'd go and buy it, an' out 'd cum ther cork, and she a-tastin' ov it 'fore she got hum. She used ter rub herself with St. Jiminy's intment, and soak her feet in sea-salt, and cover herself with plasters till yer couldn't rest. Why, ther cum a feller once who painted a yaller sign on ther whole side ov Buckley's barn—cure fer spiral meningeetius—and she wuz nigh crazy till she had found out where ther pain ought ter be, and had clapped er plaster on her back and front, persuadin' herself she had it. That's how she bruk her coller-bone, a-runnin' fer hot water to soak 'em off, they burnt so, and stumblin' over a kit ov tools I had brung hum to do a job around the house. After this she begun ter run down so, and git so thin and peaked, I begun to think she really wuz goin' ter be sick, after all, jest fer a change.

"When ther doctor come he sed it warn't nothin' but druggist's truck that ailed her, and he throwed what there wuz out er ther winder, and give her a tonic—Tincter ov Iron he called it. Well, yer never see a woman hug a thing as she did that bottle. It was a spoonful three times a day, and then she'd reach out fer it in ther night, vowin' it was doin' her a heap er good, and I a-gettin' ther bottle filled at Sarcy's ther druggist's, and payin' fifty cents every time he put er new cork in it. I tried ter reason with her, but it warn't no use; she would have it, and if she could have got outer bed and looked round at the spring crop of advertizements on ther fences, she would hev struck somethin' worse. So I let her run on until she tuk about seven dollars' wuth of Tincter, and then I dropped in ter Sarcy's. 'Sarcy,' sez I, 'can't ye wholesale this, er sell it by the quart? If the ole woman's coller-bone don't get ter runnin' easy purty soon, I'll be broke.'

"'Well,' he said, 'if I bought a dozen it might come cheaper, but it wuz a mighty pertic'ler medicine, and had ter be fixed jest so.'

"''Tain't pizen, is it,' I sez, 'thet's got ter be fixed so all-fired kerful?' He 'lowed it warn't, and thet ye might take er barrel of it and it wouldn't kill yer, but all ther same it has ter be made mighty pertic'ler.

"'Well, iron's cheap enough,' I sez, 'and strengthenin' too. If it's ther Tincter thet costs so, don't put so much in.' Well, he laffed, and said ther warn't no real iron in it, only Tincter, kinder iron soakage like, same es er drawin' ov tea.

"Goin' home thet night I got ter thinkin'. I'd been round iron all my life and knowed its ways, but I hadn't struck no Tincter as I knowed ov. When she fell asleep I poured out a leetle in another bottle and slid it in my trousers pocket, an' next day, down ter ther shop, I tasted ov it and held it up ter ther light. It was kind er persimmony and dark-lookin', ez if it had rusty nails in it, and so thet night when I goes hum I sez ter her, 'Down ter ther other druggist's I kin git twice as much Tincter for fifty cents as I kin at Sarcy's, and if yer don't mind I'll git it filled there.' Well, she never kicked a stroke, 'cept to say I'd better hurry, fer she hadn't had a spoonful sence daylight, and she wuz beginnin' ter feel faint. When the whistle blew I cum hum ter dinner, and sot the new bottle, about twice as big as the other one, beside her bed.

"'How's that?' I sez. 'It's a leetle grain darker and more muddy like, but the new druggist sez thet's the Tincter, and thet's what's doin' ov yer good.' Well, she never suspicioned; jest kept on, night and day, wrappin' herself round it every two er three hours, I gettin' it filled regerlar and she a-empt'in' ov it.

"'Bout four weeks arter that she begun to git around, and then she'd walk out ez fur ez ther ship-yard fence, and then, begosh, she begun to flesh up so as you wouldn't know her. Now an' then she'd meet the doctor, and say 's how she'd never a-lived but fer ther Tincter, and he'd laff and drive on. When she got real peart I brought her down to the shop one day, and I shows her an old paint-keg thet I kep' rusty bolts in, and half full ov water.

"'Smell that,' I sez, and she smells it and cocks her eye.

"'Taste it,' I sez, and she give me a look. Then I dips a spoonful out in a glass, and I sez: 'It's most time to take yer medicine. I kin beat Gus Sarcy all holler makin' Tincter; every drop yer drunk fer a month come out er thet keg.'"

A CLEVER PLAN.

My rhymes at last have got in print, but bring to me no fame,
For I have signed each one of them with my small sonny's name.
As mine they would not sell at all; as his they go with vim.
They're pretty poor for one like me, but rather bright for him.

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THE INTELLIGENCE OF BIRDS.

"BUR-RDS is intilligent," Mrs. Brannigan observed as she encountered her friend Mrs. O'Flaherty. "Ye can tache 'em annything. Me sister has wan as lives in a clock, an' phin it's toime to tell th' toime it comes out an' says cuckoo as manny toimes as th' toime is."

"Dthot's wondherful!" said Mrs. O'Flaherty.

"It is indade," said Mrs. Brannigan. "An' th' wondherful par-rt ov it all is, it's only a wooden bur-rd at dthot!"

A SAD TIME FOR ACTORS.

THE critic met the old-school actor on the highway, and observing a pale melancholy in the face of the Thespian, he said: "What's the matter, Hamleigh? You look blue."

"I am blue," returned Hamleigh. "These new-school actors are knocking us old fellows completely out."

"What seems to be the trouble?" asked the critic.

"I'm not educated up to the standard," said Hamleigh. "A man to be a good actor nowadays has got to swim in real water, or ride a race, or manage a buzz-saw, or be an expert farm hand. I can't swim, ride, or milk cows, and I am as afraid as of death of a buzz-saw. Result, ruin!"

A REVISED VERSION.

IT happened in Sunday-school. The subject under discussion was Solomon and his wisdom. A little girl was asked to tell the story of Solomon and the women who disputed the possession of a child. She timidly rose up and answered: "Solomon was a very wise man. One day two women went to him, quarrelling about a baby. One woman said, 'This is my child,' and the other woman said, 'No, this is my child.' But Solomon spoke up and said: 'No, no, ladies; do not quarrel. Give me my sword and I will make *twins* of him, so each of you can have one!'"



CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER SITTINGS.

"Jack has finished my portrait."
"At last! I didn't think he ever would."
"Oh yes! He's been at work on it only a year."
"Dear me! Isn't that a long time?"
"We didn't think so. We're engaged now."

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MR. PETERS OF SCHOHARIE MORALIZES.

Ye'd like to be a boy again? *I* wouldn't, ye can bet.
I'm satisfied jest as I am; age brings me no regret.
I'm havin' finer times these days than when I was a lad,
An' wishin' I was back again's a wish I never had.

I wouldn't have to go to school for all the cash there be,
A-learnin' how to read and write and studyin' g'ography
With that red-headed teacher, with his frownin', lammin' way,
To spank me 'cause I'd mix Maine up with Pennsylvaniay.

An' drivin' cows to pasture every day at 6 A.M.,
An' gittin' thrashed for fishin' 'stead o' keepin' track o' them,
'Ain't got no sentiment for me. I never did enjoy
The trials that I allers got for bein' jest a boy.

An' furthermore, I'd ruther have the misery of life
I went through when it came to choosin' Marthy for my wife
To look back on an' shiver 'bout, jest as I now kin do,
Than havin' it a thing to come to be looked forward to.

An' as for chums, I wouldn't swap them little sons o' mine
For twenty thousand of the chums I had when I was nine;
An' when it comes to eatin', why, it sort o' suits my eye
To know that if I want it I kin eat a whole mince pie.

You fellers kin be boys again if so it pleases ye,
But where I stand jest now's the age of ages all for me.
I'm satisfied with what I am, old, gray, and bent withal;
It's sort o' pleasant to be old and know ye know it all.

ANACHRONISTIC.

THEY were men of about the same age, and took seats side by side in a car before they recognized each other. The surprise was mutual, and they both shook hands.

"Didn't see you at all when you came in," remarked one, who wore glasses and a rather faded suit. "I was back in Chaldea and Babylonia. Wonderful times!"

"Yes," assented the other, who was better dressed and more brisk in his speech. "I didn't notice you, either. Fact is the stock-market went down several points to-day, and—"

"I've been up at the museum studying the older monarchies of history," interrupted the first speaker, who was plainly a scholar, "and my brain is all awhirl. I feel as though I was living back in those days under Nabonassor in the city of Ur. I hope to get even back to Semiramis of Assyria—'the Lady Semiramis.' Do you ever think—"

"Yes," retorted the other, who plainly chafed under such conversation, "I do think once in a while, but I've my doubts about you. Do you ever remember that you owe me ten dollars, borrowed in 1892?"

The scholar turned his spectacled blue eyes, and gazed astonishedly at his practical companion. "Why," was the answer, "didn't I just say that I felt that I was living back in those old Chaldean days—seven hundred years B.C.? Didn't I just tell you this?" There was a touch of pathos in his tone. "And yet, by Bel, you ask me if I remember an event which is twenty-five hundred years later! Why can't you have patience and wait just a little while?"

OTHELLO REVISED.

"DURING my Senior year at Brown," writes a Drawer reader, "Booth and Barrett played a week's engagement in Providence, and secured among our students such amateur aid as they needed. Among these amateur supernumeraries was one Attleboro, who was given the part of Othello's lieutenant, Cassio. He practised constantly the scene where he was to interpose between Brabantio and the Moor. He had but three words to say, but it was astonishing what varieties of inflections, gestures, and expressions so short a speech admitted. Our hall constantly resounded as he heavily paced his room, and frowning angrily at a lamp or picture, swept his arm toward these unoffending objects, shouting, 'Hold your hands!'

"On the evening of the performance the military strides with which he entered the scene and the haughty and martial air with which he grasped the hilt of his sword did honor to his interpretation of the part. We noticed, however, as the noise of the approach of the irate father and his followers was heard, our college Cassio became nervous, and when the two parties of angry men met he was completely held by that form of temporary aberration of the intellect known as stage-fright.

"The momentous instant arrived when blood would be shed unless he intervened. Booth glanced at him impatiently. He stept forward, waved his arm, and attempted to utter the words of mediation so necessary to preserve the public peace, but to the now quiet house no sound was audible. Othello glared at him; Iago scowled. Again he waved his arm, again moved his lips, but no words came. This pantomime was repeated several times, and the painful silence had become almost unendurable, when, with a supreme effort, Cassio found his tongue. Again stepping forward, and looking desperately at Booth, he shouted, '*Cheese it!*'

"At this unexpected and far from classic sally Booth and the other actors lost their self-control, and the remainder of the scene lacked much of its accustomed dignity."

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A PARABLE.

SOME years ago a number of gentlemen visited the mountains of Colorado for the purpose of fishing. Among the party was a bishop of an Eastern diocese of the Episcopal Church. Fishing was the sole occupation and amusement of the visitors; so when Sunday came, as there was nothing else to do, the laymen of the party got out their rods, preparatory to casting a line. But they were in a quandary as to the bishop. They did not want to hurt his feelings by leaving him behind, nor did they want to offend his religious principles by inviting him to go fishing on Sunday. Finally one of them plucked up courage and told him of their dilemma, whereupon the good man said that he would tell them of a happening in his earlier life which he thought rather apropos.

"Some years ago," he said, "when I had charge of the affairs of a parish, I was awakened about two o'clock one morning, and upon inquiring who was there, heard a man's voice reply that he was there with Miss Blank, and that they wanted to get married. I reasoned with him about the untimely hour, but to no avail; he meant to get married right then and there. So I put on my clothes and gown, and went down stairs and began the marriage service. Everything went along as dictated in the service till I asked the man, 'Wilt thou take this woman to be thy wedded wife?' to which he replied, 'What 'm I here fur?'"

They waited for the bishop.

THE PRINCE'S REWARD.

As he entered the car there was no mistaking his occupation. He was a New York ward politician, and he spoke as one in authority. His conversation with the man who accompanied him was not carried on in any low tone; every one in the car overheard what he was saying, and that was exactly what he wanted.

"Oi give ther young fellar a good job," he said. "He worked harrud for the ticket and helped us to win. He's doin' night-watchman juty down in one of the city buildin's, an' mebbe he'll git on de foorce some day."

"That's not much of a reward," said the other. "I should think that the work of a night-watchman would be very monotonous."

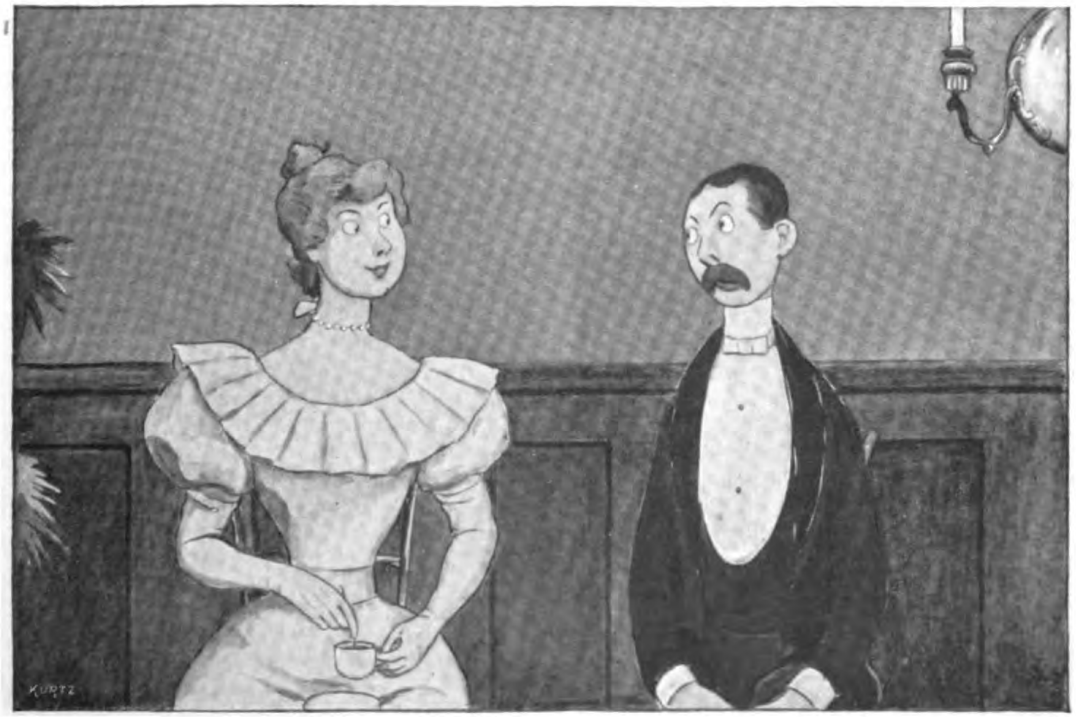
"Mo-*not*-onous, is it?" repeated the city prince, with a sly wink. "Not a bit of it. Oi looked out for that. Shure, *he gets a day off three nights in the week.*" F. S. M.

A LIVE LANDLORD.

ACCORDING to a veracious young man known to the Drawer, the scarcity of young men at summer resorts, and the remedy therefore, is coming to be recognized as a great problem among hotel-keepers. Contemplating a visit to a certain caravansary last summer, he wrote for terms for single gentlemen.

The return mail brought this answer:

"DEAR SIR,—We'll take you in for nothing, and be glad of the chance. If you'll say you'll come positively, I'll advertise you."



CAME EARLY.

"Your eyes are gray, aren't they, Mr. Wally?"
"Er-r-r, yes; prematurely so."

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HEN AN' 'MANTHY.

AN EXERCISE IN DIALECT.

THE red cow which Snack Treat bought from Dink Cathwhack bellowed dismally. She was not a good cow, and seemed, as Snack said, "ter beller-bawl an' beller-bawl an' keep er-beller-bawlin'."

Samantha Hawkins sat on a stump near the leach. She had been boiling soap, but she had not used it on her hands, which were grimy with the hard labor. The twilight brought out all of her plainness of face and angularity of form. Snack had said to her one day, "Durn me ef I doan' b'lieve ther consairned keow-critter beller-bawls 'kais et hearts 'er ter look et yer humbly face!"

As Samantha sat on the stump she saw Henry Lease coming up the lane. She did not move, nor did she care much if he came or not. He walked, as usual, with a shambling gait. His hands, like the girl's, were dirty. Indeed, it is doubtful if the kettle of soap would have washed his hands. His father's hands before him had been dirty, and his grandfather's. Henry's face was dirty too, and had that drawn, worn-out, repulsive look which tells of plodding toil.

"Ev'nin', 'Manthy," said Henry.

"Ev'nin', Hen," answered the girl, without moving.

"'Ow's yer mommer?"

"Mawr's all stove up wid der rheumertiz, 'n' pawr's liver's eout o' whack. Seems 'sif thet air las' whiskey he biled eout en ther soap-kittle guv 'im ther dispepsher enside uv hisself."

There was a pause, then the man said:

"I 'lowed ter kem yover thish 'erewerds ter see yer, 'Manthy."

"Year ther blame' keow-critter beller-bawl, Hen," answered the girl, evasively.

"She do holler right smeart, fer er fac', 'Manthy. But do she kem deown wid ther bucket-melk?"

"Nary drap, Hen. She jais' doan' do nothin' but ter beller-bawl 'n' yank en 'er breath 'n' beller-bawl et eout ergin."

The man sat down on another stump. He pushed back his torn hat, and his coarse brindled hair was revealed. The girl did not notice the burdock burs in it, because there were burdock burs in her own. His hair was jagged around the edges, as if perhaps he had had it trimmed by allowing the lightning to strike it. He wore a shoe on one foot and a boot on the other, and the boot had a patch made from sheepskin with the wool on it over the toe. Suddenly he spoke, looking at her sidewise and twirling his thumbs:

"'Manthy, doan' yer know thet er love yer like all git eout?"

"I year yer er-sayin' uv et, Hen. An' I year thet air keow-critter er-bellerin' like ter split."

"'Manthy, yer oughtn' ter steck er stab-knife enter er son ov er gun's 'art that a-way." Tears rose to his eyes, and made little cañons as they ran down his face. "I've got love fer yer en my 'art bigger 'n er woodchuck."

"I 'ear yer say so, Hen. But yer cain't put no dependerance on wot yer 'ear. Ther keow-critter beller-bawls like er man with 'is foot caught en er b'ar-trap, but ef yer go ter melk 'er yer doan' git ernough bucket-melk ter feed ther houn'-purp."

"I wisht yer could peek enter my 'art, 'Manthy. Love ez er-slamboozlin' round en et like er wild-cat en er tin oven."

"You-uns ez es onsartain es Injuns, 'n' es weak as hen-grass."

"But w'en we-uns love er 'oman we'll jaist nacherly wo'k fer 'er like er nigger. I'm er-dyin' fer my love fer yer, 'Manthy. I'm run deown en flaish tell I'm most us pore 's er w'ip-er-well. I 'ate ter cry, 'Manthy, but w'en I sees yer my 'art gits meller es er boxin'-glove."

"You-uns er deceiv'rs 'n' p'var'cators 'n' per-j'ers."

"Nut w'en 'ur 'arts ez er-bustin' op'n like er melkweed pod, 'Manthy. I fit fer yer ter-day et Bull-Wagon Cort House. Sez Buck McHauser, sez he, ''Manthy Hawkins cain't mek soft-soap ser good es B'lindy Dole.' He wuz er-drinkin' whiskey ser noo thet er co'n meal wuz er-swimmin' erbout on et, but I sez ter hem, sez I, plain an' solemn like, 'sif I wuz er-preachin' er 'vival sermant, sez I ter Buck, sez I, 'Yer lie!' Then sez he, 'I cain prove thet her soap 'as got free alk'li en et.' Then I cracks my heels tergether, an' I hollers: 'Look eout! I'm frum w'ere Bitter Creek kems out er ther groun'!' Then I jumps fer 'im like butter goin' through er tin horn, an' larrups 'im tell they-uns pulls me orff. 'Manthy, et tuk four men ter hol' me, an' then I jumped ter ther ceilin' at ev'ry jump, an' 'oops tell ther groun' jais' nacherly shaked like 'sif er yearth-quake wuz er-humpin' up ets baick. His fren's ez er-nussin' 'im, an' er-tyin' 'im tergether wid strings."

"Well yer do some'in' ter show thes year all-fired love, Hen?"

"That's wot, 'Manthy."

"Well yer melk ther beller-bawlin' keow-critter?"

"I'll melk 'er tell she turns enter walkin' dried beef."

He seized a gourd from the ground and started for the barn-yard.

The girl chuckled. "Thet air keow-critter 'll h'ist ther heaid offen him," she said. Suddenly she became more thoughtful. Then she grew deathly pale, and leaped up with a wild cry of pain. Her elbow struck the leach and knocked it into the soap-kettle.

"Hen! Hen! Hen!" she screamed, rushing after him fiercely. "Hen! Hen! Kem back! —ther durn' keow-critter 'll kill yer!"

The man got down and crawled under the fence into the enclosure.

"Hen! Hen!" cried the frantic girl, as she followed him under the fence. "Kem back, Hen—I love yer—sure pop!"

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She threw her arms around his neck imploringly.

"Lemmy go!" said the man, struggling to free himself. "Gosh-all-hemlock, lemmy go! I'll be tetoterly chawed up ef I doan' gourdmelk ther an'mule ef et takes er laig!"

"Don't, Hen, don't! She'll keck ther daylights outen yer. Don't, fer my sake."

He looked down into her eyes. "I'll stop fer yer sake, 'Manthy, but I 'u'dn't fer nothin' else."

They turned and crawled under the fence hand in hand. The cow bellowed and kicked a clapboard off the side of the barn. H. C.

A FIRST IMPRESSION.

Mrs. S—— had never been to the theatre, and when she visited her daughter, who had married and settled down in New York, as a special treat they took the old lady to see *Hamlet*.

On her return to her daughter's house after the performance she was asked what she thought of it.

"I'd have liked it if I hadn't been so fidgety all the time," she replied. "I was scared to death all the way through for fear that Hamlet man mightn't live to finish the performance."

AN OBSERVANT YOUTH.

Johnny has just reached the age at which the small boy becomes a devourer of newspapers. He has even cultivated early rising so that he may get downstairs before his father and obtain possession, undisputed for a time, of the *Daily* ——. The effect of his reading was shown at school the other day.

"Johnny, where is Ireland?" asked the teacher.

"In the British Isles."

"By whom is it governed?"

"The English."

"And what is raised there chiefly?"

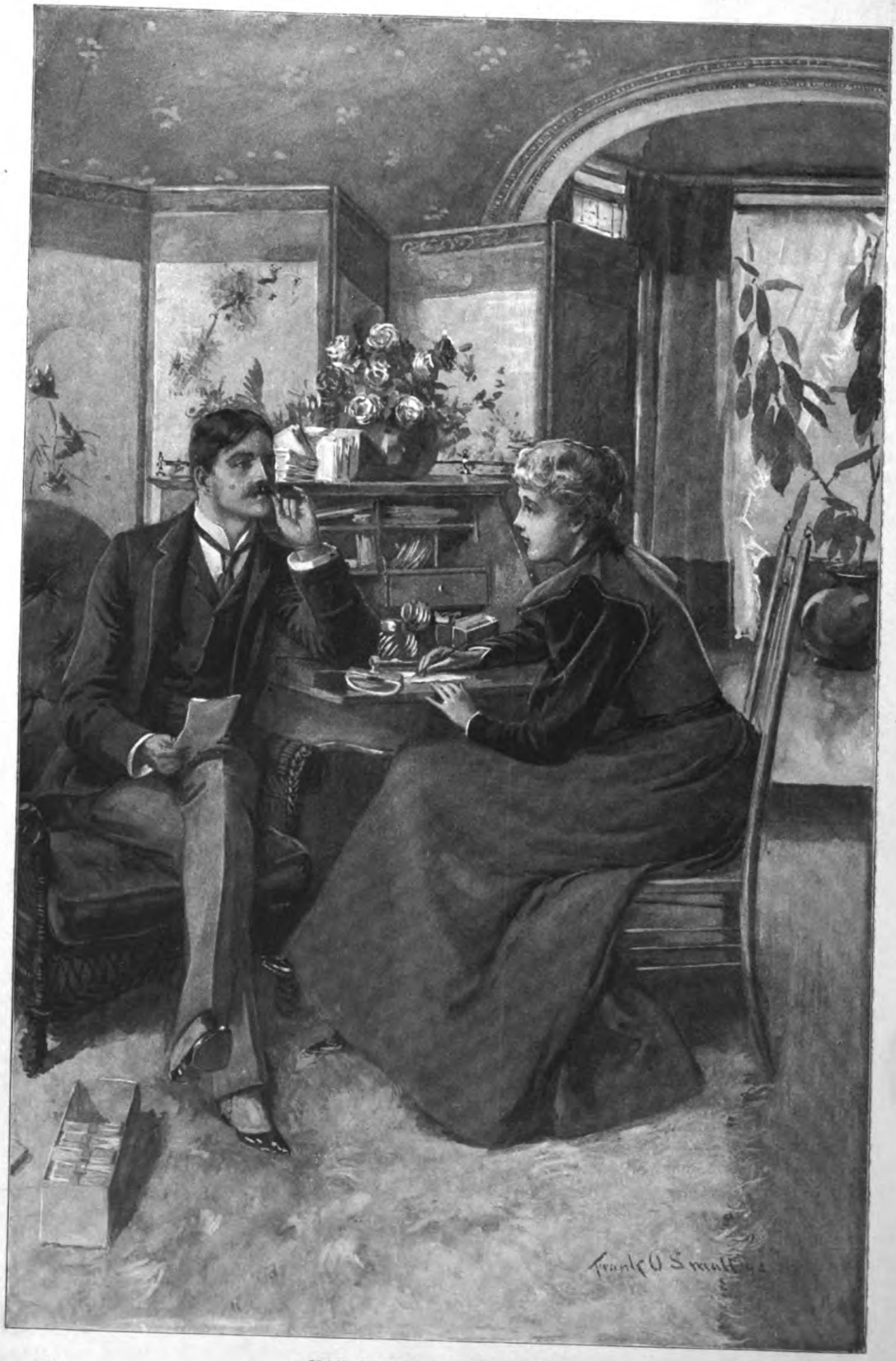
"The deuce!"



SIMPLE ENOUGH.

She. "What can I do to make this room attractive?"
He (*earnestly*). "Stay in it."

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HAZARDOUS EITHER WAY.

HE. "You can't very well have a headache five days ahead, so just say we have an engagement."
SHE. "But that will be plain fibbing."
HE. "It's no more fibbing than to say that we accept with pleasure, and no more likely to be found out, for I should hate awfully to go, as I am sure that I couldn't conceal my feelings."

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LITERARY NOTES.

BY LAURENCE HUTTON.

NO man in America is more thoroughly familiar with the history and the literature of the drama than is Mr. Brander Matthews. He has written of, and for, the stage for years; he has studied carefully the methods and the manners of more than one generation of players, not only in the United States, but in England and in France; and he has been equally diligent as a student of the works of the playwrights in both languages from the date of the very beginning of the writing of plays. He knows his subject from the inside as well as from the outside, as a producer as well as a spectator; he knows how the machine ought to be made, and how to make it; how the machine ought to be run, and how to run it. His *Studies of the Stage*,[1] a series of essays lately collected in one volume, are, therefore, a peculiarly valuable contribution to theatrical knowledge. In his brief prefatory remarks Mr. Matthews says, and truly, that these papers of his differ from other papers upon the same subject because of their writer's different point of view. While the theatrical critics in general look at the drama from their seats in the orchestra stalls, Mr. Matthews's stand-point has always been the stage itself. Being for his own part a maker of plays, he has considered the art of the dramatist with a fuller understanding of its technic, and with a more intimate sympathy than can be possessed by those who know the stage only from the auditorium side of the foot-lights. And he closes by confessing his willingness to have his present work considered as an argument in favor of the contention that dramatic literature must approve itself as drama first, and before it need be discussed as literature.

In his various chapters Mr. Matthews treats of "The Dramatization of Novels"; of "The Dramatic Outlook in America"; of "Charles Lamb and the Theatre"; of "The Players"—the club founded in New York by Mr. Booth for the members of his profession, and for those in sympathy with them; of "M. Francisque Sarcey" and of "M. Jules Lemaître," two French theatrical critics; of "Shakspere, Molière, and Modern English Comedy"; of "The Old Comedies"; and he closes with "A Plea for Farce." Of these, the first and the last are, perhaps, the most characteristic, the most suggestive, and the most comprehensive; and they show, even better than do the other studies perhaps, the author's full understanding of the technic of the art of the dramatist and the merit of the application of his peculiar point of view. There is no space here to repeat any of Mr. Matthews's arguments in defence of such farces as "The Merry Wives of Windsor" and "Les Précieuses Ridicules," or to quote his lucid explanations why popular novels cannot be, and never have been, adapted to stage purposes with anything like success; but the closing paragraph of his opening chapter must be quoted in full, as showing the results of the research of Mr. Matthews in his subject, and the expression of his deliberate opinion of the value of the work of the writers of plays. How far he is correct in his conclusions the reader must judge for himself. On pages 37 and 38 he says: "Indeed the drama is really the noblest form of literature, because it is the most direct. It calls forth the highest of literary faculties in the highest degree—the creation of character, standing firm on its own feet, and speaking for itself. The person in a play must *be* and *do*, and the spectator must see what he is and what he does, and why. There is no narrator standing by to act as chorus, and there needs none. If the dramatist knows his trade, if he have the gift of the born playwright, if his play is well made, then there is no call for explanation or analysis, no necessity of dissecting and refining, no demand for comment or sermon, no desire that any one palliate or denounce what all have seen. Actions speak louder than words."

There is one curious and significant fact which is not noticed by Mr. Matthews, and which is difficult to be explained when looked at from his point of view; and that is the fact that the dramatizations of certain of the novels of Dickens, made when the novels first appeared, almost half a century ago, and of no value whatever as plays, have outlived the standard dramas of undoubted merit which were their contemporaries. If the novel can not be adapted to the purposes of the stage, why is it that Mr. Irving still plays Jingle in "Pickwick," and is never seen as Jacques Stropp in "Robert Macaire"? Captain Cuttle and Wilkins Micawber first appeared in literature in the Forties, and yet they did not die upon the stage until William Florence and George Fawcett Rowe passed away, only a year or two ago; while Sir Charles Coldstream and Abel Murcott, born upon the stage, and created for the stage, were dead and buried and quite forgotten years before. To go back to earlier times, "The Merry Wives of Windsor" itself was based upon "The Tale of Two Lovers of Pisa," upon "The Fish-wife's Tale of Brainford," and upon sundry other novels and novellos then in existence; and a glance at the "Biographia Dramatica" will show

[1] *Studies of the Stage.* By BRANDER MATTHEWS, Author of "Americanisms and Britticisms," etc. With Portrait. 16mo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 00. (In *Harper's American Essayists.*) New York: Harper and Brothers.

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that nearly every one of the then famous plays of men like Ben Jonson, Nat Lee, and Kit Marlowe are founded upon the literature, serious or frivolous, of some worthy who had preceded them. Is this a proof that Mr. Matthews's theories are wrong, or is it merely the exception which proves his rule?

A LITTLE story by Mr. Matthews entitled "In the Vestibule Limited" appeared in New York in the spring of 1891. It bears a certain vague resemblance to a short tale by M. Ludovic Halévy called "Par le Rapide," which was printed in Paris some eighteen months later; and, while neither of these was written for the stage, each of them—Mr. Matthews to the contrary notwithstanding — would bear the test of dramatic adaptation. M. Halévy is the nephew of a musical composer and the son of a playwright; he grew up in the theatre, and he is himself the half-author of "Frou-Frou," as well as of the librettos of "Carmen" and "La Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein." Like Mr. Matthews, therefore, he has had the playwright's training, and it is interesting to read, in an Introduction to a collection of Halévy's tales, what Mr. Matthews has to say concerning the methods of the French author. This Introduction shows how fond is M. Halévy of the actors and actresses among whom he spent the early years of his manhood, and how they appear again and again in his *contes;* and it seems to prove that if M. Halévy had not written dramas which were rejected, he could hardly have become the author of novels and novelettes which were accepted, and have become popular not only in France but in England and in America. How far this particular group of successful stories is based upon the unsuccessful plays does not appear, but they were, at all events, written by a French gentleman for the perusal of young ladies of all nationalities, and they have, as well, the dramatic quality in an eminent degree.

Mr. Matthews quotes Cardinal Newman as having said once that while Livy and Tacitus and Terence and Seneca wrote Latin, Cicero wrote Roman; and he adds that while M. Zola on the one hand and M. Ohnet on the other write French, M. Halévy writes Parisian. To this it may be added that Mr. Matthews himself writes American, and that *Parisian Points of View*,[2] the name happily given to the present volume of Halévy's stories, is done into pure, undefiled, excellent American by Miss Edith V. B. Matthews, who inherits, in no small degree, the felicity of expression and command of proper words for which her father is distinguished. The tales are well selected, and, as has been said, they are admirably translated. The readers and friends of "The Abbé Constantin" will be glad to meet "The Insurgent" who was born on the wrong side of the barricades, and to ride "In the Express" to that most unfrequented of all stations in French fiction, an honest love-match. And even those who never heard of the Abbé Constantin will be pleased to discover that there are in print Parisian Points of View which a young girl can exhibit to young girls.

WHEN the dramatists turn their attention to *The Mystery of Abel Forefinger*[3] they will advertise it as a magnificent spectacular production in five acts and ever so many tableaux. The bills will tell how hundreds of persons are crowded upon the stage at one time, and the brilliantly colored posters will show to the gaping world how gorgeous are the ballets and the processions. There will be presented real sharks in real oceans, a runaway car on a Mexican mountain, and the lair of a gang of Cuban bandits; dazzling lime-lights will be cast upon a tissue-paper water-spout; the young heroes will be brought safely home in the end to slow sweet music; and the story itself will be entirely lost in the scenery. All this is not a very elevating stage study, nor is it very encouraging to the students and to the lovers of the dramatic literature upon which Mr. Matthews treats; but it will prove a very popular theatrical entertainment nevertheless, and it will pay far better than the most scholarly and the most intellectual performances of "Hamlet" or "Ghosts."

It is not intended, by any means, to insinuate here that "The Mystery of Abel Forefinger," as it now appears in book form, is sensational or unhealthy. Mr. Drysdale has written a clean and entertaining tale of adventure for young people, with the half-concealed moral that nothing succeeds like self-control. He takes two boys of fifteen or sixteen on a delightful voyage to Bermuda, to Nassau, to Havana, to Vera Cruz and Mexico, to Jamaica, to Porto Rico, to St. Kitt's, to St. Lucia, to Martinique, to Dominica, and so across to Trinidad; he gives them plenty to do, plenty to see, and plenty to think about, and he will make them the envy of every boy who reads of their experiences. In literature Ferdinand and Lawrence are natural, actual, and possible; in the drama they would be nothing more than lay figures upon which to hang a series of artificial pictures which appeal to the eye and leave the senses blank; and they are another strong proof of Mr. Matthews's theory that popular novels are, as a rule, not fitted for the purposes of the stage.

It is interesting to contrast Mr. Drysdale's self-controlled scenery with the views of the same tropical islands painted by Mr. Lafcadio Hearn in his "Two Years in the French West Indies," reviewed in these columns some time

[2] *Parisian Points of View.* By LUDOVIC HALÉVY. The Translation by EDITH V. B. MATTHEWS An Introduction by BRANDER MATTHEWS. With Portrait. 16mo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 00. (In *The Odd Number Series.*) New York: Harper and Brothers.

[3] *The Mystery of Abel Forefinger.* By WILLIAM DRYSDALE. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25. (In *Harper's Young People Series.*) New York: Harper and Brothers.

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ago. Speaking of the sea-gardens Mr. Drysdale says that "it would take many picturesque words to do one justice. In some places the water was ten feet deep, in others fifty, but everywhere the bottom was in plain sight. And such a bottom! A miniature forest of coral stems, with goldfish and angel-fish dodging among them. In other places jungles of sea-fans, sea-rods, rocky beds of brain-stones, sea-urchins, and sea eggs." Now listen to Mr. Hearn, quoted at random: "The sunset comes with a great yellow burning glow, fading up through faint greens to lose itself in violet light." "The sea is impossibly blue, yet it is transparent; the foam clouds as they sink down turn sky blue—a sky blue which now looks white by contrast with the strange and violet splendor of the sea color. It seems as if one were looking into an immeasurable dyeing-vat, or as though the whole ocean had been thickened with indigo. To say that this is a mere reflection of the sky is nonsense—the sky is too pale by an hundred shades for that. This must be the natural color of the water—a blazing azure, magnificent, impossible to describe"! The most daring, the most accomplished, the most enthusiastic scenic artist in the world to-day would fail most disastrously if he should attempt "to stage" the words of Mr. Hearn, and even the superb spectacle of the "Mystery of Abel Forefinger" would seem commonplace and shabby by its side.

MR. RICHARD HARDING DAVIS has written many tales, and he has adapted at least two of them for the stage; but he is to be considered here as an observer and as a traveller, rather than as a novelist or a dramatist. In any literary capacity in which he appears, however, Mr. Davis possesses, in a remarkable degree, the delightful gift of seeing things and of saying things. This is exhibited not only in his short stories, but in his descriptions of what he saw of our own great West from a car-window, and of the great East of Europe, Asia, and Africa from the deck of a mail packet; and more particularly in what he saw the other day of *Our English Cousins*[4] in their Northern little island of Britain. His pen-pictures of English horse-races, of English University boat-races, and of the race for Parliamentary honors in an English rural borough must interest as well as instruct those who are unfamiliar with these peculiar English institutions; while to those of us who have been to Ascot and to the Derby, who have spent the "Eights Week" in Oxford, or who have witnessed the incidents so common at the meetings in Yorkshire or Worcestershire, they are a delightful reminder of things seen and heard, and not likely to be forgotten. Mr. Davis begins at the beginning, and he tells it all. Nothing escapes his eye or his pencil. It is, fortunately for his readers, an absolutely fresh impression to him, and as such he sets it all down in his own fresh and entertaining way. He seems to be writing for the edification of those to whom it is equally new, but he appeals as well to that smaller class of readers who have been there themselves; and both classes will take up his book with pleasure and lay it down with regret.

There is one item in Mr. Davis's chapter upon "Three English Race Meetings" to which the present reviewer must object: to wit, the buttons on the bottoms of the legs of the trousers of the costermongers. These buttons exist in song and in fiction, and they are always obtrusively conspicuous upon the stage, particularly upon the variety stage, for which Mr. Davis is not here writing; but in the real life which Mr. Davis portrays they have never been seen by the present reviewer, who has known his London costermongers for many years, and they have never been seen, off the stage, by any close student of London with whom the present reviewer is acquainted.

There are many things in this volume, however, which one would like to quote, while Mr. Davis's epitome of "that class feeling which is in the atmosphere in England, and which does not exist with us," is too good to be lost. In his "Undergraduate Life in Oxford" he says: "The Harvard student may think he is of finer clay than the towns-people and the tradesman and the policeman, as he generally is; but he cannot bring *them* to think so too—that is where his English contemporary has the advantage of him. The Oxford townsman feels an inborn and traditional respect for the gentleman; he bows meekly to his eccentricities; he takes his chaff with smiles, and regards the undergraduate's impertinence as one of the privileges of the upper classes." This, in a nutshell, is the gist of the whole matter. We can never have an upper class in America until "Society" here can instil an inborn and traditional respect for itself, until "Society" can induce the rest of mankind, in America, to accept "Society" at its own valuation. When the inhabitants of the South End of Boston, of Philadelphia, North of Market Street, and of New York, West of Seventh Avenue, are willing to acknowledge that they are of poorer clay than their neighbors who figure in the Élite Directory, then will the millennium come; and then will men in the United States be born fettered and unequal and without self-respect, ready to accept impertinence from their upper circles.

WE are told in the Biographia Dramatica that George Colman's comedy of "The Spanish Barber" was taken from "The Barber of Seville" by Beaumarchais; that Beaumont and Fletcher's "Spanish Curate" was borrowed from Gerardo's "History of Don John"; that Dryden's "Spanish Fryar" was founded

[4] *Our English Cousins.* By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, Author of "The Rulers of the Mediterranean," "Van Bibber and Others," etc. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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on a novel called "The Pilgrim," written by M. St. Bremond; and that the plot of "The Spanish Gypsie" by Middleton and Rowley had at least a very near resemblance to a novel of Cervantes called "The Force of Blood." Spain and its people are still favorite subjects with the writers for the histrionic and the lyric stage. "Carmen" still is, and still does; during the pauses of conversation she is still heard at the Metropolitan Opera-house; and sometimes at matinée performances, between the high hats in front, she is even still to be seen; while Mr. Aldrich's "Mercedes" is just beginning to stand firm on her own feet, and to speak for herself in the noblest and most direct form of literature, in the leading theatres throughout the country.

How much there is that is dramatic and romantic in the story of the Spaniards from the time of the Roman Conquest down to a period within the memory of men still living, all children of all ages will learn from *A Child's History of Spain*,[5] which Mr. John Bonner has just added to his Historical Series for Young Persons. We first hear of Spain 400 or 500 years before Christ, when the Phœnicians of Tyre planted a colony near the present seaport of Cadiz. We last hear of Spain as ruled by a baby king, and threatened, like the rest of the world, by dynamite bombs; whatever we hear of Spain during that long interval is entertaining and exciting, and we cannot help a feeling of affection and gratitude for Spain when we reflect that it was through Spain that the world first heard of us. Among the many interesting chapters in Mr. Bonner's work, none will be read at the present day with more attention on the part of the children for whom they are written than those relating to the history of Columbus, and to the account of his famous voyages of discovery. They may not be so amusing as is John Brougham's dramatized version of the events they chronicle, in which Columbus is made to land at Castle Garden in a tug-boat, but they are certainly more reliable and more instructive; they are condensed but clear; they are written in simple English which youthful minds can comprehend; and they make Columbus and his crews, and the Sovereigns of Spain and their Courts, real persons, actuated by natural aspirations and by human motives.

Upon the inhumanity of the early Spaniards, the cruelties of the Inquisition, the persecutions of the Moors and the Jews, Mr. Bonner touches lightly but firmly; but he neglects to record the fact that Lope de Vega, the leading Spanish dramatist of the sixteenth century, the author of over 800 plays, was also a Familiar of the Inquisition, who thus in his own person made Spanish history, as well as Spanish romance.

[5] *A Child's History of Spain.* By JOHN BONNER, Author of "A Child's History of France," "A Child's History of Greece," etc. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $2 00. New York: Harper and Brothers.

IN his chapter upon "The Social Position of the Jews in the Middle Ages and in Modern Times" the author of *The Jewish Question*[6] points out that the Jews were among the earliest settlers in Spain, that their immigration—at least for some districts—goes back to the nebulous period of prehistoric ages, and that they were certainly in Spain, as freemen, during the Roman Republic. The canons of the Synods of Elvira and Toledo show that the Jews went to Spain before the Christians did, and that they possessed greater wealth and more power than the Christians could boast; and in the pages of "The Jewish Question" we are shown that their social culture and intellectual standing in Spain were of the highest, until their expulsion in the fifteenth century, and, notwithstanding the fact that they suffered the most cruel persecution under the Goths, and later through the Inquisition. Lowell has said that a large proportion of the leading families among the aristocracy in England has some admixture of Jewish blood, while several of the greatest of English names can be traced back, in a direct line, to Jewish ancestors; and he noticed, among others, the families of Cecil and Russell. That the same conditions exist in other countries the present author affirms, and he quotes a celebrated Russian scholar, not himself a Jew, as saying that most of the great men of science and letters now living in Germany are not only Jews, but that a large proportion of the German Christian dignitaries are of Jewish descent.

The Jews differ essentially among each other, the author says, according to the nations among which they live and have lived for ages, according to the different classes among them in these various communities, and according to the several occupations they follow and the tastes they possess. And he shows very conclusively how ridiculously unimportant are the so-called Anti-Semitic movements when viewed in the light of the serious questions which move the main current of modern history, and may stir humanity to the depths of its existence.

Unfortunately it is not possible, in the limited space at command here, to treat this book as fully as it deserves. The writer of it, who prefers to remain anonymous, is presumably himself a Jew, and he is writing not for the Jews alone, but for the great mass of the intellectual readers of two continents who have, without realizing it, Jewish blood in their own veins. He treats his subject liberally, honestly, justly, intelligently, and in a dramatic manner. He has studied carefully the Question he discusses, and he answers the Question in a way which will satisfy the Jews, while it will, at the same time, give the descendants of the Jews something to swallow and digest.

[6] *The Jewish Question and the Mission of the Jews.* Post 8vo, Cloth, $1 75. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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"AND NOW WAS CRAZED BECAUSE HIS SON WAS DEAD."

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HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXXVIII. MAY, 1894. No. DXXVIII.

THE LAMENT OF EL MOULOK.

BY THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

WITHIN the sacred precincts of the mosque,
Even on the very steps of St. Sophia,
He lifted up his voice and spoke these words,
El Moulok, who sang naught but love-songs once,
And now was crazed because his son was dead:

O ye who leave
Your slippers at the portal, as is meet,
Give heed an instant ere ye bow in prayer.

Ages ago,
Allah, grown weary of His myriad worlds,
Would one star more to hang against the blue.

Then of men's bones,
Millions on millions, did He build the earth.

Of women's tears,
Down falling through the night, He made the sea.

Of sighs and sobs
He made the winds that surge about the globe.

Where'er ye tread,
Ye tread on dust that once was living man.

The mist and rain
Are tears that first from human eyelids fell.

The unseen winds
Breathe endless lamentation for the dead.

Not so the ancient tablets told the tale,
Not so the Koran! This was blasphemy,
And they that heard El Moulok dragged him hence,
Even from the very steps of St. Sophia,
And loaded him with triple chains of steel,
And cast him in a dungeon.

None the less
Do women's tears fall ceaseless day and night,
And none the less do mortals faint and die
And turn to dust; and every wind that blows
About the globe seems heavy with the grief
Of those who sorrow, or have sorrowed, here.
Yet none the less is Allah the Most High,
The Clement, the Compassionate. He sees
Where we are blind, and hallowed be His Name!

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MY FIRST VISIT TO NEW ENGLAND.

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

First Part.

IT seems to me that if one is to write such a paper as this at all, one cannot profitably do so without a frankness concerning one's self as well as others which might be misunderstood. But I wish to make of my own personality merely a background which certain important figures are projected against, and I am willing even to sacrifice myself a little in giving them relief. I will try to show them as they seemed to me, and I shall not blame any one who says that they are not truly represented; I shall only claim that I have truly represented their appearance, and I shall not claim that I could fully conceive of them in their reality.

I.

If there was any one in the world who had his being more wholly in literature than I had in 1860, I am sure I should not have known where to find him, and I doubt if he could have been found nearer the centres of literary activity, or among those more purely devoted to literature than myself. I had been for three years a writer of news paragraphs, book notices, and political leaders on a daily paper in an inland city, and I do not know that my life differed outwardly from that of any other young journalist, who had begun as I had in a country printing-office, and might be supposed to be looking forward to advancement in his profession, or in public affairs. But inwardly it was altogether different with me. Inwardly I was a poet, with no wish to be anything else, unless in a moment of careless affluence I might so far forget myself as to be a novelist. I was, with my friend J. J. Piatt, the half-author of a little volume of very unknown verse, and Mr. Lowell had lately accepted and had begun to print in the Atlantic Monthly five or six poems of mine. Besides this I had written poems, and sketches, and criticisms for the Saturday Press of New York, a long-forgotten but once very lively expression of literary intention in an extinct bohemia of that city; and I was always writing poems, and sketches, and criticisms in our own paper. These, as well as my feats in the renowned periodicals of the East, met with kindness, if not honor, in my own city which ought to have given me grave doubts whether I was any real prophet. But it only intensified my literary ambition, already so strong that my veins might well have run ink, and gave me a higher opinion of my fellow-citizens, if such a thing could be. They were indeed very charming people, and such of them as I mostly saw were readers and lovers of books. Society in Columbus at that day had a pleasant refinement which I think I do not exaggerate in the fond retrospect. It had the finality which it seems to have had nowhere since the war; it had certain fixed ideals, which were none the less graceful and becoming because they were the simple old American ideals, now vanished, or fast vanishing, before the knowledge of good and evil as they have it in Europe, and as it has imparted itself to American travel and sojourn. There was a mixture of many strains in the capital of Ohio, as there was throughout the State. Virginia, Kentucky, Pennsylvania, New York, and New England all joined to characterize the manners and customs. I suppose it was the South which gave the social tone; the intellectual taste among the elders was the Southern taste for the classic and the standard in literature; but we who were younger preferred the modern authors: we read Thackeray, and George Eliot, and Hawthorne, and Charles Reade, and De Quincey, and Tennyson, and Browning, and Emerson, and Longfellow; and I, I read Heine, and evermore Heine, when there was not some new thing from the others. Now and then an immediate French book penetrated to us: we read Michelet and About, I remember. We looked to England and the East largely for our literary opinions; we accepted the Saturday Review as law if we could not quite receive it as gospel. One of us took the Cornhill Magazine, because Thackeray was the editor; the Atlantic Monthly counted many readers among us; and a visiting young lady from New England, who screamed at sight of the periodical in one of our houses, "Why, have you got the Atlantic Monthly *out here?*" could be answered, with cold superiority, "There

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are several *contributors* to the Atlantic in Columbus." There were in fact two: my roommate, who wrote Browning for it, while I wrote Heine and Longfellow. But I suppose two are as rightfully several as twenty are.

II.

That was the heyday of lecturing, and now and then a literary light from the East swam into our skies. I heard and saw Emerson, and I once met Bayard Taylor socially, at the hospitable house where he was a guest after his lecture. Heaven knows how I got through the evening. I do not think I opened my mouth to address him a word; it was as much as I could do to sit and look at him, while he tranquilly smoked, and chatted with our host, and quaffed the beer which we had very good in the West. All the while I did him homage as the first author by calling whom I had ever met. I longed to tell him how much I liked his poems, which we used to get by heart in those days, and I longed (how much more I longed!) to have him know that—

"Auch ich war in Arkadien geboren,"

that I had printed poems in the Atlantic Monthly and the Saturday Press, and was the potential author of things destined to eclipse all literature hitherto attempted. But I could not tell him; and there was no one else who thought to tell him. Perhaps it was as well so; I might have perished of his recognition; for my modesty was equal to my merit.



BAYARD TAYLOR IN ARAB COSTUME.

In fact I think we were all rather modest young fellows, we who formed the group wont to spend some part of every evening at that house, where there was always music, or whist, or gay talk, or all three. We had our opinions of literary matters, but (perhaps because we had mostly accepted them from England or New England, as I have said) we were not vain of them; and we would by no means have urged them before a living literary man like that. I believe none of us ventured to speak, except the poet, my roommate, who said, He believed so and so was the original of so and so; and was promptly told, He had no right to say such a thing. Naturally, we came away rather critical of our host's guest, whom I afterwards knew as the kindliest heart in the world. But we had not shone in his presence, and that galled us; and we chose to think that he had not shone in ours.

III.

At that time he was filling a large space in the thoughts of the young people who had any thoughts about literature. He had come to his full repute as an agreeable and intelligent traveller, and he still wore the halo of his early adventures afoot in foreign lands when they were yet really foreign. He had not written his novels of American life, once so welcomed, and now so forgotten; it

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was very long before he had achieved that incomparable translation of Faust, which must always remain the finest and best, and which would keep his name alive with Goethe's, if he had done nothing else worthy remembrance. But what then most commended him to the regard of us star-eyed youth (now blinking sadly toward our sixties) was the poetry which he printed in the magazines from time to time: in the first Putnam's (where there was a dashing picture of him in an Arab burnoose and a turban), and in Harper's, and in the Atlantic. It was often very lovely poetry, I thought, and I still think so; and it was rightfully his, though it paid the inevitable allegiance to the manner of the great masters of the day. It was graced for us by the pathetic romance of his early love, which some of its sweetest and saddest numbers confessed, for the young girl he married almost in her death hour; and we who were hoping to have our hearts broken, or already had them so, would have been glad of something more of the obvious poet in the popular lecturer we had seen refreshing himself after his hour on the platform.

He remained for nearly a year the only author I had seen, and I met him once again before I saw any other. Our second meeting was far from Columbus, as far as remote Quebec, when I was on my way to New England by way of Niagara and the Canadian rivers and cities. I stopped in Toronto, and realized myself abroad without any signal adventures; but at Montreal something very pretty happened to me. I came into the hotel office, the evening of a first day's lonely sight-seeing, and vainly explored the register for the name of some acquaintance; as I turned from it two smartly dressed young fellows embraced it, and I heard one of them say, to my great amaze and happiness, "Hello, here's Howells!"

"Oh," I broke out upon him, "I was just looking for some one *I* knew. I hope you are some one who knows *me!*"

"Only through your contributions to the Saturday Press," said the young fellow, and with these golden words, the precious first personal recognition of my authorship I had ever received from a stranger, and the rich reward of all my literary endeavor, he introduced himself and his friend. I do not know what became of this friend, or where or how he eliminated himself; but we two others were inseparable from that moment. He was a young lawyer from New York, and when I came back from Italy, four or five years later, I used to see his sign in Wall Street, with a never-fulfilled intention of going in to see him. In whatever world he happens now to be, I should like to send him my greetings, and confess to him that my art has never since brought me so sweet a recompense, and nothing a thousandth part so much like Fame, as that outcry of his over the hotel register in Montreal. We were comrades for four or five priceless days, and shared our pleasures and expenses in viewing the monuments of those ancient Canadian capitals, which I think we valued at all their picturesque worth. We made jokes to mask our emotions; we giggled and made giggle, in the right way; we fell in and out of love with all the pretty faces and dresses we saw; and we talked evermore about literature and literary people. He had more acquaintance with the one, and more passion for the other, but he could tell me of Pfaff's lager-beer cellar on Broadway, where the Saturday Press fellows and the other bohemians met; and this, for the time, was enough: I resolved to visit it as soon as I reached New York, in spite of the tobacco and beer (which I was given to understand were *de rigueur*), though they both, so far as I had known them, were apt to make me sick.

I was very desolate after I parted from this good fellow, who returned to Montreal on his way to New York, while I remained in Quebec to continue later on mine to New England. When I came in from seeing him off in a calash for the boat, I discovered Bayard Taylor in the reading-room, where he sat sunken in what seemed a somewhat weary muse. He did not know me, or even notice me, though I made several errands in and out of the reading-room in the vain hope that he might do so: doubly vain, for I am aware now that I was still flown with the pride of that pretty experience in Montreal, and trusted in a repetition of something like it. At last, as no chance volunteered to help me, I mustered courage to go up to him and name myself, and say I had once had the pleasure of meeting him at Doctor ——'s in Columbus. The poet gave no sign of consciousness at the sound of a name which I had fondly

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MR. HOWELLS AND BAYARD TAYLOR, 1860.

begun to think might not be so all unknown. He looked up with an unkindling eye, and asked, Ah, how was the Doctor? and when I had reported favorably of the Doctor, our conversation ended.

He was probably as tired as he looked, and he must have classed me with that multitude all over the country who had shared the pleasure I professed in meeting him before; it was surely my fault that I did not speak my name loud enough to be recognized, if I spoke it at all; but the courage I had mustered did not quite suffice for that. Many times in after-years he assured me, first by letter and then by word, of his grief for an incident which I can only recall now as the untoward beginning of a cordial friendship. It was often my privilege, in those years, as reviewer and editor, to testify my sense of the beautiful things he did in so many kinds of literature, but I never liked any of them better than I liked him. He had a fervent devotion to his art, and he was always going to do the greatest things in it, with an expectation of effect that never failed him. The things he actually did were none of them mean, or want-

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HOUSE IN WHICH LONGFELLOW WAS BORN.

ing in quality, and some of them are of a lasting charm that any one may feel who will turn to his poems; but no doubt many of them fell short of his hopes of them with the reader. It was fine to meet him when he was full of a new scheme; he talked of it with a single-hearted joy, and tried to make you see it of the same colors and proportions it wore to his eyes. He spared no toil to make it the perfect thing he dreamed it, and he was not discouraged by any disappointment he suffered with the critic or the public.

He was a tireless worker, and at last his health failed under his labors at the newspaper desk, beneath the midnight gas, when he should long have rested from such labors. I believe he was obliged to do them through one of those business fortuities which deform and embitter all our lives; but he was not the man to spare himself in any case. He was always attempting new things, and he never ceased endeavoring to make his scholarship reparation for the want of earlier opportunity and training. I remember that I met him once in a Cambridge street with a book in his hand which he let me take in mine. It was a Greek author, and he said he was just beginning to read the language at fifty: a patriarchal age to me of the early thirties! I suppose I intimated the surprise I felt at his taking it up so late in the day, for he said, with charming seriousness, "Oh, but you know, I expect to use it in the other world." Yes, that made it worth while, I consented; but was he sure of the other world? "As sure as I am of this," he said; and I have always kept the impression of the young faith which spoke in his voice, and was more than his words.

I saw him last in the hour of those tremendous adieux which were paid him in New York before he sailed to be Minister in Germany. It was one of the most graceful things done by President Hayes, who, most of all our Presidents after Lincoln, honored himself in honoring literature by his appointments, to give that place to Bayard Taylor. There was no one more fit for it, and it was peculiarly fit that he should be so distinguished to a people who knew and valued his scholarship, and the service he had done German letters, better than any other. He was as happy in it, apparently, as a man could be in anything here below, and he enjoyed to the last drop the many cups of kindness pressed to his lips in parting; though I believe these farewells, at a time when he was already fagged with work and excitement, were notably harmful to him, and helped to hasten his end. Some of us who were near of friendship went down to see him off when he sailed, as the dismal and futile wont of friends is; and I recall the kind, great fellow standing in the cabin, amid those funereal flowers that heaped the tables, saying good-by to one after another, and smiling fondly, smiling wearily, upon all. There was champagne, of course, and an odious hilarity, without meaning, and without remission, till the warning bell chased us ashore, and our brave poet escaped with what was left of his life.

IV.

I have followed him far from the moment of our first meeting; but even on my way to venerate those New England luminaries, which chiefly drew my eyes, I could not pay a less devoir to an author who, if Curtis was not, was chief of the New York group of authors in that day. I distinguished between the New-Englanders and the New-Yorkers, and I suppose there is no question but our literary centre was then in Boston, wherever it is,

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or is not, at present. But I thought Taylor then, and I think him now, one of the first in our whole American province of the republic of letters, in a day when it was in a recognizably flourishing state, whether we regard quantity or quality in the names that gave it lustre. Lowell had so long held him a hopeless mystic, and was shining a lambent star of poesy and prophecy at the zenith. Hawthorne, the exquisite artist, the unrivalled dreamer, whom we still always liken this one and that one to, whenever this one or that one promises greatly to please us, and



LONGFELLOW'S MANSION AT PORTLAND.

was then in perfect command of those varied forces which will long, if not lastingly, keep him in memory as first among our literary men, and master in more kinds than any other American. Longfellow was in the fulness of his world-wide fame, and in the ripeness of the beautiful genius which was not to know decay while life endured. Emerson had emerged from the popular darkness which still leave without a rival, without a companion, had lately returned from his long sojourn abroad, and had given us the last of the incomparable romances which the world was to have perfect from his hand. Doctor Holmes had surpassed all expectation in those who most admired his brilliant humor and charming poetry by the invention of a new attitude if not a new sort in literature. The turn that civic

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affairs had taken was favorable to the widest recognition of Whittier's splendid lyrical gift; and that heart of fire, doubly snow-bound by Quaker tradition and Puritan environment, was penetrating every generous breast with its flamy impulses, and fusing all wills in its noble purpose. Mrs. Stowe, who far outfamed the rest as the author of the most renowned novel ever written, was proving it no accident or miracle by the fiction she was still writing.

This great New England group might be enlarged perhaps without loss of quality by the inclusion of Thoreau, who came somewhat before his time, and whose drastic criticism of our expediential and mainly futile civilization would find more intelligent acceptance now than it did then, when all resentment of its defects was specialized in enmity to Southern slavery. Dr. Hale belonged in this group too, by virtue of that humor the most inventive and the most fantastic, the sanest, the sweetest, the truest, which had begun to find expression in the Atlantic Monthly; and there a wonderful young girl had written a series of vivid sketches and taken the heart of youth everywhere with amaze and joy, so that I thought it would be no less an event to meet Harriet Prescott than to meet any of those I have named.

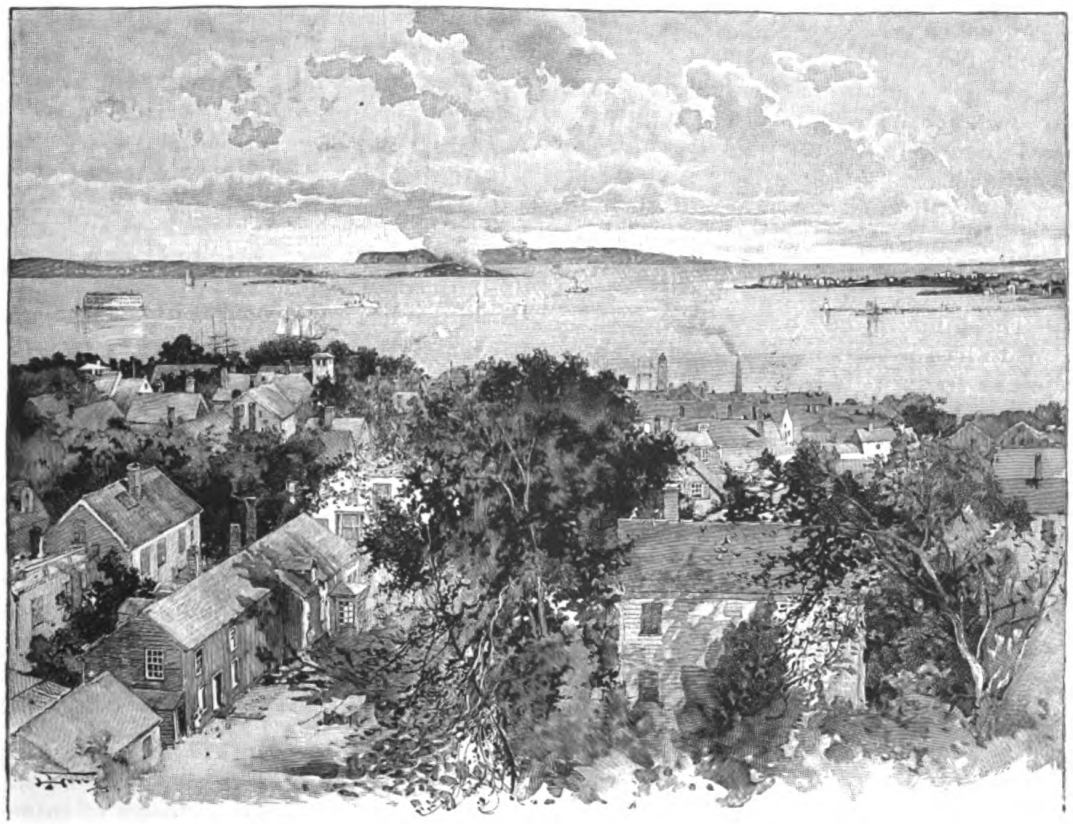
I expected somehow to meet them all, and I imagined them all easily accessible in the office of the Atlantic Monthly, which had lately adventured in the fine air of high literature where so many other periodicals had gasped and died before it. The best of these, hitherto, and better even than the Atlantic for some reasons, the lamented Putnam's Magazine, had perished of inanition at New York, and the claim of the commercial capital to the literary primacy had passed with that brilliant venture. New York had nothing distinctive to show for American literature but the decrepit and doting Knickerbocker Magazine. Harper's New Monthly, though Curtis had already come to it from the wreck of Putnam's, and it had long ceased to be eclectic in material, and had begun to stand for native work in the allied arts which it has since so magnificently advanced, was not distinctively literary, and the Weekly had just begun to make itself known. The Century, Scribner's, the Cosmopolitan, McClure's, and I know not what others, were still unimagined by five, and ten, and twenty years, and the Galaxy was to flash and fade before any of them should allume its more effectual fires. The Nation, which was destined to chasten rather than nurture our young literature, had still six years of dreamless potentiality before it; and the Nation was always more Bostonian than New-Yorkish by nature, whatever it was by nativity.

Philadelphia had long counted for nothing in the literary field. Graham's Magazine at one time showed a certain critical force, but it seemed to perish of this expression of vitality; and there remained Godey's Lady's Book and Peterson's Magazine, publications really incredible in their insipidity. In the South there was nothing but a mistaken social ideal, with the moral principles all standing on their heads in defence of slavery; and in the West there was a feeble and foolish notion that Western talent was repressed by Eastern jealousy. At Boston chiefly, if not at Boston alone, was there a vigorous intellectual life among such authors as I have named. Every young writer was ambitious to join his name with theirs in the Atlantic Monthly, and in the lists of Ticknor and Fields, who were literary publishers in a sense such as the business world has known nowhere else before or since. Their imprint was a warrant of quality to the reader and of immortality to the author. If I could have had a book issued by them at that day I should now be in the full enjoyment of an undying fame, with some others, whose names would surprise the public.

V.

Such was the literary situation as the passionate pilgrim from the West approached his holy land at Boston, by way of the Grand Trunk Railway from Quebec to Portland. I have no recollection of a sleeping-car, and I suppose I waked and watched during the whole of that long, rough journey; but I should hardly have slept if there had been a car for the purpose. I was too eager to see what New England was like, and too anxious not to lose the least glimpse of it, to close my eyes after I crossed the border at Island Pond. I found that in the elm-dotted levels of Maine it was very like the Western Reserve in northern Ohio, which is, indeed, a portion of New England transferred with all its characteris-

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PORTLAND HARBOR, FROM MUNJOY HILL.

tic features, and flattened out along the lake shore. It was not till I began to run southward into the older regions of the country that it lost this look, and became gratefully strange to me. It never had the effect of hoary antiquity which I had expected of a country settled more than two centuries; with its wood-built farms and villages it looked newer than the coal-smoked brick of southern Ohio. I had prefigured the New England landscape bare of forests, relieved here and there with the trees of orchards or plantations; but I found apparently as much woods as at home.

At Portland I first saw the ocean, and this was a sort of disappointment. Tides and salt water I had already had at Quebec, so that I was no longer on the alert for them; but the color and the vastness of the sea I was still to try upon my vision. When I stood on the Promenade at Portland with the kind young Unitarian minister whom I had brought a letter to, and who led me there for a most impressive first view of the ocean, I could not make more of it than there was of Lake Erie; and I have never thought the color of the sea comparable to the tender blue of the lake. I did not hint my disappointment to my friend; I had too much regard for his feelings as an Eastern man to decry his ocean to his face, and I felt besides that it would be vulgar and provincial to make comparisons. I am glad now that I held my tongue, for that kind soul is no longer in this world, and I should not like to think he knew how far short of my expectations the sea he was so proud of had fallen. I went up with him into a tower or belvedere there was at hand; and when he pointed to the eastern horizon and said, Now there was nothing but sea between us and Africa, I pretended to expand with the thought, and began to sound myself for the emotions which I ought to have felt at such a sight. But in my heart I was empty, and heaven knows whether I saw the steamer which the ancient mariner in charge of

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that tower invited me to look at through his telescope. I never could see anything but a vitreous glare through a telescope, which has a vicious habit of dodging about through space, and failing to bring down anything of less than planetary magnitude.

But there was something at Portland vastly more to me than seas or continents, and that was the house where Longfellow was born. I believe, now, I did not get the right house, but only the house he went to live in later; but it served, and I rejoiced in it with a rapture that could not have been more genuine if it had been the real birthplace of the poet. I got my friend to show me

> "the breezy dome of groves,
> The shadows of Deering's woods,"

because they were in one of Longfellow's loveliest and tenderest poems; and I made an errand to the docks, for the sake of the

> "black wharves and the slips,
> And the sea-tides tossing free,
> And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
> And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
> And the magic of the sea,"

mainly for the reason that these were colors and shapes of the fond vision of the poet's past. I am in doubt whether it was at this time or a later time that I went to revere

> "the dead captains as they lay
> In their graves o'erlooking the tranquil bay,
> Where they in battle died,"

but I am quite sure it was now that I wandered under

> "the trees which shadow each well-known street,
> As they balance up and down,"

for when I was next in Portland the great fire had swept the city avenues bare of most of those beautiful elms, whose Gothic arches and traceries I well remember.

The fact is that in those days I was bursting with the most romantic expectations of life in every way, and I looked at the whole world as material that might be turned into literature, or that might be associated with it somehow. I do not know how I managed to keep these preposterous hopes within me, but perhaps the trick of satirizing them, which I had early learnt, helped me to do it. I was at that particular moment resolved above all things to see things as Heinrich Heine saw them, or at least to report them as he did, no matter how I saw them; and I went about framing phrases to this end, and trying to match the objects of interest to them whenever there was the least chance of getting them together.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SOLACE.

BY CHARLOTTE FISKE BATES.

HOW shall we span with comfortable thought
The worlds of life and death, and make them one?
By calling both one household, large and fond,
Just as it is when comes the evening hour.
The most are weary; some have gone to rest—
The babes, the agèd, and the feeble ones;
The strong and active sit awhile and talk
Of all that has been done, and is to do;
Of the day's happenings to the ones asleep;
Of what will make them glad when morning comes;
And in the intervals of play or work
The eye of each is lifted now and then
To note the hour upon the old clock's face,
Whose heart outbeats so long the human one.
Then comes the thought that it is growing late,
That very soon we too must go to sleep.
Oh! what sweet comfort, that from first to last,
Sleeping or waking, all are in God's home,
And one paternal roof doth cover all!

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TRILBY.*

BY GEORGE DU MAURIER.

Part Fifth.

AN INTERLUDE.

WHEN Taffy and the Laird went back to the studio in the Place St.-Anatole des Arts, and resumed their ordinary life there, it was with a sense of desolation and dull bereavement beyond anything they could have imagined; and this did not seem to lessen as the time wore on.

They realized for the first time how keen and penetrating and unintermittent had been the charm of those two central figures — Trilby and Little Billee —and how hard it was to live without them, after such intimacy as had been theirs.

"Oh, it *has* been a jolly time, though it didn't last long!" So Trilby had written in her farewell letter to Taffy; and these words were true for Taffy and the Laird as well as for her.

And that is the worst of those dear people who have charm: they are so terrible to do without, when once you have got accustomed to them and all their ways.

And when, besides being charming, they are simple, clever, affectionate, constant, and sincere, like Trilby and Little Billee! Then the lamentable hole their disappearance makes is not to be filled up! And when they are full of genius, like Little Billee —and like Trilby, funny without being vulgar! For so she always seemed to the Laird and Taffy, even in French (in spite of her Gallic audacities of thought, speech, and gesture).

All seemed to have suffered change. The very boxing and fencing were gone through perfunctorily, for mere health's sake; and a thin layer of adipose deposit began to soften the outlines of the hills and dales on Taffy's mighty forearm.

Dodor and l'Zouzou no longer came so often, now that the charming Little Billee and his charming mother and still more charming sister had gone away—nor Carnegie, nor Sibley, nor Lorrimer, nor Vincent, nor the Greek. Gecko never came at all. Even Svengali was missed, little as he had been liked. It is a dismal and sulky looking piece of furniture, a grand-piano that nobody ever plays—with all its sound and its souvenirs locked up inside



PLATONIC LOVE.

* Begun in January number, 1894.

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—a kind of mausoleum! a lopsided coffin —trestles and all!

So it went back to London by the "little quickness," just as it had come!

Thus Taffy and the Laird grew quite sad and mopy, and lunched at the Café de l'Odéon every day—till the goodness of the omelets palled, and the redness of the wine there got on their nerves and into their heads and faces, and made them sleepy till dinner-time. And then, waking up, they dressed respectably, and dined expensively, "like gentlemen," in the Palais Royal, or the Passage Choiseul, or the Passage des Panoramas—for three francs, three francs fifty, even five francs a head, and half a franc to the waiter!—and went to the theatre almost every night, on that side of the water—and more often than not they took a cab



FRED WALKER.

home, each smoking a Panatellas, which costs twenty-five centimes — five sous— 2½*d.*

Then they feebly drifted into quite decent society—like Lorrimer and Carnegie —with dress-coats and white ties on, and their hair parted in the middle and down the back of the head, and brought over the ears in a bunch at each side, as was the English fashion in those days; and subscribed to *Galignani's Messenger;* and had themselves proposed and seconded for the Cercle Anglais in the Rue Sainte-n'y touche, a circle of British philistines of the very deepest dye; and went to hear divine service on Sunday mornings in the Rue Marbœuf!

Indeed, by the end of the summer they had sunk into such depths of demoralization that they felt they must really have a change; and decided on giving up the studio in the Place St.-Anatole des Arts, and leaving Paris for good; and going to settle for the winter in Düsseldorf, which is a very pleasant place for English painters who do not wish to overwork themselves—as the Laird well knew, having spent a year there.

It ended in Taffy's going to Antwerp for the Kermesse, to paint the Flemish drunkard of our time just as he really is; and the Laird's going to Spain, so that he might study toreadors from the life.

I may as well state here that the Laird's toreador pictures, which had had quite a vogue in Scotland as long as he had been content to paint them in the Place St.-Anatole des Arts, quite ceased to please (or sell) after he had been to Seville and Madrid; so he took to painting Roman cardinals and Neapolitan pifferari from the depths of his consciousness—and was so successful that he made up his mind he would never spoil his market by going to Italy!

So he went and painted his cardinals and his pifferari in Algiers, and Taffy joined him there, and painted Algerian Jews—just as they really are (and didn't sell them); and then they spent a year in Munich, and then a year in Düsseldorf, and a winter in Cairo, and so on.

And all this time, Taffy, who took everything *au grand sérieux*—especially the claims and obligations of friendship—corresponded regularly with Little Billee; who wrote him long and amusing letters back again, and had plenty to say about his life in London—which was a series of triumphs, artistic and social—and you would have thought from his letters, modest though they were, that no happier young man, or more elate, was to be found anywhere in the world.

It was a good time in England, just then, for young artists of promise; a time of evolution, revolution, change, and development—of the founding of new schools and the crumbling away of old ones—a keen struggle for existence—a surviving of the fit—a preparation, let us hope, for the ultimate survival of the fittest.

And among the many glories of this particular period two names stand out very conspicuously—for the immediate and (so far) lasting fame their bearers

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achieved, and the wide influence they exerted, and continue to exert still.

The world will not easily forget Frederic Walker and William Bagot, those two singularly gifted boys, whom it soon became the fashion to bracket together, to compare and to contrast, as one compares and contrasts Thackeray and Dickens, Carlyle and Macaulay, Tennyson and Browning—a futile though pleasant practice, of which the temptations seem irresistible!

Yet why compare the lily and the rose?

These two young masters had the genius and the luck to be the progenitors of much of the best art-work that has been done in England during the last thirty years, in oils, in water-color, in black and white.

They were both essentially English and of their own time; both absolutely original, receiving their impressions straight from nature itself; uninfluenced by any school, ancient or modern, they founded schools instead of following any, and each was a law unto himself, and a law-giver unto many others.

Both were equally great in whatever they attempted—landscape, figures, birds, beasts, or fishes. Who does not remember the fishmonger's shop by F. Walker, or W. Bagot's little piebald piglings, and their venerable black mother, and their immense fat wallowing pink papa? An ineffable charm of poetry and refinement, of pathos and sympathy and delicate humor combined, an incomparable ease and grace and felicity of workmanship, belong to each—and yet in their work are they not as wide apart as the poles? each complete in himself and yet a complement to the other?

And, oddly enough, they were singularly alike in aspect—both small and slight, though beautifully made, with tiny hands and feet; always arrayed as the lilies of the field, for all they toiled and spun so arduously; both had regularly featured faces of a noble cast and most winning character; both had the best and simplest manners in the world, and a way of getting themselves much and quickly and permanently liked. . . .



DEMORALIZATION.

Que la terre leur soit légère!

And who can say that the fame of one is greater than the other's!

Their pinnacles are twin, I venture to believe — of just an equal height and width and thickness, like their bodies in this life; but unlike their frail bodies in one respect: no taller pinnacles are to be seen, methinks, in all the garden of the deathless dead painters of our time, and none more built to last!

But it is not with the art of Little Billee, nor with his fame as a painter, that we are chiefly concerned in this unpretending little tale, except in so far as they have some bearing on his character and his fate.

"I should like to know the detailed history of the Englishman's first love, and how he lost his innocence!"

"Ask him!"

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"THE MOON-DIAL."

"Ask him yourself!"

Thus Papelard and Bouchardy, on the morning of Little Billee's first appearance at Carrel's studio, in the Rue des Potirons St.-Michel.

And that is the question the present scribe is doing his little best to answer.

A good-looking, famous, well-bred, and well-dressed youth finds that London Society opens its doors very readily; he hasn't long to knock; and it would be difficult to find a youth more fortunately situated, handsomer, more famous, better dressed or better bred, more seemingly happy and successful, with more attractive qualities and more condonable faults, than Little Billee, as Taffy and the Laird found him when they came to London after their four or five years in foreign parts—their Wanderjahr.

He had a fine studio and a handsome suite of rooms in Fitzroy Square. Beautiful specimens of his unfinished work, endless studies, hung on his studio walls. Everything else was as nice as it could be—the furniture, the bibelots and bric-à-brac, the artistic foreign and Eastern knickknacks and draperies and hangings and curtains and rugs—the semi-grand piano by Collard and Collard.

That immortal canvas, the "Moon-dial" (just begun, and already commissioned by Moses Lyon, the famous picture-dealer), lay on his easel.

No man worked harder and with teeth more clenched than Little Billee when he was at work—none rested or played more discreetly when it was time to rest or play.

The glass on his mantel-piece was full of cards of invitation, reminders, pretty mauve and pink and lilac scented notes; nor were coronets wanting on many of these hospitable little missives. He had quite overcome his fancied aversion for bloated dukes and lords and the rest (we all do sooner or later, if things go well with us); especially for their wives and sisters and daughters and female cousins; even their mothers and aunts. In point of fact, and in spite of his tender years, he was in some danger (for his art) of developing into that type so adored by sympathetic women who haven't got much to do: the friend, the tame cat, the platonic lover (with many loves)—the squire of dames, the trusty one, of whom husbands and brothers have no fear!—the delicate harmless dilettante of Eros—the dainty shepherd who dwells "dans le pays du tendre!"—and stops there!

The woman flatters and the man confides—and there is no danger whatever, I'm told—and I am glad!

One man loves his fiddle (or, alas! his neighbor's sometimes) for all the melodies he can wake from it—it is but a selfish love!

Another, who is no fiddler, may love a fiddle too; for its symmetry, its neatness, its color—its delicate grainings, the lovely lines and curves of its back and front—for its own sake, so to speak. He may have a whole galleryful of fiddles to love in this innocent way—a harem!—and yet not know a single note of music, or ever care to hear one. He will dust them and stroke them, and take them down and try to put them in tune—pizzicato!—and put them back again, and call them ever such sweet little pet names: viol, viola, viola d' amore, viol di gamba, violino mio! and breathe his little troubles into them, and they will give back

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inaudible little murmurs in sympathetic response, like a damp Æolian harp; but he will never draw a bow across the strings, nor wake a single chord—or discord!

And who shall say he is not wise in his generation? It is but an old-fashioned philistine notion that fiddles were only made to be played on—the fiddles themselves are beginning to resent it; and rightly, I wot!

In this harmless fashion Little Billee was friends with more than one fine lady *de par le monde.*

Indeed, he had been reproached by his more bohemian brothers of the brush for being something of a tuft-hunter—most unjustly. But nothing gives such keen offence to our unsuccessful brother, bohemian or bourgeois, as our sudden intimacy with the so-called great, the little



"DARLINGS OLD OR YOUNG."

lords and ladies of this little world! Not even our fame and success, and all the joy and pride they bring us, are so hard to condone—so embittering, so humiliating, to the jealous fraternal heart.

Alas! poor humanity—that the mere countenance of our betters (if they *are* our betters!) should be thought so priceless a boon, so consummate an achievement, so crowning a glory, as all that!

> "A dirty bit of orange peel,
> The end of a cigar—
> Once trod on by a princely heel,
> How beautiful they are!"

Little Billee was no tuft-hunter—he was the tuft-hunted, or had been. No one of his kind was ever more persistently, resolutely, hospitably harried than this young "hare with many friends" by people of rank and fashion.

And at first he thought them most charming; as they so often are, these graceful, gracious, gay, good-natured stoics and barbarians, whose manners are as easy and simple as their morals—but how much better!—and who, at least, have this charm, that they can wallow in un-told gold (when they happen to possess it) without ever seeming to stink of the same: yes, they bear wealth gracefully—and the want of it more gracefully still! and these are pretty accomplishments that have yet to be learnt by our new aristocracy of the shop and count-

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ing-house, Jew or gentile, which is everywhere elbowing its irresistible way to the top and front of everything, both here and abroad.

Then he discovered that, much as you might be with them, you could never be *of* them, unless perchance you managed to hook on by marrying one of their ugly ducklings — their failures — their remnants! and even then life isn't all beer and skittles for a rank outsider, I'm told! Then he discovered that he didn't want to be of them in the least; especially at such a cost as that! and that to be very much with them was apt to pall, like everything else.

Also, he found that they were very mixed; good, bad, and indifferent—and not always very dainty or select in their predilections, since they took unto their bosoms such queer outsiders (just for the sake of being amused a little while) that their capricious favor ceased to be an honor and a glory—if it ever was! And then, their fickleness!

Indeed, he found, or thought he found, that they could be just as clever, as liberal, as polite or refined—as narrow, insolent, swaggering, coarse, and vulgar—as handsome, as ugly—as graceful, as ungainly—as modest or conceited, as any other upper class of the community—and indeed some lower ones!

Beautiful young women, who had been taught how to paint pretty little landscapes (with an ivy-mantled ruin in the middle distance), talked technically of painting to him, *de pair à pair*, as though they were quite on the same artistic level, and didn't mind admitting it, in spite of the social gulf between.

Hideous old frumps (osseous or obese, yet with unduly bared necks and shoulders that made him sick) patronized him and gave him good advice, and told him to emulate Mr. Buckner both in his genius and his manners—since Mr. Buckner was the only "gentleman" who ever painted for hire; and they promised him, in time, an equal success!

Here and there some sweet old darling specially enslaved him by her kindness, grace, knowledge of life, and tender womanly sympathy, like the dowager Lady Chiselhurst—or some sweet young one, like the lovely Duchess of Towers, by her beauty, wit, good-humor, and sisterly interest in all he did, and who in some vague distant manner constantly reminded him of Trilby, although she was such a great and fashionable lady!

But just such darlings, old or young, were to be found, with still higher ideals, in less exalted spheres; and were easier of access, with no impassable gulf between—spheres where there was no patronizing, nothing but deference and warm appreciation and delicate flattery, from men and women alike—and where the aged Venuses, whose prime was of the days of Waterloo, went with their historical remains duly shrouded, like ivy-mantled ruins (and in the middle distance)!

So he actually grew tired of the great before they had time to tire of him—incredible as it may seem, and against nature; and this saved him many a heart-burning; and he ceased to be seen at fashionable drums or gatherings of any kind, except in one or two houses where he was especially liked and made welcome for his own sake; such as Lord Chiselhurst's in Piccadilly, where the "Moon-Dial" found a home for a few years, before going to its last home and final resting-place in the National Gallery (R. I. P.); or Baron Stoppenheim's in Cavendish Square, where many lovely little water-colors signed W. B. occupied places of honor on gorgeously gilded walls; or the gorgeously gilded bachelor rooms of Mr. Moses Lyon, the picture-dealer in Upper Conduit Street—for Little Billee (I much grieve to say it of a hero of romance) was an excellent man of business. That infinitesimal dose of the good old Oriental blood kept him straight, and not only made him stick to his last through thick and thin, but also to those whose foot his last was found to match (for he couldn't or wouldn't alter his last).

He loved to make as much money as he could, that he might spend it royally in pretty gifts to his mother and sister, whom it was his pleasure to load in this way, and whose circumstances had been very much altered by his quick success. There was never a more generous son or brother than Little Billee of the clouded heart, that couldn't love any longer!

As a set-off to all these splendors, it was also his pleasure now and again to study London life at its lower end—the eastest end of all. Whitechapel, the Minories, the Docks, Ratcliffe Highway, Rotherhithe, soon got to know him well,

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THEIR STORY.

BY GEORGE A. HIBBARD.

THEY sat before the fire, the darkness of the big room behind them, the blaze in their faces. The rest of the house party had not returned, and there was no use in going to dress for dinner before the others appeared. Therefore they sat motionless in the clear autumn twilight, and gazed at the freshly kindled and brightly crackling logs. Both felt that this was a time unlike any ever before known, and such as never could be again, and each, knowing the feeling of the other, was content silently to experience these moments of particularly vivid consciousness.

At luncheon, when there had been talk of the plans for the afternoon, they had decided to stay at home, announcing boldly that they wished to go for a walk, and as by this time they had managed to attain a position of particular exemption —had reached a point when if they were alone in a room no one dreamed of entering it; had advanced so far that if there was any question of how the party was to be seated on the coach no one thought of separating them—they had been allowed to depart unquestioned. They had wandered forth, rather aimlessly, an hour or two earlier, into the golden country. It was just before they had left the woods to strike across the open fields that something had been said and something had been answered. Now it was all settled, and they had paused, a little frightened and awed at a veritable slack tide of sentiment, when the flood that had carried them so far from all consciousness of reality had nearly spent its force, and the ebb had hardly yet begun that was to bear them back to the world and its ways.

The fire no longer blazed fiercely as it had when freshly lit, but now burned steadily and with a gentle murmuring noise. The house was quite still, and as it was yet fairly light, there was little danger that they would be disturbed by the servants with the lamps.

He reached out and took her hand as it lay on the arm of the chair, and as if aroused by the sudden touch, she looked quickly up.

"It doesn't seem possible, does it?" she said.

"What?" he asked.

"That—that we understand one another at last. Only a few days ago I didn't know myself, and then when I did know finally—why—then with every impulse forcing me to try and keep you from knowing, it didn't seem that you would ever find out. I thought that I'd die rather than let you know, and yet"—and she stopped with a little excited laugh—"I haven't a doubt but that you knew all the time, perhaps even before I knew it myself."

"No," he said, seriously enough. "I don't think that I suspected anything. I just hoped. I am sure that I was nervous and doubtful and afraid all the time."

"I'm glad," she said. "But you know now—a little."

It was not a question, and she spoke as if half talking to herself.

"I know I am very happy."

"Yes," she said, softly.

"And are you—a little bit?" he asked.

"Happier," she replied, "than I ever thought anybody could be, with a kind of happiness that I didn't know there was—a kind of complete, *conclusive* happiness, as if it were something I had been waiting for always, and found at last, and yet it is impossible that I should always have been waiting for just *this*, for I have known you only one—two weeks."

"I have been waiting all my life for you," he asserted, stoutly.

"It is very strange," she said, "that I should feel as I do, when really I know nothing about you."

"You know my sister, and staid with her, you say, once when I was away. You know all about my people and my belongings—"

"I don't mean in that way," she interrupted. "And I wish there wasn't so much of that. I wish that you weren't at all such a prosperous person. It seems as if my loving you wasn't so much. No, I don't mean that. I mean that I don't know anything about you—yourself." She looked at him to show him that she was wholly in fun. "Are you—good?"

"Very," he answered, laughing. "I am a perfect model of all that is correct, being frequently pointed out as an example to the very young."

"I am serious," she said, although

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smiling, so that he might know that she was not.

"So am I," he answered. "But no, I'm not either." Then he went on in a graver tone: "I really don't imagine that I am any better than any of the rest, but then, again, I don't suppose that I'm any worse. I'm not kept awake every night by an evil conscience, and all my days are not made exactly bitter by remorse. Of course there are times when one has an occasional twinge of regret and shame; and if one—by which I mean modestly to indicate myself—should regularly sit down and think about it, there are undoubtedly things that—one would rather have done differently, or not done at all."

"I understand," she said. "I'm not really exactly anxious, but—I was thinking. You see that we are taking each other's pasts as well as each other's futures, and that means a very great deal."

"It means a lot to me," he said, "that you are willing to let me have your future, and if I am getting your past too, why, how very much I am getting! But," he added, laughing, "does it really amount to such a very great deal? As it's going to be mine, I should like to know."

"It has not been very thrilling or eventful," she said. "Very much the past of all the girls I know; but I have lived in the world and met people, and I suppose that they have influenced me, and that I may have influenced some of them. That is always something. It is terrible how little we can know of one another. There must be very much in your life of which I know nothing, and of which I never can know anything, and I am just a little worried."

And she sighed as she looked up at him lovingly.

"I don't think that there is very much to know," he answered, deliberately. "Certainly very little that I wouldn't be willing that you should know."

"That is it," she said; "very little—but in this case a very little is a very great deal. I want you all—the whole of you."

"Of course there are things when a man is younger, and inexperienced, and eager in his first liberty—"

"That isn't it either," she interrupted. "Of course I know and don't know what you mean. But that is common to all men. I am jealous—yes, jealous—of those particular experiences in which I have had no part, but which have nevertheless done so much to make you what you are."

"Since you are satisfied with the result," he said—"and I am going to be vain enough to think that you are"—he paused as she pressed his hand, and looked up at him adoringly—"why do you bother about the causes?"

"Because it is so—so humiliating to think that I am taking what some other woman has made for me. Don't you understand? Wouldn't you hate to think that I had passed through anything with other people that had left an impression on my character?"

"Yes," he answered, readily. "But then a woman is different."

"That's what is always said," she exclaimed. "A woman is different. Why should a woman have to be different? A man demands that a girl's heart should be a blank page, while his own is all scribbled over like a blotting-pad—covered with more names than a hotel register, or a bench where the 'travelling public' sits down to see a 'view.'"

"It doesn't seem fair," he admitted.

"But it is so; you know it is," she insisted. "You can do everything, and see everything, and be everything; and we can only be ourselves and wait. They call us 'buds' when we first come out—well, in time I suppose we get to be full-blown flowers; but we must always *wait*, hanging on the branch, or dangling on the stalk, hoping for you to come and gather us. If any one else touches us first you don't care at all about us, or not nearly as much. No, you must be the one to pluck us from the bough yourself, or you are not fully satisfied."

"Oh, come," he said, "you know that you've had no end of—flirtations."

"Yes; mere touch-and-go things, as meaningless as a child's game of tag; but you know that it has been different with you. Come, confess."

"I don't think even I, with all a man's prerogatives, as you describe them, have wandered very far; and if I have, it has always been with some woman or girl—"

"Don't say the thing you were going to say," she commanded, holding up her hand. "Can't you see that while it didn't do you any harm, it did harm to them? Oh, I am not complaining; but we ask so little, and you ask so much. It is as I

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heard the prettiest and brightest girl I know say the other day—I won't tell you her name, for she mightn't like it—but she said, 'A woman always wants to be the last, and a man the first.' I really don't care to know for how many you have sighed out your soul, because, in a way, it is an indirect compliment to me that you seek me at last; but men don't look at it in that way, and it isn't fair—it isn't fair."

"But, really, I've never done any harm," he continued, reflectively. "I might have been very near it once—"

"Yes?" she said, with an interrogative inflection.

"But even that wasn't anything at all."

"What was it?" she asked.

"Why," he said, reddening a little, "it isn't the kind of a thing a man can tell."

"But to me," she begged, "it's different. I should never know who it was. Besides, I want you all, and everything that you tell out of that past gives me so much more of you. Tell me this instant. What did you do—break some poor creature's heart?"

"Not quite so bad as that—indeed, nothing at all like so bad as that."

"I must know," she urged. "We ought to know everything about each other, and we must never have any secrets."

"All right," he said. "I'll begin my confession if you'll promise to give me absolution. And, after all, it wasn't so very much—only something that has happened to every man. Still, I didn't forget it, and, as you say, I suppose it did have some influence on me, and make me more careful afterwards, and—and I think I'd rather tell you, on the whole."

She nodded her head, and gazing in the fire, prepared to listen.

"It isn't very much, and it isn't so very long," he continued. "You see, a man doesn't know always that the woman isn't going to be the real one, because, you see, the real one hasn't come along, and he doesn't understand what a regular, quick, knock-down business it is when she does come, and how unmistakable the real feeling is when it once hits him. Therefore, when you don't know any better, you think it may be all right. Then, too, there are times when sentiment is clearly expected of mankind, and you'd be a prig if you didn't live up to the requirements of the situation. You can't assume that a woman's going to think anything of you." He paused a moment. "I'll tell you what I'll do: I won't tell you what happened to me, because, if I did, you might perhaps know who it was; but I'll tell you what happened to another man, and then you can judge. The situation is perfectly conventional and typical, and the stories are practically interchangeable. Besides, it's easier to talk about this kind of thing impersonally."

"Then," she said, "am I to understand that what you are telling me has something of the character of a general truth, and that your confession has a wide significance—being what all men who were in your position would have to tell to a girl who was in mine?"

"In a way, yes; every fellow, I suppose, has had something of the sort in his life, although this happens to be of such little consequence that you rather overweight it with such very impressive words."

"I am very glad to know," she said. "Perhaps I may tell you afterwards what all girls who are placed as I am would have to tell the man who is placed as you are."

"But—" he began.

"Go on with what you were going to tell me," she ordered.

"Very well," he said, glancing at her; but finding that her eyes did not meet his gaze, in a moment he continued: "It all happened a couple of years ago, in August, at a pretty little place in the middle of the State, on a small lake that, I think, was called Masaqua, or some Indian name or other. There were five or six country houses scattered along the shore, and he was staying at one and the girl at another. There was the usual cast-away-on-a-desert-island sort of cohesion to society, and every one thought that it was his or her duty to keep up the spirits of the rest. In short, it was one of those places where you are thrown back upon nature with a violence that hurts, and where the twenty-four hours are twenty-four stumbling-blocks that you have to get over as best you can. She was a very pretty girl, and he was a rather well-known man. They played with the same lot in the winter, and when they came across each other at the first dinner in the country they found that they talked the same language. It doesn't take long when you have had any experience to get from talk-

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ing about the kind of people that others are to talking about the kind of people you are yourselves, to get away from persons and things to personalities, and to drop commonplaces and go in for confidences — in short, to strike away from the key in which conversation has been arranged for you by usage and quickly modulate into something more tender. Well, they both got to talking about themselves in a very short time; each fell back on the plain, straight I— that backbone of conversation — very quickly, and at once proceeded to disprove one of the very first propositions in geometry, namely, that two parallel lines continued to infinity will never meet. Not that it was necessary for them to elongate their I's to that extent; the fallacy of the statement was shown that very evening. On the steps of the boat-house after dinner they passed the second stage of what might be called sympathetic convergence. They had each of course begun with that necessary assumption that society imposes that the other was charming—the raw material of social intercourse out of which the finished product is worked up — but with the stars brokenly reflected in the rippling water they made distinct advance in intimacy, and soon reached that point where her eyes said as plainly as lips, 'I don't care if you know I like you'; and after that there was nothing but to arrive by more or less rapid stages at the next post-house on the road to full confession on her part, when her eyes would say, 'I don't care if you know that I know *you* like *me*.'"

"Oh, stop!" said the girl.

"That's right," he continued; "for the dangerous time is not when a woman implies that she likes a man; the critical time is when she concedes that she knows that he likes her, and, in suffering him to continue, assures him in his position."

"Perhaps," she said. "But go on."

"Every one said that they were flirting desperately, and, the affair finally being very well recognized, they were let very much alone. It was a very pretty game, and they played it for all that it was worth, and perhaps with even a little more skill and art than is usual, only one of them didn't play fair."

"You mean that he really didn't care for her," said the girl, looking up.

"No," he answered. "I mean that she took it into her head to care for him."

"How dishonest!" murmured the girl.

"It was—in a way," he said. "She had led him on, and it was hardly fair to oblige him to take altogether on his shoulders what she herself had done so much to bring about. Of course, as a matter of higher ethics, I can't wholly defend him. I suppose he shouldn't have been led on. He might have gone away, or he might have made himself intensely disagreeable to her; but really that would be asking too much of human nature; for of course he never could have imagined that it would end by her losing her head."

"But how did he know?"

"He was first brought to a realization of the situation on the day he left. On the last night they wandered out into the conservatory of the house where she was staying. The moon was full, and outside it was nearly as bright as day, but where they were the light only fell dimly—he went into all the particulars when he was telling me—making, he said, a soft green sort of radiance, such as you see in an aquarium; and, indeed, he told me, laughing, that with the glass walls and the long waving plants he half felt as if he were in one, and that he would see the snout of some big fish come poking out from among the leaves of the palms. They could not stay long alone, for it was late, and his party was soon going to make a start. He said good-by, holding her hand in his. She did not draw it away, and he felt her fingers tighten a little. He had only kissed her once or twice since he had known her, and he kissed her now. Then she broke down completely, and clasping her hands together, with her arms upheld, she leaned against him, crying. There was no nonsense about it, for she didn't seem to mind whether any one heard her or not; and he said that some one certainly would have heard if the whole party had not just at that moment moved away from where they had been standing. He was awfully fond of her, and it was hard enough on him. He would have liked nothing better than to take her in his arms and tell her that it was all right. But it wouldn't have done. There were all sorts of reasons, and it would have been worse for her—a great deal worse in the end."

"And what happened next?" asked the girl.

"They were interrupted; his people

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came for him; he was carried away, and there was an end of it. He was awfully cut up for a long time, and that was all."

"And that was all?" she repeated, after a little.

"Yes," he answered. "And little enough of it there was, as you must confess. I don't see now why I ever told you the story."

"And something like that happened to you?" she asked.

"Yes," he replied, reluctantly. "Men and women are always playing with fire, and one or the other of them gets a burnt finger every now and then. I got mine a little scorched once, and in that kind of 'snapdragon.' But every one takes the chances, and it's a fair game all around."

"But is it fair?" she remonstrated. "That's what I asked you before, and that is just the point."

"Why isn't it?" he demanded.

"I'll tell you," she said. "But what became of the girl?"

"Which?" he inquired.

"The one," she said, "who made you burn your fingers?"

"Oh," he laughed, "she didn't break her heart. She was married a short time ago to a very good fellow, who is quite rich, and I have no doubt is busily engaged in living 'happily ever afterwards.' I saw her the other day, and she was looking positively insulting with happiness. It was nothing, you see, and I suppose it's only an accident that the other hasn't been married likewise."

"She is not married?" said the girl, glancing at him.

"She was not married when he told me, and that was only a month ago."

"And you don't know who she was?"

"Naturally not. Of course he didn't tell me."

"And you think it was all right, what he did?"

"No, I don't," he acknowledged. "There was something wrong somewhere, although I can't tell exactly where it was. I suppose that the 'perfect king' would have acted differently, but then I know that Lancelot wouldn't, and I imagine that they were *both* gentlemen."

"I know, I know," she said; "but it isn't right, and I suppose that we women are to blame too, for we like the Lancelots—but it isn't right."

"What harm was done?"

"How can we tell what harm was done?" she said, rising and standing before him. "The girl probably got over it."

"Then certainly it was nothing," he urged.

"But was it?" she contended. "It isn't with us, as I told you before, as it is with you men; it doesn't make any difference, of course, how many *you* love, but we are supposed to love only once. You really expect it of us—you almost exact it of us. If you have cared for a woman who was only flirting with you and who cast you aside, it makes no difference to us who finally love you. But you—it would make a great difference with you if you supposed that the woman you loved had loved another, who had deserted her. Her value would be terribly diminished in your eyes. And we know it. Do you not suppose that this poor girl you knew did not feel the shame of what had happened? Do you not suppose that, hoping, as we all hope, to love and be loved some day, she did not feel that she had not quite the same right to demand for her love all that she would have had the right to demand before? There is no escaping it; you have established your laws, and, unfair as they are, we must conform to them. Do you not suppose that the poor thing understood very well that no man would care for her in quite the same way after he knew what had happened?"

"But why need he know?"

"Because," she answered—"because, if she were a *nice* girl, she would feel that she ought to tell him—knowing, as she would, that it would make a difference to him."

"You exaggerate," he said. "Such a little thing—a mere momentary nothing—a man would never think of it."

"Oh, he would!" she exclaimed. "To you yourself—to you who have been the cause of just such an injury—it would make a difference."

"Never!" he answered.

"Are you sure?" she asked, looking directly in his eyes.

"Yes," he answered.

"Suppose, then—" she began.

"What?" he asked, as she hesitated.

"I was at Lake Masaqua two years ago," she asserted, slowly, deliberately.

"You were there?" he said, looking at her quickly.

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"Yes," she answered, firmly, "I was staying at a house there—in August."

"You—" he stammered.

"Suppose that I was that girl about whom your friend told you?" she continued, steadily.

"It is not possible," he exclaimed, rising, and now standing looking down on her. "I won't believe it."

"Why not?" she asked.

"You!" he said.

"Why not I?" she demanded.

"It could not be," he exclaimed, looking at her with searching directness.

"Why not?" she demanded, meeting his glance squarely, and speaking with a certain defiance.

"Tell me it is not so," he said, in a low tone.

"But it is 'nothing,'" she said. "Why do you wish to know?"

He had seized her wrists, and holding her hands together, was gazing into her eyes.

"Tell me," he said, and what had at first been a request was now almost a command.

"But you said," she urged, "that it made no 'difference.'"

"Tell me," he repeated. "You know how I love you, and I cannot bear to think—" He paused, and relaxing his hold, stepped back. "I will not believe it."

"Very well," she said. "But you see now that I was right when I told you that a girl would feel that she ought to tell, and you must now understand how hard it is for her when she really loves a man, and knows that her confession will lessen her worth in his eyes."

"I," he said, again stepping toward her—"I must know certainly. I cannot bear it."

"You cannot bear to think that some one else has held me in his arms—has kissed me—has seen the tears that fell for his sake."

"Do not torture me," he said. "Tell me the truth.

"And yet," she went on, relentlessly, "is not that exactly what, by your own confession, you thought '*nothing*' when it was all for you? Did you not thoughtlessly, selfishly, act in such a way that for that girl all was not quite what it was before? You say that she was a *nice* girl, and that she married. Do you suppose that if she told what had been to that man she married, it did not make a 'difference' to him—as it is making a 'difference' to you now? Do you not suppose that if she kept silent, she has always with her the bitter thought that there is something she does not dare or does not care to tell the man she loves—perhaps very dearly—very likely much more than she ever loved you—and do you not see that it is a constant trial to her that there should be this 'little thing' between them? Do you not realize that every time he does or says something that shows his perfect confidence in her, she thinks of that, and feels like crying out, 'I am not exactly what you believe I am'? Do you not realize that, in a way, all her life is poisoned by this 'little thing' that made no 'difference'?"

"Tell me," he entreated, utterly disregarding what she had said, "were you that girl? You know that I love you—anyway."

"Yes," she said, slowly. "You would not leave me for it, but you would think of it, and perhaps speak of it, and ask questions. You are not the same now."

He stood staring at her in baffled silence.

"You see," she said. "No, do not ask me to tell you."

The sound of wheels harshly broke the silence.

"There they are," he exclaimed, hurriedly. "In a moment they will be here, and perhaps we may not have a chance to see each other alone all the evening. In mercy tell me the truth."

"Do you really care so much?" she asked, looking at him curiously, and with a slightly frightened glance.

"Yes," he said, with firm-set mouth and eager eyes.

But before she could reply the entire party was upon them, asking questions, for the answers to which no one seemed to care to wait, and giving answers, to which every one was too busy to listen.

He had not even started to dress, although it would soon be the hour for dinner, when there came a knock at the door. Turning away from the window, where he had stood ever since he had entered the room, looking out at the darkening country, he opened it, and taking the note which a servant handed to him, went quickly back to the window, where there

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was still light enough to enable him to read.

There were only a few lines hurriedly scrawled on a single sheet of paper, and he gathered their meaning almost at a glance.

"Dearest, forgive me. I could not help it. I was so sorry for that poor creature, who must have suffered so if she cared for you one particle as much as I do, that I did not think it right that you should escape without a little suffering too. I took it upon myself to revenge her. I know that it was foolish, but I could not help it. I suppose that I should be indignant because you doubted me, but I don't care—when one really loves, there isn't very much that matters. I did not mean to tell you so soon, but I cannot bear it to have you think wrongly of me, even for an hour. I was not the girl. I was there, and knew all about it—indeed, she herself told me some of it—but I was not the girl, and there never has been anything, and you are the only one I ever have loved, or ever shall love, and so, dear, forgive me, please."

WITCH-HAZEL.

BY JAMES E. LEARNED.

O MAGIC tree, late-blooming, bright, and fair!
Among thy sisters thou in Autumn air
Alone art moved with inward thrill to throw
Thy slender blossoms forth in royal show,
When russet grow the fields and woods are cold.
Courageous then thy filaments of gold,
Unfearing onset of the Winter's rout,
In richness of a splendid grace break out,
Invest thy gray-brown stems with soft attire,
And in the forest spaces shine like fire.
Adventurous Heart! Through the long Summer days,
When lesser natures, following common ways,
Joined in array of undistinguished bloom,
How knewest thou that, standing by the tomb
Of meaner beauty, I should find more dear
Thy delicate presence, that throughout the year
Of blossom thou didst wrap thy leaves of use
About thee, and delay till they fell loose
The golden flower of a heart of gold?

Now gleaming bright athwart the darkling pine
Or ruddy cypress, sweet thy glories shine
On raptured sight, or, viewed against the blue
Of heaven, make that heavenly tint more true.
Yet—strange and mystic art of thy coy grace—
Flames thy full beauty only face to face;
The perfect gold that thy close Lover knows
All pale to them at farther distance shows.
Patient thy full fruit waits the Summer's prime
Of days to be, when chilly Winter's time
Of irremediable storms shall cease,
And all thy long enduring end in peace.

No marvel that magicians of thy wood
Contrive the rods that point to hidden good,
And deft mediciner with care distils
From thy full veins his remedy for ills!

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YALE UNIVERSITY.

BY ARTHUR T. HADLEY.

IT is hard to give a systematic account of Yale University, past or present, because Yale itself is not systematically arranged, and never has been. At no time in its history have its methods and traditions borne the impress of a consistent plan. It is the result of a growth, often quite unforeseen by those in authority, through which the collegiate school of 1700 developed with slow steps into the college of 1800 and the university of 1900.

Yale College was founded, after a fashion, at the beginning of the last century, along the north shore of Long Island Sound. For many years it was difficult to say what it was or where it belonged. It was not called a college, but a collegiate school, because the General Assembly of Connecticut was afraid to attract the notice of England to any undertaking of this kind. Such notice would certainly have cost the college its charter, and might readily have produced the same result to the colony itself. Its teaching force did not at first receive the names of president and professors, but was obliged to content itself with the less-honorable titles of "rector" and "tutors." Even the location of the school was very uncertain, and it was oftentimes a house divided against itself. The poet's description of Harvard's earliest beginnings,

> "Two nephews of the President
> And *the* Professor's son—
> Lord! how the Seniors ordered round
> That Freshman class of one!"

could not be applied to Yale; for if the rector lived at Milford and the tutors at Saybrook, the Senior class was located at the former place and the Freshman class at the latter. It was not until the removal of the school to New Haven in 1716, and the amendment of its charter in 1745, that it successively attained a local habitation and a name.

The teaching in those early days was meagre enough. Even after the institution had assumed the name of a college, the president was often the only man competent to give anything like professorial instruction. A professorship of divinity was founded in 1746, and one of mathematics and natural philosophy in 1770. But it was not until the administration of Timothy Dwight, the grandfather of the present incumbent, that a group of professorships was established which gave a standard of scholarship to the institution, and an element of permanence to the academic body. With rare discernment, President Dwight secured the services of three young men of first-rate talent—Kingsley in the classics, Day in mathematics, and Silliman in natural science—who remained in the service of the college for nearly half a century, and who made it a college in fact as well as in name.

It was hardly a Congregational college to the extent which is often assumed. Undoubtedly its foundation was stimulated by the distrust which the more conservative element in Massachusetts and Connecticut felt toward the liberal tendencies of Harvard at the end of the seventeenth century. The hopes and interests of men like the Mathers were centred in Yale for this reason. But it is none the less true that Yale was a Connecticut college rather than a Congregational one, and was put in the hands of Congregational ministers as being the chief educational authorities of the colony. A large part of the money given to the college in its early days came from Episcopalians. Elihu Yale was as much an Episcopalian as he was anything; and Dean Berkeley was a prominent though somewhat erratic member of the English Establishment. The college itself was once, at least, near going over to Episcopacy—so near that poor old Increase Mather, in Boston, died of fright. In the middle of the last century we not infrequently find Episcopal ministers preaching in the college chapel as guests of the college authorities. The *odium theologicum* was not so constant a force in those days in Connecticut as it perhaps was in Massachusetts. Connecticut Congregationalism was often a political and social matter rather than a religious one; and in its capacity as an "established" Church it had enough affinity with Episcopalianism to cause the members of these two Churches to be banded together in the closing years of the last century in defence alike against the Quaker, the Methodist, the infidel, or the democrat, as necessity might demand.

The differences between the Congregationalism of Connecticut and of Massachusetts had much to do with the differ-

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ent lines of development taken by Yale and Harvard respectively. The fierce schism between orthodox and Unitarian in Massachusetts found little response in Connecticut, where the lines of conflict were social and political rather than intellectual. There was in Connecticut almost none of the awakening and ferment which filled eastern Massachusetts for at least two generations. As we look back upon Yale life or Connecticut life in the early years of the nineteenth century, we may admit that it was less varied and less active than the life of Harvard or of Massachusetts. But this difference was not without its benefits to Yale. The very absence of intellectual controversy gave it broader political sympathies and affiliations. Those matters which formed the starting-point of much of the life of Boston and of Harvard tended to withdraw Boston and Harvard from contact with the nation as a whole. People who did not understand the Unitarian controversy were frightened and repelled by the name of Unitarianism. The fact that Massachusetts was always ready to take an advanced position carried her too far for the rest of the United States to follow. It was so in the Constitutional Convention of 1788; it was so in the antislavery movement; it was so in many essential matters which affected the development of Harvard College. By contrast with Harvard, Yale had a national character. It did not move too fast for the people of the United States as a whole. In 1800, as in 1894, it was a national college. It drew its students from all parts of the country, to a far greater degree than Harvard. It was then, as now, pre-eminently the mother of colleges. Columbia and Princeton, in the eighteenth century, like Johns Hopkins and Cornell and a hundred other colleges in the nineteenth, have had Yale graduates as their first presidents.

Another characteristic of Yale which has brought her closer to the national life than Harvard has been her relative poverty. Professors and students have both had to work for a living. There has been, unfortunately, no opportunity to cultivate, as Harvard has done, the literary tastes and graces. Yale has not been able to number among her professors names like those of Lowell, Longfellow, and Holmes. The Yale professors have been men engaged in actual teaching-work, and unfortunately too often overworked in their teaching. It would have been a great thing for Yale could she have strengthened the literary side of her life. Yet there were advantages in the universal necessity of hard work without the graces. It created an *esprit de corps* which would otherwise have been unattainable. It fostered a democratic spirit among the students. Poor and rich were associated together in their work and in their play. Men were judged by their strength and efficiency as men rather than by their social or pecuniary standing in the outside world. This democratic standard of judgment was an important element both in bringing Yale into closer contact and fuller sympathy with the nation as a whole, and in educating the students themselves in moral standards. At Yale, to a greater extent than at Harvard, the value of the education is due to the college life even more than the college instruction. In this respect, as in many others, the history of Yale has been like that of some of the English public schools. Even where the course and the methods of teaching have been most open to criticism, there has been an influence in college life that could not be weighed or measured, and that sometimes could hardly be understood by those who felt it, which made men of those who came under its influence, and which caused graduates to look back upon their years of Yale life with an almost unreasoning affection.

The comparative poverty, the strength of college feelings and traditions, and the absence of contact with a great intellectual centre like Boston, made the development of the university idea slower at Yale than at Harvard. As early as 1813 professional schools began to group themselves about Yale College, but they were loosely attached to it, and formed no organic part of the whole. They depended upon the eminence of individual instructors for their success, and with the death of those instructors they sank into comparative insignificance. The counter-attractions of similar schools in large cities, with their superior facilities for attending courts or hospitals, put Yale at a disadvantage in these matters, as compared with Harvard, Columbia, or the University of Pennsylvania — a disadvantage which, in many of the more practical lines of study, is still felt to-day. Nevertheless, the medical school attained great

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eminence under the leadership of Nathan Smith, the law school had the benefit of an instructor of extraordinary ability in Samuel J. Hitchcock, while the early history of the divinity school is associated with the still more celebrated name of Nathaniel W. Taylor. But the connection of these schools with Yale College scarcely consisted in anything more than the fact that the names of their professors and students appeared in the same catalogue. It was not until 1843, nearly twenty years after its first foundation, that the law school was authorized to give degrees, nor were such degrees given by the theological school until 1867.

A most important forward step was taken in 1846 by the establishment of courses of graduate instruction. Little was expected from this project at the time. It received but scant support from the college authorities. Had it not been for the disinterestedness of its leaders, it would have been in constant danger of abandonment. But it met a real need in giving advanced instruction to those who were pursuing science for its own sake, independent of the promise of diplomas on the one hand, or the restrictions of college life on the other. The first courses were in chemistry. Instruction in engineering was soon added. The school received the warm support of a group of men engaged in the publication of the *American Journal of Science*, with James D. Dana at their head. The scope of instruction was gradually widened until its courses included not merely physical science, but philology and politics. Degrees were first given in 1852. It was not until nearly ten years later that the liberal gifts of Mr. Sheffield gave the means of establishing systematic courses of undergraduate instruction in the school, which from that time forth bore his name.

Both in its origin and in its subsequent development the Sheffield Scientific School has been what its name implies—a *scientific* school as distinct from a technical one. It has attempted to teach principles rather than details. It has not attempted, as so many other schools have done, to teach a man things he would otherwise learn in the shop or the mine, but to teach him what he would *not* learn in the shop or the mine. Its leaders have had no sympathy with the idea that college instruction could take the place of practical experience. They have tried so to shape their instruction as to enable the Sheffield graduate to get the fullest benefit from practical experience. They do not try to teach mechanical details, which change from year to year or from shop to shop, but scientific principles which shall enable a man to turn all details to the best advantage. They use a great deal of laboratory work, but the laboratory work is treated as a means of study rather than as an end of study. It is one of the advantages of the Yale man in starting life that he knows how much he has to learn. He does not conceive himself equal to the master-mechanic on his own ground. He readily concedes to the master-mechanic the superiority in some points of professional skill; and the mechanic is, for that very reason, all the more ready to recognize the college man's superiority in others.

It has cost Professor Brush and his associates some hard battles to enforce this view of the matter. At this very day the Sheffield School is in danger of losing grants from the national government amounting to $25,000 a year because of its attitude on these points. The school has for more than thirty years enjoyed the appropriations made to the State of Connecticut for the endowment of colleges in agriculture and the mechanic arts. Before the acceptance of the grant the college stated exactly what it proposed to do. It furnished instruction in theoretical principles underlying mechanics and agriculture, and gave free tuition to a large number of Connecticut students. The scientific study of agriculture in America may almost be said to have arisen from the work of Professor Johnson and his co-laborers at Yale. It was here that the impulse started which led to the founding of agricultural experiment stations all over the country. But the agricultural interests are dissatisfied because instruction is not given in the practical operations of farming. With some honorable exceptions, the farmers do not appreciate scientific work as the mechanics appreciate it. They want a college to teach the things which farmers know, rather than those which farmers do not know. The mechanical interests, on the other hand, are eager for new knowledge, and have given the warmest recognition to the college for its services in developing it.

In its present condition the Sheffield Scientific School offers the student a

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choice of some seven courses, according to the line of work for which the student would prepare himself—one for the chemist, one for the biologist, one for the civil engineer, one for the mechanical engineer, one for the mining engineer, one for the agriculturist, one for the general business man. But each of these is a college course rather than a purely professional one. The Sheffield students have had in times past and present the benefit of instruction from men whose eminence was far removed from the ordinary courses of applied science—men like William D. Whitney or Thomas R. Lounsbury, Daniel C. Gilman or Francis A. Walker. The scientific course has led men to their professions by a shorter road than the academic, and without the study of Greek, but it has been, in its underlying principles, a collegiate course rather than a technical one.

The separate existence of two collegiate departments side by side has constituted a distinguishing feature of Yale development. The Lawrence Scientific School at Harvard has never been of anything like co-ordinate importance with the college proper. The schools of mines at Columbia and of science at Cornell have made the element of technical training more prominent than it has been at Yale. Not a few of Yale's friends have looked at this double collegiate development with regret, and have believed that each department suffered from the lack of those elements for which the other was distinguished. The Sheffield Scientific School, with its independent character and freer methods, attracted the progressive elements, and left the academic department in constant danger of over-conservatism; the monopoly by the academic department of traditions, of religious influences, and of many of the things that did so much to characterize college life, made the course in the scientific school seem somewhat imperfect by contrast; while Harvard, with its fuller elective course and more progressive, not to say destructive, spirit, was combining the freedom of a scientific school with the traditions of a college. The two things at Yale seemed to be drifting farther and farther apart. But within the last twenty years a great change has taken place for the better. It began in 1872, when six representatives of the alumni were admitted to a place in the corporation of the college. In itself this change amounted to little, for the clerical element in the corporation was left in a majority, and could do anything it chose without let or hinderance; but it was significant and fruitful in giving a degree of publicity to the management of the college which it had never before possessed, and in bringing the alumni into fuller co-operation and sympathy with the college government.

Meantime a change was going on in the faculty as well as in the corporation. The administration of President Woolsey, which terminated in 1871, had borne the impress of his personality in every detail. A man of tremendous force, first-class scholarship, and high ideals, he had secured fellow-workers of the same sort, and had infused the whole college with a spirit of thorough work and lofty aims which has been worth more to it than anything else in its whole history. But President Woolsey was born before the days of modern science; and though he acquainted himself with its results, he scarcely sympathized with its fundamental spirit. His attitude toward science was not unlike that of Sir George Cornewall Lewis or Professor Jowett; and his force of character and purpose was so great as to hold the whole college to his own lines of thought. His successor was a man of less intensity of purpose, and though conservative himself, did not keep the work of the college from broadening.

In 1876 the progressive element in the academic faculty became strong enough to begin the introduction of the elective system in Junior and Senior years. In 1884 it was carried still further—not to the extent which prevailed at Harvard, but sufficiently far to stimulate the intellectual life of the college and increase the opportunity for active work in new lines. In 1886, with the accession of President Dwight, the scientific school obtained its due recognition as a co-ordinate department of the university, and the way was paved for greater co-operation between the different parts than had previously been possible. Meantime the life of the students in the two schools had become assimilated much more rapidly than the courses of study. This was chiefly due to the increasing development of athletics as a factor in Yale life. When the students of the two departments worked side by side in the boat, on the diamond, and in the still fiercer character school of

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the football field, no narrow traditions of college life or college association could prevent the recognition of prowess, the formation of friendships, and the mutual influence on character of the men in the two departments.

Thus a separation, which seemed at one time to involve some danger to the intellectual and social development of Yale, and to force the students to a choice between science without tradition on the one hand, or tradition without science on the other, has proved in the end a benefit. It has enabled the university to meet at once the needs of those who must shorten their period of professional study and those who must lengthen it. To the former, the Sheffield School offers a combination of college life and professional study in a three years' course. To the latter, the college offers a full four years' course, which is but a preparation for subsequent professional training. The separation further allows a freedom in the choice of courses of study, without that danger of random election of easy optionals against which the Harvard authorities have so constantly been compelled to fight. It enables the system of prescribed courses of study and examination to be carried out to a very considerable degree without involving the attempt to force all types of intellect into one mould.

There is reason to hope that the closer co-operation between the college and the scientific school is but the beginning of a similar tendency with respect to other departments. In his championship of the university idea, President Dwight has done away with much of the spirit of isolation which once prevailed. He has a number of difficulties to overcome, but the spirit of the age is on his side. We know more about the connection between different branches of knowledge than we did thirty years ago. The process of specialization has been accomplished by an increase of mutual dependence, and the different departments of the university have come to recognize this. The scientific school has long had the co-operation of the art school in parts of its instruction. The academic department has now begun to seek the same co-operation. In the courses of graduate instruction, students of every department, undergraduate and professional alike, meet side by side with mutual advantage. In all the special schools there have been men—like Baldwin in Law, Fisher in Church History, or Weir in Art—whose work is as indispensable to the non-professional student as to the professional. The various collections, chiefly in the Peabody Museum, have a usefulness not bounded by the lines of any department. The work of a paleontologist like Marsh, or of geologists and mineralogists like the Danas, is not for any one class alone, but for the whole scientific world. The increase of laboratory work, whether in chemistry, or physics, or mineralogy, or biology, or psychology, has tended to bring students of different departments more and more together; and a similar result is accomplished by gatherings like the mathematical club, the classical club, the modern-language club, the philosophical club, or the political science club, where undergraduates, graduates, professional students, and instructors meet on an equal footing to read and discuss papers on subjects of common interest.

With university extension — that is, with the effort to lecture to classes outside of the membership of the university itself—Yale has had little to do. This is not so much from lack of sympathy with the movement as from lack of time on the part of the instructors. Their strength is so fully occupied with the regular students that they have little left to devote to extra ones. For the same reason Yale has discouraged the attendance of "special" students who are not graduates of any college nor pursuing any of the recognized courses for a degree. It may be occasionally a hardship to exclude a zealous man from special privileges, but in the majority of cases it is a worse hardship to allow a man who has more zeal than training to take the time of an already overworked instructor from the teaching of his regular students. If a man (or woman) is a college graduate, Yale will offer him whatever facilities she has available. If a man is not a college graduate, the rule is that he must study in one of the regular courses provided for the attainment of a degree.

To the graduate of any college Yale offers the choice of more than two hundred courses of instruction. Twenty-four of these are in psychology, ethics, and pedagogics; twenty-nine in political science and history; twenty-six in Oriental languages and biblical literature; thirty-two in classical philology; thirty-three in

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modern languages and literature; forty in natural and physical science; twenty-five in mathematics, pure and applied. Besides these, there are courses in drawing, painting, and art history, in music, and in physical culture. It is a question whether the philosophical department of any university in Germany offers as wide a range of teaching. Among all these courses the graduate has absolute freedom of choice. It is assumed he knows what he wants, and is able with the advice of his instructors to select that which best fits his individual case. He can study for a degree or not, exactly as he pleases. The Yale degree of Ph.D. is not given for any defined course or specified amount of work, but for high scientific attainment, of which evidence is given by theses embodying original research.

Side by side with the courses of graduate instruction, and partly coincident with them, we have the work of the professional schools—in theology, law, medicine, and art. In each of these there is a prescribed course of instruction, usually occupying three years, and leading to a degree or diploma at the end. In the law school, however, the degree of LL.B. is given at the end of two years; and for those who are able to study longer, courses are offered leading to the degrees of M.L. and D.C.L. In the theological school nearly all the students are college graduates; in the other professional schools the non-graduates are in the majority. In this last respect Yale is at a disadvantage as compared with Harvard or Columbia. The effort, which the Columbia authorities have so successfully carried out, of making the fourth year of the college course serve at the same time for the first year of professional study, has not found its counterpart in Yale. There are several reasons for this. In the first place, the professional schools have grown up on an independent basis, and are reluctant to sacrifice any part of the separate jurisdiction which they have acquired. In the second place, the university has no large disposable endowments whose income can be used in smoothing the way for a combination. Every part has to work for a living, and therefore has to be left free to get it in the best way it can. Finally, in spite of all that has been done to broaden the courses of instruction, the undergraduate departments have a separate life of their own, and an *esprit de corps* of their own, which make the problem of fusion at Yale much harder than at Columbia, or even at Harvard. For though the instruction of undergraduate, graduate, and professional students is losing its separate character, though they meet in the same laboratories and the same lecture-rooms, nevertheless there remains much in the social and intellectual life of the several parts which continues absolutely separate. The college remains a college, even though it has become part of a university. A striking instance of this separateness of undergraduate life is seen in the very slight effect produced by the admission of women as graduate students in 1892. It scarcely affected the college life in any definable way. For years past, indeed, women had been attending some of the graduate classes by individual arrangement with the instructor, and no one had even been troubled by it. It was thought better to recognize the position and work of such students, and give them the degree of Ph.D. if they deserved it. Since this recognition there are naturally a good many more women in the graduate classes than there were before; and where graduate and undergraduate instruction are coincident it has resulted in their admission to undergraduate class-rooms. But it has not in any sense encroached upon the privacy of college life, or affected the traditions connected with it. To a man who knows what college life really means, the recent action in the graduate department at Yale does not involve the admission of women to Yale College any more than it involves the admission of men to Vassar College. It rather involves an emphasis on the essential distinction between the college life which has been developed by men and women separately and the university work of training specialists, where there need be no distinction of sex.

The two undergraduate departments at Yale have certain obvious points of difference from one another; they have certain less obvious but more fundamental points of similarity which distinguish them from the professional schools, and even from the undergraduate department of a university like Harvard. They differ from one another in that the required studies of the "academic" department are largely classical, while those of the

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Sheffield School are predominantly scientific; in the fact that one gives the degree of B.A. after four years' study, while the other gives the degree of B.S. after three years; and in the fact that one has two years of prescribed work and afterwards a direct choice of electives, while the other has one year of prescribed work and afterwards a choice of courses or groups of study, instead of individual studies. They also differ in the fact that the academic department has the dormitory system developed in a high degree, while the scientific school does not; so that the faculty of the former is obliged to take greater oversight over the conduct of its students than is the case with the latter. But both departments are alike in requiring from their students a high degree of regularity as to attendance and continuous study. The constant pressure to work is not only much stricter than in the graduate or professional schools, but stricter than in the undergraduate department of Harvard or Princeton or almost any American college. Harvard is strict about her degrees and lax about the previous course of her students. If a man has been idle for four years he will lose his degree. Yale, on the other hand, has no room for idlers in her elective halls. Her facilities are so far over-crowded that every bad man elbows a good man out of place. She has no room for the vast number of "special" students—a few of them deserving, the majority incompetent —who clamor for entrance at every large university. A man must pass certain examinations or he cannot enter Yale. He must be regular in his attendance or he will be sent home. He must maintain a certain standard of scholarship or he will be "dropped." This stringency of requirement is the heritage which Yale has received from President Woolsey and the group of men who worked under him. However much the undergraduate may chafe under it or rebel against it, it is this which makes college life and college reputation what it is. No body of young men, left to go their several ways, good or bad, will work out the mass of college traditions and college sentiments which help to mould and make a man in a way that mere book study can never do.

There is no room in an article like this to describe these college traditions and customs in detail; nor are the associations that gather round the Fence, or "Mory's," or the Old Brick Row, of a kind which can readily be reproduced in black and white. Every college graduate must fill the picture out for himself. It is enough to say that the special characteristic of Yale life which has distinguished it from other colleges has been a keener intensity of competition than exists almost anywhere else. It shows itself in every form of effort—literary and athletic, political and social. For a few coveted positions on the college journals there are dozens of men toiling months or years to offer the best essays or stories or reports of current events. For a few positions of honor on the athletic teams there are hundreds of men running their regular courses of exercise, and filling the sidewalks of New Haven with costumes calculated to strike the stranger aghast. And so in every department of college life. The contest takes its keenest and perhaps most questionable form in connection with the secret-society system. The societies of the academic department at Yale differ from those of most other colleges in not running through the course, but changing in successive years of study. No man who is ambitious for college success can afford to rest on his laurels in the earlier years of his course. An election to one of the societies of Sophomore or Junior year is chiefly thought of as a stepping-stone toward the higher honor of election into the narrower circle of "Skull and Bones," "Scroll and Key," or "Wolf's Head." As the time for Senior society elections draws nigh, the suspense on the part of the candidates becomes really terrible. When the afternoon of election finally arrives, the scene is perhaps the most dramatic in college life. There is a crowd gathered on the campus—all interested, and some fearfully so. One Senior after another appears from the different society halls, and silently seeks his man amid the throng. At last he finds him; a tap on the shoulder sends a Junior to his room on what is probably the happiest walk he has ever taken; there is a moment's burst of applause from the crowd, varying in intensity according to the popularity of the man chosen, but always given with good-will, and then every one relapses into anxious expectation, until the whole series of elections has been given out. On the whole, the Senior society choices are given with conscientious fairness. There are mistakes made, sometimes bad

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ones, especially mistakes of omission; but they are as a rule *bona fide* mistakes of judgment, and not the results of personal unfriendliness or chicane. There is a good deal of wire-pulling among those who hope to receive the honor, but surprisingly little among those who are to award it. Opinions differ as to the merits of the Yale society system; but there can be no question that it is a characteristic product of Yale life, with its intensity of effort, its high valuation of college judgments and college successes, and its constant tension, which will allow no one to rest within himself, but makes him a part of the community in which he dwells.

Can Yale keep these characteristics unimpaired amid increasing numbers of students and increasing complexity of outside demands? Can it preserve its distinctive features as a *college* in the midst of its widening work as a university? Can it meet the varying intellectual necessities of modern life without sacrificing the democratic traditions which have had so strong an influence upon character? Can it give the special education which the community asks without endangering the broader education which has produced generations of "all round" men, trained morally as well as intellectually? These are questions which every large college has to face. They are not peculiar to Yale. If Yale feels their difficulty most, it is because she is the largest representative of the traditional American college idea, which Harvard has, to all intents and purposes, abandoned.

The difficulty is enhanced by several factors outside of the educational sphere. In the first place, the demands of modern life make teaching more expensive. There are more things to teach, and therefore there is need of more men, while in each line there is more competition for the services of first-rate men, both inside and outside the teaching profession. The day has passed when college professors formed a class by themselves, who would not or could not engage in work elsewhere. With the increasing study of science in its various forms there has come increased contact between university life and business life. The scientific man can often, if not generally, make more money by expert work than by teaching; and under such circumstances it is not always easy for the university to retain his services. The social demands upon the professors have taken a different shape from what they had forty years ago. Plain living and high thinking is no longer the ideal of professional success in any line. Under these circumstances a college with limited funds finds it hard to secure enough men of the right kind. The increase in the number of students enhances rather than lessens the difficulty. Additional students are often a source of expense rather than of profit. Teaching is not a work which can be performed by wholesale. No teacher, not even the most talented, can do for a class of one hundred what he would do for a class of ten. Each increase of numbers makes it all the more difficult to avoid the danger of having the class too large, or the instructor too small; nor is an increase of tuition fees to be thought of except as a last resort.

Side by side with this difficulty comes a still greater danger, in the effect of modern life on the students themselves. While the standard of life throughout the community was simple, there was every chance for the democratic spirit of equality to assert itself. The difference between what the rich student and the poor student could command was comparatively slight. It was at most a difference in rooms and in food, in dress and in comforts—differences which the healthy public sentiment of a college could afford to disregard. But to-day there are differences between rich and poor which no one can wholly despise, even though he may respect the poor man more than his rich companion. Each complication of social life inside and outside of the college creates a reason for legitimate expenditure of money, which prevents the poor man from feeling an absolute equality with the rich. The problem of lessening college expenses is one of vital importance for the future of American college life, and is perhaps the most serious difficulty with which the members of the Yale faculty have to contend.

But in meeting these difficulties Yale has certain marked and strong advantages. To begin with, all the traditions of Yale's social life work in the direction of valuing men for their character rather than their money or their antecedents. Though the college standard of character may be imperfect, and though college sentiment may tolerate wrong methods of study, and evasions in dealing with the authorities, the general fact remains that, such as the

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standards are, they are applied vigorously and impartially; that there is a respect for work and a respect for unselfishness—a respect for all that constitutes a gentleman in the best sense—that renders futile any attempt to make money take the place of character, or social antecedents take the place of social qualities.

Those who thought that the democratic spirit of Yale was bound up with the Spartan simplicity of the Old Brick Row have been happily disappointed. The gifts of Farnam and Durfee, of Lawrence and White, of Welch and Vanderbilt, have provided the students with larger comforts without distorting their moral standards. There are parts of the secret society system which are in more or less constant danger of becoming rich men's cliques and undermining the democratic spirit; but there is every reason to hope that this danger will be successfully resisted in the future, as it has been in the past.

The development of college athletics has been of great service in counteracting some of the dangerous tendencies of the day. Open to criticism as athletics may be for their unnecessary expense, for the betting which goes on in connection with them, and for the distorted views which they encourage as to the relative importance of different things in life, they yet have a place in education which is of overwhelming importance. The physical training which they involve, good as it may be, is but a small part of the benefit achieved. The moral training is greater. Where scores of men are working hard for athletic honor, and hundreds more are infected by their spirit, the moral force of such an emulation is not to be despised. Critics may object, and do object, that athletic prowess is unduly exalted, and that it involves distortion of facts to rate the best football-player or best oarsman higher than the best scholar or best debater. But the critic is not wholly right in this. There is a disposition in the college world to recognize in the highest degree anything which redounds to the credit of the college. Let a student write something which brings honor to his college, whether in science or literature, and there is no limit to the recognition he receives from his fellows. Let a football-player strive to win glory for himself instead of for his college, and his fellows have no use for him. What the critic deems to be preference for the body over the mind is in no small measure preference for collective aims over individual ones. It may be a short-sighted view of the matter to think of the high-stand man as working for himself, and the athlete as working for his college. Yet it is one which contains a large element of truth; and the honor paid to college athletes is based on a healthful recognition of this half-truth which the critic so often overlooks.

Athletics, if properly managed, have still another moral advantage in training the students to honor a non-commercial standard of success. In these days, when the almighty dollar counts for so much, this training is of first-rate importance. Of course athletics may be so managed as to be worse than useless in this respect. The least taint of professionalism, however slight, destroys the whole good; the growth of betting endangers it. Yale has by constant effort kept clear of professionalism, and much of her success in athletics has been due to this fact. Betting is harder to deal with, and constitutes a real evil, but not one for which athletics is so directly responsible as many people assume. On the whole, as athletics have been managed at Yale under the constant advice of the alumni, and without either fear or favor from the faculty, they have done great good and little harm, both physically and morally.

If there is danger of distorted sense of proportion among the students, it is to be remedied not by less encouragement to athletics, but by more encouragement to study. Yale emphatically needs more money for teaching purposes. Gifts of dormitories have done good; gifts like those for the Peabody Museum, for the Kent and Sloane laboratories, for lecture-halls like Osborn and Winchester, have done still more good; but they are wholly inadequate to meet the public demands. So fast have the numbers grown that there is to-day not a lecture-hall in Yale College which will accommodate all the students who want to take a single course of instruction, much less a laboratory which will give the room needed for the study of chemistry to all who ask it. Whatever can be done in the way of educational development without money or with limited money, Yale is trying to do. Her success is attested by her growth in numbers and public recognition, and yet more by the unswerving loyalty of her members in every capacity.

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THE WRITING ON THE WALL.

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

IMMEN Pasha's dinner was given to Miss Page, although it was ostensibly in honor of the British Minister, whose wife sat on Immen's right, and tested that Oriental's composed politeness greatly. But at times he would turn to Miss Page, and she would murmur with him in French, and he would have his reward. The condition upon which Miss Page had come to the dinner was that it should be an Oriental one throughout, and so the table was accordingly of silver, and each strange sticky course was served in a golden bowl, and each fork and spoon bore a ruby and a diamond in its handle.

"Diamonds and rubies are my jewels," Immen explained simply, as one would say, "Blue and yellow are my racing colors," or that such a sentence was the motto of his family.

A native orchestra played from a balcony of heavily carved wood that stretched across one end of the room, and behind a lattice beneath it shone the bright eyes of Immen's wife, who was politely supposed to have already departed for Alexandria, but who in reality was looking with wonder and misgivings upon the bold women, with naked faces and shoulders, who sat at her husband's side, and talked to him without waiting for him to give them leave.

Miss Page and her family had been spending the winter in Cairo, and were to leave in the week. The hot weather, or what passes for hot weather in Cairo, had arrived, and the last of Cook's dahabeahs was hurrying back down the Nile, and a few of the court had already gone to Alexandria, and in two weeks the Khedive would follow. It had been a delightful winter, and Helen Page had enjoyed it in what was to her a new way. She had reached that stage when everything in life has found its true value. There was for her no more marking up or marking down. If it would not sell for that, it should not leave her; or if it cost so much, it was not worth seeking after, and she let it go. She still enjoyed dances and functions; but the dances had to be very well done, and the functions had to come in the natural order of things. She knew what bored her and what amused her, and she knew the worth of a cabinet minister's conversation and the value of a few words from royalty, and of a day with her brother hunting for bargains in the bazars. She had arrived.

She left the officers of the Army of Occupation to her sister, who was just out, and of that age when the man who leads the cotillon was of much more immediate importance than the gentleman with the star on his coat who could tell her sister when the Italians would move over the Alps, or the tall senators in Washington who related such amusing stories, and who told things to Helen of such importance that she would sit with her eyes cast down so that people might not see how interested she was. That might be worth while to Helen, but to her sister the young English officers on polo ponies, and the rides to the ostrich farm, and golf at the base of the pyramids, were much more entertaining. So it happened occasionally when Helen and her good-looking brother were treasure-hunting on the Mouski that they would have to jump out of the way of a yelling outrunner in black and gold, and see their sister roll by seated high in a cart, with an Arabian pony in the shafts and an English subaltern at her side.

Once when this happened her brother looked after the cart with a smile, and said, indulgently, and with that tolerance for youth which only a Harvard Junior can feel,

"Wouldn't you like to be as young as that, Helen?"

His sister exclaimed, indignantly: "Well, upon my word. And how old do you suppose I am?"

"I don't know," the brother answered, unabashed. "The last time I asked you, you were nineteen. That was years ago."

"Only four years. Does that make me so very old?"

"But you've seen such a lot, and you've been around so much, and all that," he argued. "That's what makes people old. Helen, don't you ever intend to get married?"

"Never," said the sister. "I am going to live with you, and keep you from falling in love with a nicer girl than myself, and we will promise each other never to marry, but just to go about like this always, and explore places and have adventures."

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Young Page laughed indulgently. "Very well," he said. He had had hopes at one time that his sister would take a fancy to his roommate, who played next to him on the football eleven; but that gentleman had never really appreciated her, although he had once said that her photograph was the finest thing he had ever seen. He used to stand in front of it when he was filling his pipe and survey it critically, with his head on one side, and Page had considered this a very good sign. It was after this that the announcement in the papers of his sister's engagement to a young English duke had made her brother wonder if that perhaps would not be even a better thing for him, as it would give him such grand opportunities for shooting over his brother-in-law's preserves. And from that time on he rather discouraged his roommate in cherishing secret hopes.

He had not heard of the young Englishman lately, so he inquired jocosely, and with what he considered rare discretion and subtlety, "If you *were* to marry a duke, Helen, would I still call you just plain Helen, or would you make me say 'Your Grace,' as the servants do?"

Helen stopped, ankle-deep in the mud of the bazars, and surveyed him with such evident amusement that he laughed in some embarrassment. "You could never truthfully call me 'plain Helen,' Ted," she said, "and you will never have the chance to call me the other thing."

"Oh!" said her brother, meekly, "that's how it is, is it?"

"Yes, that's how it is," his sister echoed.

The man who sat on Miss Page's left at Immen Pasha's dinner was Prince Panine, the Russian First Secretary. He had known Miss Page in Washington when he was an attaché of the Russian legation there, and had been bold enough to ask her to marry him. When she declined to do so he took it hardly, and said unpleasant things about her, which, in time, came back to her. She bore him no ill will for this; but he did not appeal to her as a delightful dinner companion. It was different with the Russian, for it was his pride that had been hurt by her refusal rather than his heart, and he thought this the sweet moment of his revenge. He now could show the woman who had refused him when he was an insignificant attaché that it was the prospective head of a powerful and noble Russian family and a possible ambassador that she had overlooked.

He felt the value of the situation keenly. It inspired him as a good part inspires the actor, and he smiled at his own thoughts, and twisted his pointed beard, and bridled and bowed his head like a pretty woman. Miss Page at first did not notice him at all. She was intent on what Immen was telling her of some extravagance of Ismaïl Pasha's, in whose cabinet he had served; but when he had ceased, and turned with a sigh to the English matron, Miss Page moved in her chair, and surveyed Panine with smiling good-nature.

"It is very nice to see you again," she said, comfortably; "but they tell me, Prince, that you are such a dangerous personage now. I am really rather afraid of you."

The Russian bowed his head, and smiled grimly. "You did not find me dangerous once," he said.

But she looked past him, and continued as though he had not spoken. "I never thought you would take the service so seriously," she went on. "Why, you will be a minister very soon now, will you not?"

Panine looked at her sternly, as though he was in doubt as to her being serious. "Some one has told you?" he asked, frowning.

"No," she said, lightly. "But it is about time, is it not? What were you in Washington? Second Secretary, I think?"

"It is not a matter of years," the Russian answered, stiffly; "at least it is not so with some men. It is true I am still a secretary, but our chief has been away, and —what is it that you have for a proverb —'when the cat's away the mice'—eh?" He lifted his eyebrows, and then glanced quickly up and down the length of the table, as though to give her the impression that he was fearful of having been overheard. Miss Page did not apparently notice this by-play. She laughed, and then interrupted herself to listen to something that was being said across the table before she answered him.

"So," she said, "you have been plotting and conspiring again, have you, and we are to have a crisis? You are all just alike." She laughed indulgently. "It is so absurd," she said.

Panine's frown was quite genuine now. "Ah, so," he said, with mocking

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politeness, "you think it absurd? Yes," he added; "you are quite right. It is nothing, just a game, and, as you say, quite absurd—quite absurd. You relieve me," he added. "I had feared perhaps you had learned something. Even the most experienced in our service is sometimes indiscreet, when it is a beautiful woman to whom he talks."

Her eyes closed for an instant, which was a trick they had when she was annoyed or bored, and she turned to Immen with a smile. The Russian sipped deeply from his glass and scowled. He felt that he was not making that sort of an impression which the situation should have called forth. The girl did not yet seem to appreciate what she had given up.

Miss Page turned to him again. "We are to have a most amusing evening," she said; "did you know? Immen is going to have Bannerman in to do his tricks for us."

"The mind-reader?"

"Yes. Have you ever seen him?"

Panine answered, in the tone of one who is tolerant of the amusements of others, that he had seen the fellow once when he had performed before the King of Greece. "He made us all look rather ridiculous and undignified," he said. "I do not think that I like the court jester of modern times."

"You must be very careful," Miss Page laughed, "or he will read all of your secrets, and then we will know what mischief you have been—"

"I beg your pardon!" interrupted the Russian, quickly. He gave her a warning glance. "They will hear you," he explained.

The girl tossed her head with a shrug of impatience. "Quelle pose!" she said. "Why are you not amusing, as you used to be? Are you always mysterious now? And when are you Russians going to embrace France; and how soon will your fleet be in the Bosporus; and do you still draw little maps of Constantinople on the backs of your visiting-cards? Oh, it is such an old, old story!"

"Just as you say," replied Panine, without showing any sense of injury. "It is an old story; it is like the shepherd-boy who kept calling that the wolf was coming—is it not?"

"Exactly," consented the girl, "except that the Russian specimen of wolf never comes."

Panine smiled and nodded his head. "Do you know something, Miss Page?" he said. "You should have been in a secret service. You should have been a diplomat."

"I don't think I like that," said the girl, slowly, "though you probably meant that I should. Why?"

"Because the methods you adopt in finding out what you wish to know are the ones which will make you sure to learn. Make little of another's secret, Miss Page, or of another's knowledge, and he is sure to tell you what he knows, because he is piqued, and wishes to show you how important it is or how important he is."

"My dear Prince," said the girl, patiently, "I have not the *least* desire to know your secrets. I have no 'methods.' I am quite innocent of trying to find out anything. You do yourself entirely too much honor. Even if you had a secret, it would make me most uncomfortable if I thought you had it about you, and especially if I imagined you intended to let it escape."

"You treat me this way," said the Russian, quickly, and lowering his voice, "because you still, even now look at me as a boy. You think in the last five years that I am doing nothing; that I am still copying despatches and translating reports. But that is past. I send despatches myself now, and in a short time my government and every government will know that I have not been idle. What I am doing now will be the talk of the whole diplomatic world."

The man leaned forward and poured out his words in a low and intense whisper. He was mortified and his pride cut to the heart at the coldness of the woman beside him. Had she begged for his confidence he could have withheld it easily, as his caution would have taken alarm at her entreaties; but her silent indifference to him and to what he knew was of momentous importance piqued and unnerved him. He was sure she was discreet; it was the one quality that every man and woman unhesitatingly allowed to her; and more than that, she was very beautiful. A man will tell a discreet woman a great deal, and when she has added to this virtue great beauty, he is liable to tell her everything, unless she stops him.

"There are those here at this table," continued Panine, with his eyes bent

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on his plate, "who are in danger. In a week, in a day, the crisis at which you laugh will come, and some of those who are here to-night will not dine with us again."

Miss Page considered that it was now quite time for him to stop. "I had no idea you were serious," she said, haughtily. "Who gave you the right to confide in me?" She turned for relief to Immen, but he was deep in conversation with his neighbor, so she became silent, and interested herself in the dish before her. "Do you know what this is?" she asked Panine, in a lighter tone. "I have been studying very hard since I have been here, but I never seem to learn the names of anything useful."

Panine was biting at his finger-nail. He had worked himself up into a fever of excitement. For months his thoughts had been on one theme, and in working out what was to be for him a great *coup*, which was to place him at the head of a legation and cover his coat with French and Russian orders. He could think of nothing else, and he could not now contain himself.

"You know the situation here," he went on, anxiously, as though she had not previously checked him. "It is three to one, if you went less with your English friends, and saw more of *us*, you would feel less confident, you would have less of their arrogance and intolerance of the enemy. It is not wise to despise the enemy. What would you think if the Dual Control, which is not a Dual Control, should be revived, but with this important difference, that it should be France and Russia, and not France and England, who are to guide the future of these Egyptians?"

Miss Page glanced with a smile down the table to where the English Consul-General sat, large, broad-shouldered, and aggressive-looking even over his sweetmeats. He caught her eye, and smiled pleasantly.

"That is not a very thrilling idea," she said. "It seems to me it has been in the air for some time. Not that I follow politics at all," she added, quickly, "but every one knows that; it is certainly not new."

"The idea, no; but the carrying out of it, yes," said the Russian. He leaned forward and towards her quickly, and before she could draw her head away had whispered to her a few words in English, which was the safest tongue he could have used in that company. Then he drew back, his eyes brilliant with triumph and excitement, and noted the effect of his words.

The girl's face had paled, and her eyes were wide open, as though she had seen something that shocked her, and she even made a movement as though she would push back her chair and leave the table. But as the color came to her cheeks her self-possession returned to her, and she bent her body forward and said across the table to one of the English women opposite: "I hear you are going to sail with us next week. That will be very nice. I hope it will be smooth between here and Brindisi."

Panine exclaimed under his breath, and whispered something between his fingers as he twisted them in his pointed beard.

There were many people at the reception which followed the dinner; wise-looking judges of the Mixed Courts and their wives and native princes, secretaries of the many diplomatic agencies, and an abundance of scarlet mess-jackets on officers of the Army of Occupation. They outshone even the women in the brilliancy of their apparel, with their broad bands of gold braid and rows of tiny brass buttons. They outshone the men, too, in the ruddy tan of their faces, burned by the sun of the Soudan and roughened by the fine sand of the desert. They were a handsome, arrogant-looking group; some with the fez, which seemed strangely out of place on their yellow hair, and which showed that they served the Khedive, and others with strips of tiny ribbons across their breasts, to show that they had served the Queen, and each of these Englishmen moved about with the uneasy, self-assertive air of one who knows that he is welcomed through necessity, and only because he holds his place in the society about him by force of arms.

Bannerman, the English mind-reader, busied himself in selecting a committee, and the others seated themselves on the divans around the room, and discussed the self-possessed young woman with the yellow-dyed hair who served as the mind-reader's assistant, and to whom he referred as "my ward." They all agreed that he was certainly very clever, and as an en-

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tertainer a decided relief after the amateur musicians of doubtful talent who had been forced upon them at other houses.

Bannerman showed how some one else had stabbed the Austrian Minister in the back with a paper-knife, after first having discovered it hidden in a pot of palms in the garden. And his assistant, at his command, described rings and coins and pocket-pieces held up before her blindfolded eyes. Then Bannerman read the numbers on an English bank-note, chalking them out on a blackboard, and rearranged groups and tableaux which had been previously stage-managed and separated during his absence from the room. He was extremely easy and clever, and smiled an offensively humble smile as each exhibition was rewarded by enthusiastic approbation. Nothing quite so out of the common had been given them during the season. Magicians they had in plenty; they could be found on the terrace of Shepheard's any afternoon, but there was something almost uncanny in the successes of this English adventurer, which was slightly spoiled by his self-assurance, by the rows of medals on his coat, and the barbarous jewels on his short fat fingers.

Hoffmeyer Bey, a German in the Egyptian service, took it very seriously.

"I should like to ask you, sir," he demanded, as though the mind-reader were on trial, and gazing at him grimly through round spectacles, "whether you claim to *will* the young lady to say what these articles are which you hold up, or whether you claim to communicate with her by thought-transference."

Some of the subalterns nudged each other and grinned at this. They did not know how the trick was done, but they did know that it was a trick. You could not impose on them.

"I should answer that, sir, in this way," said the showman, glibly. "I should say that it is an exhibition of *both* will-power and of thought-transference. You observe, ladies and gentlemen, that I do not even approach my assistant, so that it is not muscle-reading I depend upon, which is a very different thing from mind-reading, and which necessitates actual contact. I see whatever it is that you wish described. My mind is working in sympathy with my ward's, and I will her to tell of what I am thinking. If I did not keep my mind on the object, she could give no description of it whatsoever."

Colonel Royce raised his finger. "Eh—could she give a description of it if you merely thought of it, but didn't say anything?" he demanded.

Miss Page, who was sitting at Immen's side in a far corner, smiled and shrugged her shoulders. "Why don't they let the poor man alone?" she said. "It is a very good trick, and is all the more amusing because we think it is not a trick. Why insist on seeing the wheels go round?"

"Oh, he will explain," said the old Pasha, smiling. "C'est son métier. He has been asked these same questions before. He is quite prepared for them, and in a contest of argument I imagine the fakir would be more than a match for our military friend. The Colonel, they tell me, is more at home in a saddle than in a salon."

"The best test I could possibly submit to you," said Bannerman, "and one which would show you that there is no collusion between myself and my assistant, is one that I call 'The writing on the wall.' I will take any one you please to select as my subject, and make him or her write a sentence on this blackboard in a language which he or she does not understand. I will not dictate what the subject writes. I simply claim to be able to make him write it in a language which he does not know. If I can do this, you must admit that I have the power to will another to read what is in my mind, just as I am able to read what is in his mind. I think that is the just conclusion. I act in the test simply as a translator. The subject thinks of a sentence or phrase, and I translate it in my own mind, and force him by will-power alone to write it in a language with which he is absolutely unfamiliar. All I ask is that I may be allowed to blindfold whoever assists me in this, in order that he may not have his attention distracted, and to be allowed to hold his hand."

"Will you please say that all over again?" commanded Colonel Royce.

Bannerman explained his test once more, and there was a general murmur of incredulity and of whispered persiflage on the part of the subalterns.

"If he can make you write three words in correct French, Ted," said his younger sister, "I'll believe he's a spook."

The English Minister turned to his American confrère with a smile. "That sounds rather interesting," he said. "How will he do it?"

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The American was sitting with his lips puckered and with his eyes half closed. "I was just trying to think," he said, doubtfully. "Of course it is a trick. I don't believe in thought-transference myself. He either moves his assistant's hand, and makes him think that he is doing it himself when he is not, or the assistant does what the little boy did. There is no other way."

"What did the little boy do? Is that an American story?" said the Englishman, smiling.

"Oh, the little boy lied," explained the Consul-General.

Bannerman stood in the centre of the room weighing a broad silk scarf in his hands. "There is too much light for my purpose," he said; "it prevents my concentrating my thoughts. Would you mind having two or three of those lamps placed outside, if you please? Thank you."

The lamps were carried out, and the room was now left in an appropriate half-light, which came mysteriously from under red globes. There was an interested silence. Bannerman stood weighing the handkerchief in the palms of his hands and glancing slowly around the surrounding rows of faces. His eyes rested finally on the further corner where Helen Page sat in an alcove, with the English woman who was to sail with her the week following. They were whispering together busily, and Immen Pasha had turned his shoulder to them so that they might speak the more freely. Bannerman walked directly towards them without speaking or making any sound, but as he came forward, Miss Page turned her head sharply, and looked at him inquiringly as though he had already addressed her. He stood immediately before her and bowed.

"Will you be so good as to assist me in this?" he asked. He bowed again, smiling as he did so, with so assured an air that Immen rose and placed himself between them.

"No," he answered for her. "You must ask some one else."

"I should be very much gratified if this young lady would assist me," said the adventurer, earnestly, but in so low a tone that those at the other end of the room could hear nothing. "I am quite confident I could succeed with her. It is a most difficult experiment."

Miss Page shook her head slightly. "Thank you, no," she said.

She turned to her friend and began speaking with her again as though nothing had interrupted them. The mind-reader made no second effort to address her, neither did he move away, but stood perfectly still, looking at her curiously and fixedly. The girl stopped as though some one had touched her to attract her attention, and, looking up, met the eyes of the mind-reader fixed upon hers. The man took courage from the silence in the room, which showed him that his choice had been a popular one, and that the girl whose money and beauty and brains had in their different fashion interested different people was a personage of whom they wished to see more in a new part. Even Immen himself stood aside now; he, too, was curious to see how she would acquit herself.

"Come," said the man in a low tone. The girl stared at him in surprise and drew back.

She turned to Immen. "What does he want with me?" she said.

"It is nothing, madam," answered Bannerman, quickly, before the older man could speak to her; "merely to write a sentence on the blackboard. Anything that comes into your head, and I shall will you to write it in any language I please."

The girl's face wore a troubled, puzzled look, and instead of turning her eyes away, she continued staring at the man as though she were trying to recollect whether she had ever seen him before.

He drew away from her slowly, and with his eyes still fixed on hers. "You will assist me," he said. And this time it was not in a tone of inquiry that he spoke, but of command.

The girl rose suddenly, and stood uncertainly, looking around the room as though to test its feeling toward her. She saw the English Minister (as that Consul-General was called by courtesy) smiling at her encouragingly, she saw Panine in a doorway, posed against the red curtains, scowling to himself, and she saw her brother and sister, surrounded by a full staff of scarlet jackets, enjoying her discomfiture. She took a step back as though to resume her place in the alcove, but the mind-reader put out his hand, and she, to the surprise of all, took it, staring at him as she did so, as though to read in his face how he had been able to make her give it him.

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"You understand French, of course," the man said, in a low tone, but the room was so still now that every one could hear. The girl nodded, without taking her eyes from his. "And Italian—yes; and German—yes; and a little Spanish—perhaps—yes—no? Is that all?" The girl nodded again. "Very good. You shall write in Arabic."

The Egyptians and the English looked at each other and smiled, but the tone of the man was so full of confidence that their faces filled again with intent interest. Carefully and deftly Bannerman drew the silk scarf across the girl's forehead, but she raised her hands and unwound it and dropped it on the floor.

"I will not be blindfolded," she said. "I can keep my eyes closed without it."

"Humph!" commented a subaltern. He made a grimace as though he had tasted something unpleasant.

"What is it?" asked the next man. "Did you see a ghost?"

"Yes; an enlisted man we shot in Burmah. He did that same thing. It reminded me of it."

"She *does* take it rather seriously," whispered the other.

The blackboard hung like a curtain at one end of the room. There was no light near it, and it formed a black background against which Helen Page's figure and head stood out distinctly. She was a very beautiful woman, with great masses of black hair, which she wore back from her forehead. Her face was lovely rather than classic, and typically American in its frank confidence of her own innocence and of others towards her, and in its cleverness. She wore a gown of black satin covered with tiny glittering spangles, that fitted her figure closely, leaving her arms and shoulders bare. It was a most unusual gown, and strongly suggestive of things theatrical, like a Columbine in mourning, or the wicked fairy who rises through a trap in the pantomime. On another woman it would have been bold, but on her it only made the face above it appear more lovely and innocent by contrast. It was as incongruous as a girl's face in a suit of armor.

But the costume fitted the moment with peculiar appropriateness, and as the girl raised her bare arm to write, she looked like a blind prophetess, or a beautiful witch who might transform them all into four-footed animals. She appeared so well standing in outline against the background, with the lights playing over the spangles, that both the men and the women present were more intent upon her than upon what she was about to do. Bannerman congratulated himself on his good fortune. He was enough of a showman to feel the effect she had produced, and, like a clever stage-manager, left to her the centre of the stage, while he kept his own person in the background of the picture. "Are you ready?" he asked.

The girl's left arm hung straight at her side, with the palm turned out, so that the tips of her fingers touched those of the mind-reader as he stood with bowed head behind her. Miss Page moved her right hand slightly in assent.

And then, as though some subtle contact had been established between them by which the two individual minds moved in common, her right arm raised itself, and she began to grope across the board with a piece of chalk as though to find the starting-point. Her hand stopped high above her head, and the chalk scratched on the board and left behind it a queer jumble of Arabic figures. The arm rested in mid-air, and the girl's face, with the eyes still closed, bowed itself, as though she were listening and waiting for further instruction.

Bannerman glanced past her to the writing on the board. He turned his face to the audience, without losing his hold on the girl's finger-tips, and translated aloud, "His Excellency—" There were many present entitled to that prefix, and several who had already recognized it as it was written out before them. There was no question but that the sentence, so far, was in the most correct Arabic.

"He has established what he claims to do already," whispered Hoffmeyer Bey to Bannerman's ward. The girl nodded her head. Her lips were parted, and she was breathing quickly.

The chalk moved again, hesitated, and stopped. The mind-reader read over to himself what was written. There was a strange look on his face which told nothing, but there was something deprecatory in his tone as he said aloud, "His Excellency the British Minister—"

There was a movement in the surrounding circle as though they had each felt that the affair had taken on a more intimate and personal complexion. And though each assured himself that what

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was to follow was but a compliment from the English showman to the English lord, there was something so uneasy in the manner of the mind-reader that the fancy of each took alarm, and the interest of all became deeply engaged.

The girl still stood trancelike and with bowed head, while her arm moved across the black surface of the board, but in the bearing of the mind-reader there was the dismay of one who finds the matter in hand growing beyond his control, and with this there was the touch of fear. It was in a tone so low that it barely penetrated the length of the room that he read the broken phrase which followed—"visits the opera to-morrow night—" he said.

As he pronounced these words there was a sudden movement in the circle about him, coming from no one person, and yet so apparent in its significance that each looked furtively at his neighbor, and then dropped his eyes, or turned them anxiously towards the blackboard. Bannerman raised his body, and straightened himself as though he was about to speak further, but the scratching and tapping of the chalk upon the board interrupted him, and he dropped his head. It was as though he did not wish to see the completion of his work.

The voice of the young American Minister from the back of the room broke the tense stillness of the moment. He gave a long indrawn sigh of appreciation. "Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin," he quoted, mockingly.

"Silence!" Hoffmeyer Bey commanded, half rising from the divan. And the silence he commanded answered him. The air of the room seemed charged with electricity. It was as though every one present were part of a huge battery; but no one moved. The scratching on the board ceased. The girl's arm dropped to her side, and the chalk fell and broke upon the floor. Bannerman raised his eyes and read the completed phrase in a voice in which fear and a certain exultation were strangely blended.

"His Excellency the British Minister," he translated, "visits the opera to-morrow night at the risk of his life." His voice died away as though afraid of its own daring, and there was complete stillness.

Then Immen Pasha stepped quickly into the centre of the room. "Bring back those lights," he commanded. He strode hastily to where the mind-reader stood, picking up the scarf Miss Page had dropped upon the floor as he did so, and drawing it across the surface of the board.

Miss Page opened her eyes, and closed them again as though they were heavy with sleep. She shivered slightly like one awakening, and ran her left hand up and down her other arm. Immen Pasha's movements as he swept the board caused her to raise her head, and her interest seemed to awaken. "Oh, how curious!" she said. "Did I write that?"

The sound of her voice seemed to set free a spell that had been put upon the room, and there was a sudden chorus of nervous laughter and of general exclamation, above which could be heard the voice of the British Minister, saying: "No; he was before my time; but I remember Maskelyne and Cook at their place in Piccadilly, and they were most amusing. They used to—"

The boyish faces of the English subalterns had grown masklike and expressionless. They unconsciously drew together in little groups of red, and discovering this, instantly parted again. The diplomats were smiling and chattering volubly; the native Egyptians alone maintained their placidity of manner. Immen Pasha pushed his way hurriedly to the side of the English Minister's wife.

"There is a supper," he said, bowing gravely. "It has been awaiting us some time. Will you allow me?"

The English woman smiled distantly, and fluttered her fan. "It is so late," she said, "I am afraid we shall have to ask you to let us go."

Through the open windows of the street below could be heard the voices of the servants calling for the British Minister's carriage, and it seemed to be for all an alarming signal of departure. So hastily did they make their adieux that it seemed as though each one feared to be left among the last.

Young Page overtook Prince Panine as the latter was hurrying on towards the Khedival Club. "Going my way, Panine?" he asked. "I say," he went on, "what a shame it broke up so soon! Immen had a fine supper for us, and I *am* hungry. Helen and that mind-reading chap spoiled the whole evening between them."

Panine turned his head and surveyed his young companion in the darkness. "Yes," he said, "between them they spoiled several things."

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THE CHAIRMAN.

and he found much to interest him and much to like among their denizens, and made as many friends there among ship-carpenters, excisemen, longshoremen, jack-tars, and what not, as in Bayswater and Belgravia (or Bloomsbury).

He was especially fond of frequenting singsongs, or "free-and-easys," where good hard-working fellows met of an evening to relax and smoke and drink and sing—round a table well loaded with steaming tumblers and pewter pots, at one end of which sits Mr. Chairman in all his glory, and at the other "Mr. Vice." They are open to any one who can afford a pipe, a screw of tobacco, and a pint of beer, and who is willing to do his best and sing a song.

No introduction is needed; as soon as any one has seated himself and made himself comfortable, Mr. Chairman taps the table with his long clay pipe, begs for silence, and says to his vis-à-vis: "Mr. Vice, it strikes me as the gen'l'man as is just come in 'as got a singing face. Per-'aps, Mr. Vice, you'll be so very kind as juster harsk the aforesaid gen'l'man to oblige us with a 'armony."

Mr. Vice then puts it to the new-comer, who, thus appealed to, simulates a modest surprise, and finally professes his willingness, like Mr. Barkis; then, clearing his throat a good many times, looks up to the ceiling, and after one or two unsuccessful starts in different keys, bravely sings "Kathleen Mavourneen," let us say—perhaps in a touchingly sweet tenor voice—

"Kathleen Mavourneen, the gry dawn is brykin',
The 'orn of the 'unter is 'eard on the 'ill." . . .

And Little Billee didn't mind the dropping of all these aitches if the voice was sympathetic and well in tune, and the sentiment simple, tender, and sincere.

Or else, with a good rolling jingo bass, it was,

"'Earts o' hoak are our ships; 'earts o' hoak are our men;
And we'll fight and we'll conkwer agen and agen!"

And no imperfection of accent, in Little Billee's estimation, subtracted one jot from the manly British pluck that found expression in these noble sentiments—nor added one tittle to their swaggering, blatant, and idiotically aggressive vulgarity!

Well, the song finishes with general applause all round. Then the chairman says, "Your 'ealth and song, sir!" And drinks, and all do the same.

Then Mr. Vice asks, "What shall we 'ave the pleasure of saying, sir, after that very nice 'armony?"

And the blushing vocalist, if he knows the ropes, replies, "A roast leg o' mutton in Newgate, and nobody to eat it!" Or else, "May 'im as is going up the 'ill o' prosperity never meet a friend coming down!" Or else, "'Ere's to 'er as shares our sorrers and doubles our joys!" Or else, "'Ere's to 'er as shares our joys and doubles our expenses!" and so forth.

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More drink, more applause, and many 'ear, 'ears. And Mr. Vice says to the singer: "Your call, sir. Will you be so good as to call on some other gen'l'man for a 'armony?" And so the evening goes on.

And nobody was more quickly popular at such gatherings, or sang better songs, or proposed more touching sentiments, or filled either chair or vice-chair with more grace and dignity than Little Billee. Not even Dodor or l'Zouzou could have beaten him at that.

And he was as happy, as genial, and polite, as much at his ease, in these humble gatherings as in the gilded saloons of the great, where grand-pianos are, and hired accompanists, and highly paid singers, and a good deal of talk while they sing.

So his powers of quick, wide, universal sympathy grew and grew, and made up to him a little for his lost power of being specially fond of special individuals. For he made no close friends among men, and ruthlessly snubbed all attempts at intimacy—all advances towards an affection which he felt he could not return; and more than one enthusiastic admirer of his talent and his charm was forced to acknowledge that, with all his gifts, he seemed heartless and capricious; as ready to drop you as he had been to take you up.

He loved to be wherever he could meet his kind, high or low; and felt as happy on a penny steamer as on the yacht of a millionaire—on the crowded knife-board of an omnibus as on the box-seat of a nobleman's drag—happier; he liked to feel the warm contact of his fellow-man at either shoulder and at his back, and didn't object to a little honest grime! And I think all this genial caressing love of his kind, this depth and breadth of human sympathy, are patent in all his work.

On the whole, however, he came to prefer for society that of the best and cleverest of his own class—those who live and prevail by the professional exercise of their own specially trained and highly educated wits, the skilled workmen of the brain—from the Lord Chief Justice of England downwards—the salt of the earth, in his opinion: and stuck to them.

There is no class so genial and sympathetic as *our own*, in the long-run—even if it be but the criminal class! none where the welcome is likely to be so genuine and sincere, so easy to win, so difficult to outstay, if we be but decently pleasant and successful; none where the memory of us will be kept so green (if we leave any memory at all!).

So Little Billee found it expedient, when he wanted rest and play, to seek them at the houses of those whose rest and play were like his own—little halts in a seeming happy life-journey, full of toil and strain and endeavor; oases of sweet water and cooling shade, where the food was good and plentiful, though the tents might not be of cloth of gold; where the talk was of something more to his taste than court or sport or narrow party politics; the new beauty; the coming match of the season; the coming ducal conversion to Rome; the last elopement in high life—the next! and where the music was that of the greatest music-makers that can be, who found rest and play in making better music for love than they ever made for hire—and were listened to as they should be, with understanding and religious silence, and all the fervent gratitude they deserved.

There were several such houses in London then—and are still—thank Heaven! And Little Billee had his little billet there—and there he was wont to drown himself in waves of lovely sound, or streams of clever talk, or rivers of sweet feminine adulation, seas! oceans!—a somewhat relaxing bath!—and forget for a while his everlasting chronic plague of heart-insensibility, which no doctor could explain or cure, and to which he was becoming gradually resigned—as one does to deafness or blindness or locomotor ataxia—for it had lasted nearly five years! But now and again, during sleep, and in a blissful dream, the lost power of loving—of loving mother, sister, friend—would be restored to him; just as with a blind man who sometimes dreams he has recovered his sight; and the joy of it would wake him to the sad reality: till he got to know, even in his dream, that he was only dreaming, after all, whenever that priceless boon seemed to be his own once more—and did his utmost not to wake. And these were nights to be marked with a white stone, and remembered!

And nowhere was he happier than at the houses of the great surgeons and physicians who interested themselves in his strange disease. When the Little Billees of this world fall ill, the great surgeons

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A HAPPY DINNER.

and physicians (like the great singers and musicians) do better for them, out of mere love and kindness, than for the princes of the earth, who pay them thousand-guinea fees and load them with honors.

And of all these notable London houses none was pleasanter than that of Cornelys the great sculptor, and Little Billee was such a favorite in that house that he was able to take his friends Taffy and the Laird there the very day they came to London.

First of all they dined together at a delightful little Franco-Italian pothouse near Leicester Square, where they had bouillabaisse (imagine the Laird's delight), and spaghetti, and a poulet rôti, which is *such* a different affair from a roast fowl! and salad, which Taffy was allowed to make and mix himself; and they all smoked just where they sat, the moment they had swallowed their food—as had been their way in the good old Paris days.

That dinner was a happy one for Taffy and the Laird, with their Little Billee apparently unchanged—as demonstrative, as genial, and caressing as ever, and with no swagger to speak of; and with so many things to talk about that were new to them, and of such delightful interest! They also had much to say—but they didn't say very much about Paris, for fear of waking up Heaven knows what sleeping dogs!

And every now and again, in the midst of all this pleasant foregathering and communion of long-parted friends, the pangs of Little Billee's miserable mind malady would shoot through him like poisoned arrows.

He would catch himself thinking how fat and fussy and serious about trifles Taffy had become; and what a shiftless, feckless, futile duffer was the Laird; and how greedy they both were, and how red and coarse their ears and gills and cheeks grew as they fed, and how shiny their faces; and how little he would care, try as he might, if they both fell down dead under the table! And this would make him behave more caressingly to them, more genially and demonstratively than ever—for he knew it was all a grewsome physical ailment of his own, which he could no more help than a cataract in his eye!

Then, catching sight of his own face and form in a mirror, he would curse himself for a puny, misbegotten shrimp, an imp—an abortion—no bigger, by the side of the herculean Taffy or the burly

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Laird of Cockpen, than six-pennorth o' halfpence: a wretched little overrated follower of a poor trivial craft—a mere light amuser! For what did pictures matter, or whether they were good or bad, except to the triflers who painted them, the dealers who sold them, the idle, uneducated, purse-proud fools who bought them and stuck them up on their walls because they were told!

And he felt that if a dynamite shell were beneath the table where they sat, and its fuse were smoking under their very noses, he would neither wish to warn his friends nor move himself. He didn't care a ——!

And all this made him so lively and brilliant in his talk, so fascinating and droll and witty, that Taffy and the Laird wondered at the improvement success and the experience of life had wrought in him, and marvelled at the happiness of his lot, and almost found it in their warm affectionate hearts to feel a touch of envy!

Oddly enough, in a brief flash of silence, "entre la poire et le fromage," they heard a foreigner at an adjoining table (one of a very noisy group) exclaim: "Mais quand je vous dis que j'l'ai entendue, moi, la Svengali! et même qu'elle a chanté l'Impromptu de Chopin absolument comme si c'était un piano qu'on jouait! voyons!. . ."

"Farceur! la bonne blague!" said another—and then the conversation became so noisily general it was no good listening any more.

"Svengali! how funny that name should turn up! I wonder what's become of *our* Svengali, by-the-way?" observed Taffy.

"I remember *his* playing Chopin's Impromptu," said Little Billee; "what a singular coincidence!"

There were to be more coincidences that night; it never rains them but it pours!

So our three friends finished their coffee and liqueured up, and went to Cornelys's, three in a hansom —

"Like Mars,
A-smokin' their poipes and cigyars."

Sir Louis Cornelys, as everybody knows, lives in a palace on Campden Hill, a house of many windows; and whichever window he looks out of, he sees his own garden and very little else. In spite of his eighty years, he works as hard as ever, and his hand has lost but little of its cunning. But he no longer gives those splendid parties that made him almost as famous a host as he was an artist.

When his beautiful wife died he shut himself up from the world; and now he never stirs out of his house and grounds except to fulfil his duties at the Royal Academy and dine once a year with the Queen.

It was very different in the early sixties. There was no pleasanter or more festive house than his in London, winter or summer—no lordlier host than he—no more irresistible hostesses than Lady Cornelys and her lovely daughters; and if ever music had a right to call itself divine, it was there you heard it—on late Saturday nights during the London season—when the foreign birds of song come over to reap their harvest in London Town.

It was on one of the most brilliant of these Saturday nights that Taffy and the Laird, chaperoned by Little Billee, made their début at Mechelen Lodge, and were received at the door of the immense music-room by a tall powerful man with splendid eyes and a gray beard, and a small velvet cap on his head—and by a Greek matron so beautiful and stately and magnificently attired that they felt inclined to sink them on their bended knees as in the presence of some overwhelming Eastern royalty—and were only prevented from doing so, perhaps, by the simple, sweet, and cordial graciousness of her welcome.

And whom should they be shaking hands with next but Sibley, Lorrimer, and the Greek—with each a beard and mustache of nearly five years' growth!

But they had no time for much exuberant greeting, for there was a sudden piano crash—and then an immediate silence, as though for pins to drop—and Signor Giuglini and the wondrous maiden Adelina Patti sang the Miserere out of Signor Verdi's most famous opera—to the delight of all but a few very superior ones who had just read Mendelssohn's letters (or misread them) and despised Italian music; and thought cheaply of "mere virtuosity," either vocal or instrumental.

When this was over, Little Billee pointed out all the lions to his friends—from the Prime Minister down to the present scribe—who was right glad to meet them again and talk of auld lang syne, and

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present them to the daughters of the house and other charming ladies.

Then Roucouly, the great French barytone, sang Durien's favorite song,

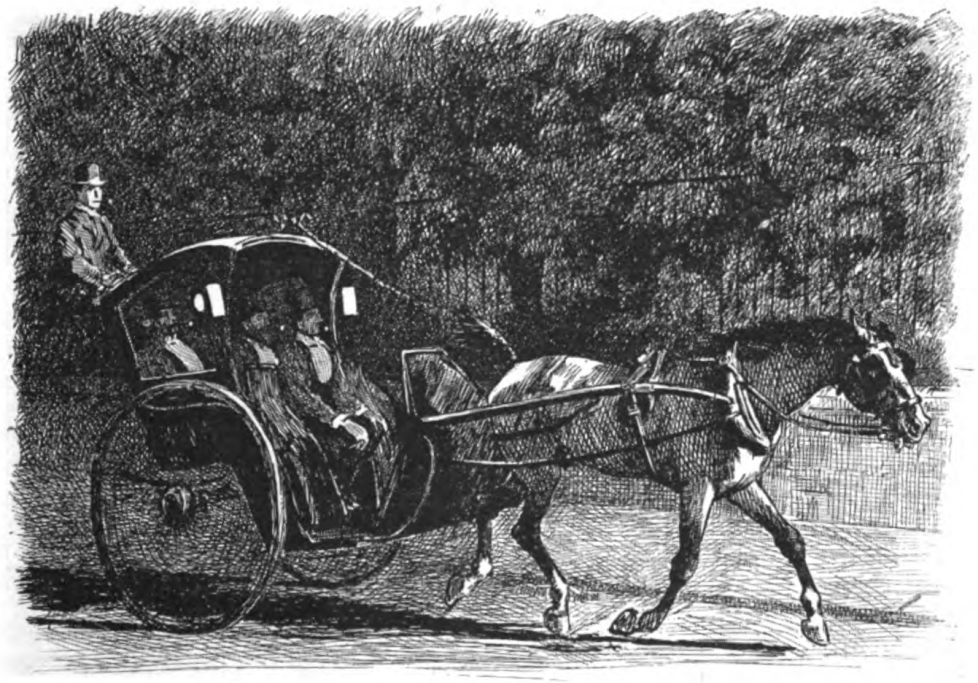
"Plaisir d'amour ne dure qu'un moment;
Chagrin d'amour dure toute la vie...."

with quite a little drawing-room voice, —but quite as divinely as he had sung "Noël, noël," at the Madeleine in full blast one certain Christmas eve our three friends remembered well.

Then there was a violin solo by young Joachim, then as now the greatest violinist of his time; and a solo on the pianoforte by Madame Schumann, his only peeress! and these came as a wholesome check to the levity of those for whom all music is but an agreeable pastime, a mere emotional delight, in which the intellect has no part; and also as a well-deserved humiliation to all virtuosi who play so charmingly that they make their listeners forget the master who invented the music in the lesser master who interprets it!

For these two—man and woman—the highest of their kind, never let you forget it was Sebastian Bach they were playing—playing in absolute perfection, in absolute forgetfulness of themselves—so that if you weren't up to Bach, you didn't have a very good time!

But if you were (or wished it to be understood or thought you were), you seized your opportunity and you scored; and by the earnestness of your rapt and tranced immobility, and the stony gorgonlike intensity of your gaze, you rebuked the frivolous—as you had rebuked them before by the listlessness and carelessness of your bored resignation to the Signorina Patti's trills and fioritures, or M. Roucouly's pretty little French mannerisms.



"A-SMOKIN' THEIR POIPES AND CIGYARS."

And what added so much to the charm of this delightful concert was that the guests were not packed together sardine-wise, as they are at most concerts; they were comparatively few and well chosen, and could get up and walk about and talk to their friends between the pieces, and wander off into other rooms and look at endless beautiful things, and stroll in the lovely grounds, by moon or star or Chinese-lantern light.

And there the frivolous could sit and chat and laugh and flirt when Bach was being played inside; and the earnest wander up and down together in soul-communion, through darkened walks and

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groves and alleys where the sound of French or Italian warblings could not reach them, and talk in earnest tones of the great Zola, or Guy de Maupassant and Pierre Loti, and exult in beautiful English over the inferiority of English literature, English art, English music, English everything else.

For these high-minded ones who can only bear the sight of classical pictures and the sound of classical music do not necessarily read classical books in any language—no Shakespeares or Dantes or Molières or Goethes for *them*. They know a trick worth two of that!

And the mere fact that these three immortal French writers of light books I have just named had never been heard of at this particular period doesn't very much matter; they had cognate predecessors whose names I happen to forget. Any stick will do to beat a dog with, and history is always repeating itself.

Feydeau, or Flaubert, let us say—or for those who don't know French and cultivate an innocent mind, Miss Austen (for to be dead and buried is almost as good as to be French and immoral!)—and Sebastian Bach, and Sandro Botticelli—that all the arts should be represented. These names are rather discrepant, but they made very good sticks for dog-beating; and with a thorough knowledge and appreciation of these (or the semblance thereof), you were well equipped in those days to hold your own among the elect of intellectual London circles, and snub the philistine to rights.

Then, very late, a tall, good-looking, swarthy foreigner came in, with a roll of music in his hands, and his entrance made quite a stir; you heard all round, "Here's Glorioli," or "Ecco Glorioli," or "Voici Glorioli," till Glorioli got on your nerves. And beautiful ladies, ambassadresses, female celebrities of all kinds, fluttered up to him and cajoled and fawned;—as Svengali would have said, "Prinzessen, Comtessen, Serene English Altessen!"—and they soon forgot their Highness and their Serenity!

For with very little pressing Glorioli stood up on the platform, with his accompanist by his side at the piano, and in his hands a sheet of music, at which he never looked. He looked at the beautiful ladies, and ogled and smiled; and from his scarcely parted, moist, thick, bearded lips, which he always licked before singing, there issued the most ravishing sounds that had ever been heard from throat of man or woman or boy! He could sing both high and low and soft and loud, and the frivolous were bewitched, as was only to be expected; but even the earnestest of all, caught, surprised, rapt, astounded, shaken, tickled, teased, harrowed, tortured, tantalized, aggravated, seduced, demoralized, corrupted into naturalness, forgot to dissemble their delight.

And Sebastian Bach (the especially adored of all really great musicians, and also, alas! of many priggish outsiders who don't know a single note and can't remember a single tune) was well forgotten for the night; and who were more enthusiastic than the two great players who had been playing Bach that evening? For these, at all events, were broad and catholic and sincere, and knew what was beautiful, whatever its kind.

It was but a simple little song that Glorioli sang, as light and pretty as it could well be, almost worthy of the words it was written to, and the words are De Musset's; and I love them so much I cannot resist the temptation of setting them down here, for the mere sensuous delight of writing them, as though I had just composed them myself:

"Bonjour, Suzon, ma fleur des bois!
Es-tu toujours la plus jolie?
Je reviens, tel que tu me vois,
D'un grand voyage en Italie!
Du paradis j'ai fait le tour—
J'ai fait des vers—j'ai fait l'amour....
Mais que t'importe!
Mais que t'importe!
Je passe devant ta maison:
Ouvre ta porte!
Ouvre ta porte!
Bonjour, Suzon!

"Je t'ai vue au temps des lilas.
Ton cœur joyeux venait d'éclore,
Et tu disais: 'je ne veux pas,
Je ne veux pas qu'on m'aime encore.'
Qu'as-tu fait depuis mon départ?
Qui part trop tôt revient trop tard.
Mais que m'importe?
Mais que m'importe?
Je passe devant ta maison:
Ouvre ta porte!
Ouvre ta porte!
Bonjour, Suzon!"

And when it began, and while it lasted, and after it was over, one felt really sorry for all the other singers. And nobody sang any more that night; for Glorioli was tired and wouldn't sing again, and none were bold enough or disinterested enough to sing after him.

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"BONJOUR, SUZON!"

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Some of my readers may remember that meteoric bird of song, who, though a mere amateur, would condescend to sing for a hundred guineas in the saloons of the great (as Monsieur Jourdain sold cloth); who would sing still better for love and glory in the studios of his friends.

For Glorioli—the biggest, handsomest, and most distinguished-looking Jew that ever was—one of the Sephardim (one of the Seraphim!)—hailed from Spain, where he was junior partner in the great firm of Moralés, Peralés, Gonzalés, and Glorioli, wine-merchants, Malaga. He travelled for his own firm; his wine was good, and he sold much of it in England. But his voice would bring him far more gold in the month he spent here; for his wines have been equalled—even surpassed—but there was no voice like his anywhere in the world, and no more finished singer.

Anyhow, his voice got into Little Billee's head more than any wine, and the boy could talk of nothing else for days and weeks; and was so exuberant in his expressions of delight and gratitude that the great singer took a real fancy to him (especially when he was told that this fervent boyish admirer was one of the greatest of English painters); and as a mark of his esteem, privately confided to him after supper that every century two human nightingales were born—only two! a male and a female; and that he, Glorioli, was the representative "male rossignol of this soi-disant dix-neuvième siècle."

"I can well believe that! And the female, your mate that should be—*la rossignolle*, if there is such a word?" inquired Little Billee.

"Ah! mon ami....it was Alboni, till la petite Adelina Patti came out a year or two ago; and now it is *la Svengali*."

"La Svengali?"

"Oui, mon fy! You will hear her some day—et vous m'en direz des nouvelles!"

"Why, you don't mean to say that she's got a better voice than Madame Alboni?"

"Mon ami, an apple is an excellent thing—until you have tried a peach! Her voice to that of Alboni is as a peach to an apple—I give you my word of honor! but bah! the voice is a detail. It's what she does with it—it's incredible! it gives one cold all down the back! it drives you mad! it makes you weep hot tears by the spoonful! Ah! the tear, mon fy! tenez! I can draw everything but *that!* Ça n'est pas dans mes cordes! *I* can only madden with *love!* But la Svengali!.... And then, in the middle of it all, prrrout!.... she makes you laugh! Ah! le beau rire! faire rire avec des larmes plein les yeux—voilà qui me passe!....Mon ami, when I heard her it made me swear that even *I* would never try to sing any more—it seemed *too* absurd! and I kept my word for a month at least and you know, je sais ce que je vaux, moi!"

"You are talking of la Svengali, I bet," said Signore Spartia.

"Oui, parbleu! You have heard her?"

"Yes—at Vienna last winter," rejoined the greatest singing-master in the world. "J'en suis fou! hélas! I thought *I* could teach a woman how to sing, till I heard that blackguard Svengali's pupil. He has married her, they say!"

"That *blackguard* Svengali!" exclaimed Little Billee...."why, that must be a Svengali I knew in Paris—a famous pianist! a friend of mine!"

"That's the man! also une fameuse crapule (sauf vot' respect); his real name is Adler; his mother was a Polish singer; and he was a pupil at the Leipzic Conservatorio. But he's an immense artist, and a great singing-master, to teach a woman like that! and such a woman! belle comme un ange--mais bête comme un pot. I tried to talk to her—all she can say is 'ja wohl,' or 'doch,' or 'nein,' or 'soh'! not a word of English or French or Italian, though she sings them, oh! but *divinely!* It is '*il bel canto*' come back to the world after a hundred years...."

"But what voice is it?" asked Little Billee.

"Every voice a mortal woman can have—three octaves—four! and of such a quality that people who can't tell one tune from another cry with pleasure at the mere sound of it directly they hear her; just like anybody else. Everything that Paganini could do with his violin, she does with her voice—only better—and what a voice! un vrai baume!"

"Now I don't mind petting zat you are schbeaking of la Sfencali," said Herr Kreutzer, the famous composer, joining in. "Quelle merfeille, hein? I heard her in St. Betersburg, at ze Vinter Balace. Ze vomen all vent mat, and pulled off zeir bearls and tiamonts and kave zem to her—vent town on zeir knees and gried and gissed her hants. She tit not say

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vun vort! She tit not efen schmile! Ze men schnifelled in ze gorners, and looked at ze bictures, and tissempled—efen I, Johann Kreutzer! efen ze Emperor!"

"You're joking," said Little Billee.

"My vrent, I neffer choke ven I talk apout zinging. You vill hear her zum tay yourzellof, and you vill acree viz me zat zere are two classes of beoble who zing. In ze vun class, la Sfencali; in ze ozzer, all ze ozzer zingers!"

"And does she sing good music?"

"I ton't know. *All* music is koot ven *she* zings it. I forket ze zong; I can only sink of ze zinger. Any koot zinger can zing a peautiful zong and kif bleasure, I zubboce! But I voot zooner hear la Sfencali zing a scale zan anypotty else zing ze most peautiful zong in ze vorldt—efen vun of my own! Zat is berhaps how zung ze crate Italian zingers of ze last century. It was a lost art, and she has found it; and she must haf pecun to zing pefore she pecan to schpeak—or else she voot not haf hat ze time to learn all zat she knows, for she is not yet zirty! She zings in Paris in Ogdoper, Gott sei dank! and gums here after Christmas to zing at Trury Lane. Chullien kifs her ten sousand bounts!"

"I wonder, now! Why, that must be the woman I heard at Warsaw two years ago—or three," said young Lord Witlow. "It was at Count Siloszech's. He'd heard her sing in the streets, with a tall black-bearded ruffian, who accompanied her on a guitar, and a little fiddling gypsy fellow. She was a handsome woman, with hair down to her knees, but stupid as an owl. She sang at Siloszech's, and all the fellows went mad and gave her their watches and diamond studs and gold scarf-pins. By gad! I never heard or saw anything like it. I don't know much about music myself—couldn't tell 'God save the Queen' from 'Pop goes the weasel,' if the people didn't get up and stand and take their hats off; but I was as mad as the rest—why, I gave her a little German silver vinaigrette I'd just bought for my wife; hanged if I didn't—and I was only just married, you know! It's the peculiar twang of her voice, I suppose!"

And hearing all this, Little Billee made up his mind that life had still something in store for him, since he would some day hear la Svengali. Anyhow, he wouldn't shoot himself till then!

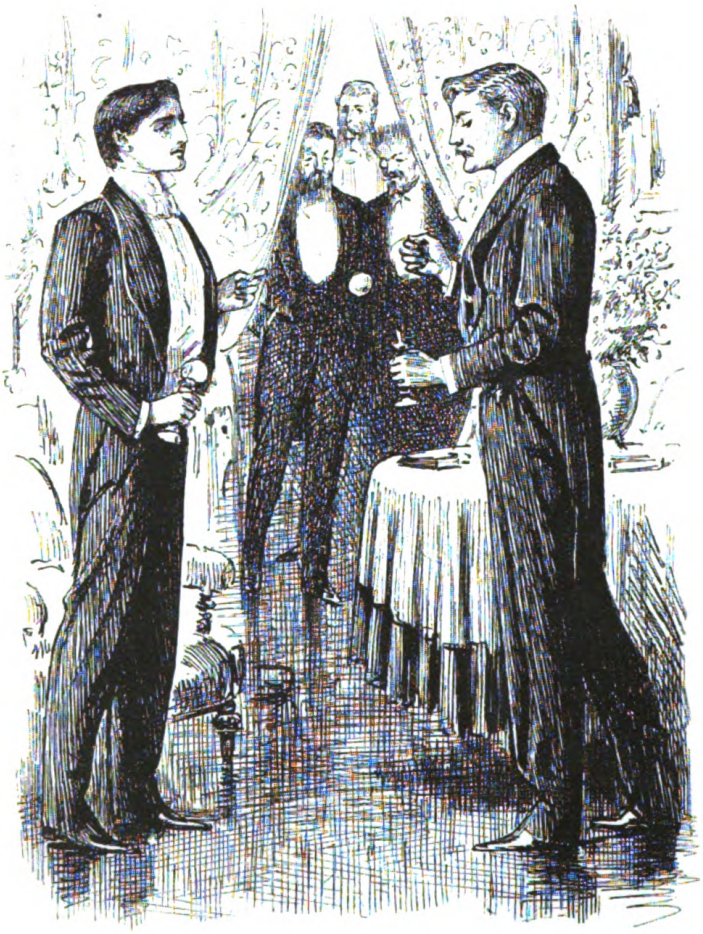
Thus the night wore itself away. The



A HUMAN NIGHTINGALE.

Prinzessen, Comtessen, and Serene English Altessen (and other ladies of less exalted rank) departed home in cabs and carriages; and hostess and daughters went to bed. Late sitters of the ruder sex supped again, and smoked and chatted and listened to comic songs and recitations by celebrated actors. Noble dukes

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CUP AND BALL.

hobnobbed with low comedians; world-famous painters and sculptors sat at the feet of Hebrew capitalists and aitchless millionaires. Judges, cabinet ministers, eminent physicians, and warriors and philosophers saw Sunday morning steal over Campden Hill and through the many windows of Mechelen Lodge, and listened to the pipe of half-awakened birds, and smelt the freshness of the dark summer dawn. And as Taffy and the Laird walked home to the Old Hummums by daylight, they felt that last night was ages ago, and that since then they had forgathered with "much there was of the best in London." And then they reflected that "much there was of the best in London" were still strangers to them—except by reputation—for there had not been time for many introductions: and this had made them feel a little out of it; and they found they hadn't had such a very good time after all. And there were no cabs. And they were tired, and their boots were tight.

And the last they had seen of Little Billee before leaving was a glimpse of their old friend in a corner of Lady Cornelys's boudoir, gravely playing cup and ball with Fred Walker for sixpences—both so rapt in the game that they were unconscious of anything else, and both playing so well (with either hand) that they might have been professional champions!

And the Rabelaisian Macey Sparks (now most respectable of Royal Academicians), who sometimes, in his lucid intervals after supper and champagne, was given to thoughtful, acute, and sympathetic observation of his fellow-men, had remarked, in a hoarse, smoky, hiccuppy whisper to the Laird: "Rather an enviable pair! Their united ages amount to forty-eight or so, their united weights to about fifteen stone, and they couldn't carry you or me between them. But if you were to roll all the other brains that have been under this roof to-night into one, you wouldn't reach the sum of their united genius.... I wonder which of the two is the most unhappy!"

And for once the Rabelaisian Macey Sparks wasn't joking....

The season over, the song-birds flown, summer on the wane, his picture, the "Moon-dial," sent to Moses Lyon's (the picture-dealer in Conduit Street), Little Billee felt the time had come to go and see his mother and sister in Devonshire, and make the sun shine twice as brightly for them during a month or so, and the dew fall softer!

So one fine August morning found him at the Great Western Station—the nicest station in all London, I think—except the stations that book you to France and away.

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It always seems so pleasant to be going west! Little Billee loved that station, and often went there for a mere stroll, to watch the people starting on their westward way, following the sun towards Heaven knows what joys or sorrows, and envy them their sorrows or their joys—any sorrows or joys that were not merely physical, like a chocolate drop or a pretty tune, a bad smell or a toothache.

And as he took a seat in a second-class carriage (it would be third in these democratic days), south corner, back to the engine, with *Silas Marner*, and Darwin's *Origin of Species* (which he was reading for the third time), and *Punch*, and other literature of a lighter kind, to beguile him on his journey, he felt rather bitterly how happy he could be if the little spot, or knot, or blot, or clot which paralyzed that convolution of his brain where he kept his affections could but be conjured away!

The dearest mother, the dearest sister in the world, in the dearest little sea-side village (or town) that ever was! and other dear people—especially Alice, sweet Alice with hair so brown, his sister's friend, the simple, pure, and pious maiden of his boyish dreams: and himself, but for that wretched little kill-joy cerebral occlusion, as sound, as healthy, as full of life and energy, as he had ever been!

And when he wasn't reading *Silas Marner*, or looking out of window at the flying landscape, and watching it revolve round its middle distance (as it always seems to do), he was sympathetically taking stock of his fellow-passengers, and mildly envying them, one after another, indiscriminately!

A fat old wheezy philistine, with a bulbous nose and only one eye, who had a plain sickly daughter to whom he seemed devoted, body and soul; an old lady, who still wept furtively at recollections of the parting with her grandchildren, which had taken place at the station (they had borne up wonderfully, as grandchildren do); a consumptive curate, on the opposite corner seat by the window, whose tender, anxious wife (sitting by his side) seemed to have no thoughts in the whole world but for him; and her patient eyes were his stars of consolation, since he turned to look into them almost every minute, and always seemed a little the better for doing so. There is no happier star-gazing than that!

So Little Billee gave her up *his* corner seat, that the poor sufferer might have those stars where he could look into them comfortably without turning his head.

Indeed (as was his wont with everybody), Little Billee made himself useful and pleasant to his fellow-travellers in



SWEET ALICE.

many ways—so many that long before they had reached their respective journeys' ends they had almost grown to love him as an old friend, and longed to know who this singularly attractive and brilliant youth, this genial, dainty, benevolent little princekin, could possibly be, who was dressed so fashionably, and yet went second class, and took such kind thought of others; and they wondered at the happiness that must be his at merely being alive, and told him more of their troubles in six hours than they told many an old friend in a year.

But he told them nothing about himself—that self he was so sick of—and left them to wonder.

And at his own journey's end, the farthest end of all, he found his mother and sister waiting for him, in a beautiful little pony-carriage—his last gift—and with them sweet Alice, and in her eyes, for one brief moment, that unconscious look of love surprised which is not to be forgotten for years and years and years—which can only be seen by the eyes that meet it, and which, for the time it lasts (just a flash), makes all women's eyes look exactly the same (I'm told): and it seemed to Little Billee that, for the twen-

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tieth part of a second, Alice had looked at him with Trilby's eyes; or his mother's, when that he was a little tiny boy.

It all but gave him the thrill he thirsted for! Another twentieth part of a second, perhaps, and his brain-trouble would have melted away; and Little Billee would have come into his own again—the kingdom of love!

A beautiful human eye! *Any* beautiful eye—a dog's, a deer's, a donkey's, an owl's even! To think of all that it can look, and all that it can see! all that it can *seem*, sometimes! What a prince among gems! what a star!

But a beautiful eye that lets the broad white light of infinite space (so bewildering and garish and diffused) into one pure virgin heart, to be filtered there!—and lets it out again, duly warmed, softened, concentrated, sublimated, focussed to a point as in a precious stone, that it may shed itself (a love-laden effulgence) into some stray fellow-heart close by—through pupil and iris, entre quatre-z-yeux—the very elixir of life!

Alas! that such a crown-jewel should ever lose its lustre and go blind!

Not so blind or dim, however, but it can still see well enough to look before and after, and inwards and upwards, and drown itself in tears, and yet not die! And that's the dreadful pity of it. And this is a quite uncalled-for digression; and I can't think why I should have gone out of my way (at considerable pains) to invent it! In fact:

"Of this here song, should I be axed the reason for to show,
I don't exactly know, I don't exactly know!
But all my fancy dwells upon Nancy."

. . . . . .

"How pretty Alice has grown, mother! quite lovely, I think! and so nice; but she was always as nice as she could be!"

So observed Little Billee to his mother that evening as they sat in the garden and watched the crescent moon sink to the Atlantic.

"Ah! my darling Willie! If you *could* only guess how happy you would make your poor old mammy by growing fond of Alice.... And Blanche too! what a joy for *her!*"

"Good heavens! mother....Alice is not for the likes of *me!* She's for some splendid young Devon squire, six foot high, and acred and whiskered within an inch of his life!...."

"Ah, my darling Willie! you are not of those who ask for love in vain.... If you only *knew* how she believes in you! She almost beats your poor old mammy at *that!*"

And that night he dreamt of Alice—that he loved her as a sweet good woman should be loved; and knew, even in his dream, that it was but a dream; but, oh! it was good! and he managed not to wake; and it was a night to be marked with a white stone! And (still in his dream) she had kissed him, and healed him of his brain-trouble forever. But when he woke next morning, alas! his brain-trouble was with him still, and he felt that no dream kiss would ever cure it—nothing but a real kiss from Alice's own pure lips!

And he rose thinking of Alice, and dressed and breakfasted thinking of her—and how fair she was, and how innocent, and how well and carefully trained up the way she should go—the beau ideal of a wife.... Could she possibly care for a shrimp like himself?

For in his love of outward form he could not understand that any woman who had eyes to see should ever quite condone the signs of physical weakness in man, in favor of any mental gifts or graces whatsoever.

Little Greek that he was, he worshipped the athlete, and opined that all women without exception—all English women especially—must see with the same eyes as himself.

He had once been vain and weak enough to believe in Trilby's love (with a Taffy standing by—a careless, unsusceptible Taffy, who was like unto the gods of Olympus!)—and Trilby had given him up at a word, a hint—for all his frantic clinging.

She would not have given up Taffy, *pour si peu*, had Taffy but lifted a little finger! It is always "just whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad!" with the likes of Taffy....but Taffy hadn't even whistled! Yet still he kept thinking of Alice—and he felt he wouldn't think of her well enough till he went out for a stroll by himself on a sheep-trimmed down. So he took his pipe and his Darwin, and out he strolled into the early sunshine—up the green Red Lane, past the pretty church, Alice's father's church—and there, at the gate, patiently waiting for his mistress, sat Alice's dog—an old

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friend of his, whose welcome was a very warm one.

Little Billee thought of Thackeray's lovely poem in *Pendennis:*

"She comes—she's here—she's past!
May heaven go with her!...."

Then he and the dog went on together to a little bench on the edge of the cliff—within sight of Alice's bedroom window. It was called "the Honey-mooners' Bench."

"That look—that look—that look! Ah—but Trilby had looked like that too! And there are many Taffys in Devon!"

He sat himself down and smoked and gazed at the sea below, which the sun (still in the east) had not yet filled with glare and robbed of the lovely sapphire-blue, shot with purple and dark green, that comes over it now and again of a morning on that most beautiful coast.

There was a fresh breeze from the west, and the long slow billows broke into creamier foam than ever, which reflected itself as a tender white gleam in the blue concavities of their shining shoreward curves as they came rolling in. The sky was all of turquoise but for the smoke of a distant steamer—a long thin horizontal streak of dun—and there were little brown or white sails here and there, dotting; and the stately ships went on....

Little Billee tried hard to feel all this beauty with his heart as well as his brain—as he had so often done when a boy—and cursed his insensibility out loud for at least the thousand and first time.

Why couldn't these waves of air and water be turned into equivalent waves of sound, that he might feel them through the only channel that reached his emotions! That one joy was still left him—but, alas! alas! he was only a painter of pictures—and not a maker of music!

He recited "Break, break, break," to Alice's dog, who loved him, and looked up into his face with sapient affectionate eyes—and whose name, like that of so many dogs in fiction and so few in fact, was simply Tray. For Little Billee was much given to monologues out loud, and profuse quotations from his favorite bards.

Everybody quoted that particular poem either mentally or aloud when they sat on that particular bench—except a few old-fashioned people, who still said,

"Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!"

or people of the very highest culture, who only quoted the nascent (and crescent) Robert Browning; or people of no culture at all, who simply held their tongues—and only felt the more!

Tray listened silently.

"Ah, Tray, the best thing but one to do with the sea is to paint it. The next best thing to that is to bathe in it. The best of all is to lie asleep at the bottom. How would *you* like that?

"'And on thy ribs the limpet sticks,
And in thy heart the scrawl shall play....'"

Tray's tail became as a wagging point of interrogation, and he turned his head first on one side and then on the other—his eyes fixed on Little Billee's, his face irresistible in its genial doggy wistfulness.

"Tray, what a singularly good listener you are—and therefore what singularly good manners you've got! I suppose all dogs have!" said Little Billee; and then, in a very tender voice, he exclaimed,

"Alice, Alice, Alice!"

And Tray uttered a soft cooing nasal croon in his head register, though he was a barytone dog by nature, with portentous warlike chest-notes of the jingo order.

"Tray, your mistress is a parson's daughter, and therefore twice as much of a mystery as any other woman in this puzzling world!

"Tray, if my heart weren't stopped with wax, like the ears of the companions of Ulysses when they rowed past the sirens—you've heard of Ulysses, Tray? he loved a dog—if my heart weren't stopped with wax, I should be deeply in love with your mistress; perhaps she would marry me if I asked her—there's no accounting for tastes!—and I know enough of myself to know that I should make her a good husband—that I should make her happy—and I should make two other women happy besides.

"As for myself personally, Tray, it doesn't very much matter. One good woman would do as well as another, if she's equally good-looking. You doubt it? Wait till you get a pimple inside your bump of—your bump of—wherever you keep your fondnesses, Tray.

"For that's what's the matter with me—a pimple—just a little clot of blood at the root of a nerve, and no bigger than a pin's point!

"That's a small thing to cause such a

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lot of wretchedness, and wreck a fellow's life, isn't it? Oh, curse it, curse it, curse it—every day and all day long!

"And just as small a thing will take it away, I'm told!

"Ah! grains of sand are small things—and so are diamonds! But diamond or grain of sand, only Alice has got that small thing! Alice alone, in all the world, has got the healing touch for me now; the hands, the lips, the eyes! I know it—I feel it! I dreamt it last night! She looked me well in the face, and took my hand—both hands—and kissed me, eyes and mouth, and told me how she loved me. Ah! what a dream it was! And my little clot melted away like a snowflake on the lips, and I was my old self again, after many years—and all through that kiss of a pure woman.

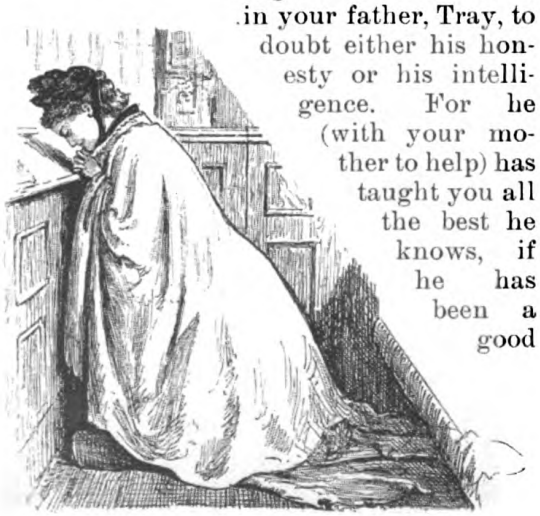
"I've never been kissed by a pure woman in my life—never! except by my dear mother and sister; and mothers and sisters don't count.

"Ah! sweet physician that she is, and better than all! It will all come back again with a rush, just as I dreamt, and we will have a good time together, we three!....

"But your mistress is a parson's daughter, and believes everything she's been taught from a child, just as you do. At least I hope so. And I like her for it—and you too.

"She has believed her father—will she ever believe me, who think so differently? And if she does, will it be good for her?—and then, where will her father come in?

"Oh! it's a bad thing to live, and no longer believe and trust in your father, Tray, to doubt either his honesty or his intelligence. For he (with your mother to help) has taught you all the best he knows, if he has been a good father—till some one else comes and teaches you better—or worse!



"MAY HEAVEN GO WITH HER!"

"And then, what are you to believe of what good still remains of all that early teaching—and how are you to sift the wheat from the chaff?....

"Kneel undisturbed, fair saint! I, for one, will never seek to undermine thy faith in any father, on earth or above it!

"Yes, there she kneels in her father's church, her pretty head bowed over her clasped hands, her cloak and skirts falling in happy folds about her: I see it all!

"And underneath, that poor, sweet, soft, pathetic thing of flesh and blood, the eternal woman—great heart and slender brain—forever enslaved or enslaving, never self-sufficing, never free .... that dear, weak, delicate shape, so cherishable, so perishable, that I've had to paint so often, and know so well by heart! and love .... ah, how I love it! Only painter-fellows and sculptor-fellows can ever quite know the fulness of that pure love.

"There she kneels and pours forth her praise or plaint, meekly and duly. Perhaps it's for me she's praying!

"'Leave thou thy sister when she prays.'

"She believes her poor little prayer will be heard and answered somewhere up aloft. The impossible will be done. She wants what she wants so badly, and prays for it so hard.

"She believes—she believes—what *doesn't* she believe, Tray?

"After all, if she believes in me, she'll believe in anything; let her!

"Yes, Tray, I will be dishonest for her dear sake. I will kneel by her side, if ever I have the happy chance, and ever after, night and morning, and all day long on Sundays if she wants me to! What will I *not* do for that one pretty woman who believes in *me*? I will respect even *that* belief, and do my little best to keep it alive forever. It is much too precious an earthly boon for *me* to play ducks and drakes with....

"So much for Alice, Tray—your sweet mistress and mine.

"But then, there's Alice's papa—and that's another pair of sleeves, as we say in France.

"Ought one ever to play at make-believe with a full-grown man for any consideration whatever? even though he be a parson—and a possible father-in-law! *There's* a case of conscience for you!

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"When I ask him for his daughter, as I must, and he asks me for my profession of faith, as he will, what can I tell him? The truth?

"I'll simply lie through thick and thin—I must—I will—nobody need ever be a bit the wiser! I can do more good by lying than by telling the truth, and make more deserving people happy, including myself and the sweetest girl alive—the end shall justify the means: that's my excuse, my only excuse! and this lie of mine is on so stupendous a scale that it will have to last me for life. It's my only one, but it's name is *Lion!* and I'll never tell another as long as I live."

Here Tray jumped up suddenly and bolted—he saw some one else he was fond of, and ran to meet him. It was the vicar, coming out of his vicarage.



"SO MUCH FOR ALICE, TRAY."

A very nice-looking vicar—fresh, clean, alert, well tanned by sun and wind and weather—a youngish vicar still; tall, stout, gentlemanlike, shrewd, kindly, worldly, a trifle pompous, and authoritative more than a trifle; not much given to abstract speculation, and thinking fifty times more of any sporting and orthodox young country squire, well-inched and well-acred (and well-whiskered), than of all the painters in Christendom.

"'When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war,'" thought Little Billee; and he felt a little uncomfortable. Alice's father had never loomed so big and impressive before, or so distressingly nice to look at.

"Welcome, my Apelles, to your ain countree, which is growing quite proud of you, I declare! Young Lord Archie Waring was saying only last night that he wished he had half your talent! He's *crazed* about painting, you know, and actually wants to be a painter himself! The poor dear old marquis is quite sore about it!"

With this happy exordium the parson stopped and shook hands; and they both stood for a while, looking seawards. The parson said the usual things about the sea—its blueness; its grayness; its greenness; its beauty; its sadness; its treachery.

"'Who would put forth on thee,
Unfathomable sea!'"

"Who indeed!" answered Little Billee, quite agreeing. "I vote *we* don't, at all events." So they turned inland.

The parson said the usual things about the land (from the country gentleman's point of view), and the talk began to flow quite pleasantly, with quoting of the usual poets, and capping of quotations in the usual way—for they had known each other many years, both here and in London. Indeed, the vicar had once been Little Billee's tutor.

And thus, amicably, they entered a small wooded hollow. Then the vicar, turning of a sudden his full blue gaze on the painter, asked, sternly,

"What book's that you've got in your hand, Willie?"

"A—a—it's the *Origin of Species*, by Charles Darwin. I'm very f-f-fond of it. I'm reading it for the third time.... It's very g-g-good. It *accounts* for things, you know."

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"YOU'RE A THIEF, SIR!"

Then, after a pause, and still more sternly,

"What place of worship do you most attend in London—especially of an evening, William?"

Then stammered Little Billee, all self-control forsaking him:

"I d-d-don't attend any place of worship at all, morning, afternoon, or evening. I've long given up going to church altogether. I can only be frank with you; I'll tell you why. . . ."

And as they walked along the talk drifted on to very momentous subjects indeed, and led, unfortunately, to a serious falling out—for which probably both were to blame—and closed in a distressful way at the other end of the little wooded hollow—a way most sudden and unexpected, and quite grievous to relate. When they emerged into the open, the parson was quite white, and the painter crimson.

"Sir," said the parson, squaring himself up to more than his full height and breadth and dignity, his face big with righteous wrath, his voice full of strong menace—"sir, you're—you're a—you're a *thief*, sir, a *thief!* You're trying to *rob me of my Saviour!* Never you dare to darken *my* door-step again!"

"Sir," said Little Billee, with a bow, "if it comes to calling names, you're—you're a—no; you're Alice's father; and whatever else you are besides, I'm another for trying to be honest with a parson; so good-morning to you."

And each walked off in an opposite direction, stiff as pokers; and Tray stood between, looking first at one receding figure, then at another, disconsolate.

And thus Little Billee found out that he could no more lie than he could fly. And so he did not marry sweet Alice after all, and no doubt it was ordered for her good and his. But there was tribulation for many days in the house of Bagot, and for many months in one tender, pure, and pious bosom.

And the best and the worst of it all is that, not very many years after, the good vicar—more fortunate than most clergymen who dabble in stocks and shares—grew suddenly very rich through a lucky speculation in Irish beer, and suddenly, also, took to thinking seriously about things (as a man of business should)—more seriously than he had ever thought before. So at least the story goes in North Devon, and it is not so new as to be incredible. Little doubts grew into big ones—big doubts resolved themselves into downright negations. He quarrelled with his bishop; he quarrelled with his dean; he even quarrelled with his "poor dear old marquis," who died before there was time to make it up again. And finally he felt it his duty, in conscience, to secede from a Church which had become too nar-

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row to hold him, and took himself and his belongings to London, where at least he could breathe. But there he fell into a great disquiet, for the long habit of feeling himself always *en évidence*—of being looked up to and listened to without contradiction; of exercising influence and authority in spiritual matters (and even temporal); of impressing women, especially, with his commanding presence, his fine sonorous voice, his lofty brow, so serious and smooth, his soft big waving hands—which soon lost their country tan—all this had grown as a second nature to him, the breath of his nostrils, a necessity of his life. So he rose to be the most popular Unitarian preacher of his day, and pretty broad at that.

But his dear daughter Alice, she stuck to the old faith, and married a venerable High-Church archdeacon, who very cleverly clutched at and caught her and saved her for himself just as she stood shivering on the very brink of Rome; and they were neither happy nor unhappy together—*un ménage bourgeois, ni beau ni laid, ni bon ni mauvais.* And thus, alas! the bond of religious sympathy, that counts for so much in united families, no longer existed between father and daughter, and the heart's division divided them. *Ce que c'est que de nous!* . . . The pity of it!

And so no more of sweet Alice with hair so brown.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE MIRACLE OF TISHA HOFNAGLE.

BY R. C. V. MEYERS.

THE doctor, who had known them for years, said a little change would do Tisha no harm. "Change!" echoed Miss Nettie. "Why, she hasn't had a change for twenty-five years; I don't see why she should need it now."

"I don't," said Tisha, doggedly. She dragged her sewing across her knee, and went on with it in that listless fashion which had set Miss Nettie's teeth on edge for a month past And then, Tisha prayed so much lately; often in the dead of night Miss Nettie would wake and hear that sibilant murmur in Tisha's room, and once she crept in her bare feet to the door and saw the outline of her sister's form kneeling beside her little iron bed, like something unearthly in the dark. They made Miss Nettie's flesh creep, those midnight prayers in that dark room, in that constrained, awful voice.

Once when Tisha had taken some button-holes for Ella Arbright to do, and it was not likely anybody would want anything in the store, Miss Nettie went to her sister's room to find out if anything there might tell her what was the matter.

They were twins, both small faded blond women; always dressed precisely alike; had tastes in common. But their rooms were sacred to each, and were as inviolate as though they were shrines. Miss Nettie felt guilty as she crossed the sill into a room the counterpart of her own, the same narrow iron bedstead painted brown, the same brown and red ingrain carpet, the same brown shade at the window, the same red worsted pincushion on the bureau, flanked on each side by a pressed-glass, large-stoppered toilet-bottle, which never had anything in it, the same gilt picture-frame on the wall exactly in the centre of the bureau—except that the pictures were different, Miss Nettie having that of her father, taken with prominent hands, and an iron expression suited to the occasion; Tisha's being of her mother, in a black silk gown, a long gold chain round the neck, a large marital brooch on the bosom, the fair hair arranged "Jenny Lind fashion." No, there was nothing in the room to account for Tisha's behavior.

But Miss Nettie did something else, and now she felt like a burglar indeed. She went to Tisha's bureau and opened the middle drawer. There were the neatly folded white garments, with two little bags of dried lavender on top, just as in her own middle drawer, only that Tisha *would* tie her bags with "baby-blue" ribbon, while Miss Nettie used chestnut-brown. And, as in her own middle drawer, there was the mahogany box made from pieces of the cradle in which they had both been rocked. But in Miss Nettie's box were the receipts of payment for the "stock" in the store, while in Tisha's were several dried rose-buds and a carnelian cross, which more than thirty years ago Henry

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Burton had given to Tisha before he ran away with Mary Ash, and Nettie, in wrathful ebullition, had commanded that his name should never be mentioned in the house again. Miss Nettie raised the lid of this box; there were the rose-buds; there was the carnelian cross. There was nothing else.

She did not know why she had looked into that box, except that "that man" always came into her mind whenever there was anything the matter with Tisha, be it a cold, a headache, or when Tisha sat for fifteen minutes without saying anything; and she had associated him with the prayers and the listless manner.

She endured it a week longer, and there was no alteration, except that once she waked in the night and found that Tisha had closed the door that led from her room to her sister's. Such a thing had never happened before. "That change is got to be had," said Miss Nettie, with compressed lips.

When Tisha went down stairs in the morning she knew that an ordeal was in store for her—Nettie piled the coal on the kitchen fire so violently, and "scatted" to Alexander the cat. Her only fear was that Nettie had found her out. But no, she thought, that could not be.

She was very meek, even smiling feebly, when Nettie spread the butter on her bread with a dash; she was always meek when Nettie spread her butter like that.

"Letitia!" said Nettie.

The water-cress in Tisha's mouth seemed to rattle.

"Letitia," said Miss Nettie, "we must get winter coats."

Tisha rolled the cress around in her mouth, but could not swallow it.

"In March?" she asked, with a ghastly attempt at pleasantry.

Miss Nettie laid down her knife.

"I hope," she said, "you don't consider me idiot enough to think it is December? In March, in some places, the winter coats can be had for a mere song. Ella Arbright read it in the papers. Ours are very shabby; they haven't worn that kind of sleeves for five years. You can get twenty-dollar coats for nine dollars and eighty-seven cents. Your coat wore better than mine. That's because you never go out, I guess, except to carry the button-holes to Ella Arbright."

"Let me see," mused Tisha, anxious for time; "twice nine eighty-seven is—"

"Nineteen seventy-four," snapped Miss Nettie, with the avidity of a lightning calculator.

Tisha looked at her.

"I thought," she ventured, "you said in the winter we could wait."

"Well," demanded Miss Nettie, "have we waited, or haven't we? And will you tell me if there is any use paying twenty dollars for a coat next winter when you can get it now for nine dollars and eighty-seven cents?"

"But we never get twenty-dollar coats," argued Tisha.

"We'll get 'em now," pursued Miss Nettie. "For nine dollars and eighty-seven cents. In New York."

Tisha's cress went down in a lump.

"Where?" she faintly asked.

"I *said* New York," answered Miss Nettie, stirring her coffee till it bubbled. "It's in the papers. Ella Arbright told me. That beau of hers brings her the New York paper. It's in Sixth Avenue. Twenty-dollar coats for nine dollars and eighty-seven cents."

Tisha's sorrow asserted itself; she could not leave the city just now; she must wait until—oh, until she knew. She struck out wildly.

"There's the fare," she said.

"Mr. Abercrombie said if I ever wanted a pass he'd give me one," retorted Miss Nettie. "I'm going for the pass this morning. You can wash up."

Like a ramrod she sprang up from the table, and went into her room for her bonnet. She came out putting it on, some pins in her mouth.

"Thread's gone up," she said. "Don't sell those white spools for three cents; they're four." Pinning the bow of her bonnet strings on each side of her chin, she left the room, and when the shop-bell tinkled Tisha knew she had left the house.

She sat there looking at her teacup and the running vine that went up and down it, the nick in it. The world seemed to go round; she seemed to be spinning; she could not have risen just then. Yet, strange to say, her head was clear, she could think, and all her thought was of the one thing, the threatened disgrace of Henry Burton.

Odd that so improbable a person as Ella Arbright should have been the medium through which she should hear of Henry Burton after all these years. That gossip of Ella's stood out with awful in-

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"THEY WERE TWINS."

cisiveness. Ella's married sister had just been to see her, and told her about the people next door to her—that sick quarrelling woman and her sick depressed husband, who had got into trouble over taking some money from his employers, poor man!

"Poor man!" said Tisha, indignantly. "Ella, I am astonished. He is a thief!"

"Oh," said Ella, "he has such a hard life of it, with that wife of his always complaining, always nagging. Sister says she believes he's the sicker of the two. Well, he's pilfered about five hundred dollars, and his wife told sister in confidence, and sister told me. He's got six weeks to pay it back; his employers took into consideration his sickness and his wife's. The doctor ordered things they couldn't afford, you know, and the wife would have them, so he took the money in driblets, and altered the books. Sister says he's half wild one minute and nearly dead the next; and his wife angry with him, and says if he goes to prison it'll kill her—thinks of nobody but herself. Poor Mr. Burton!"

Tisha was looking at her with lips apart.

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"What name did you say?" she asked, breathlessly; "that—person's name?"

"Burton—Henry Burton," crisply returned Ella, threading a needle.

The next day she took more buttonholes to Ella Arbright. She found out that the man had no possible means of repaying the money, and that he regarded his incarceration for the crime as inevitable. Then a terror seized her; the matter seemed so stupendous, almost of international interest, and Ella might tell Nettie, and Nettie must not know of this disgrace.

"Ah," she said, trembling very much, "suppose, Ella, you say nothing about this person to Nettie. We once knew a person named Burton, and the name is hateful to Nettie. Say nothing."

Tisha heard nothing more till day before yesterday, when in a casual fashion she asked Ella if that money had been repaid to Henry Burton's employers.

"No," coldly answered Ella; "and I oughtn't to have told you a word; it was a secret. No, it is not repaid, and of course he'll be arrested when the six weeks are up."

It might be thought that Tisha would have welcomed the idea of Burton's disgrace. Had he not wronged her deeply as a woman can be wronged? Had he not won her young heart only to cast her aside and flaunt her in the eyes of her little world as a jilted woman? But then she had cared for him once. Once! Ah! she still had those old rose-buds and that carnelian cross, many as had been the times when she had vowed to destroy them. She prayed that the giver of those buds and that cross might be saved the ignominy of a prison. Prayed! For five weeks now her prayers had gone up for him, and after these years of silence, when at times she would have said that she had put him entirely out of her heart. All these five weeks, and here it was Monday, and on Saturday the six weeks allowed by his employers would be at an end. And her prayers had not been answered. And here Nettie was going to drag her over to New York after coats.

She looked wildly round the room. Nettie would be back in a little while, and must detect nothing. Must Henry Burton go to prison? Her hand pushed aside her teacup, and she rose and began hurriedly to clear away the things. Her face seemed to harden, her lips to grow rigid. Must Henry Burton go to prison? Were prayers of no avail? Did God heed no agony of human want?

"Oh," she began, her hands clasped, her face upturned, "if Thou—" But no, she could not pray in this room, only in her own room. And there were but five nights more of prayer, and Nettie was going to take her away, out into strangenesses she knew not of. "She goes for that change the doctor said I needed," said Tisha, standing up beside the half-cleared breakfast table. "I can't pray so well out of my own room, where all the things are he ever gave me, but—" Suddenly she raised her thin arm in the air, a fierce light in her eyes, that had once been blue. "I will never again believe in God if my prayers come to nothing, and there is no way to pay back that money," she said, and her arm fell heavily at her side. "Never! never!" and went about her work.

In a little while Miss Nettie came back. She had the pass. "We're going to-morrow," she said. "I've sent a postal to Ella Arbright to tend store while we're away. It 'll be a treat to her. And I'll fetch her something from New York. She can bring her sewing here, and go home at night in time to see that beau of hers. We'll be gone two days. Mr. Abercrombie recommended a good cheap boarding-house. It's near a Catholic church that has a bell that's always ringing. That's why it's cheap, I guess. I asked him for a map of New York, to study the streets. Now I'm going to mark all the things in the store, so that Ella 'll know what to sell 'em for. She'll be sure to make mistakes anyway: that beau of hers is always in her head."

She bustled back into the store, spreading the map of New York upon the counter, to be looked at now and then as she marked the goods. She had not noticed Tisha, nor how calm she had become. For now it was a greater battle for Tisha than between Nettie's will and her own; it was between God and herself.

Till dinner-time Miss Nettie was busy in the store, the tinkling bell above the door announcing a customer once in a while, to whom she told, in a careless, off-hand manner, that they were going to New York, and waited for the always forth-coming expressions of astonishment.

Then Ella Arbright came to see what was wanted of her. In consideration of the failing eyesight of the Misses Hofna-

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gle, she did the button-holes of the work they took in, so she did not see how she could well refuse to mind the shop for the two days of their absence, especially as she might go home at night.

"It must be splendid to go to New York and buy things," she said. "Willie and I'll go there on our tour."

marked the tape. And don't let the cat out all night; just before you go home sharpen two knives together at the kitchen door, and he'll come in."

She scarcely noticed Tisha all day, except to tell her not to forget to pack up the bottle of bandoline and the court-plaster. She was all bustle; a feeling of



"WHAT NAME DID YOU SAY?"

"I suppose we'll be pretty tired when we get there," pursued Miss Nettie, with the air of a globe-trotter, patient, but conscious of what was to be undergone. "It takes two hours and forty minutes. And cars do cramp you so. I remember once going on the cars with my father. I was father's favo*rite;* I have his portrait up in my room; I'll show it to you some time. Mother always stood by Tisha; Tisha was always so timid. As I was saying, father took me on the cars once up to Easton. My! I was that cramped! Ella, I've even

adventure had come to her; there were to be two whole days of dissipated wandering in the great city, and for Tisha's good. Of course she did not sleep that night; how could she? And she did not hear Tisha praying. But Tisha did pray, in a way, a hard, uncompromising way; it was between the Lord and herself now, and there was no drivelling, no weakness, no breaking down.

In the morning Miss Nettie hesitated, feeling that this elation of hers made the excursion a selfish pleasure. Then look-

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ing at Tisha, and seeing something antagonistic in her face, as she thought, she rounded on her.

"We'll take the eight-o'clock train," she said. "I had thought of the eight-thirty"—she had never said "thirty" before in all her life, but always "half past"—"but now I've made up my mind to take the eight instead of the eight-thirty."

Tisha nodded; she was so willing to go, Miss Nettie grew angry.

"You don't seem to realize what you're about to do," she said. "Anybody might suppose you were only going to church."

"I know what I am going to do," answered Tisha, so quietly that Miss Nettie grew more furious still. But she went into the store, with some parting injunction for Ella Arbright, who had just arrived. When she came back into the sitting-room, Tisha stood there, bag in hand, so calm and placid that Miss Nettie felt like throwing the whole thing up, and attributing to her own nervousness all the change she had thought she observed in her sister.

But no, she would not do it; she had told too many people she was going, to back down now. It would be all Tisha's fault if she had been fooled about those midnight prayers. And there were the coats.

"Well," she said, "have you got everything?"

"Yes," answered Tisha.

"Of course you've forgot your tooth-brush?"

"I've got it."

Miss Nettie looked round her. "Then pull your bonnet a little more to the right," she said, "and we'll start. Have you looked at mother's picture?"

"What?"

"You may never see it again. You don't know what may happen," went on Miss Nettie, with cruel pleasure. "Accidents are always happening to trains, and I wouldn't be surprised if one would happen to ours. It would be just our luck."

"Don't you want to go, then?" asked Tisha.

"Oh, I'll *go*. If anything happens I can jump. I always could jump; you never could," replied Miss Nettie. "Here! put this in your pocket."

Tisha took the card her sister held out to her, and read on it, "This is the corpse of Letitia R. Hofnagle." She looked at Nettie for explanation.

"In case of the accident," nodded Miss Nettie. "You don't want to be called 'the body of an unknown female,' do you? Come!"

Tisha moved into the store, then to the door-step, where Miss Nettie joined her after an elaborate parting with Ella Arbright.

They had gone but a few steps toward the station when Miss Nettie, with an exclamation, stopped short.

"I've forgot something," she said, in a stifled voice, and hurried back to the house.

With a sort of terror she had remembered her money—the five hundred dollars which it had taken many years to save, and which she determined should go toward placing her and Tisha in a Home when they were too old to work; money of which Tisha knew nothing, and should know nothing, secrecy concerning it being a sort of revenge on Tisha for having cared for "that man," and being willing to leave her sister for him. How could she have forgotten it? It must have been because she had never left the house overnight since she had begun saving up; or else it was Tisha's prayers.

"Lord forgive me!" she said. "And I accused *her* of forgetting her tooth-brush! It's her fault, though."

She darted into the store, up into her room. Closing the door, she took from its nail on the wall above the centre of her bureau her father's picture, removed the back board of the gilded frame, and took out the money—five crisp notes, which she had at five separate times obtained from the bank in exchange for smaller money. Putting back one or two bills of trifling denominations, she thrust the larger sum in her bosom, and nervously buttoned her dress over it.

Once again in the store, she endeavored to regain her composure before facing Tisha.

"Ella," she said, "no matter how much the cat cries, don't let him out if he's in when you lock up. And if he's out, don't forget about sharpening the knives."

Then she was in the street again.

"I told her not to forget about Alexander," she said to Tisha. "That beau of hers is in her head so much you have to impress things on her."

But it was not until they were in the station that she was like herself. Once in

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the car she resolved to cut herself aloof from all that worried her. She felt good.

"This is a pretty car," she said. "I always did like velvet seats. I believe it's silk velvet. And did you notice how that ticket-man looked at us when I showed him the pass? I guess he thinks we're relations of the president of the road, or somebody. That makes the fifth stick of candy that child over there's eat. He's stickying all the velvet seat with his hands, too. It's scandalous."

Tisha was looking out the window, perfectly calm, no longer the nervous creature she usually was.

Miss Nettie glanced at her once, then turned to the other passengers. She did not again notice Tisha till they had been rolling on some half an hour. Then she said, suddenly:

"Do you know what I forgot? I forgot to tell Ella to put the ashes in the little box, not in the big one."

"Maybe she'll do it anyway," perfunctorily returned Tisha.

"Will she!" crisped Miss Nettie. "People always put ashes into the big box when there's a big one and a little one. That beau of hers would make her do it if nothing else would. She says his name is Willie."

Her hand furtively sought the money in her bosom, pressing and pressing it. But Tisha did not notice her; Tisha was far enough away from her, out in a void as lonely as death, and as bitter.

When they reached New York and had left their bags at the boarding-house, Miss Nettie said:

"And now, I guess, we'll get those coats. Maybe they're all gone. Just our luck."

Even that failed to rouse Tisha.

When they got into the street a clang of bells smote their ears.

"Earth!" ejaculated Miss Nettie. "That's that Catholic church. If it rings like that to-night I won't get a wink of sleep. Come on; this is the way. I studied it on the map yesterday."

The purchasing of the coats, the hypercritical examination of them, was a pleasing diversion to Miss Nettie, who at last made her selection.

"Now I want another one just like that," she said; "the same size."

The salesman looked at her.

"Tisha," she said, "will you try it on?"

"I always get your size," answered Tisha.

"But," suggested the salesman, "there may be a slight difference in your figures."

"She always gets my size," said Miss Nettie. "Say, are her buttons just like mine? Yes, I see now. We want 'em sent home in an hour."

"For I don't know the man," she said, outside, to Tisha, "and he might sell one of 'em to the next customer. Letitia!"

Tisha, by force of habit, became attentive at that name.

"I don't believe," said Miss Nettie, "you so much as know how much I gave for 'em."

"Didn't you say nine eighty-seven?" asked Tisha.

"Ella Arbright said that," returned Miss Nettie. "They're nine seventy-eight to-day. And you didn't even find fault with the sleeve-lining. I must say I don't know what to make of you."

"What am I doing?" in some confusion asked Tisha. "Oh—ah! Let's go somewheres; we might go to Central Park and see the swans."



"THEN SHE WAS IN THE STREET AGAIN."

"Swans!" witheringly repeated Miss Nettie. "Come on. I'm going to see the Bowery father used to talk so much about. Swans!"

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THE PURCHASING OF THE COATS.

She was very much put out; she was tired, and that money in her dress front was a perpetual torture; she feared every minute it would slip between the buttons or below the waist. Her hand clutched at it nearly all day, while she dragged Tisha about, restless and ill at ease. At night, when they went to their room, she was fagged out, and soon went to sleep.

Tisha did not. There was a hardness in her heart that stupefied every emotion, every feeling she had had; she was waiting for the Lord to do His part of the contract.

As she occupied the room with Nettie she dared not be restless, but lay there without movement at her sister's side. Pray? No, her prayers were over; she

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was waiting for an answer to her five weeks of agonized pleadings.

It was toward daylight that a jangling of bells broke through the air. Miss Nettie woke with a start. "The money!" she gasped; then recollected she had pinned it in the pocket of her new coat—the coat under Tisha's on the chair her side of the bed. She had not dared to put it under her pillow for fear Tisha should notice the act, or it should become dislodged, so she had pinned it in the new coat pocket as she lay in bed, reaching out and doing it noiselessly. "Oh!" she said. "What did I say?—money? Those bells are enough to confuse the dead! What a heathenish time to go to church! It's almost like prowling. For mercy's sake, Tisha, *say* something!"

"I was thinking," Tisha answered.

"Thinking!—at this time in the morning! Did the bells wake you too?"

"I guess I wasn't asleep."

"What! not all night?"

"I guess not," said Tisha.

Miss Nettie breathed hard; this was a *change* with a vengeance. She lay there worrying. She distinctly saw the store in flames, Ella Arbright, thinking of that beau of hers, having gone home and left the kitchen fire red-hot; then thieves had got in, Ella Arbright, thinking of that beau of hers, neglecting to lock up when she went home; then Alexander was left out all night, Ella Arbright, thinking of that beau of hers, forgetting to sharpen the knives the last thing. And yet Tisha did not seem to worry a bit! What ailed her? She was not a bit nervous, did not stir a finger there in bed, and she had always been the nervous one, even when Alexander staid out at night. Tisha's mind was trying a vast issue; so great was the issue she heeded nothing passing round her.

Tisha could not have told how that next day was spent, only that Nettie took her to see things she did not see. It was Wednesday; there was till Saturday for that money to be forth-coming, and the man she had once cared for to be saved from disgrace. She knew Nettie meant for the best in bringing her here; she knew she ought to pity Nettie. But nothing touched her; she was impervious to all sensation.

When Wednesday night came, and Nettie told her their errand had been accomplished, and they should go home in the morning, she had no interest in it at all.

"Do you think it's done you any good?" asked Nettie, querulously.

"I thought you came for the coats," said Tisha.

"The coats!" cried Nettie, savagely. "You know I came for the change the doctor recommended."

Tisha tried to rouse herself. "Nettie," she said, "I know you're kind. I will feel it more some other time. Now, there is a strangeness on me. I can't seem to feel anything."

"You're going to have bilious fever," said Miss Nettie, clapping her hands together. "I'd ought to have thought of it before. It's often a long time coming. Let me see your tongue. Have you got a bitter taste?"

"I am very well," answered Tisha; "there is only a sort of deadness."

Miss Nettie said not a word; she would not frighten Tisha by suggesting paralysis, but she made up her mind that was what it was, and she only hoped the stroke might not come before they reached home. It was long before she fell asleep, and when at length she did so, from sheer exhaustion, she was like a log.

But Tisha was awake, as she had been the night before, as she had been awake many a night before that. For hours she lay there motionless, hearing vague night sounds outside, in the room, listening to her sister's even breathing.

There were but two days more in which her prayers might be answered; after that she should either be a firmer believer than ever, or an unshaken doubter till the day of her death. Let the Lord look to it. She had gone to Him in prayer all her life; prayer had tided over every crisis of her life—her grief for the death of her mother, her more than sorrow when her young life had been wrecked by Henry Burton. Earnest as her prayers had ever been, they were not so earnest as they had been these five weeks, when that shadow hung over the man she had cared for, and she had taken her want to Heaven. She had done her part, let the Lord do His. Her whole life she had tried to be consistent—honest, humble, faithful—and now when the hour of her greatest need was come she had a right to demand that the Divine promises should be fulfilled. She had the *right!*

The clock downstairs struck twelve—

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it was Thursday morning. The clock struck one—two—three. In a few more hours she would be at home again, taking up the old monotony, and welcoming it for its peace. The clock struck four. What was that man thinking about at this hour? Was he not lying awake, tossing from side to side, waiting for Saturday? Did he never think of her? Did he never look at his sickly complaining wife and think how it might have been if he had been true to the woman who loved him? He must sometimes think of her. He *must*. He must think of those evenings when he came round the corner and saw her at the parlor window waiting for him, and gave her the rose-buds; of that day just before Christmas when they took the long walk, and looked into shops, and picked out the things they would buy, if they could afford them, to go to housekeeping with, and he purchased the little carnelian cross, which he would only give her for a kiss when they reached her home and lingered in the dark entry. He *must* think— The clock struck five. Then the air was no longer stagnant, but strident, whirring with the jangling of the bells up the street. And then a strangeness happened to Tisha, as the meaning of the sound of those bells was borne into her soul. The deadness left her, and a quickened life was upon her instead. That was a Catholic church—that Church believed in special intervention in answer to prayer—it believed in modern miracles! A fire possessed her, dominated her; this was maybe the Lord telling her what to do.

She would do it; she owed it to the Lord to avail herself of every chance.

She slipped to the floor, hurriedly got into her clothes in the dark, going round in her stocking feet searching for coat and bonnet, noiselessly moved the washstand from in front of the door, where Nettie had put it for greater security from invasion, turned the key in the lock, and felt her way down the dark stairway. Before she opened the hall door she slipped on her shoes, and then she was out in the dim morning, the bells ringing in her ears, their meaning eating into her brain. She went along the street like a spirit, her eyes set straight before her. People were going into the church. She jostled them, pushing her way into the faintly lighted place, gliding swiftly up to the altar, outside the rail of which she prostrated herself upon the floor. "A miracle!" she murmured with dry lips. "A miracle!"

She was young again. Her lover had asked her to save his life, and she would do it, or die herself. She was at the bar of more than justice, even at the bar of divine mercy, of ineffable compassion, demanding a reprieve.

"A miracle!" she said; "a miracle!" Beads of perspiration were on her forehead, her heart like lead within her, her lips close spanned, her eyes staring ahead of her.

"A miracle!"

It was more than life or death; it was eternal life, eternal death.

"A miracle!"

The candles on the altar flared in her eyes and showed them like glass; the lights from a blazing cross above the altar shone down upon her face, and showed it hard like ivory; the priest at the altar glanced at her, and she did not see him; voices in prayer and adoration were round about her, and she did not hear them.

"A miracle!"

A drop of perspiration rolled down her face. By a purely automatic action she put her hand in her coat pocket for her handkerchief, when she shot up into the air.

The miracle!

She dragged from that pocket a wedge of notes, counted them in the light of the altar candles, of the blazing cross. There was the exact sum, five hundred dollars! Her knees gave way; she sank to the floor. "My God, forgive me!" she said. "My life is Thine henceforth."

How long she staid thus she did not know. Some one touched her. It was Nettie. The candles on the altar were out; the flaming cross had become a dull black outline; the people were all gone; an attendant was clattering the pew doors down the aisles; a lemonish morning light struggled with the shadows.

Miss Nettie was like a statue of wrathful indignation. "Letitia Hofnagle," she said, "are you a communicant member of the Presbyterian Church?"

Tisha regarded her slowly, her eyes like a dying woman's. "A miracle!" she said. "A miracle!" and held toward her sister the fluttering notes.

Miss Nettie was on the point of snatching them from her, understanding the whole thing. For had she not been waked

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by the bells just as Tisha left the sleeping-room at the boarding-house? Then Tisha was moving blindly along the passage outside the room—going whither? "Tisha!" she had called, in a frightened voice, scarcely above a whisper. "Tisha! Tisha, do you hear me?" But there was Tisha going down stairs—where to? Had the stroke come to Tisha? She thought of nothing but that. She never before dressed so quickly. She was at the hall door almost as soon as Tisha was. She ran after her; she saw her enter the church; saw her go up to the altar and kneel there; saw her rise after a while, then prostrate herself again. She was dumfounded. What did it mean? She could not go up there to Tisha during the service; when the people were leaving she went up to her.

"A miracle!" said Tisha. "I prayed for just this amount. I demanded it of the Lord. If He did not let Henry have it by Saturday, Henry would go to prison for taking five hundred dollars from his employer when he and Mary were poor and ailing. I know all about everything; he had till next Saturday to pay back the money. I told the Lord. I've prayed for five weeks late in the night for a way for Henry to be saved from that prison. I've told the Lord He *must* hear me; He *must* do this thing, or I'd never believe again. I came here; I prayed for a miracle, and God has granted one."

Her head fell, and Miss Nettie had to put her arms round her.

Miss Nettie had never known a woman's love for a man, but could it be like this? Did love never die? Could not even ill treatment kill it? Could love survive the passing of beauty and all the sweetness of youth? And could this be Tisha, her weak sister, whom she governed in every way?

She saw it all now. Tisha had taken the wrong coat in the dark, and had in her hand the money that had taken so long to save up—the money designed for their old age and probable occupancy of a Home. Should she tell Tisha the truth? She *would*. No, not now—not now.

"Nettie," murmured Tisha, "I have saved Henry. Oh, Nettie—oh, sister Nettie!"

"There! there!" Nettie said, brokenly, comforting her as their mother used to comfort them when they were little girls. "There! there!"

"Oh!" groaned Tisha, leaning heavily on her, "the Lord is so good—so good! And, oh, Nettie, I love Henry still. I can't help it. I love him still, just like he was a young man and I was a young girl, and poor Mary had not separated us. And I must send this money to him—to-day, before we go home. It 'll come from New York. He'll never know who sent it. I'll get you to write a word. I can't; I am almost dead. Write, 'From a friend'; that's all—'From a friend.' Will you write it, Nettie? Will you?—'From a *friend*.'"

She had turned herself in Miss Nettie's arms, and looked imploringly into her eyes.

"Yes, yes," said Miss Nettie, "I'll write it. It certainly is a miracle when I can call myself Henry Burton's friend, and send him that money willingly. And it *is* a miracle you put on the wrong coat. Yes, yes, Tisha, I say I'll do it, and you never knew me to go back on my word, did you? Only let's go now, right off. We'll be missed at the boarding-house, and we've got to go home to-day, you know."

"Yes," returned Tisha, dreamily. "Oh, how good God is! And how wicked I was to tempt Him! And I won't have to think of Henry as being in prison, will I? And how glad he'll be when he gets the money, won't he? I'll show you that little carnelian cross when we get home, Nettie. I've always kept it. Yes, we'll go home. Of course we will. Oh, I feel so light. Oh, how good God is! Yes, let's go. But don't you think, Nettie, we might pray? This is not our church, but it is a church, and God knows it. Let's say 'Our Father,' like mother taught us. Let's think of mother while we say it; for maybe she helped the miracle, she loved us so, and maybe she helped you to call yourself Henry's friend, after all these years. Don't you think so? Dear mother! Now, 'Our Father—'"

Miss Nettie, holding Tisha tightly to her, knelt beside her there in the aisle, her quivering lips trying to say the words Tisha's faint voice repeated, and feeling that Tisha had compassed a miracle indeed.

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THE CHASTISEMENT OF THE QUALLA BATTOOANS.*

BY EDGAR STANTON MACLAY.

CHAPTER I.

THE FRIGATE "POTOMAC."

EARLY in August, 1831, the United States 44-gun frigate *Potomac*, Captain John Downes, lay in New York Harbor, tugging away at her anchor in a half-restless, half-indolent mood, as if anxious to get to sea, but was deterred from making the necessary exertion by the enervating heat of the sun. President Jackson had recently appointed Martin Van Buren Minister to England, and the frigate was waiting to convey the future President of the United States to the "Tight Little Island." Conscious of the honor of having a distinguished passenger (with political influence), the younger officers of the ship spent more time than usual before the mirror, endeavoring to give a martial part to their hair. They even got out their uniforms, as if they expected to wear them every day in the week, instead of only once or twice in the cruise, when some special ceremony required it.

The scale of pay established at the time of the war of 1812 allowed our captains only $100 a month, with which to maintain the honor of the flag abroad, and incidentally support a family. The lieutenants got $50 a month, and the midshipmen struggled along on considerably less, so that it was not to be expected that they could afford the luxury of a uniform every day in the week. In the cruise in which he captured the *Macedonian*, Captain Stephen Decatur is described as "wearing an old straw hat and a plain suit of clothes, which made him look more like a farmer than a naval hero."

If the handsome young officers of the *Potomac* could not make as noble a display as they might have desired in the matter of padding, epaulets, and gold lace, they at all events could devote more than usual attention to their embryo beards. The regulations in force compelled them to shave their faces smooth at least once in so many days, no matter how luxuriantly inclined some of them might have been toward whiskers. The officers who were especially prone to run to hair found the regulation a stumbling-block to their pride, and no small amount of temper was expended in consequence. But in view of the fact that their distinguished passenger "had a pull," which might land them in a choice position some day, the officers lathered and scraped away at their chins with more good grace than could have been expected. Moreover, the hearts of these officers warmed toward "Martin," because in the war over Peggy O'Neal, "the pretty, witty, saucy, active tavern-keeper's daughter," which nearly wrecked President Jackson's cabinet, he sided with Peggy—and Peggy was the widow of a naval officer.

The same bustle and air of expectancy was noticeable among the sailors of the *Potomac*. They were busily engaged in togging themselves out in their best rig, polishing their neat morocco pumps, and going through the most approved and latest style of nautical prinking. Some of the real old salts in the frigate, however, who affected to despise the "innovation of uniforms," and whose sigh for the good old days when man-o'-war's men had their inalienable rights to dress "their own exclusive persons in their own exclusive tastes," were not so particular in washing and pressing out their neat nankeen uniforms. They were satisfied with greasing their long hair, and then braiding it down their backs, with just enough wax in the end to make it curl up like a fish-hook.

These were the men who had made the American navy famous. They had taken a hand in flogging the Parley-vous in 1798–1801, and had downed the yataghan-armed Turks in the fierce hand-to-hand encounters off Tripoli, and had exterminated hordes of pirates along the Spanish Main. But their greatest glory was in having been through the "late war," in which the pride of the mistress of the ocean was taken down a peg or two.

That the distresses of an Atlantic voyage might be made as endurable as possible for their passenger "with a pull" and his "landlubberly" retinue, a supply of hideous-looking easy-chairs, such as never before had desecrated the decks of the

* This article is based upon material discovered in the British Museum library, and the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris, while the writer was making researches for a history of the United States Navy, and upon the private journal of an officer of the expedition, placed in the author's hands by the courtesy of Mr. Joseph A. McCreery, of Hoboken, New Jersey.

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frigate, and heathenish-looking trunks, preposterous bundles, and outlandish packages, were piled around in just the places where an out-and-out good seaman would be most likely to crack his shins against them. The stewards, also, began to assume a pompous and condescending air that was entirely beyond their station, while the master-at-arms and quartermasters were busy hoisting squealing pigs (tied in bunches by their feet), coops filled with cackling hens, and many other delicacies that might tempt the weak stomachs of the guests. Such unprofessional doings were enough to make any frigate uneasy. The *Potomac* especially did not seem to be at all pleased with the situation, for she turned restlessly at her moorings all day long. After tugging fretfully six hours at her anchor in a vain endeavor to break away, she would swing around, like a spirited colt at tether, and tug as persistently another six hours in an opposite direction. But all to no purpose. The iron fluke of the anchor was thrust deep in the mud at the bottom of the bay, and showed no disposition to leave its comfortable bed.

One day, in the midst of these scenes of leisurely preparation and pleasant anticipation, a sharp-eyed quartermaster in the *Potomac* espied a boat pulling hurriedly toward the ship, as if it were the bearer of important despatches. In a few minutes it ran alongside, and an officer stepped aboard and announced that orders had just been received from Washington for the *Potomac* to abandon her errand of peace, and to proceed with all possible despatch to the East Indies, and visit summary vengeance on the Malays of the western coast of Sumatra, who a few months before had treacherously attacked the American merchant vessel *Friendship*, Captain Endicott, of Salem, Massachusetts, and had murdered several of her men.

The news that they were to go to war spread over the *Potomac* in an incredibly short time. The younger officers instantly ceased prinking before the mirror, and instead of whetting razors, began to think of sharpening their swords. The gossip about Peggy O'Neal was suddenly dropped, and war talk came to the front. The sailors stopped varnishing their pumps and greasing their hair, and began to picture themselves the heroes of some valorous deed, while the cook, hearing so much talk about "hot fighting," got excited, and put too much pepper in the soup. Stories, anecdotes, and even yarns which by oft-repeating had lost all edge, were again in demand, while the old salts were once more in their glory as they formed the centre of groups of eager listeners, telling what they did and saw "when I was in the *Peacock-Épervier* fight," or "the day we walloped Carden," etc.

The excitement was still at a fever-heat when, on the 21st of August, Captain Downes gave the order to weigh anchor, and in a few minutes the iron fluke that had so long tried the patience of the *Potomac* was wrenched from its comfortable bed at the bottom of the bay, and hung muddy and ugly right under the frigate's pretty nose. Elated with her freedom, and no doubt highly pleased at the change from a commonplace errand of peace—which any tramp of a passenger ship could have—to a more glorious mission of war, the frigate lost no time in passing down the bay, through the Narrows, and out to sea.

As she began to feel the exhilarating motion of the ocean swell off Sandy Hook, the bustle and confusion of the hurried departure were still going on. The decks were yet encumbered with cabin furniture, ropes, baskets of vegetables, chicken-coops, goats, hogs, and baggage of the late arrivals, while the cooks, stewards, and cabin-boys hastened to get things to rights, so that the salt spray could do no damage. By sunset a tolerable degree of order had been secured, and the usual quiet and good order of a man-of-war were restored. Many of the sailors who were not on watch assembled on the forecastle or leaned over the hammock-cloths to get a last look at the fast-receding land, or were eagerly discussing the chances of a pitched battle with the ferocious Malays. Some of the younger officers were on the quarter-deck, gazing dreamily at their native shore, now thinking of the old folks at home, now pondering on the possibilities of the cruise, now speculating on the chances of winning the laurels of victory, or meeting a horrible fate at the hands of the warlike cannibals.

By ten o'clock the last glimpse of Atlantic Highlands had faded from view, and as night threw her sombre mantle over the sea, the noise and excitement in

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the frigate subsided into a deep hush, broken only by the splashing of the waves against the bows, or the soughing of the moisture-laden breeze through the rigging as the ship pursued her lonely course over the dark sea. A few battle-lanterns threw a flickering light along the decks, bringing out in dark relief the ponderous cannon, the brackets of heavy shot, coils of ropes, and other objects on the deck, while the lights in the rigging sparkled and twinkled like fire-flies. One watch had "turned in"; but glimpses of light amid the swaying sea of hammocks, and the subdued sound of laughter, or voices engaged in earnest conversation, that occasionally came up through the open hatchway from the berth-deck, showed that sleep had visited few. Having seen that everything was made snug for the night, the officer of the deck began a rapid pacing back and forth on the quarter-deck, as if he had entered in a mad race against time.

CHAPTER II.

MURDER OF AMERICAN SAILORS.

THE outrage on the *Friendship* had been perpetrated by the piratical Malays of Qualla Battoo, a well-defended town on the northwestern coast of Sumatra. On the 7th of February, 1831, this ship lay off the town, taking aboard a cargo of pepper, the chief commodity of this coast. Captain Endicott, with his second mate, John Barry, and four seamen, was on shore at the trading-station, which was a short distance up the river that ran through the town, superintending the weighing of the pepper, and seeing that it was properly stowed away in the boats. A tremendous surf girded the beach, and none but experienced native boatmen dared to venture in it, so that trading-vessels communicating with the shore were obliged to put their boats in charge of Malay crews. The first boat had received its load of pepper, and was making its way down the river, when the native boatmen, just before reaching the surf, quietly ran ashore, and exchanged places with an armed body of warriors, who took the boat through the surf. On gaining the deck of the *Friendship*, the Malays attacked the Americans, killed the first mate and two sailors, made prisoners of three men, and drove the remaining four overboard.

Noticing that all was not right aboard his ship, Captain Endicott with his men at the trading-station jumped into the second boat, and succeeded in getting to sea, accompanied by Po Adam, the rajah of a friendly tribe to the south. Several war-canoes endeavored to cut off the retreat, but they were eluded. Captain Endicott picked up the four men who had escaped from the ship, and made for Muckie, another pepper port, about twenty miles to the south. Three American merchantmen happened to be at this place, and hearing of the attack on the Americans, they promptly got under way, and on the following morning after a sharp encounter recaptured the *Friendship*. But everything of value had been taken out of her.

The Qualla Battooans in many respects were a most remarkable people. They had an alphabet and literature of their own, but they combined cannibalism and great cruelty to prisoners with their higher traits. Their religion was Mohammedanism, which tended to make them brave in battle. From European trading-vessels they had secured cannon and muskets, which they handled with considerable skill. Their town was defended by several forts built in dense jungles, and surrounded by massive stockades. The citadel of the forts was a high platform mounting several cannon. These fierce mountaineers had defied the efforts of the Dutch and neighboring tribes more than a hundred years, and they had become so bold that they even attacked a Dutch frigate, and were only repulsed after heavy losses on both sides.

These people had been led to believe that the United States did not possess "ships with big guns," so President Jackson determined to undeceive them in a forcible manner, and he looked around for a commander of his own stamp — a hard fighter — to lead the expedition against them. This he found in Captain John Downes, who had been the executive officer in the *Essex* during her celebrated cruise in the Pacific, 1812-1814. The *Potomac* was a sister ship of the *Constitution*, and some twenty-two years younger. Like her elder sister, she was one of the swiftest frigates afloat. It is recorded of her that she made 3726 geographical miles in eighteen days, or an average of 201 miles a day. The first lieutenant of the *Potomac*, Lieutenant Irvine Shubrick, came from a distin-

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guished family of sea-warriors. Like Captain Downes, he knew what it was to fire guns in earnest, for he was in the *President* under Decatur when she made her memorable defence against a British squadron in 1815. He also served with distinction in the Algerian war, 1815. The other officers of the *Potomac* were Second Lieutenant Pinkham, Third Lieutenant Hoff, Fourth Lieutenant Ingersoll, and Lieutenant Edson of the marines. With such officers as these, and with five hundred hearty Yankee tars, in a frigate like the *Potomac*, President Jackson was justified in believing that the murder of American seamen would be promptly and thoroughly avenged.

Chapter III.

THE SWIFT AVENGER.

The *Potomac* was not many days out from New York on her errand of vengeance when Captain Downes began his preparations for chastising the Qualla Battooans. Two hundred and sixty of the Potomacs were selected, and being formed in four divisions, were drilled every day for the land expedition. It has always been found difficult to overcome a sailor's dislike for military manœuvres, but the hardy tars of the *Potomac* wrestled manfully with their feet to bring them into the regular tramp of rank and file. The wits of the frigate, however, were busy twisting military phrases into ridiculous purports, but with commendable efforts to keep their faces straight, the men attacked the military manual, and were soon boasting, in tones loud enough to reach the ears of the marines, that they would yet be teaching the United States army military tactics.

In those days of long voyages many expedients were resorted to to relieve the monotony of the cruise, and the jolly Potomacs had not been long at sea before they organized a dramatic company of their own. After a vast deal of mysterious rehearsals the "Great and Only Original Potomacs" made their début on the 22d of November, before an indulgent audience. The "house" was seated on coils of ropes, gun-carriages, inverted buckets, or were perched on the murderous cannon, while some clambered up the shrouds and suspended themselves from the rigging in their eagerness to witness the "show." Elaborate scenery and stage settings at sea are far from illusive, especially if the good ship should take it into her head to roll and pitch, regardless of the lines of the perspective or the equilibrium of the actors. This little difficulty was explained in the prologue, and a placard with such words as "This is a wood scene," etc., answered all purposes. "The Laughable Farce in two acts entitled *St. Patrick's Day* was performed amid tumultuous applause, and the entertainment was concluded with "An olio, consisting of songs, duets, and recitations." "The Great and Only Original Potomacs" afterward played *The Tragedy of Douglass* and the farce *Fortune's Frolic* before the king and queen of the Sandwich Islands, and with such success that promptly after the show the performers got most gloriously drunk—at their Majesties' order and expense.

Touching at Rio de Janeiro, the *Potomac* sailed again November 1st, and arrived at Cape Town on the 8th of December. Although the people of this place had seldom seen an American man-of-war, they had heard a great deal about the glorious achievements of the United States navy. In 1814 our 16-gun brig *Siren* was captured by the 74-gun ship-of-the-line *Medway*, and her crew was confined several months near Cape Town; and it is safe to say that the glory of American victories on the ocean suffered no diminution when the tars of the *Siren* began to spin yarns to the credulous townsfolk of this place. When it was known that an American frigate, built on the exact lines of the wonderful *Constitution*, was in port, people journeyed many miles from the interior to visit her.

After doubling the Cape of Good Hope, December 17th, the *Potomac* experienced two terrific hurricanes, one of which lasted three days, and fully demonstrated the admirable sea-worthiness of the ship. Christmas and New-Year's were celebrated on the Indian Ocean, under as comfortable circumstances as was possible in a raging storm of wind and rain.

Chapter IV.

THE ATTACK ON QUALLA BATTOO.

As the *Potomac* drew near the scene of the outrage on the *Friendship*, Captain Downes disguised his ship, as he was anxious to attack the pirates before they

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knew of the arrival of an American warship in this part of the world. The guns of the frigate were run in, the ports closed, the topmasts housed, the sails rigged in a slovenly manner, and every precaution taken to give the frigate the appearance of a merchant craft. In this guise the *Potomac*, under Danish colors, appeared off Qualla Battoo, February 6, 1832, just a year after the treacherous attack on the *Friendship*. Scarcely had she dropped anchor when a sail-boat rounded a point of land and made for her. On coming alongside it was found to be laden with fish, and manned by four Malays from a friendly tribe, who desired to sell their cargo. Fearing that these men, if allowed to depart, might announce the arrival of the frigate to the Qualla Battooans, Captain Downes detained them on board until after the attack.

At half past two o'clock the whale-boat was sent toward the shore, under the command of Lieutenant Shubrick, to take soundings. The men in the boat were dressed as the boat crew of an Indiaman, and in case they came to a parley with the natives, Lieutenants Shubrick and Edson were to impersonate the captain and supercargo of a trading-vessel. As the natives lined the shore in great numbers, and assumed a hostile attitude, no attempt was made to land; and having satisfied himself with the location and situation of the river, Lieutenant Shubrick returned to the ship at half past four o'clock.

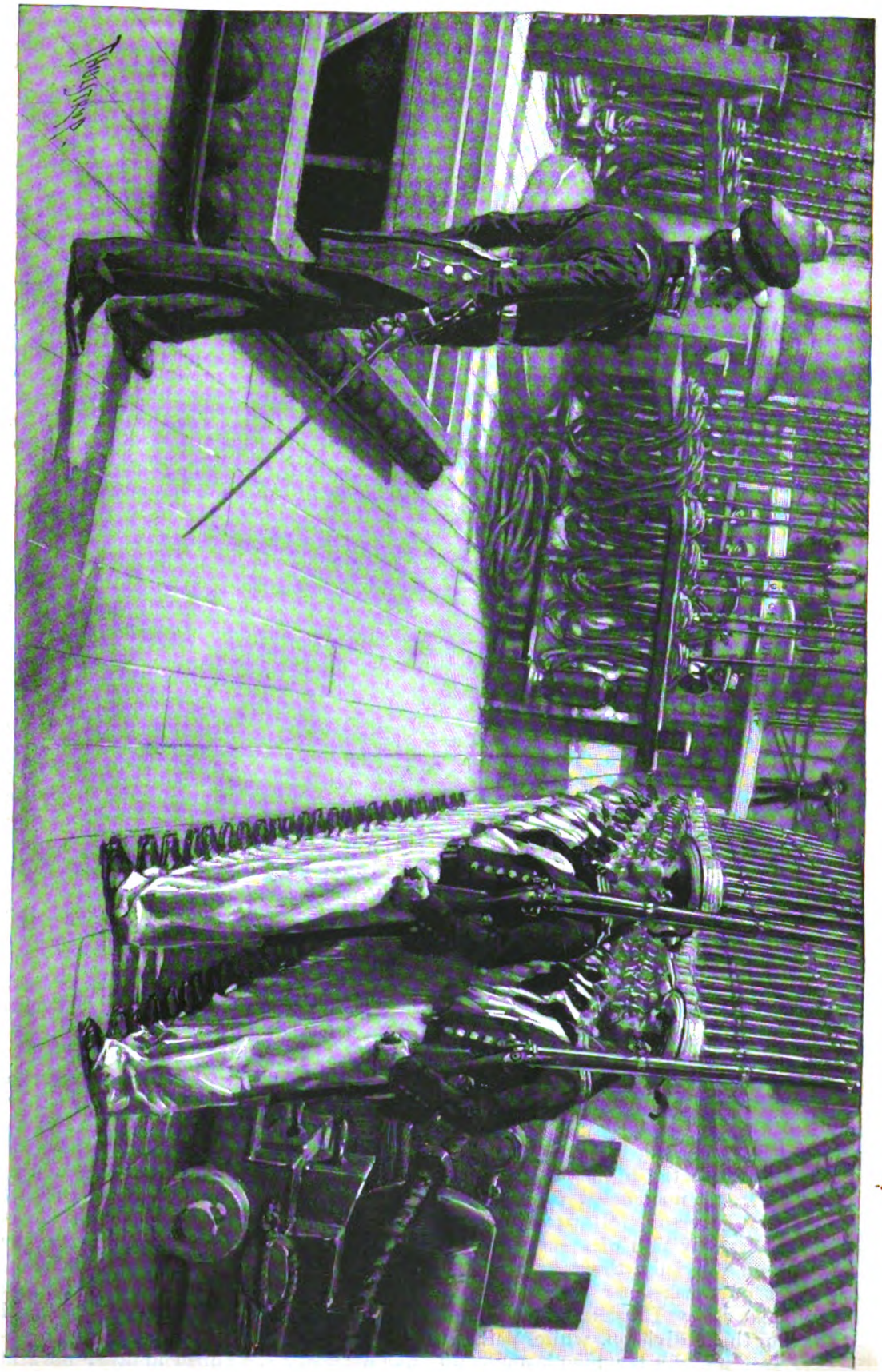
Everything now being in readiness for the attack, Captain Downes announced that the boats would leave the ship at midnight, and from five o'clock to that time the men selected for the expedition were at liberty to employ their time as they pleased. As the attack was likely to keep them late on the following day, many of the men improved this opportunity to sleep, using gun-carriages, coils of rope, and sails for pillows. Some of the more restless, however, in the face of the impending conflict, found it impossible to sleep. They were scattered about the ship, conversing in low tones with their messmates, placing in trusty hands some token of affection, such as a watch or a Bible, to be delivered to relatives or friends in case "something might happen to me." Promptly at midnight all hands were summoned to quarters, and in an instant the gun-deck was swarming with men, some with weapons in their hands, others girding on cutlasses, and all hurrying to their stations, while the boats were lowered and brought along the gangway on the off side of the ship, so that the natives on shore could not discover what was going on, even if they had been on the watch. The men silently yet rapidly descended the frigate's side and took their places, and as each boat received its load it dropped astern, or was pulled ahead and made fast to the lee booms, so as to make room for others.

The debarkation was made with the greatest secrecy, nothing breaking the silence of the hour except the splashing of the waves against the dark hull of the frigate, the chafing of the cables in the hawse-holes, the whispered command of officers as the boats came to and from the gangway, or the muffled rattle of the oars in the rowlocks as the boats shoved off to take their prescribed positions. So much care in maintaining silence, however, seemed almost unnecessary, for the roaring surf pounding away on the beach, which even at the distance of three miles could be distinctly heard aboard the ship, would have drowned all noise.

The light of the morning star was just discernible through a dense mass of dark clouds that had been resting on the eastern horizon when the order was given to shove off and make for the land. The boats formed in line, and with measured stroke stretched out for the beach. When they had covered about a third of the distance "a meteor of most brilliant hue and splendid rays," wrote an officer of the *Potomac*, "shot across the heavens immediately above us, lighting the broad expanse with its beams from west to east. We hailed it as an earnest of victory and the bright augury of future fame."

The bright star in the east had shone fully two hours before the boats gained the landing-place. Here the crews nerved themselves for the final effort to pass the dangerous surf. The men held their breath in suspense as one by one the boats plunged into the surging waters and seemingly went to certain destruction. The waves rolled on the right, on the left, before and behind, with great violence, but with a strong, steady pull the boats were brought through the surf with their human freight, and passed into the smooth waters of the river beyond. Just

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"DRILLED EVERY DAY."

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UNITED STATES FRIGATE "POTOMAC."

as day was beginning to break the last load of men passed through the surf, and as the keels of the boats grated on the beach the sailors jumped out and hastened to their positions, each division forming by itself. The boats, with enough men to man them, were directed to remain together just outside of the surf until further orders.

No delay was allowed in beginning a march. Lieutenant Edson and Lieutenant Tenett led the van with their company of marines. John Barry, the second mate of the *Friendship* when she was attacked by the Malays a year before, had come out in the *Potomac* as a master's mate, and now acted as a guide. Lieutenant Ingersoll followed the van with the first division of seamen; Lieutenant Hoff's division then came, which consisted of musketeers and pikemen. After this came Lieutenant Pinkham with the third division, while Sailing-Master Totten and a few men brought up the rear with the 6-pounder called Betsey Baker. After marching along the beach some distance, the column turned abruptly inland, and struck into the dense jungle. The fusileers, "a company of fine, stout, and daring fellows," now distributed themselves in advance and on each flank of the little army to guard against ambuscades.

Lieutenant Hoff and three midshipmen, with the second division of musketeers and pikemen, now wheeled off to the left with his division, and was soon lost to view in the thick foliage. He had been ordered to attack the fort on the northern edge of the town. As soon as he came in sight of this stronghold the Malays opened a sharp fusillade with cannon, muskets, spears, and poisoned arrows. The Americans returned the fire, and then made a rush for the gate of the stockade, and bursting it open, engaged the enemy in a short but fierce hand-to-hand encounter, in which the pikes and cutlasses of the seamen were employed to advantage. The open space within the palisade was soon cleared, but the Malays retreated to their citadel on the high platform, and hauling up the ladder leading to it, for two hours fought with great bravery. Impatient at the delay, Lieutenant Hoff directed his men to tear up some of the poles forming the stockade, and to improvise a ladder with them. Having done this, the men made a rush for the citadel from opposite directions, and placing their ladders against the high platform, clambered up, and made short work of the desperate defenders.

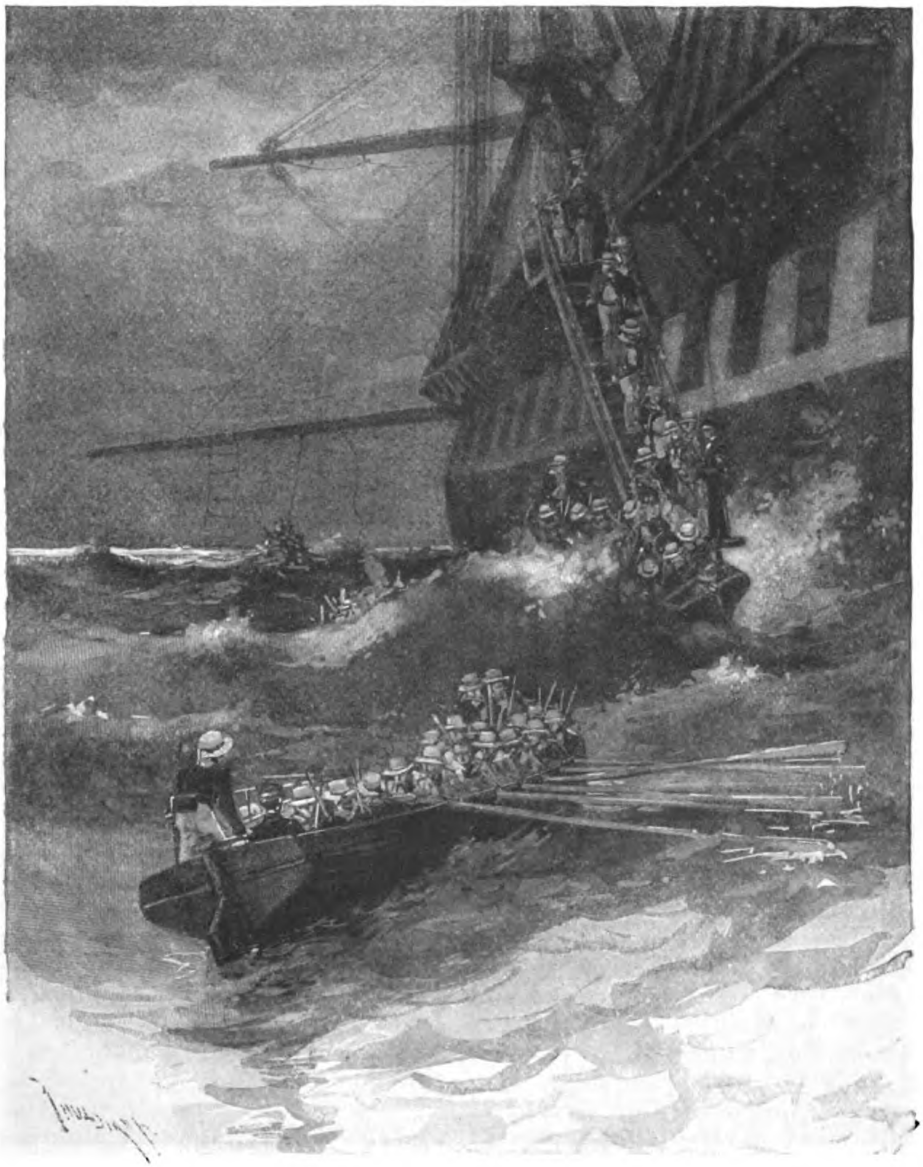
Rajah Maley Mohammed, one of the most influential chiefs on the western coast of Sumatra, commanded this fort, and fought with the ferocity of a tiger. After receiving numerous bayonet-thrusts and musket-balls in his body he fell, but even in his death-throes he continued to brandish his sabre and to inflict injuries on the Americans around him, until a marine finally despatched him. But as soon as the rajah fell, a woman, who from the richness of her dress was supposed to be his wife, seized his sabre, and wielded it with such energy that the Americans fell back, as they were loath to make war against the sex. The frenzied woman, however, rushed at the Americans, and severely wounded a sailor on the head with a blow of her sabre, and with catlike dexterity she aimed another blow at him, which nearly severed the thumb

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from his left hand. Before she could repeat the blow, however, she fainted from loss of blood from a wound previously received, and falling upon the hard pavement, soon died. At this fort twelve of the Malays were killed, while many times that number were wounded.

While this hot fight had been going on at the northern fort, Lieutenants Edson and Tenett with the marines, and the first division of musketeers and pikemen under Lieutenant Ingersoll, had discovered the fort in the middle of the town, and after a short and bloody conflict carried it by storm and put the enemy to the sword. In this attack one of the marines was killed, one dangerously wounded, and several slightly wounded. The Malays sustained even greater loss here than at the first fort.

The first division, under Lieutenant Pinkham, had been ordered to attack the fort in the rear of the town, but it had been so skilfully concealed in the jungle that Mr. Barry was unable to find it, and the division retraced its steps, and joined the fusileers under Lieutenant Shubrick, and the 6-pounder commanded



"THE MEN SILENTLY, YET RAPIDLY, DESCENDED THE FRIGATE'S SIDE."

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by Acting Sailing-Master Totten, in an attack upon the most formidable fort of the town, which was situated on the bank of the river near the beach. Here the principal rajah of Qualla Battoo had collected his bravest warriors, and they announced their determination to die rather than surrender—and they kept their word. The entire force of the division advancing to attack this stronghold was eighty-five men. As soon as the Americans came in sight, the Malays opened a hot fire of musketry, and followed it up with a rapid discharge of their swivels, which, as usual, were mounted in a commanding position on the high platform.

"The natives were brave, and fought with a fierceness bordering on desperation," wrote one of the *Potomac's* officers (who was in this division) in his journal. "They would not yield while a drop of their savage blood warmed their bosoms, or while they had strength to wield a weapon, fighting with that undaunted firmness which is the characteristic of bold and determined spirits, and displaying such an utter carelessness of life as would have been honored in a better cause. Instances of the bravery of these people were numerous, so much so that were I to give you a detail of each event, my description would become tiresome."

The Americans returned the enemy's fire with a brisk discharge of their muskets, and a sharp fusillade was maintained for some time, but with little effect upon the stout barricades.

Anxious to complete the work of destruction as soon as possible, Lieutenant Shubrick left a body of men in front of the fort to engage the attention of the Malays, while he with the fusileers and the Betsey Baker made a détour through the woods so as to gain the rear of the fort unobserved. The manœuvre was successful, and in a few minutes the flanking party reached the river-bank behind the citadel. Here three large heavily armed schooners (the largest one being a boat they had captured from Po Adam the year before), employed by the Malays in their piratical excursions, were discovered, anchored in the river, and filled with warriors awaiting a favorable opportunity to take a hand in the fray. They further acted as a cover to the rear of the fort. Before the pirates in the schooners realized it, Lieutenant Shubrick had opened on them with his 6-pounder and raked the schooners fore and aft. This was followed up with a well-directed fire of musketry from the fusileers, which killed or wounded a great number, and caused the surviving Malays to jump overboard and escape to the woods. The enemy, however, succeeded in getting sail on the largest of the schooners, and in a short time they ran her around a point of land up the river, where she was out of gunshot.

Unbeknown to the Americans, Po Adam had sighted the *Potomac* some days before, and believing her to be an American frigate, he had collected a band of his best warriors, and stealing along the coast, concealed himself in the woods on the outskirts of Qualla Battoo. When he saw the marines and seamen land and attack the town, he drew nearer, and lay in ambush with his men on the south bank of the river, awaiting an opportunity to help them. Po Adam noticed the Malays coming around the point of land with the schooner, and when they moored her to the south bank so as to be safe from further attack by the Americans, he rushed from his place of concealment with his men, boarded the schooner, killed five of the Qualla Battooans, and put the remainder to flight. By this time it was broad daylight.

Having completed the circumvallation of the rajah's citadel, Lieutenant Shubrick gave the signal for a simultaneous attack on the front and rear. The Americans attacked the outer stockade, and by hacking with axes succeeded in wrenching the massive gate from its place. The Malays were prepared for the attack, and the first American who exposed himself was shot through the brain, and three others fell wounded. Unmindful of this galling fire, the hardy Potomacs rushed into the large open space within the palisades, and drove the Malays to the high platform, where they made their final stand. To add to the confusion, the stockade that had been captured by the division under Lieutenants Hoff and Edson had been set on fire, in pursuance of orders, and by this time the flames had spread, and now threatened to engulf both the Americans and the Malays. Great columns of dark smoke rolled through the sky, while the fire and the blazing sun rendered the heat almost unendurable. Scores of Malays were fleeing through the secret passages in

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"THE FRENZIED WOMAN RUSHED AT THE AMERICANS."

the jungle, carrying such articles as they esteemed valuable with them, while many wild beasts and reptiles, disturbed by the heat, were making their way through the forest in all directions.

Finding that they were firing at a disadvantage, the men in charge of the Betsey Baker seized the little gun and carried her to an elevation on the upper side of the fort, and reopened fire with a steady and well-directed discharge of grape and canister. Many Malays were laid low at each discharge. So rapid was the fire from this gun that her ammunition was soon exhausted, and it was necessary to send to the boats for another supply.

In the mean time Lieutenants Hoff and Edson, having performed the task allotted to them, came up with their division and joined in the attack on the principal fort. They were ordered to take a position between the fort and water, where they poured in an effective cross-fire upon the doomed pirates. The Malays still kept up a brave and spirited defence, and were still shouting to the Americans in broken English "to come and take them." The men who had been sent to the boats for

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"LIEUTENANT SHUBRICK OPENED ON THEM WITH HIS SIX-POUNDER."

more ammunition for the Betsey Baker now returned with ten bags, containing forty musket-balls each. So eager were the crew of this gun that they now overloaded it, and at the third discharge it was dismounted and the carriage wrecked, so as to be rendered useless for the remainder of the action.

At this moment the flames in the centre fort, which had been captured by Lieutenant Edson, reached the magazine, and blew it up with tremendous force. Seeing that further support could not be derived from the 6-pounder, Lieutenant Shubrick ordered a general assault on the citadel, and at the word the men sprang from their cover and made a rush for the stockade, and clambering up the platform in any way they could, they overpowered the few remaining Malays and put them to the sword, and soon the American flag waved from the platform in triumph.

The victorious Americans now turned their attention to the fort on the opposite side of the river, which had kept up an annoying fire from its 12-pounder; but it was found to be impracticable to ford the deep and rapid stream, and as the surf was growing heavier every minute, Lieutenant Shubrick caused the bugle to sound the retreat. While returning to the beach, a sharp and well-sustained fire was unexpectedly opened on the Americans from a jungle. It proved to be from the fort for which the division under Lieutenant Pinkham had searched in vain. The Americans promptly returned the fire, and then advanced to carry the fort by storm, and one of the hottest fights of the day took place. The Malays fought with the energy of despair, but in a short time they were overpowered, and were either put to the sword or escaped in the jungle, leaving many a bloody trail on the grass as evidences of their punishment.

The Americans then reassembled on the beach and began the roll-call to ascertain their casualties, and to discover if any had

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been left in the jungle. It was found that two men had been killed and eleven were wounded. The bodies of the dead and wounded were carefully lifted into the boats, and the entire expedition re-embarked, and pushing off through the surf, pulled for the frigate. The Malays had over one hundred killed and two hundred wounded. One of the *Potomac's* officers,

Learning that a number of Malays had gathered in the rear of the town, and feeling that every stronghold of the natives should be demolished before leaving, Captain Downes, at noon on the following day, February 7th, weighed anchor and stood in about a mile from the shore, and opened a heavy fire on the fort situated on the south bank of the river, which



"SOON THE AMERICAN FLAG WAVED."

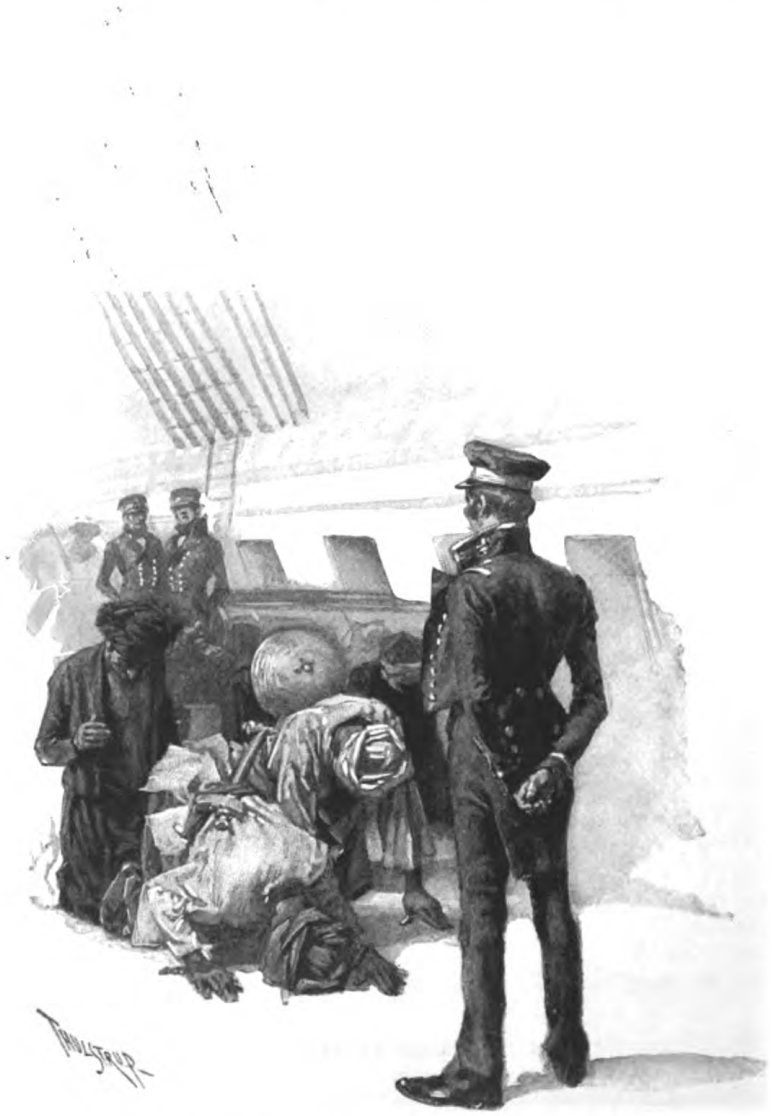
in his journal, says, "We were warmly greeted with cheers of those who had been left to protect the ship, which, with the grateful smiles of our commander and the friendly interrogations of those who had witnessed our daring at a distance, amply repaid us for our toil in the *mêlée*, and assured us that our actions were commended."

had caused the Americans so much annoyance the day before. Another object of this second day's attack was to convince the Qualla Battooans that the United States did possess "ships with big guns," and knew how to use them. The rapid discharge of the *Potomac's* long 32-pounders and 8-inch guns appalled the natives, for they never had before heard

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such a terrible noise. For more than an hour the heavy shot from the frigate ploughed their way into the wooden stockades, carrying death and destruction in their paths.

At a quarter past one o'clock white flags began to appear at different points along the beach, and the *Potomac* ceased firing, and about six o'clock in the evening a native boat was seen making its way through the surf with a white flag at the bow, pulling toward the *Potomac*. By seven o'clock it came alongside, and it was learned that it contained messengers from the surviving rajahs with overtures for peace. On being taken aboard they were conducted to Captain Downes, and bowing themselves to the deck in humble submission, they pleaded for peace on any terms, "if only the big guns might cease their lightning and thunder." Captain Downes impressed upon the envoys the enormity of the offence of the Qualla Battooans in attacking American seamen, and assured them that the full power of the United States government was behind the humblest of its citizens in any part of the globe, and that any future misconduct on the part of the Malays toward an American citizen would be met with even greater punishment than had just been meted out to them.



"BOWING THEMSELVES TO THE DECK."

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AT CHENIÈRE CAMINADA.

BY GRACE KING.

CHENIÈRE CAMINADA! Already it seems not only of the was, but of the never has been. The great storm passed over it, and— But the newspapers have told all about the great storm and its great desolating tragedies; for so sacred seem human life and its relationships that even an obscure little settlement cannot be destroyed without involving great tragedies.

This is the account only of a small tragedy, one visible, it was thought, to the eye of the All-Seer alone.

We call it a settlement and obscure, but that is only a way of speaking. Barataria Bay has never been obscure, at least to the sea-folk of the Gulf of Mexico; and la Chenière Caminada, if one had but documents to prove it, might be found to have had its historical holdings ever since the time of the great discoverers. But, without any documents to legitimate its claims to historical consideration, one has only to look at the map and remember one's reading to feel all the assurance in regard to it necessary for a reasonable conviction.

The sea-folk of the Gulf of Mexico, legitimate and bastard—discoverers, adventurers, merchant-men, filibusters, buccaneers, privateers, pirates!—it is impossible to think reasonably about them; the imagination, which ever loves the unreasonable, takes flight at the very name of them, and never adventurer, buccaneer, or captain of the black-flag of them all ever drove wilder or wilfuler keel through the enchanting blue waters than it through the swelling brain of even the feeble scribe who is trying to write past them.

Ah! if the reading public only knew how hard it is to write these poor little pages, when the imagination is just there, with such glittering, beautiful, all-ready stories.

It is said, traditionally, for such people do not keep official certificates of themselves, that Chenière Caminada was peopled by the families of two pirate chiefs, and that the inhabitants of to-day, or rather of yesterday, were, with but few notable exceptions, their descendants. Intermarriage had bound them as closely together as grass roots the sod. There were hardly more than two surnames known in the settlement, and they were only used on the grand occasions when the priest was called in to authenticate nature. Naturally there had been driftings in of other names and people—wreckage in the shape of shopkeepers, fishermen, and good-for-naughts, from the great Gulf in front, and the great river behind, but these were neither uncles, aunts, cousins, sons, daughters, nor parents to the interlaced community of the original settlers, and so were not considered, or rather were ill-considered, by them.

The transition from privateersmen to fishermen seems the natural one in the march of progress. When brutal instincts are not the impulsive force the elements of excitement must not be so different—the close contact with ocean, weather, sky, and the trials of strength and skill with redfish, sheep's-head, pompano, bluefish, and the huge monsters of sea-turtle. And though it could not compare in intensity of thrill with the seizing and looting of Central American towns, nor waylaying gold-laden caravels from Mexico, yet the oyster fishery held its nights and days which could arouse in the veins much of the dormant old leaping blood of the freebooter. Whether, according to gossip, from hidden treasures dating from ancestral halcyon days, or from honest sea-faring intrepidity, money was never lacking in the oaken-grove settlement, and wealth even might have been whispered of a family head here or there.

Prosperity seems to have but one road to travel, wealth but one set of bellows to apply to high or low born, prince or pirate or fisherman—personal advancement. Its aspirations began at the critical moment of money-hoarding felt in the household of Dominique ——: it matters not which of the alternative names follows. A gentleman or a lady could now be inflated out of the family. A gentleman! Even if the sense of humor with which fiction renders so fascinating the time-honored heroes of the high seas and high road had atrophied past service in the prosaic transmissions to modern civilization, the whilom sense of the cutlass and carbine in Dominique revolted against such a curtailment of his great, stalwart, handsome, dare-devil bull-pups. A lady! That were an easier haul. And tales enough of ladies (if they were young and fair, how-

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ever, only the obstinate and contumacious ones) made to walk the plank out there in the Gulf off Barataria may have haunted the dim background of his mind into a kind of ghostly reminder of retribution to society. A lady it was to be, this credential of good fortune, and none other candidate to be considered than the youngest chick, the nine-year-old Dominiquilla.

What can parents not accomplish when ambition is once allowed subtly to cohabit with paternal affection! Like death, Dominique and his wife entered their brood and took one out, and buried her from themselves in a convent in New Orleans. It left a gap, an ugly gap, in the closely serried file of fourteen; it was the loss of a front tooth, which renders even the sweetest smile a blotch in the countenance. But there were consolations, and the greater the pain, the more insistent became their aspirations, until, to tell the truth, like many people, they found satisfaction in the delusion that by buying and paying for their hope at so great a price they had converted it into a reality, only situated at some little distance in the future.

The little one—she was small for her age—paid the usual tribute of suffering under transplanting. There seemed to be nothing at first for her to connect her little life to—no lakes and bayous; no distant line of blue Gulf; no low flat marshes alive with wild-fowl; no sound of rising wind and pounding surf at night; no driving piling clouds by day; no fish, monsters or minnows, pompano, bluefish, gar, redfish, sheep's-head, snappers, devil-fish. No; all the glitter and iridescence in her eyes seemed to fade out as she thought of the great catches she had seen come out of the Gulf, and the great catches coming out twice every week, and the great catches still to come out which she would never see.

But all this was only at first. In a few months she was sending her little tendrils out over her new surroundings; in a year she had begun to make good holdings of them; in three years they had taken good grip of her, and .... St. Denis made the first step without his head, so to speak.

She was allowed to visit Chenière Caminada only at rare intervals, for the process of diverting the course of vitality is a delicate one; and the Sisters, as they always stipulated when they undertook such a contract, never guaranteed an end unless they were secured in full monopoly of the means.

They obtained all, and more than they asked, and the elevation of the little Barataria maiden over her natural sphere began to be apparent even during her first visit home after a year's absence. Shyness, reserve, quietude, everything that those who knew her as a child could least have expected, began to develop in her. And thus every ensuing visit solidified the flattering certainty of her increasing strangeness from her people—strangeness being ever, with the simple, a proof of superiority.

After rubbing out external impressions, one must proceed upon the internal, and then the soul, restored to original nullity, is fit to receive the sacrament of a new vitality, a new and immaculate birth. The recipe is so simple and easy to apply! particularly the last clause. For women are so constituted, even from infancy, that they cannot resist the seductive allurements of their own purification and betterment. Even to-day, after so long cycles of the world and men, after so long cycles of nakedness, weakness, failings, and self-disappointments, they thrill at the hope of redemption from the flesh, even as they thrill at the hope which comes from subjection to it.

And when self-cleaning, purifying, correcting, becomes a religion, a cult, a daily, hourly practice. . . .

There must be the same distinctions and differences among self-wives as housewives. When a housewife takes it upon herself to instruct a domestic postulant, it is always upon the weak point of another that she bases her theories, not upon the one which is perhaps at that very moment a worm in her own conscience. And so every woman has practically to find out for herself what may or what may not be accomplished by time, circumstance, and personal effort upon the life, which is the memory, which is the heart of even a little girl of nine.

And although it hovers ever before our eyes as perhaps the one Absolute, there is nothing so relative as personal or general cleanliness. The very effort to satisfy a present standard only increases the exactions of a future one; and, in truth, none but women would seriously make it their duty to foster an increasing burden of tribute-money.

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A little girl has, after all, very little internal work to do at herself; but a few years afterwards, and there is enough for a vocation.

In a convent, fortunately, the actual supplies no food for sin, but it equalizes the balance by furnishing abundantly of sin possibilities and probabilities; and if in a measure it fixes and charms the future into a stationary, immovable noninterferer, it allows the past a full and wanton liberty. It would seem that this must be so, for where if not out of the past can be developed the microbes, hence the inoculating and antidoting medium against infirm human nature?

The little Dominiquilla had not much of a past, but she had a drop, a sufficiency —and the above is only offered as an imperfect conjectural attempt at the reason why at twelve (her third visit home) she would play no longer with her former preferred mate and cousin, Claro, and why every succeeding visit after that his company, even the sight of him, became more and more distasteful to her, until, when she was sixteen and he nineteen, it was felt a relief that he sailed his sloop out of the bay into the Gulf, and, it was supposed, camped on a reef until she went away. He must, indeed, have represented some obnoxious obstacle to a principle or a duty to have incurred such cold, silent, inflexible condemnation from one so pious, gentle, and lovely. For, growing always taller, fairer, with eyes ever larger and more brilliant, hair ever silkier and glossier, she had become very lovely—lovelier than any woman on Chenière Caminada since piratical and abducting days, even if we credit to the full all the beauty ascribed by tradition and history to the unfortunate fair.

It is hardly necessary to say that even from the time that choice, as the Sisters explained, was a matter of instinct, she determined, or felt called upon, to merge her ladyhood into the life of a religious.

She came to pay her last visit to Chenière Caminada in the dress of a novice now, and accompanied by a guardian Sister, and with only this last and final sip to what in religion is called the world between her and preparations for her vows.

In the great low broad-galleried cottage of her father she sat and moved—moving and sitting, spiritually, further apart from her kith and kin; higher than ever before. Her swarthy-skinned, heavily-haired brothers and sisters and cousins could now only speak constrainedly with her, looking at her and her devotions with furtive awe.

The little children, her nieces and nephews, were as afraid of her as of the Virgin.

On her last Sunday with them the great family feast was given—the farewell feast which was to celebrate her betrothal to that celestial bridegroom who for the first time in memory had entered the oaken groves of the pirate refuge as a rival to earthly candidates.

It was a great feast, for the family counted in the whole settlement, and all, old and young, were there. And the prodigality of yore, when good cheer cost but the taking of it, reigned once more, with wine and wassail.

It was prolonged past the good weather of that first October afternoon, and rain and wind set in. It was only an excuse for greater drinking and louder boisterousness, such as civilization has lost even the memory of. But the wind, and rain too, seemed to be holding high carnival. The women and children had noticed it. Lighting the lamps, and gathering around the old Sister and the novice, they had even begun to talk about the storms they had known or heard of, embroidering their theme, as women know how to do, with some tinsel from their own imagination. When the men began to notice it the storm had, so to speak, already become historical. They opened the heavy cypress door for a look. It broke from its hinges, and sent them staggering out upon the gallery. A voice was heard, but no words. Claro made a dash to reach them from where he clung to one of the gallery posts. He had come in, then, from his island? No more words or thought! Through the open door the wind possessed the cottage. It trembled, shook, rocked, cracked. The women caught their children and screamed. Each man rushed for his own. The cottage crashed. Wind and rain and rushing waves fought for the spoils.

Never had Barataria women before such a storm to tell about. Each man had rushed for his own—and God had caught up His.

The young novice opened her eyes far out—she knew not where—far out in the dark gray light. Never could human

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eyes have recognized such place, such scene!--the wind hurling beams, timbers, house-tops; the waves rushing, curling, foaming; the rain choking, drowning . . . Her arms clasped around a tree, strained and torn, as skirts and feet dashed with the wreckage on the waters; her hair lashed and caught in the bark of the tree.

Her arms—it was not her arms alone that held her; not her own strength that fought with the elements for her body. Her eyes opened and closed, her mouth gaped and gasped. . . . There was some force to help, with all but sight and breath—some force not her own—some force divine—or—some force—God's or Claro's!

The waves dashed higher and higher; they buried her head deeper and deeper; longer and longer were her intervals from earth. She felt her hands unclasped and forced around a floating something—and so, held fast beyond her strength again, she was driven through the water. "God," she thought, "or Claro—"

The great shriek of the wind seemed filled with voice of human wailings and appeals beyond power of human ear to stand. . . . On they drove before the southeast wind, miles and miles . . . eternities and eternities . . . she—and . . . God Himself—or Claro! There was nothing to see—no heavens, only gray, and hurling timbers; no house, no tree in sight—they were floating above the trees—and the rushing waters still carrying them up higher and higher. . . Would the firmament all fill with water? . . . The drift stopped; something underneath caught and held it; she felt it with her feet, a kind of entanglement, branches, leaves—a tree-top. And then her arms could do no more; they relaxed, loosened; but other arms still held her to her buoy. Her feet found a small firmness; and so . . . she drifted back, against. . . . She turned her head—it found a rest. "Claro! Claro! not God—Claro!"

That there could be enough life left! But it came perhaps over her—as when a little girl before she was nine, one day . . . she had forgotten all about the why of it—it had come over her to put her arms about him and kiss him. She had forgotten all about the why of it—but it, and her feeling . . . when had that ever passed out of her heart?

Was she again a little girl of nine playing on the sands of Barataria?

The south wind changed to the north, and the tempest drove, crushed, pounded its spoil, its wreckage and corpses, from the swamp to the Gulf.

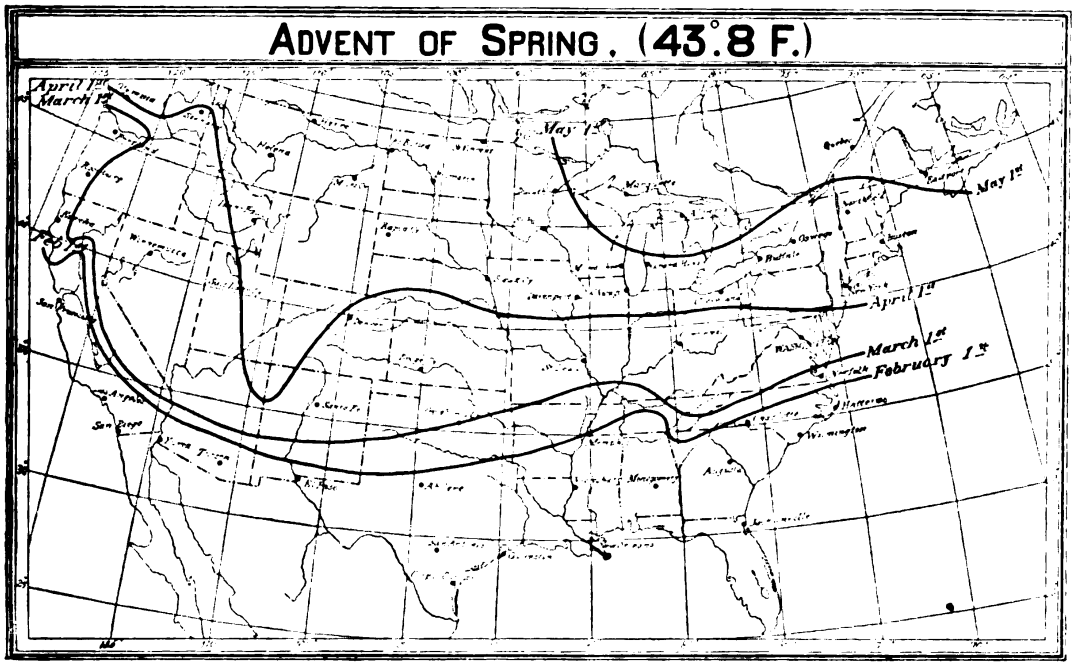
He undid her hands, he loosed his lips, he opened his arms wide, wide, and let her float with wind and tide, far, far as God willed. Was she not His bride to the world?

THE ADVENT OF SPRING.

BY MARK W. HARRINGTON.

THE retreat of winter before advancing spring has so much of poetical and practical interest that it is worth while to study its details; but in order to do this a definition of the beginning of spring must be premised. For this purpose the movement of animals, or the awakening and development of plants, is sometimes adopted; but unfortunately the return of the swallows, the passage of the wild-geese northward, the movements of other migratory birds and of hibernating animals, are not invariable accompaniments of the appearance of spring, whatever may be thought of the infallibility of instinct. A better criterion would be the awakening of plants, which does not depend on instinct, but upon physics and physiology; but here the difference in behavior of different species, and of the same species in different localities, makes it difficult to decide what phenomenon of what species, and in what place, should be selected. The English violet takes advantage of every short respite of winter to open its buds. The crocus and other plants push up their flowers through the snow. The swamp-maple develops its leaves early and rapidly, and most so in warm places and at the top of the tree, while the oaks, the tulip-tree, and the walnut are tardy in thus acknowledging the arrival of warm weather. A more practical criterion for the advent of spring can be found in the temperature on which this advent depends. It is the heat that causes the snows to disappear and physiological life to awaken in the plant, or to become once more active in the animal, and it is the increasing warmth which persuades the

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migratory birds, who set the fashion of seasonal change of residence long before it was adopted by mankind, to pass northward to build their homes. Botanists state that the temperature of 6° Centigrade, or 42.8° Fahrenheit, is that at which the protoplasmic contents of the vegetable cell find the limits of their activity. When the temperature falls below this point the protoplasm becomes inactive, though it is not dead until the fall is from several to many degrees lower, depending on the species of plant. When the temperature rises and reaches this point the protoplasm awakens, and as it passes above 42.8° F. the cell begins to grow and multiply.

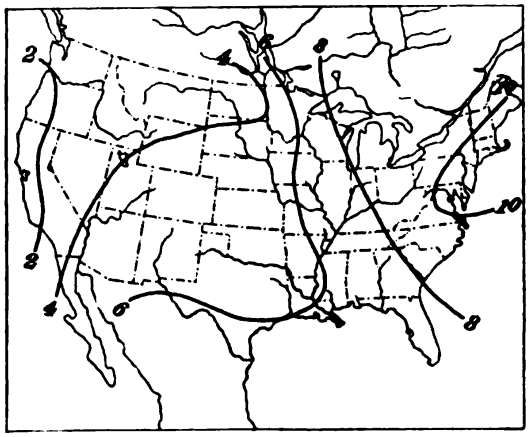
The advent of spring may properly be considered as taking place at the advent of an isotherm one degree higher, or 43.8° F. But the isotherms of warm weather in any spring do not advance and remain, but, like the wavelets on an incoming tide, they advance and again retreat, though never going back quite so far as the point from which they started. Each wavelet makes a distinct gain on the beach, and though the actual water's edge seems always advancing and retreating, the tide itself is steadily advancing. The fluctuations are superficial, and can be eliminated by the proper arithmetical treatment. In the same way the isotherm of 43.8°, like any other, advances in a fluctuating way, but nevertheless gains some ground at each fluctuation. These fluctuations can likewise be disposed of by taking the mean for many years. Although the result will not show the actual advance in any one season, it will bring out the average advent of the isotherm chosen, and will truthfully give the general features of this advent.

The progress of the mean isotherm of 43.8° F. will therefore truthfully represent the average advent of spring. This line may be looked upon as the edge of spring, and its gradual progress northward will be followed by the multitude of genial and attractive phenomena which follow on the annual retreat of winter. The accompanying map represents the progress of this line. It was formed from manuscript mean temperatures for fifteen years—from 1870 to 1885. An examination of it brings out several interesting features. In the first place, there is no temperature in the extreme South, in the vicinity of the Gulf, below 43.8°, on the average. There is therefore no advent of spring, in the same sense as we use it in the North; and there is no real beginning of vegetation and reclothing of the trees with leaves, and few of the welcome phenomena which we of the Northern latitudes associate with the advent of spring. On February 1st the isotherm in question is found crossing the United States from the vicinity of Cape Hatteras on the east to the north of El Paso, then going north-

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westward, and reaching the Pacific coast at some distance north of San Francisco. In the interval between February 1st and March 1st the line has made very little advance. Its position is little north of that of February 1st. After March 1st, however, it begins a rapid advance, and by April 1st it passes over central New Jersey nearly westward to the vicinity of Denver. From this point it makes a dip southward on account of the mountains of the Continental Divide, passes then abruptly northward until it reaches a point as high as Spokane Falls, whence it goes nearly westward to the Pacific Ocean. By May 1st the whole of the territory of the United States is covered by spring, except a little area in the northeastern part, which includes more than half of Maine and of Michigan and a part of Wisconsin. Spring has already advanced by May 1st into Ontario and Quebec.

This is the general character of the advance of spring. It will be seen that it comes both from the southward and from the westward. The latter is a very curious fact, long known to farmers, particularly in the Western States. It is well



FIRST WARM WAVE OF MAY.

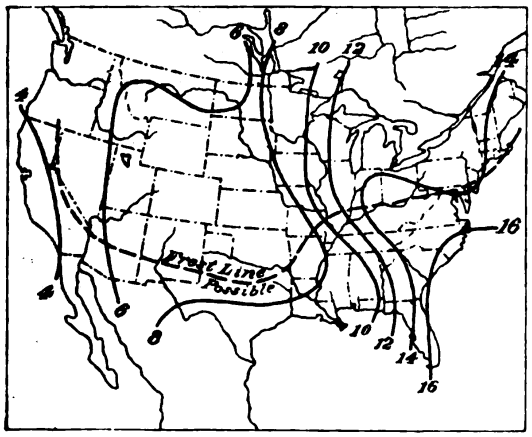
known to the farmer of southern Michigan, for instance, that the spring ploughing can be done in Montana anywhere from two to four weeks earlier than with him, and Kentucky is as much in advance, so that for him spring distinctly advances both from the south and from the west.

Some other features of interest appear in this connection. It will be seen, for instance, that there is a distinct trend northward in the middle Mississippi Valley. It is a well-known fact that the temperature and the vegetation along the middle Mississippi are decidedly more southern than those on either side at some distance from the river itself. Cairo, in southern Illinois, for instance, is a warmer place than are the places generally to the eastward and to the westward of it. Another feature of special interest is the trend which this isotherm makes on the Pacific coast. The warm waters of the Pacific make a difference in the advance of spring which is fairly measurable in months. Spring by February 1st has taken possession of the most of the coast of California, as well as a large part of the interior basin of the San Joaquin and Sacramento. By March 1st the entire coast is included, up to the mouth of the Columbia River, including the Willamette Valley. It is noteworthy that the Willamette Valley has a spring which is approximately two months earlier than the valley of the Hudson or of the Connecticut, in the Eastern United States. By April 1st spring has wrested from winter not only the coast of the Pacific, but a large part of the interior valleys, including the largest part of the Great Basin. At the same time not very much advance has been made northward on the coast, and spring in the immediate vicinity of Puget Sound seems as slow to advance as in the vicinity of Massachusetts Bay. This may be due to the influx of cold water from the north in the extreme Northwest. The winters in this region are by no means cold, but the spring is nearly as backward as it is in the New England States.

It is also interesting to note the influence of the Great Lakes. They clearly retard the advance of spring; and notwithstanding the rapid progress from the west which immediately preceded, Marquette and Alpena are as late as Ottawa and the Aroostook country. This is, however, not without its compensations, for a tardy spring means comparative immunity from unseasonable frosts. Besides, what Michigan loses in her springs she gains in her glorious autumns.

So far the discussion has been on the advance of this isotherm when the fluctuations were eliminated. It will be interesting to consider the average character of the fluctuations themselves. This will be all the more interesting on ac-

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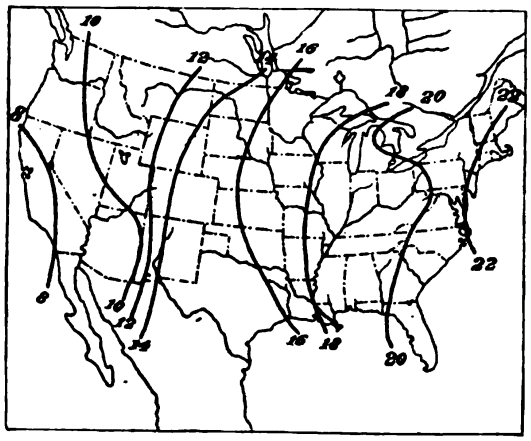
FIRST COLD WAVE OF MAY.

count of the great reputation of the days of the ice-saints in central Europe. We will see if we have the ice-saints of mid-May practise their cult in the United States. The days devoted to the ice-saints of central Europe are Sts. Pancras, Servatius, and Boniface, and their days are May 12th, 13th, and 14th. It is very well known, both popularly and scientifically, that frequently about this date there is a marked fall of temperature in central Europe, which may be so serious as to endanger the vineyards and other tender crops. The ice-saints cause, in central Europe, a sudden retreat of spring after it advances; do they perform the same ungrateful duty in the United States? The best way to answer the question is to study the advance of the warm and cold waves during the month of May. The expression "warm and cold waves" is used advisedly. There is a series of warm and cold waves which sweep in succession over this country, and these, in some seasons of the year, have a marked regularity. One of these seasons is the month of May, and we will select this month because it is the month of the ice-saints. We will see now what is the progress of the waves in this month. For this purpose we will take the temperatures for the same fifteen years as before. Taking the daily means, and marking on a map the dates at which a maximum of temperature occurs, and on another map the dates of the minimum of temperature, and then connecting the same dates by a line which runs through them, we get the crests of the successive warm and cold waves. The resulting maps are on pages 876–878, and from them we can draw the following conclusions:

First, there is a warm wave in May which enters on the Pacific coast about the 2d of May. It travels quite rapidly eastward, and by the 4th it has crossed the northern half of the divide, the crest at this time lying nearly half on the east side and half on the west. By the 6th the lagging southern half has caught up with the more rapidly advanced northern, and the crest of the wave crosses the country along the Mississippi Valley in a direction nearly north and south. By the 8th it has advanced somewhat farther east, crossing Lake Superior and Lake Michigan. By the 10th it is over New England, New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia, and by the 12th it has disappeared over the Atlantic. The first average warm wave, therefore, takes eight or nine days to cross the country. It appears on the Pacific coast, travels eastward with fair uniformity, except when disturbed by the mountain ranges and the Great Lakes, and disappears in the extreme East about the 11th of May.

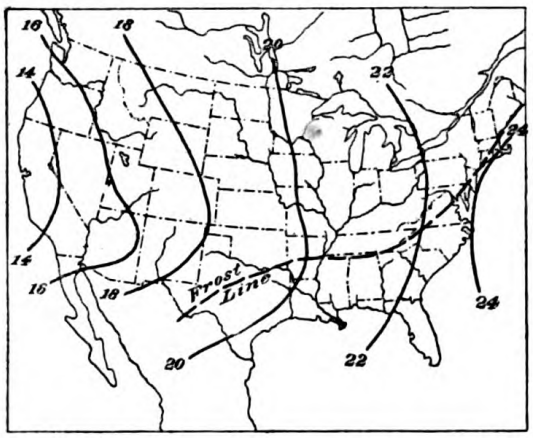
This is speedily followed by a cold wave, which appears on the Pacific coast two days later than the warm wave, namely, on the 4th of May. On May 6th the crest of the cold wave occupies somewhat the same position as the corresponding crest of the warm wave two days before. On the 8th it begins to lag on its predecessor. It reaches the Mississippi Valley on the 10th, and on the 12th it is but little eastward. It clears the Great Lakes with a bound by the 14th, and on the 16th it disappears off the central Atlantic coast.

One feature of interest in connection with this cold wave is the southern limit of possible frost, that is, the southern



SECOND WARM WAVE OF MAY.

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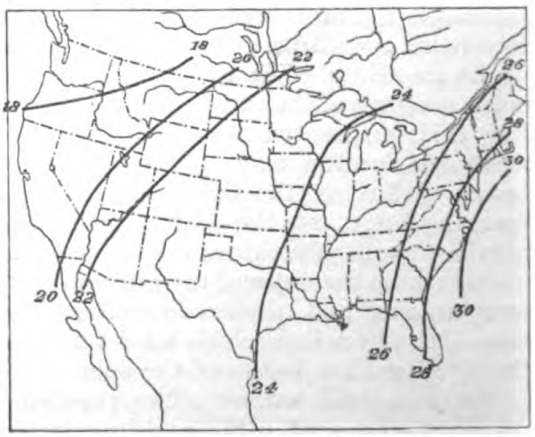
SECOND COLD WAVE OF MAY.

limit at which frosts have so far been observed. The broken line which crosses this map from side to side indicates this limit. It begins at Cape Cod, passes down the coast to about central New Jersey, thence westward and southwestward, leaving Cairo to the south, thence obliquely through Arkansas into Texas. In the vicinity of Palestine it turns sharply westward, and, after crossing the Rio Grande, northwestward, and disappearing on the Pacific coast probably in the vicinity of Roseburg. The most of the United States at this time is covered by an area in which frost is possible. This area is by far the broadest over the plains, as might be expected. It is relatively narrow in the extreme West and the extreme East.

The second warm wave of May starts in on the 8th very much as the first did on the 2d. At this date it has enclosed the most of the coast region of California, and also the interior valley. In its further progress over the country it travels more slowly than did the preceding cold wave, and the successive positions of its crest are more nearly parallel to each other. It finally disappears on the Atlantic coast on the 22d. This wave takes fourteen or fifteen days to cross the country, while the first warm wave in May took only eight or nine. In the progress of this wave there are very few of the irregularities which were noted in the progress of the first wave. This is undoubtedly due to the fact that the first wave has in its progress, to some degree, disposed of the causes of irregularities, such as fields of snow and the coldness of the large bodies of fresh water.

The second cold wave starts in on the western coast six days after the preceding warm wave. It therefore encloses the most of California on May 14th. It makes a more uniform progress over the country, its successive positions being nearly parallel to each other, and disappears on the middle eastern coast on the 24th. Its motion accelerates as it approaches the eastern coast. In this case the possible frost-line extends from Eastport southwestward to the southern end of the Appalachian chain, whence it extends westward to the vicinity of Little Rock, Arkansas, thence southwestward to the state of Chihuahua. The Pacific frost-line is so purely topographic that it is omitted. The area covered at this time by the possibility of frost is larger than that of the preceding cold wave. From May 19th to May 24th, therefore, is the time when, if at all, the ice-saints in the United States are to be expected. The only saints of meteorological repute for these days are Bernardin of Siena (20th) and Desiderius (23d), who chiefly concern themselves with flowers and with the planting of beans. As a matter of fact, the records show that when there are sharp late frosts in the States, particularly in the central ones, they are likely to occur at the later date. They are, however, by no means regular in their occurrence, and occasionally many years will pass without one.

The last wave which we have occasion to follow over the States is the third warm wave: the cold wave which follows it falls so much into June as to properly belong to that month. The warm wave begins in the extreme Northwest, and crosses Idaho and Oregon on the 18th. It makes gradual progress eastward—most



THIRD WARM WAVE OF MAY.

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rapid on the elevated plateau and over the inland States—and disappears on the eastern coast in the vicinity of Cape Hatteras on the 30th of May. Its successive positions are closely parallel to each other, and its crest is very regular. The heavy snows, the ice, and the other causes of irregularities have by this time almost disappeared from the United States, and the progress of this wave is a very regular one.

We thus have a graphic picture of the advance of spring over the United States. It comes from the southward and from the westward. It does not come by any means with absolute uniformity, but in fluctuations, here advancing and again retreating, and when we come to examine these fluctuations in detail we find they involve a series of warm and cold waves passing over the United States from west to east. Incidentally we find that the ice-saints of the United States must be rather those for May 19th to 24th than those for May 11th to 14th, and that the American ice-saints, unknown to fame, perform their frosty task only at long and irregular intervals.

A NOTE OF A PHILOGYNIST.

BY MARRION WILCOX.

IT was certainly one of the smallest feet in the world at that time. It had been bared, and was held out towards her father's friend for his admiration, while she herself was lightly carried on her young father's arm. Her dainty muslin frock with soft trimmings was admirably crisp, but she seemed to be more conscious of her shoe—the one that had not been taken off.

"Look!" said her father. "Did you see any girl with such a tiny foot as that in Spain or China, you wanderer?" showing the second leg in snowy sock that, tapering suddenly, followed the creases in pink flesh down to the pink satin slipper.

"What size is the shoe?" asked the Philogynist, with a laugh, but with fear too, taking the smooth thing in his hand to turn its sole upward for inspection. "It's a double naught! But here's a greater marvel; here's one of the loveliest things in all the world," he added, again touching the bare foot. "A square inch of pure skin is worth more than all the covering in all the dry-goods shops."

He made them look at the sole of the bare foot, where there was a shallow well, near the centre, lined with dimples.

And after that the Philogynist did not see her again until he and she became great friends at Geneva about three years later. Then it was a pair of sturdy legs in thick rough stockings, and a pair of feet in ugly common-sense shoes, without heels, that kept along by his side when they went in search of Swiss toys.

One day he was taking her with her nurse out in a boat to see the swans on the lake—and Mont Blanc, that might be a distant great white swan of a mountain at rest against the horizon and the sky-line of lower mountains—when Mel Dickinson, a pretty English girl of eighteen, met them, and he asked her to come aboard.

So Alice and her nurse and Miss Dickinson were sitting in the stern while he rowed. They had fed the swans, and then he asked the child to sing. She had several good little songs that the nurse taught her; but she was bashful; so little Miss Mel sang a nursery rhyme to encourage her. Afterwards the child sang, and then the Philogynist followed, with "The Cork Leg." When he had finished the funny stanzas that he thought the child would like, Miss Mel asked, "Does it stop there?"

"No; but Alice wouldn't understand the rest"—and he recited some of the last stanzas.

"But I just do understand that!" said Alice.

He noticed that she seemed to be uncomfortable; not able to decide whether to sit on nurse's lap, or to stand, or to be pleased anywhere; but the true reason did not immediately suggest itself to him. She was used to having his whole undivided attention when out in the boat with him; and then, too, he had said that big girl could understand, while she could not.

Near the landing, when they returned, was a vine full of red leaves, and Miss Mel asked him to pick some of them for her. When he handed her a branch of the vine, Alice began to cry.

"I want something," she sobbed.

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"What?"

"I don't know; something I never had before."

He took her in his arms and hugged her. As soon as Miss Mel had gone she was quite satisfied.

She was jealous, at four years of age, in her common-sense shoes without heels.

And again (never mind the exact number of the years that had passed) they came together in a small German university town. Over-curious about the learning there is in difficult texts, the Philogynist went to finish some studies under Sievers, who was teaching Old English and Middle High German at Jena that winter; and Alice's parents came to see him there.

One night, in the centre of the market-place of Jena, was a great pile of wood that had been standing there since morning. That was the last day of the year, and at night there was to be a bonfire. Throughout the day people had been coming up to this pile and casting things upon it; but not with the intention of adding to its bulk, for it was made large enough at first. No; the things they had thrown there to be burnt were such things as these: Maidens had cast in love-letters containing promises that had not been kept; bits of ribbon and such feminine keepsakes had been brought by young men who had newer affairs; bottles filled with a liquid that would greatly aid the combustion had been desperately hurled against the logs by a few persons who had decided that in the coming year they would drink only out of mugs; and offered on this rude altar were the pipes of those who had learned to prefer cigars.

Will you let me make this a little plainer? Jena is such a secluded, old-fashioned German town that customs survive there from remote antiquity. In very ancient times the ancestors of these Germans believed in a god who brought light and warmth into the world each year, overcoming the darkness and cold of winter; and to the townspeople of Jena it still seems but right to greet the birth of the new year, with its promise of light and warmth and life. The great bonfire annually typifies this ever-new gift of the genial old god, and so it has come to be a custom to let this fire consume tokens of all those habits or happenings in the past that one wants to change or needs to forget.

A little before midnight the dark market square was crowded. There were two or three men busied about the pile, and a larger number engaged in keeping the central space clear; so the throng was pressed back into a circle, behind which enclosing buildings lifted dim, irregular old stone faces against the sky. And to these gravely expectant townspeople presently came the sound of glad music—a marching band and a strong chorus of male voices, playing and singing in unison, "Let us rejoice, therefore, while we are young"; and into the central space came students of the university dressed in the showy uniforms of their societies; now quick flames shot upward from the pile and built a wavering column of fire; now the market square was bright as by day. Joining hands, the young men danced around, shouting and straining away, with averted faces, from that burning wrong of the old year and glowing hope of the new. For an instant, perhaps, it was serious; then, in an instant, it all became grotesque. They broke the circle to tear caps from the heads of bystanders — from each other's heads — to throw them also into the fire; the crowd was driven outward, and melted away through the many narrow passages that led to other parts of the town, to people's houses, to taverns — to the innumerable places where sour white beer is served in little wooden buckets; there was a sound of heavy feet beating stone pavements in every quarter, and from every quarter arose the cry, "Health to the New Year!"

Possibly you noticed the Philogynist standing with his friends in one of the front ranks in the circle of spectators around the bonfire. He was mindful of the little person whose head was squeezed against him, reaching just above his elbow; and, lifting the child up in his arms, he placed her on his shoulder so that she might have a good view. But it appeared to be a most unhappy child. She did not quite kick her old friend, but she squirmed; she had to be put down again.

Alice was no longer a child, even to the Philogynist.

And as she, little by little, year after year, came to be more evidently a woman, the Philogynist saw her only at rare intervals, until one summer that he passed at his friend's house in the country near New York. They were together then pretty constantly, and with her parents' approval; but somehow she would

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not see that it was possible for him to come nearer to her than as her father's friend; and, for his part, he realized (it happened when he was standing at the window, looking out at the hammock in which she was swinging, though there was nothing of her to be seen but one lithe brown-kid foot) that while he was still a young man—yes, beyond question, he was a young man—he was not so young as really young people.

Well, a year or two later, with a sense of personal loss, he took his dead friend's place one morning, walking up the long church aisle, feeling Alice's light touch on his arm. Her head was meekly bowed under the white veil and flowers; but under billowy skirts, stealing toward the man who came forward with easy confidence to meet her, were feet, clad in white satin, that seemed to coquet with the very altar steps.

But the other evening, when the Philogynist returned to New York after a long absence, he was sitting in the window at his club, watching the movement in the avenue, and was especially struck with the appearance of the pavements. It had been raining, and the pavements gleamed. They were very dirty, no doubt; the rain-water struggling with that tenacious deposit upon the stones of an ill-kept city was not exactly a pretty thing to study; and yet—and yet—there was such a human quality in the gleam of that wet pavement—the stones were so dear to him, and they were dear to so many, from association; so many feet had brushed them, pressed them, stamped upon them, and clattered over them. The gleam from them was human indeed; it was like the gleam of an eye.

He had touched the bell, and a waiter was standing to take his order.

"Would you have a card, sir?"

He did not hear. His eyes were riveted on the figure of a woman, evidently one over-familiar with pavements as they look at night, standing under the street light only a few yards distant, and instantly the whole course of his blood was through incarnate pain and shame. "So like! so like! What a horrible resemblance! what a damnable likeness!"

Just then she bent down and caught her skirts together with one hand, lifting them, and showing a tiny shoe and silk stocking.

THE EXILES.

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

I.

THE greatest number of people in the world prefer the most highly civilized places of the world, because they know what sorts of things are going to happen there, and because they also know by experience that those are the sorts of things they like. A very few people prefer barbarous and utterly uncivilized portions of the globe, for the reason that they receive while there new impressions, and because they like the unexpected better than a routine of existence, no matter how pleasant that routine may be. But the most interesting places of all to study are those in which the savage and the cultivated man lie down together and try to live together in unity. This is so because we can learn from such places just how far a man of cultivation lapses into barbarism when he associates with savages, and how far the remnants of his former civilization will have influence upon the barbarians among whom he has come to live.

There are many such colonies as these, and they are the most picturesque plague-spots on the globe. You will find them in New Zealand and Yokohama, in Algiers, Tunis, and Tangier, and scattered thickly all along the South-American coast-line wherever the law of extradition obtains not, and where public opinion, which is one of the things a colony can do longest without, is unknown. These are the unofficial Botany Bays and Melillas of the world, where the criminal goes of his own accord, and not because his government has urged him to do so and paid his passage there.

This is the story of a young man who went to such a place for the benefit he hoped it would be to his health, and not because he had robbed any one or done a young girl an injury. He was the only son of Judge Henry Howard Holcombe, of New York. That was all that it was generally considered necessary to say of him. It was not, however, quite enough, for while his father had had nothing but

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the right and the good of his State and country to think about, the son was further occupied by trying to live up to his father's name. Young Holcombe was impressed by this fact from his earliest childhood. It rested upon him while at Harvard and during his years at the law-school, and it went with him into society and into the courts of law. When he rose to plead a case, he did not forget, nor did those present forget, that his father while alive had crowded those same halls with silent, earnest listeners; and when he addressed a mass-meeting at Cooper Union, or spoke from the back of a cart in the east side, some one was sure to refer to the fact that this last speaker was the son of the man who was mobbed because he had dared to be an abolitionist, and who later had received the veneration of a great city for his bitter fight against Tweed and his followers.

Young Holcombe was an earnest member of every reform club and citizens' league, and his distinguished name gave weight as a director to charitable organizations and free kindergartens. He had inherited his hatred of Tammany Hall, and was unrelenting in his war upon it and its handiwork, and he spoke of it and of its immediate downfall with the bated breath of one who, though amazed at the wickedness of the thing he fights, is not discouraged nor afraid. And he would listen to no half-measures. Had not his grandfather quarrelled with Henry Clay, and so shaken the friendship of a lifetime, because of a great compromise which he could not countenance? And was his grandson to truckle and make deals with this hideous octopus that was sucking the life-blood from the city's veins? Had he not but yesterday distributed six hundred circulars calling for honest government to six hundred possible voters, all the way up Fourth Avenue, and when some flippant one had said that he might have hired a messenger-boy to have done it for him, and so saved his energies for something less mechanical, he had rebuked the speaker with a reproachful stare, and turned away in silence.

Life was terribly earnest to young Holcombe, and he regarded it from the point of view of one who looks down upon it from the judge's bench, and listens with a frown to those who plead its cause. He was not fooled by it; he was alive to its wickedness and its evasions. He would tell you that he knew for a fact that the window man in his district was a cousin of the Tammany candidate, and that the contractor who had the cleaning of the street to do was a brother-in-law of one of the Hall's sachems, and that the policeman on his beat had not been in the country eight months. He spoke of these damning facts with the air of one who simply tells you so much that you should see how terrible the whole thing really was, and what he could tell if he wished.

In his own profession he recognized the trials of law-breakers only as experiments which went to establish and explain a general principle. And prisoners were not men to him, but merely the exceptions that proved the excellence of a rule. Holcombe would defend the lowest creature or the most outrageous of murderers, not because the man was a human being fighting for his liberty or life, but because he wished to see if certain evidence would be admitted in the trial of such a case. Of one of his clients, the judge, who had a daughter of his own, said, when he sentenced him, "Were there many more such men as you in the world, the women of this land would pray to God to be left childless." And when some one asked Holcombe, with ill-concealed disgust, how he came to defend the man, he replied: "I wished to show the unreliability of expert testimony from medical men. Yes; they tell me the man was a very bad lot."

It was measures, not men, to Holcombe, and law and order were his twin goddesses, and "no compromise" his watchword.

"You can elect your man if you'll give me two thousand dollars to refit our club-room with," one of his political acquaintances once said to him. "We've five hundred voters on the rolls now, and the members vote as one man. You'd be saving the city twenty times that much if you keep Croker's man out of the job. You know *that* as well as I do."

"The city can better afford to lose twenty thousand dollars," Holcombe answered, "than we can afford to give a two-cent stamp for corruption."

"All right," said the heeler; "all right, Mr. Holcombe. Go on. Fight 'em your own way. If they'd agree to fight you with pamphlets and circulars you'd stand a chance, sir; but so long as they give out money and you give out reading matter to people that can't read, they'll win, and

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I naturally want to be on the winning side."

When the club to which Holcombe belonged finally succeeded in getting the Police Commissioners indicted for blackmailing gambling-houses, Holcombe was, as a matter of course and of public congratulation, on the side of the law, and as Assistant District Attorney, a position given him on account of his father's name and in the hope that it would shut his mouth, distinguished himself nobly.

Of the four commissioners, three were convicted — the fourth, Patrick Meakim, with admirable foresight having fled to that country from which few criminals return, and which is vaguely set forth in the newspapers as "parts unknown."

The trial had been a severe one upon the zealous Mr. Holcombe, who found himself at the end of it in a very bad way, with nerves unstrung and brain so fagged that he assented without question when his doctor exiled him from New York by ordering a sea-voyage, with change of environment and rest at the other end of it. Some one else suggested the northern coast of Africa and Tangier, and Holcombe wrote minute directions to the secretaries of all of his reform clubs urging continued efforts on the part of his fellow-workers, and sailed away one cold winter's morning for Gibraltar. The great sea laid its hold upon him, and the winds from the south thawed the cold in his bones, and the sun cheered his tired spirit. He stretched himself at full length reading those books which one puts off reading until illness gives one the right to do so, and so far as in him lay obeyed his doctor's first command, that he should forget New York and all that pertained to it. By the time he had reached the Rock he was up and ready to drift further into the lazy irresponsible life of the Mediterranean coast, and he had forgotten his struggles against municipal misrule, and was at times for hours together utterly oblivious of his own personality.

A dumpy, fat little steamer rolled itself along like a sailor on shore from Gibraltar to Tangier, and Holcombe, leaning over the rail of its quarter-deck, smiled down at the chattering group of Arabs and Moors stretched on their rugs beneath him. A half-naked negro, pulling at the dates in the basket between his bare legs, held up a handful to him with a laugh, and Holcombe laughed back and emptied the cigarettes in his case on top of him, and laughed again as the ship's crew and the deck passengers scrambled over one another and shook out their voluminous robes in search of them. He felt at ease with the world and with himself, and turned his eyes to the white walls of Tangier with a pleasure so complete that it shut out even the thought that it was a pleasure.

The town seemed one continuous mass of white stucco, with each flat, low-lying roof so close to the other that the narrow streets left no trace. To the left of it the yellow coast-line and the green olive-trees and palms stretched up against the sky, and beneath him scores of shrieking blacks fought in their boats for a place beside the steamer's companion-way. He jumped into one of these open wherries and fell sprawling among his baggage, and laughed lightly as a boy as the boatman set him on his feet again, and then threw them from under him with a quick stroke of the oars. The high narrow pier was crowded with excited customs officers in ragged uniforms and dirty turbans, and with a few foreign residents looking for arriving passengers. Holcombe had his feet on the upper steps of the ladder, and was ascending slowly There was a fat, heavily built man in blue serge leaning across the railing of the pier. He was looking down, and as his eyes met Holcombe's face his own straightened into lines of amazement and most evident terror. Holcombe stopped at the sight, and stared back, wondering. And then the lapping waters beneath him and the white town at his side faded away, and he was back in the hot crowded court-room with this man's face before him Meakim, the fourth of the Police Commissioners, confronted him, and saw in his presence nothing but a menace to himself.

Holcombe came up the last steps of the stairs, and stopped at their top. His instinct and life's tradition made him despise the man, and to this was added the selfish disgust that his holiday should have been so soon robbed of its character by this reminder of all that he had been told to put behind him.

Meakim swept off his hat as though it were hurting him, and showed the great drops of sweat on his forehead.

"For God's sake!" the man panted, "you can't touch me here, Mr. Holcombe.

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I'm safe here; they told me I'd be. You can't take me. You can't touch me."

Holcombe stared at him coldly, and with a touch of pity and contempt. "That is quite right, Mr. Meakim," he said. "The law cannot reach you here."

"Then what do you want with me?" the man demanded, forgetful in his terror of anything but his own safety.

Holcombe turned upon him sharply. "I am not here on your account, Mr. Meakim," he said. "You need not feel the least uneasiness; and," he added, dropping his voice as he noticed that others were drawing near, "if you keep out of my way, I shall certainly keep out of yours."

The Police Commissioner gave a short laugh, partly of bravado and partly at his own sudden terror. "I didn't know," he said, breathing with relief. "I thought you'd come after me. You don't wonder you give me a turn, do you? I *was* scared." He fanned himself with his straw hat, and ran his tongue over his lips. "Going to be here some time, Mr. District Attorney?" he added, with grave politeness.

Holcombe could not help but smile at the absurdity of it. It was so like what he would have expected of Meakim and his class, to give every office-holder his full title. "No, Mr. Police Commissioner," he answered, grimly, and nodding to his boatmen, pushed his way after them and his trunks along the pier.

Meakim was waiting for him as he left the custom-house. He touched his hat, and bent the whole upper part of his fat body in an awkward bow. "Excuse me, Mr. District Attorney," he began.

"Oh, drop that, will you?" snapped Holcombe. "Now, what is it you want, Meakim?"

"I was only going to say," answered the fugitive, with some offended dignity, "that as I've been here longer than you, I could perhaps give you pointers about the hotels. I've tried 'em all, and they're no good, but the Albion's the best."

"Thank you, I'm sure," said Holcombe. "But I have been told to go to the Isabella."

"Well, that's pretty good too," Meakim answered, "if you don't mind the tables. They keep you awake most of the night, though, and—"

"The tables? I beg your pardon," said Holcombe, stiffly.

"Not the eatin' tables; the roulette tables," corrected Meakim. "Of course," he continued, grinning, "if you're fond of the game, Mr. Holcombe, it's handy having them in the same house, but I can steer you against a better one back of the French consulate. Those at the Hotel Isabella's crooked."

Holcombe stopped uncertainly. "I don't know just what to do," he said. "I think I shall wait until I can see our consul here."

"Oh, he'll send you to the Isabella," said Meakim, cheerfully. "He gets two hundred dollars a week for protecting the proprietor, so he naturally caps for the house."

Holcombe opened his mouth to express himself, but closed it again, and then asked, with some misgivings, of the hotel of which Meakim had first spoken.

"Oh, the Albion. Most all the swells go there. It's English, and they cook you a good beefsteak. And generally the boys drop in for table d'hôte. You see, that's the worst of this place, Mr. Holcombe: there's nowhere to go evenings—no club-rooms nor theatre nor nothing; only the smoking-room of the hotel or that gambling-house; and they spring a double naught on you if there's more than a dollar up."

Holcombe still stood irresolute, his porters eying him from under their burdens, and the runners from the different hotels plucking at his sleeve.

"There's some very good people at the Albion," urged the Police Commissioner, "and three or four of 'em's New-Yorkers. There's the Morrises and Ropes, the Consul-General, and Lloyd Carroll—"

"Lloyd Carroll!" exclaimed Holcombe.

"Yes," said Meakim, with a smile, "he's here." He looked at Holcombe curiously for a moment, and then exclaimed, with a laugh of intelligence: "Why, sure enough, you were Mr. Thatcher's lawyer in that case, weren't you? It was you got him his divorce?"

Holcombe nodded.

"Carroll was the man that made it possible, wasn't he?"

Holcombe chafed under this catechism. "He was one of a dozen, I believe," he said; but as he moved away he turned, and asked: "And Mrs. Thatcher. What has become of her?"

The Police Commissioner did not answer at once, but glanced up at Holcombe

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from under his half-shut eyes with a look in which there was a mixture of curiosity and of amusement. "You don't mean to say, Mr. Holcombe," he began, slowly, with the patronage of the older man, and with a touch of remonstrance in his tone, "that you're *still* with the husband in that case?"

Holcombe looked coldly over Mr. Meakim's head. "I have only a purely professional interest in any one of them," he said. "They struck me as a particularly nasty lot. Good-morning, sir."

"Well," Meakim called after him, "you needn't see nothing of them if you don't want to. You can get rooms to yourself."

Holcombe did get rooms to himself, with a balcony overlooking the bay, and arranged with the proprietor of the Albion to have his dinner served at a separate table. As others had done this before, no one regarded it as an affront upon his society, and several people in the hotel made advances to him, which he received politely but coldly. For the first week of his visit the town interested him greatly, increasing its hold upon him unconsciously to himself. He was restless and curious to see it all, and rushed his guide from one of the few show places to the next with an energy which left that fat Oriental panting.

But after three days Holcombe climbed the streets more leisurely, stopping for half-hours at a time before a bazar, or sent away his guide altogether, and stretched himself luxuriously on the broad wall of the fortifications. The sun beat down upon him and wrapped him into drowsiness. From far afield came the unceasing murmur of the market-place and the bazars, and the occasional cries of the priests from the minarets; the dark blue sea danced and flashed beyond the white margin of the town and its protecting reef of rocks, where the seaweed rose and fell, and above his head the buzzards swept heavily and called to one another with harsh frightened cries. At his side lay the dusty road, hemmed in by walls of cactus, and along its narrow length came lines of patient little donkeys with jangling necklaces, led by wild-looking men from the farm lands and the desert, and women muffled and shapeless with only their bare feet showing, who looked at him curiously or meaningly from over the protecting cloth, and passed on, leaving him startled and wondering. He began to find that the books he had brought wearied him. The sight of the type alone was enough to make him close the covers and start up restlessly to look for something less absorbing. He found this on every hand, in the lazy patience of the bazars and of the markets, where the chief service of all was that of only standing and waiting, and in the farm lands behind Tangier, where half-naked slaves drove great horned buffalo, and turned back the soft chocolate-colored sod with a wooden plough. But it was a solitary, selfish holiday, and Holcombe found himself wanting certain ones at home to bear him company, and was surprised to find that of these none were the men nor the women with whom his interests in the city of New York were the most closely connected. They were rather foolish people, men at whom he had laughed, and whom he had rather pitied for having made him do so, and women he had looked at distantly as of a kind he might understand when his work was over and he wished to be amused. The young girls to whom he was in the habit of pouring out his denunciations of evil, and from whom he was accustomed to receive advice and moral support, he could not place in this landscape. He felt uneasily that they would not allow him to enjoy it his own way; they would consider the Moor historically as the invader of Catholic Europe, and would be shocked at the lack of proper sanitation, and would see the mud. As for himself, he had risen above seeing the mud. He looked up now at the broken line of the roof-tops against the blue sky; and when a hooded figure drew back from his glance he found himself murmuring the words of an Eastern song he had read in a book of Indian stories:

"Alone upon the house-tops, to the north
I turn and watch the lightning in the sky.
The glamour of thy footsteps is in the north.
Come back to me, my lover, or I die.

"Below my feet the still bazar is laid.
Far, far below, the sleeping camels lie—"

Holcombe laughed and shrugged his shoulders. He had stopped half-way down the hill on which stands the Bashaw's palace, and the whole of Tangier lay below him like a great cemetery of white marble. The moon was shining clearly over the town and the sea, and a soft wind from the sandy farm lands

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came to him and played about him like the fragrance of a garden. Something moved in him that he did not recognize, but which was strangely pleasant, and which ran to his brain like the taste of a strong liqueur. It came to him that he was alone among strangers, and that what he did now would be known but to himself and to these strangers. What it was that he wished to do he did not know, but he felt a sudden lifting up and freedom from restraint. The spirit of adventure awoke in him and tugged at his sleeve, and he was conscious of a desire to gratify it and to put it to the test.

"'Alone upon the house-tops,'" he began. Then he laughed and clambered hurriedly down the steep hill-side. "It's the moonlight," he explained to the blank walls and overhanging lattices, "and the place and the music of the song. It might be one of the Arabian nights, and I Haroun al Raschid. *And* if I don't get back to the hotel I shall make a fool of myself."

He reached the Albion very warm and breathless with stumbling and groping in the dark, and instead of going immediately to bed, told the waiter to bring him some cool drink out on the terrace of the smoking-room. There were two men sitting there in the moonlight, and as he came forward one of them nodded to him silently.

"Oh, good-evening, Mr. Meakim!" Holcombe said, gayly, with the spirit of the night still upon him. "I've been having adventures." He laughed, and stooped to brush the dirt from his knickerbockers and stockings. "I went up to the palace to see the town by moonlight, and tried to find my way back alone, and fell down three times."

Meakim shook his head gravely. "You'd better be careful at night, sir," he said. "The Governor has just said that the Sultan won't be responsible for the lives of foreigners at night 'unless accompanied by soldier and lantern.'"

"Yes, and the legations sent word that they wouldn't have it," broke in the other man. "They said they'd hold him responsible anyway."

There was a silence, and Meakim moved in some slight uneasiness. "Mr. Holcombe, do you know Mr. Carroll?" he said.

Carroll half rose from his chair, but Holcombe was dragging another towards him, and so did not have a hand to give him.

"How are you, Carroll?" he said, pleasantly.

The night was warm, and Holcombe was tired after his rambles, and so sank back in the low wicker chair contentedly enough, and when the first cool drink was finished he clapped his hands for another, and then another, while the two men sat at the table beside him and avoided such topics as would be unfair to any of them.

"And yet," said Holcombe, after the first half-hour had passed, "there must be a few agreeable people here. I am sure I saw some very nice-looking women to-day coming in from the fox-hunt. And very well gotten up too, in Karki habits. And the men were handsome, decent-looking chaps — Englishmen, I think."

"Who does he mean? Were you at the meet to-day?" asked Carroll.

The Tammany chieftain said no, that he did not ride—not after foxes, in any event. "But I saw Mrs. Hornby and her sister coming back," he said. "They had on those linen habits."

"Well, now, there's a woman who illustrates just what I have been saying," continued Carroll. "You picked her out as a self-respecting, nice-looking girl—and so she is—but she wouldn't like to have to tell all she knows. No; they are all pretty much alike. They wear low-neck frocks, and the men put on evening dress for dinner, and they ride after foxes, and they drop in to five-o'clock tea, and they all play that they are a lot of gilded saints, and it's one of the rules of the game that you must believe in the next man, so that he will believe in you. I'm breaking the rules myself now, because I say 'they' when I ought to say 'we.' We're none of us here for our health, Holcombe, but it pleases us to pretend we are. It's a sort of give and take. We all sit around at dinner parties and smile and chatter, and those English talk about the latest news from 'town,' and how they mean to run back for the season or the hunting. But they know they don't dare go back, and they know that everybody at the table knows it, and that the servants behind them know it. But it's more easy that way. There's only a few of us here, and we've got to hang together, or we'd go crazy."

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"STOPPING FOR HALF-HOURS AT A TIME BEFORE A BAZAR."

"That's so," said Meakim, approvingly. "It makes it more sociable."

"It's a funny place," continued Carroll. The wine had loosened his tongue, and it was something to him to be able to talk to one of his own people again, and to speak from their point of view, so that the man who had gone through St. Paul's and Harvard with him would see it as such a man should. "It's a funny place, because in spite of the fact that it's a prison, you grow to like it for its freedom. You can do things here you can't do in New York, and pretty much everything goes there, or it used to, where I hung out. But here you're just your own master, and there's no law and no religion and no relations nor newspapers to poke into what you do nor how you live. You can understand what I mean if you've ever tried living in the West. I used to feel the same way the year I was ranching in Texas. My family sent me out there to put me out of temptation; but I concluded I'd rather drink myself to death on good whiskey at Del's than on the stuff we got on the range, so I pulled my freight and came East again. But while I was there I was a little king. I was just as good as the next man, and he was no better than me. And though the life was rough, and it was cold and lonely, there was something in being your own boss that made you stick it out there longer than anything else did. It was like this, Holcombe." Carroll half rose from his chair and marked what he said with his finger. "Every time I took a step and my gun bumped against my hip, I'd straighten up and feel good and look for trouble. There was nobody to appeal to; it was just between me and him, and no one else had any say about it. Well, that's what it's like here. You see men come to Tangier on the run, flying from detectives or husbands or bank-directors, men who have lived perfectly decent, commonplace lives up to the time they made their one bad break, which," Carroll added, in polite parenthesis, with a deprecatory wave of his hand toward Meakim and himself, "we are *all* likely to do some time, aren't we?"

"Just so," said Meakim.

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"Of course," assented the District Attorney.

"But as soon as he reaches this place, Holcombe," continued Carroll, "he begins to show just how bad he is. It all comes out—all his viciousness and rottenness and blackguardism. There is nothing to shame it, and there is no one to blame him, and no one is in a position to throw the first stone." Carroll dropped his voice, and pulled his chair forward with a glance over his shoulder. "One of those men you saw riding in from the meet to-day. Now he's a German officer, and he's here for forging a note or cheating at cards or something quiet and gentlemanly, nothing that shows him to be a brute or a beast. But last week he had old Mulley Wazzam buy him a slave-girl in Fez and bring her out to his house in the suburbs. It seems that the girl was in love with a soldier in the Sultan's body-guard at Fez, and tried to run away to join him, and this man met her quite by accident as she was making her way south across the sand hills. He was whip that day, and was hurrying out to the meet alone. He had some words with the girl first, and then took his whip—it was one of those with the long lash to it—you know what I mean—and cut her to pieces with it, riding her down on his pony when she tried to run, and heading her off and lashing her around the legs and body until she fell; then he rode on in his d—— pink coat to join the ladies at Mango's Drift, where the meet was, and some Riffs found her bleeding to death behind the sand hills. That man held a commission in the Emperor's own body-guard, and that's what Tangier did for *him*."

Holcombe glanced at Meakim to see if he would verify this, but Meakim's lips were tightly pressed around his cigar, and his eyes were half closed.

"And what was done about it?" Holcombe asked, hoarsely.

Carroll laughed, and shrugged his shoulders. "Why, I tell you, and you whisper it to the next man, and we pretend not to believe it, and call the Riffs liars. As I say, we're none of us here for our health, Holcombe, and a public opinion that's manufactured by *déclassée* women and men who have run off with somebody else's money and somebody else's wife isn't strong enough to try a man for beating his own slave."

"But the Moors themselves?" protested Holcombe. "And the Sultan? She's one of his subjects, isn't she?"

"She's a woman, and women don't count for much in the East, you know; and as for the Sultan, he's an ignorant black savage. When the English wanted to blow up those rocks off the western coast, the Sultan wouldn't let them. He said Allah had placed them there for some good reason of His own, and it was not for man to interfere with the works of God. That's the sort of a Sultan he is." Carroll rose suddenly and walked into the smoking-room, leaving the two men looking at each other in silence.

"That's right," said Meakim, after a pause. "He give it to you just as it is, but I never knew him to kick about it before. We're a fair field for missionary work, Mr. Holcombe, all of us; at least some of us are." He glanced up as Carroll came back from out of the lighted room with an alert, brisk step. His manner had changed in his absence.

"Some of the ladies have come over for a bit of supper," he said. "Mrs. Hornby and her sister and Captain Reese. The *chef's* got some birds for us, and I've put a couple of bottles on ice. It will be like Del's—hey? A small hot bird and a large cold bottle. They sent me out to ask you to join us. They're in our rooms." Meakim rose leisurely and lit a fresh cigar, but Holcombe moved uneasily in his chair. "You'll come, won't you?" Carroll asked. "I'd like you to meet my wife."

Holcombe rose irresolutely and looked at his watch. "I'm afraid it's too late for me," he said, without raising his face. "You see, I'm here for my health. I—"

"I beg your pardon," said Carroll, sharply.

"Nonsense, Carroll!" said Holcombe. "I didn't mean *that*. I meant it literally. I can't risk midnight suppers yet. My doctor's orders are to go to bed at nine, and it's past twelve now. Some other time, if you'll be so good, but it's long after my bedtime, and—"

"Oh, certainly," said Carroll, quietly, as he turned away. "Are you coming, Meakim?"

Meakim lifted his half-empty glass from the table and tasted it slowly until Carroll had left them, then he put the glass down, and glanced aside to where Holcombe sat looking out over the silent city. Holcombe raised his eyes and stared at him steadily.

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"Mr. Holcombe—" the fugitive began.

"Yes," replied the lawyer.

Meakim shook his head. "Nothing," he said. "Good-night, sir."

Holcombe's rooms were on the floor above Carroll's, and the laughter of the latter's guests and the tinkling of glasses and silver came to him as he stepped out upon his balcony. But for this the night was very still. The sea beat leisurely on the rocks, and the waves ran up the sandy coast with a sound as of some one sweeping. The music of women's laughter came up to him suddenly, and he wondered hotly if they were laughing at him. He assured himself that it was a matter of indifference to him if they were. And with this he had a wish that they would not think of him as holding himself aloof. One of the women began to sing to a guitar, and to the accompaniment of this a man and a young girl came out upon the balcony below, and spoke to each other in low, earnest tones, which seemed to carry with them the feeling of a caress. Holcombe could not hear what they said, but he could see the curve of the woman's white shoulders and the light of her companion's cigar as he leaned upon the rail, with his back to the moonlight, and looked into her face. Holcombe felt a sudden touch of loneliness and of being very far from home. He shivered slightly, as though from the cold, and stepping inside, closed the window gently behind him.

Although Holcombe met Carroll several times during the following day, the latter obviously avoided him, and it was not until late in the afternoon that Holcombe was given a chance to speak to him again. Carroll was coming down the only street on a run, jumping from one rough stone to another, and with his face lighted with excitement. He hailed Holcombe from a distance with a wave of the hand. "There's an American man-of-war in the bay," he cried; "one of the new ones. We saw her flag from the hotel. Come on!" Holcombe followed as a matter of course, as Carroll evidently expected that he would, and they reached the end of the landing-pier together, just as the ship of war ran up and broke the square red flag of Morocco from her mainmast and fired her salute.

"They'll be sending a boat in by-and-by," said Carroll, "and we'll have a talk with the men." His enthusiasm touched his companion also, and the sight of the floating atom of the great country that was his moved him strongly, as though it were a personal message from home. It came to him like the familiar stamp and a familiar handwriting on a letter in a far-away land, and made him feel how dear his own country was to him and how much he needed it. They were leaning side by side upon the rail, watching the ship's screws turning the blue waters white, and the men running about the deck, and the blue-coated figures on the bridge. Holcombe turned to point out the vessel's name to Carroll, and found that his companion's eyes were half closed and filled with tears.

Carroll laughed consciously and coughed. "We kept it up a bit too late last night," he said, "and I'm feeling nervous this morning, and the sight of the flag and those boys from home knocked me out." He paused for a moment, frowning through his tears, and with his brow drawn up into many wrinkles. "It's a terrible thing, Holcombe," he began again, fiercely, "to be shut off from all of that." He threw out his hand with a sudden gesture towards the man-of-war. Holcombe looked down at the water, and laid his hand lightly on his companion's shoulder. Carroll drew away and shook his head. "I don't want any sympathy," he said, kindly. "I'm not crying the baby act. But you don't know, and I don't believe anybody else knows, what I've gone through and what I've suffered. You don't like me, Holcombe, and you don't like my class, but I want to tell you something about my coming here. I want you to set them right about it at home. And I don't care whether it interests you or not," he said, with quick offence, "I want you to listen. It's about my wife."

Holcombe bowed his head gravely.

"You got Thatcher his divorce," Carroll continued. "And you know that he would never have got it but for me, and that everybody expected that I would marry Mrs. Thatcher when the thing was over. And I didn't, and everybody said I was a blackguard, and I was. It was bad enough before, but I made it worse by not doing the only thing that could make it any better. Why I didn't do it I don't know; I had some grand ideas of reform about that time, I think, and I thought I owed my people something,

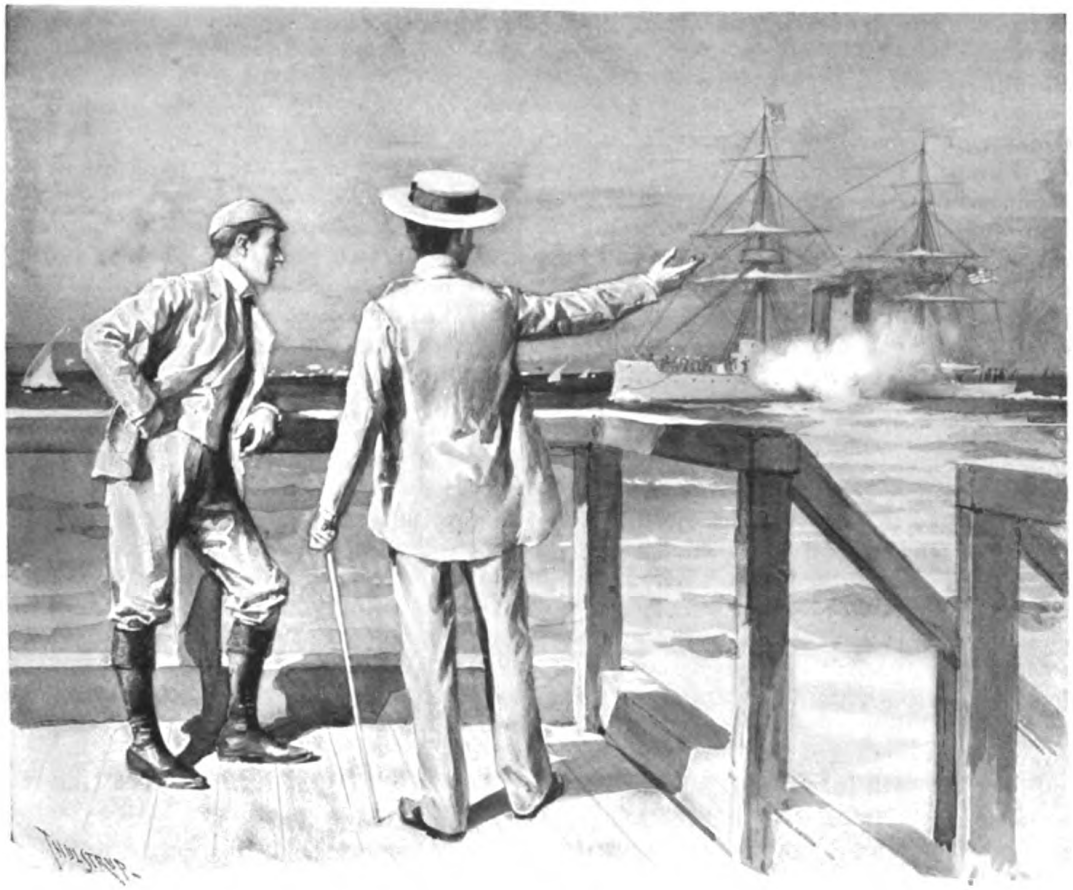
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and that by not making Mrs. Thatcher my mother's daughter I would be saving her and my sisters. It was remorse, I guess, and I didn't see things straight. I know now what I should have done. Well, I left her and she went her own way, and a great many people felt sorry for her and were good to her. Not your people, nor my people, but enough were good to her to make her see as much of the world as she had used to. She never loved Thatcher, and she never loved any of the men you brought into that trial except one, and he treated her like a cur. That was myself. Well, what with trying to please my family, and loving Alice Thatcher all the time and not seeing her, and hating her, too, for bringing me into all that notoriety, for I blamed the woman, of course, as a man always will, I got to drinking, and then this scrape came, and I had to run. I don't care anything about that row now, or what you believe about it. I'm here, shut off from my home, and that's a worse punishment than any d—— lawyers can invent. And the man's well again. He saw I was drunk; but I wasn't so drunk that I didn't know he was trying to do me, and I pounded him just as they say I did, and I'm sorry now I didn't kill him."

Holcombe stirred uneasily, and the man at his side lowered his voice and went on more calmly·

"If I hadn't been a• gentleman, Holcombe, or if it had been another cabman he'd fought with, there wouldn't have been any trouble about it. But he thought he could get big money out of me, and his friends told him to press it until he was paid to pull out, and I hadn't the money, and so I had to break bail and run. Well, you've seen the place. You've been here long enough to know what it's like, and what I've had to go through. Nobody wrote me, and nobody came to see me; not one of my own sisters even, though they've been in the Riviera all this spring—not a day's journey away. Sometimes a man turned up that I knew, but it was almost worse than not seeing any one. It only made me more homesick when he'd gone. And for weeks I used to walk up and down that beach there alone late in the night, until I got to thinking that the waves were talking to me, and I got queer in my head. I had to fight it just as I used to have to fight against whiskey, and to talk fast so that I wouldn't think. And I tried to kill myself hunting, and only got a broken collar-bone for my pains. Well, all this time Alice was living in Paris and New York. I heard that some English captain was going to marry her, and then I read in the Paris *Herald* that she was settled in the American colony there, and one day it gave a list of the people who'd been to a reception she gave. She could go where she pleased, and she had money in her own right, you know, and she was being revenged on me every day. And I was here, knowing it, and loving her worse than I ever loved anything on earth, and having lost the right to tell her so, and not able to go to her. Then one day some chap turned up from here and told her about me, and about how miserable I was, and how well I was being punished. He thought it would please her, I suppose. I don't know who he was, but I guess he was in love with her himself. And then the papers had it that I was down with the fever here, and she read about it. I *was* ill for a time, and I hoped it was going to carry me off decently, but I got up in a week or two, and one day I crawled down here where we're standing now to watch the boat come in. I was pretty weak from my illness, and I was bluer than I had ever been, and I didn't see anything but blackness and bitterness for me anywhere. I turned around when the passengers reached the pier, and I saw a woman coming up those stairs. Her figure and her shoulders were so like Alice's that my heart went right up into my throat, and I couldn't breathe for it. I just stood still staring, and when she reached the top of the steps she looked up, breathing with the climb, and laughing, and she says, 'Lloyd, I've come to see you.' And I—I was that lonely and weak that I grabbed her hand and leaned back against the railing and cried there before the whole of them. I don't think she expected it exactly, because she didn't know what to do, and just patted me on the shoulder and said, 'I thought I'd run down to cheer you up a bit; and I've brought Mrs. Scott with me to chaperon us.' And I said, without stopping to think: 'You wouldn't have needed any chaperon, Alice, if I hadn't been a cur and a fool, if I had only asked what I can't ask of you now;' and, Holcombe, she flushed just like a little girl, and laughed, and said, 'Oh, *will* you, Lloyd?' And

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"TO BE SHUT OFF FROM ALL OF THAT."

you see that ugly iron chapel up there, with the corrugated zinc roof and the wooden cross on it, next to the mosque? Well, that's where we went first, right from this wharf, before I let her go to a hotel; and old Ridley, the English rector, he married us, and we had a civil marriage too. That's what she did for me. She had the whole wide globe to live in, and she gave it up to come to Tangier, because I had no other place but Tangier; and she's made my life for me; and I'm happier here now than I ever was before anywhere; and sometimes I think—I hope—that she is too." Carroll's lips moved slightly, and his hands trembled on the rail. He coughed, and his voice was gentler when he spoke again. "And so," he added, "that's why I felt it last night when you refused to meet her. You were right, I know, from your way of thinking, but we've grown careless over here, and we look at things differently."

Holcombe did not speak, but put his arm across the other's shoulder, and this time Carroll did not shake it off. Holcombe pointed with his hand to a tall, handsome woman with heavy yellow hair who was coming towards them, with her hands in the pockets of her reefer. "There is Mrs. Carroll now," he said. "Won't you present me, and then we can row out and see the man-of-war?"

II.

The officers returned their visit during the day, and the American Consul-General asked them all to a reception the following afternoon. The entire colony came to this, and Holcombe met many people, and drank tea with several ladies in riding-habits, and iced drinks with all of the men. He found it very amusing, and the situation appealed strongly to his somewhat latent sense of humor. That evening in writing to his sister he told of his rapid recovery in health, and of the possibility of his returning to civilization.

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"There was a reception this afternoon at the Consul-General's," he wrote, "given to the officers of our man-of-war, and I found myself in some rather remarkable company. The consul himself has become rich by selling his protection for two hundred dollars to every wealthy Moor who wishes to escape the forced loans which the Sultan is in the habit of imposing on the faithful. For five hundred dollars he will furnish any one of them with a piece of stamped paper accrediting him as Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States to the Sultan's court. Of course the Sultan never receives them, and whatever object they may have had in taking the long journey to Fez is never accomplished. Some day some one of them will find out how he has been tricked, and will return to have the consul assassinated. This will be a serious loss to our diplomatic service. The consul's wife is a fat German woman who formerly kept a hotel here. Her brother has it now, and runs it as an annex to a gambling-house. Pat Meakim, a police commissioner that I indicted, but who jumped his bail, introduced me at the reception to the men, with apparently great self-satisfaction, as 'the pride of the New York Bar,' and Mrs. Carroll, for whose husband I obtained a divorce, showed her gratitude by presenting me to the ladies. It was a distinctly Gilbertian situation, and the people to whom they introduced me were quite as picturesquely disreputable as themselves. So you see—"

Holcombe stopped here and read over what he had written, and then tore up the letter. The one he sent in its place said that he was getting better, but that the climate was not so mild as he had expected it would be.

Holcombe engaged the entire first floor of the hotel the next day, and entertained the officers and the residents at breakfast, and the Admiral made a speech and said how grateful it was to him and to his officers to find that wherever they might touch there were some few Americans ready to welcome them as the representatives of the flag they all so unselfishly loved, and of the land they still so proudly called "home." Carroll, turning his wine-glass slowly between his fingers, raised his eyes to catch Holcombe's, and winked at him from behind the curtain of the smoke of his cigar, and Holcombe smiled grimly, and winked back, with the result that Meakim, who had intercepted the signalling, choked on his champagne, and had to be pounded violently on the back. Holcombe's breakfast established him as a man of means and one who could entertain properly, and after that his society was counted upon for every hour of every day. He offered money as prizes for the ship's crew to row and swim after, he gave a purse for a cross-country pony race, open to members of the Calpe and Tangier hunts, and organized picnics and riding parties innumerable. He was forced at last to hire a soldier to drive away the beggars when he walked abroad. He found it easy to be rich in a place where he was given over two hundred copper coins for an English shilling, and he distributed his largesses recklessly and with a lack of discrimination entirely opposed to the precepts of his organized charities at home. He found it so much more amusing to throw a handful of coppers to a crowd of fat naked children than to write a check for the Society for the Suppression of Cruelty to the same beneficiaries.

"You shouldn't give those fellows money," the Consul-General once remonstrated with him; "the fact that they're blind is only a proof that they have been thieves. When they catch a man stealing here they hold his head back and pass a hot iron in front of his eyes. That's why the lids are drawn taut that way. You shouldn't encourage them."

"Perhaps they're not *all* thieves," said the District Attorney, cheerfully, as he hit the circle around him with a handful of coppers, "but there is no doubt about it that they're all blind."

"Which is the more to be pitied," he asked the Consul-General, "the man who has still to be found out and who can see, or the one who has been exposed and who is blind?"

"How should he know?" said Carroll, laughing. "He's never been blind, and he still holds his job."

"I don't think that's very funny," said the Consul-General.

A week of pig-sticking came to end Holcombe's stay in Tangier, and he threw himself into it and into the freedom of its life with a zest that made even the Englishman speak of him as a good fellow. He chanced to overhear this, and stopped to consider what it meant. No one had ever called him a good fellow at home,

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but then his life had not offered him the chance to show what sort of a good fellow he might be, and as Judge Holcombe's son certain things had been debarred him. Here he was only the richest tourist since Farwell, the diamond-smuggler from Amsterdam, had touched there in his yacht.

The week of boar-hunting was spent out-of-doors, on horseback, and in tents; the women in two wide circular ones, and the men in another, with a mess-tent, which they shared in common, pitched between them. They had only one change of clothes each, one wet and one dry, and they were in the saddle from nine in the morning until late at night, when they gathered in a wide circle around the wood fire and played banjoes and listened to stories. Holcombe grew as red as a sailor, and jumped his horse over gaping crevasses in the hard sun-baked earth as recklessly as though there were nothing in this world so well worth sacrificing one's life for as to be the first in at a dumb brute's death. He was on friendly terms with them all now—with Miss Terrill, the young girl who had been awakened by night and told to leave Monte Carlo before daybreak; and with Mrs. Darhah, who would answer to Lady Taunton if so addressed; and with Andrews, the Scotch bank clerk; and Ollid, the boy officer from Gibraltar, who had found some difficulty in making the mess account balance. They were all his very good friends, and he was especially courteous and attentive to Miss Terrill's wants and interests, and fixed her stirrup, and once let her pass him to charge the boar in his place. She was a silently distant young woman, and strangely gentle for one who had had to leave a place, and such a place, between days; and her hair, which was very fine and light, ran away from under her white helmet in disconnected curls. At night, Holcombe used to watch her from out of the shadow when the fire-light lit up the circle and the tips of the palms above them, and when the story-teller's voice was accompanied by bursts of occasional laughter from the dragomans in the grove beyond, and the stamping and neighing of the horses at their pickets, and the unceasing chorus of the insect life about them. She used to sit on one of the rugs with her hands clasped about her knees, and with her head resting on Mrs. Hornby's broad shoulder, looking down into the embers of the fire, and with the story of her life written on her girl's face as irrevocably as though old age had set its seal there. Holcombe was kind to them all now, even to Meakim, when that gentleman rode leisurely out to the camp with the mail and the latest Paris *Herald*, which was their one bond of union with the great outside world.

Carroll sat smoking his pipe one night, and bending forward over the fire to get its light on the pages of the latest copy of this paper. Suddenly he dropped it between his knees. "I say, Holcombe!" he cried. "Here's news! Winthrop Allen has absconded with three hundred thousand dollars, no one knows where."

Holcombe was sitting on the other side of the fire, prying at the rowel of his spur with a hunting-knife. He raised his head and laughed. "Another good man gone wrong, hey?" he said.

Carroll lowered the paper slowly to his knee and stared curiously through the smoky light to where Holcombe sat intent on the rowel of his spur. It apparently absorbed his entire attention, and his last remark had been an unconsciously natural one. Carroll smiled grimly as he folded the paper across his knee. "Now are the mighty fallen indeed," he murmured. He told Meakim of it a few minutes later, and they both marvelled. "It's just as I told him, isn't it, and he wouldn't believe me. It's the place and the people. Two weeks ago he would have raged. Why, Meakim, you know Allen—Winthrop Allen? He's one of Holcombe's own sort; older than he is, but one of his own people; belongs to the same clubs, and to the same family, I think; and yet Harry took it just as a matter of course, with no more interest than if I'd said that Allen was going to be married."

Meakim gave a low comfortable laugh of content. "It makes me smile," he chuckled, "every time I think of him the day he came up them stairs. He scared me half to death, he did, and then he says, just as stiff as you please, 'If you'll leave me alone, Mr. Meakim, I'll not trouble you.' And now it's 'Meakim this,' and 'Meakim that,' and 'have a drink, Meakim,' just as thick as thieves. I have to laugh whenever I think of it now. 'If you'll leave me alone I'll not trouble you, Mr. Meakim.'"

Carroll pursed his lips and looked up at the broad expanse of purple heavens with

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THE BOAR-HUNT.

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the white stars shining through. "It's rather a pity, too, in a way," he said, slowly. "He was all the Public Opinion we had, and now that he's thrown up the part, why—"

The pig-sticking came to an end finally, and Holcombe distinguished himself by taking his first fall, and under romantic circumstances. He was in an open place with Mrs. Carroll at the edge of the brush to his right, and Miss Terrill guarding any approach from the left. They were too far apart to speak to one another, and sat quite still and alert to any noise as the beaters closed in around them. There was a sharp rustle in the reeds, and the boar broke out of it some hundred feet ahead of Holcombe. He went after it at a gallop, headed it off, and ran it fairly on his spear point as it came towards him, but as he drew his lance clear his horse came down, falling across him, and for the instant knocking him breathless. It was all over in a moment. He raised his head to see the boar turn and charge him, he saw where his spear point had torn the lower lip from the long tusks, and that the blood was pouring down its flank. He tried to draw out his legs, but the pony lay fairly across him, kicking and struggling, and held him in a vise. So he closed his eyes and covered his head with his arms, and crouched in a heap waiting. There was the quick beat of a pony's hoofs on the hard soil, and the rush of the boar within a foot of his head, and when he looked up he saw Miss Terrill twisting her pony's head around to charge the boar again, and heard her shout, "Let me have him," to Mrs. Carroll.

Mrs. Carroll came towards Holcombe with her spear pointed dangerously high; she stopped at his side and drew in her rein sharply. "Why don't you get up? are you hurt?" she said. "Wait, lie still," she commanded, "or he'll tramp on you. I'll get him off." She slipped from her saddle and dragged Holcombe's pony to his feet. Holcombe stood up unsteadily, pale through his tan from the pain of the fall and the moment of fear.

"That *was* nasty," said Mrs. Carroll, with a quick breath. She was quite as pale as he.

Holcombe wiped the dirt from his hair and the side of his face, and looked past her to where Miss Terrill was surveying the dead boar from her saddle, while her pony reared and shied, quivering with excitement beneath her. Holcombe mounted stiffly and rode towards her. "I am very much obliged to you," he said. "If you hadn't come—"

The girl laughed shortly, and shook her head without looking at him. "Why, not at all," she interrupted, quickly. "I would have come just as fast if you hadn't been there." She turned in her saddle and looked at him frankly. "I was glad to see you go down," she said, "for it gave me the first good chance I've had. Are you hurt?"

Holcombe drew himself up stiffly, regardless of the pain in his neck and shoulder. "No; I'm all right, thank you," he answered. "At the same time," he called after her as she moved away to meet the others, "you *did* save me from being torn up, whether you like it or not."

Mrs. Carroll was looking after the girl with observant, comprehending eyes. She turned to Holcombe with a smile. "There are a few things you have still to learn, Mr. Holcombe," she said, bowing in her saddle mockingly, and dropping the point of her spear to him as an adversary does in salute. "And perhaps," she added, "it is just as well that there are."

Holcombe trotted after her in some concern. "I wonder what she means?" he said. "I wonder if I was rude?"

The pig-sticking ended with a long luncheon before the ride back to town, at which everything that could be eaten or drunk was put on the table, in order, as Meakim explained, that there should be less to carry back. He met Holcombe that same evening after the cavalcade had reached Tangier as the latter came down the stairs of the Albion. Holcombe was in fresh raiment and cleanly shaven, and with the radiant air of one who had had his first comfortable bath in a week.

Meakim confronted him with a smiling countenance. "Who do you think come to-night on the mail-boat?" he asked.

"I don't know. Who?"

"Winthrop Allen, with six trunks," said Meakim, with the triumphant air of one who brings important news.

"No, really now!" said Holcombe, laughing. "The old hypocrite! I wonder what he'll say when he sees me? I wish I could stay over another boat, just to remind him of the last time we met. What a fraud he is! It was at the club,

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and he was congratulating me on my noble efforts in the cause of justice, and all that sort of thing. He said I was a public benefactor. And at that time he must have already speculated away about half of what he had stolen of other people's money. I'd like to tease him about it."

"What trial was that?" asked Meakim.

Holcombe laughed and shook his head as he moved on down the stairs. "Don't ask embarrassing questions, Meakim," he said. "It was one *you* won't forget in a hurry."

"Oh!" said Meakim, with a grin. "All right. There's some mail for you in the office."

"Thank you," said Holcombe.

A few hours later Carroll was watching the roulette wheel in the gambling-hall of the Isabella when he saw Meakim come in out of the darkness and stand staring in the doorway, blinking at the lights and mopping his face. He had been running, and was visibly excited. Carroll crossed over to him and pushed him out into the quiet of the terrace. "What is it?" he asked.

"Have you seen Holcombe?" Meakim demanded in reply.

"Not since this afternoon. Why?"

Meakim breathed heavily, and fanned himself with his hat. "Well, he's after Winthrop Allen, that's all," he panted. "And when he finds him there's going to be a muss. The boy's gone crazy. He's not safe."

"Why? What do you mean? What's Allen done to him?"

"Nothing to him, but to a friend of his. He got a letter to-night in the mail that came with Allen. It was from his sister. She wrote him all the latest news about Allen, and give him fits for robbing an old lady who's been kind to her. She wanted that Holcombe should come right back and see what could be done about it. She didn't know, of course, that Allen was coming here. The old lady kept a private school on Fifth Avenue, and Allen had charge of her savings."

"What is her name?" Carroll asked.

"Field, I think, Martha Field was—"

"The dirty blackguard!" cried Carroll. He turned sharply away and returned again to seize Meakim's arm. "Go on," he demanded. "What did she say?"

"You know her too, do you?" said Meakim, shaking his head sympathetically. "Well, that's all. She used to teach his sister. She seems to be a sort of fashionable—"

"I know," said Carroll, roughly. "She taught my sister. She teaches everybody's sister. She's the sweetest, simplest old soul that ever lived. Holcombe's dead right to be angry. She almost lived at their house when his sister was ill."

"Tut! you don't say?" commented Meakim, gravely. "Well, his sister's pretty near crazy about it. He give me the letter to read. It got me all stirred up. It was just writ in blood. She must be a fine girl, his sister. She says this Miss Martha's money was the last thing Allen took. He didn't use her stuff to speculate with, but cashed it in just before he sailed and took it with him for spending-money. His sister says she's too proud to take help, and she's too old to work."

"How much did he take?"

"Sixty thousand. She'd been saving for over forty years."

Carroll's mind took a sudden turn. "And Holcombe?" he demanded, eagerly. "What is he going to do? Nothing silly, I hope."

"Well, that's just it. That's why I come to find you," Meakim answered, uneasily. "I don't want him to qualify for no Criminal Stakes. I got no reason to love him either— But you know—," he ended, impotently.

"Yes, I understand," said Carroll. "That's what I meant. Confound the boy, why didn't he stay in his law courts! What did he say?"

"Oh, he just raged around. He said he'd tell Allen there was an extradition treaty that Allen didn't know about, and that if Allen didn't give him the sixty thousand he'd put it in force and make him go back and stand trial."

"Compounding a felony, is he?"

"No, nothing of the sort," said Meakim, indignantly. "There isn't any extradition treaty, so he wouldn't be doing anything wrong except lying a bit."

"Well, it's blackmail, anyway."

"What, blackmail a man like Allen? Huh! He's fair game if there ever was any. But it won't work with him, that's what I'm afraid of. He's too cunning to be taken in by it, he is. He had good legal advice before he came here, or he wouldn't have come."

Carroll was pacing up and down the

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terrace. He stopped and spoke over his shoulder. "Does Holcombe think Allen has the money with him?" he asked.

"Yes; he's sure of it. That's what makes him so keen. He says Allen wouldn't dare bank it at Gibraltar, because if he ever went over there to draw on it he would get caught, so he must have brought it with him here. And he got here so late that Holcombe believes it's in Allen's rooms now, and he's like a dog that smells a rat after it. Allen wasn't in when he went up to his room, and he's started out hunting for him, and if he don't find him I shouldn't be a bit surprised if he broke into the room and just took it."

"For God's sake!" cried Carroll. "He wouldn't do that?"

Meakim pulled and fingered at his heavy watch-chain and laughed doubtfully. "I don't know," he said. "He wouldn't have done it three months ago, but he's picked up a great deal since then—since he has been with us. He's asking for Captain Reese, too."

"What's he want with that blackguard?"

"I don't know: he didn't tell me."

"Come," said Carroll, quickly. "We must stop him." He ran lightly down the steps of the terrace to the beach, with Meakim waddling heavily after him. "He's got too much at stake, Meakim," he said, in half apology, as they tramped through the sand. "He mustn't spoil it. We won't let him."

Holcombe had searched the circuit of Tangier's small extent with fruitless effort, his anger increasing momentarily and feeding on each fresh disappointment. When he had failed to find the man he sought in any place, he returned to the hotel and pushed open the door of the smoking-room as fiercely as though he meant to take those within by surprise.

"Has Mr. Allen returned?" he demanded. "Or Captain Reese?" The attendant thought not, but he would go and see. "No," Holcombe said; "I will look for myself." He sprang up the stairs to the third floor and turned down a passage to a door at its furthest end. Here he stopped and knocked gently. "Reese!" he called; "Reese!" There was no response to his summons, and he knocked again, with more impatience, and then cautiously turned the handle of the door, and pushing it forward, stepped into the room. "Reese," he said, softly, "it's Holcombe. Are you here?" The room was dark except for the light from the hall, which shone dimly past him and fell upon a gun-rack hanging on the wall opposite. Holcombe hurried towards this and ran his hands over it, and passed on quickly from that to the mantel and the tables, stumbling over chairs and riding-boots as he groped about, and tripping on the skin of some animal that lay stretched upon the floor. He felt his way around the entire circuit of the room, and halted near the door with an exclamation of disappointment. By this time his eyes had become accustomed to the darkness, and he noted the white surface of the bed in a far corner and ran quickly towards it, groping with his hands about the posts at its head. He closed his fingers with a quick gasp of satisfaction on a leather belt that hung from it, heavy with cartridges and a revolver that swung from its holder. Holcombe pulled this out and jerked back the lever, spinning the cylinder around under the edge of his thumb. He felt the grease of each cartridge as it passed under his nail. The revolver was loaded in each chamber, and he slipped it into the pocket of his coat and crept out of the room, closing the door softly behind him. He met no one in the hall or on the stairs, and passed on quickly to a room on the second floor. There was a light in this room which showed through the transom and under the crack at the floor, and there was a sound of some one moving about within. Holcombe knocked gently and waited.

The movement on the other side of the door ceased, and after a pause a voice asked who was there. Holcombe hesitated a second before answering, and then said, "It is a servant, sir, with a note for Mr. Allen."

At the sound of some one moving towards the door from within, Holcombe threw his shoulder against the panel and pressed forward. There was the click of the key turning in the lock and of the withdrawal of a bolt, and the door was partly opened. Holcombe pushed it back with his shoulder, and stepping quickly inside, closed it again behind him.

The man within, into whose presence he had forced himself, confronted him with a look of some alarm, which increased in surprise as he recognized his

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visitor. "Why, Holcombe!" he exclaimed. He looked past him as though expecting some one else to follow. "I thought it was a servant," he said.

Holcombe made no answer, but surveyed the other closely, and with a smile of content. The man before him was of erect carriage, with white hair and whiskers, cut after an English fashion which left the mouth and chin clean-shaven. He was of severe and dignified appearance, and though standing as he was in dishabille, still gave in his bearing the look of an elderly gentleman who had lived a self-respecting, well cared-for, and well-ordered life. The room about him was littered with the contents of opened trunks and uncorded boxes. He had been interrupted in the task of unpacking and arranging these possessions, but he stepped unresentfully towards the bed where his coat lay, and pulled it on, feeling at the open collar of his shirt, and giving a glance of apology towards the disorder of the apartment.

"The night was so warm," he said, in explanation. "I have been trying to get things to rights. I—" He was speaking in some obvious embarrassment, and looked uncertainly towards the intruder for help. But Holcombe made no explanation, and gave him no greeting. "I heard in the hotel that you were here," the other continued, still striving to cover up the difficulty of the situation, "and I am sorry to hear that you are going so soon." He stopped, and as Holcombe still continued smiling, drew himself up stiffly. The look on his face hardened into one of offended dignity.

"Really, Mr. Holcombe," he said, sharply, and with strong annoyance in his tone, "if you have forced yourself into this room for no other purpose than to stand there and laugh, I must ask you to leave it. You may not be conscious of it, but your manner is offensive." He turned impatiently to the table, and began rearranging the papers upon it. Holcombe shifted the weight of his body as it rested against the door from one shoulder-blade to the other, and closed his hands over the door-knob behind him.

"I had a letter to-night from home about you, Allen," he began, comfortably. "The person who wrote it was anxious that I should return to New York and set things working in the District Attorney's office in order to bring you back. It isn't you so much they want as—"

"How dare you!" cried the embezzler, sternly, in the voice with which one might interrupt another in words of shocking blasphemy.

"How dare I what?" asked Holcombe.

"How dare you refer to my misfortune! You of all others—" He stopped, and looked at his visitor with flashing eyes. "I thought you a gentleman," he said, reproachfully; "I thought you a man of the world, a man who in spite of your office, official position, or, rather, on account of it, could feel and understand the—a—terrible position in which I am placed, and that you would show consideration. Instead of which," he cried, his voice rising in indignation, "you have come apparently to mock at me in my trouble, and to laugh at me. If the instinct of a gentleman does not teach you to be silent, I shall have to force you to respect my feelings. You can leave the room, sir. Now, at once." He pointed with his arm at the door against which Holcombe was leaning, the fingers of his hand trembling visibly.

"Nonsense. Your misfortune! What rot!" Holcombe growled, resentfully. His eyes wandered around the room as though looking for some one who might enjoy the situation with him, and then returned to Allen's face. "You mustn't talk like that to me," he said, in serious remonstrance. "A man who has robbed people who trusted him for three years as you have done, can't afford to talk of his misfortune. You were too long about it, Allen. You had too many chances to put it back. *You've* no feelings to be hurt. Besides, if you have, I'm in a hurry, and I've not the time to consider them. Now, what I want of you is—"

"Mr. Holcombe," interrupted the other, earnestly.

"Sir," replied the visitor.

"Mr. Holcombe," began Allen, slowly, and with impressive gravity, "I do not want any words with you about this, or with any one else. I am here owing to a combination of circumstances which have led me through hopeless, endless trouble. What I have gone through with nobody knows. That is something no one but me can ever understand. But that is now at an end. I have taken refuge in flight and safety, where another might have remained and compromised and suffered;

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but I am a weaker brother; and as for punishment, my own conscience, which has punished me so terribly in the past, will continue to do so in the future. I am greatly to be pitied, Mr. Holcombe, greatly to be pitied. And no one knows that better than yourself. You know the value of the position I held in New York city, and how well I was suited to it, and it to me. And now I am robbed of it all. I am an exile in this wilderness. Surely, Mr. Holcombe, this is not the place nor the time when you should insult me by recalling the—"

"You contemptible hypocrite," said Holcombe, slowly. "What an ass you must think I am! Now listen to me."

"No; *you* listen to me," thundered the other. He stepped menacingly forward, his chest heaving under his open shirt, and his fingers opening and closing at his side. "Leave the room, I tell you," he cried, "or I shall call the servants and make you." He paused with a short, mocking laugh. "Who do you think I am?" he asked. "A child that you can insult and jibe at? I'm not a prisoner in the box for you to browbeat and bully, Mr. District Attorney. You seem to forget that I am out of your jurisdiction now."

He waited, and his manner seemed to invite Holcombe to make some angry answer to his tone, but the young man remained grimly silent.

"You are a very important young person at home, Harry," Allen went on, mockingly. "But New York State laws do not reach as far as Africa."

"Quite right; that's it exactly," said Holcombe, with cheerful alacrity. "I'm glad you have grasped the situation so soon. That makes it easier for me. Now, what I have been trying to tell you is this. I received a letter about you to-night. It seems that before leaving New York you converted bonds and mortgages belonging to Miss Martha Field, which she had intrusted to you, into ready money. And that you took this money with you. Now, as this is the first place you have stopped since leaving New York, except Gibraltar, where you could not have banked it, you must have it with you now, here in this town, in this hotel, possibly in this room. What else you have belonging to other poor devils and corporations does not concern me. It's yours as far as I mean to do anything about it. But this sixty thousand dollars which belongs to Miss Field, who is the best, purest, and kindest woman I have ever known, and who has given away more money than you ever stole, is going back with me to-morrow to New York." Holcombe leaned forward as he spoke, and rapped with his knuckles on the table. Allen confronted him in amazement, in which there was not so much surprise at what the other threatened to do as at the fact that it was he who had proposed doing it.

"I don't understand," he said, slowly, with the air of a bewildered child.

"It's plain enough," replied the other, impatiently. "I tell you I want sixty thousand dollars of the money you have with you. You can understand that, can't you?"

"But how?" expostulated Allen. "You don't mean to rob me, do you, Harry?" he asked, with a laugh.

"You're a very stupid person for so clever a one," Holcombe said, impatiently. "You must give me sixty thousand dollars—and if you don't, I'll take it. Come, now, where is it—in that box?" He pointed with his finger towards a square travelling-case covered with black leather that stood open on the table filled with papers and blue envelopes.

"Take it!" exclaimed Allen. "You, Henry Holcombe? Is it you who are speaking? Do I hear you?" He looked at Holcombe with eyes full of genuine wonder and a touch of fear. As he spoke his hand reached out mechanically and drew the leather-bound box towards him.

"Ah, it is in that box, then," said Holcombe, in a quiet, grave tone. "Now count it out, and be quick."

"Are you drunk?" cried the other, fiercely. "Do you propose to turn highwayman and thief? What do you mean?" Holcombe reached quickly across the table towards the box, but the other drew it back, snapping the lid down, and hugging it close against his breast. "If you move, Holcombe," he cried, in a voice of terror and warning, "I'll call the people of the house and—and expose you."

"Expose me, you idiot!" returned Holcombe, fiercely. "How dare *you* talk to *me* like that!"

Allen dragged the table more evenly between them, as a general works on his defences even while he parleys with the enemy. "It's you who are the idiot,"

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he cried. "Suppose you could overcome me, which would be harder than you think, what are you going to do with the money? Do you suppose I'd let you leave this country with it? Do you imagine for a moment that I would give it up without raising my hand? I'd have you dragged to prison from your bed this very night, or I'd have you seized as you set your foot upon the wharf. I would appeal to our Consul-General. As far as he knows, I am as worthy of protection as you are yourself, and, failing him, I'd appeal to the law of the land." He stopped for want of breath, and then began again with the air of one who finds encouragement in the sound of his own voice. "They may not understand extradition here, Holcombe," he said, "but a thief is a thief all the world over. What you may be in New York isn't going to help you, neither is your father's name. To these people you would be only a hotel thief who forces his way into other men's rooms at night and—"

"You poor thing!" interrupted Holcombe. "Do you know where you are?" he demanded. "You talk, Allen, as though we were within sound of the cable-cars on Broadway. This hotel is not the Brunswick, and this Consul-General you speak of is another blackguard who knows that a word from me at Washington, on my return, or a letter from here, would lose him his place and his liberty. He's as much of a rascal as any of them, and he knows that I know it, and that I may use that knowledge. *He* won't help you. And as for the law of the land—" Holcombe's voice rose and broke in a mocking laugh. "There is no law of the land. *That's why you're here!* You are in a place populated by exiles and outlaws like yourself, who have preyed upon society until society has turned and frightened each of them off like a dog with his tail between his legs. Don't give yourself confidence, Allen. That's all you are, that's all we are, two dogs fighting for a stolen bone. The man who rules you here is an ignorant negro, debauched and vicious and a fanatic. He is shut off from every one, even to the approach of a British ambassador, and what do you suppose he cares for a dog of a Christian like you, who has been robbed in a hotel by another Christian? And these others. Do you suppose they care? Call out—cry for help, and tell them that you have half a million dollars in this room, and they will fall on you and strip you of every cent of it, and leave you to walk the beach for work. Now what are you going to do? Will you give me the money I want, to take back where it belongs, or will you call for help and lose it all?"

The two men confronted each other across the narrow length of the table. The blood had run to Holcombe's face, but the face of the other was drawn and pale with fear.

"You can't frighten me," he gasped, rallying his courage with an effort of the will. "You are talking nonsense. This is a respectable hotel; it isn't a den of thieves. You are trying to frighten me out of the money with your lies and your lawyer's tricks, but you will find that I am not so easily fooled. You are dealing with a man, Holcombe, who suffered to get what he has, and who doesn't mean to let it go without a fight for it. Come near me, I warn you, and I shall call for help."

Holcombe backed slowly away from the table and tossed up his hands with the gesture of one who gives up his argument. "You will have it, will you?" he muttered, grimly. "Very well, you *shall* fight for it." He turned quickly and drove in the bolt of the door and placed his shoulders over the electric button in the wall. "I have warned you," he said, softly. "I have told you where you are and that you have nothing to expect from the outside. You are absolutely in my power to do with as I please." He stopped, and, without moving his eyes from Allen's face, drew the revolver from the pocket of his coat. His manner was so terrible that Allen gazed at him, breathing faintly, and with his eyes fixed in horrible fascination. "There is no law," Holcombe repeated, softly. "There is no help for you, now or later. It is a question of two men locked in a room with a table and sixty thousand dollars between them. That is the situation. Two men and sixty thousand dollars. We have returned to first principles, Allen. It is a man against a man, and there is no Court of Appeal."

Allen's breath came back to him with a gasp, as though he had been shocked with a sudden downpour of icy water.

"There is!" he cried. "There *is* a Court of Appeal. For God's sake, wait! I appeal to Henry Holcombe, to Judge Holcombe's son. I appeal to your good name,

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Harry, to your fame in the world. Think what you are doing; for the love of God, don't murder me. I'm a criminal, I know, but not what you would be, Holcombe; not that. You are mad or drunk. You wouldn't, you couldn't do it. Think of it! *You*, Henry Holcombe! *You!*"

The fingers of Holcombe's hand moved and tightened around the butt of the pistol, the sweat sprang from the pores of his palm. He raised the revolver and pointed it. "My sin's on my own head," he said. "Give me the money."

The older man glanced fearfully back of him at the open window, through which a sea-breeze moved the palms outside, so that they seemed to whisper together as though aghast at the scene before them. The window was three stories from the ground, and Allen's eyes returned to the stern face of the younger man. As they stood there there came to them the sound of some one moving in the hall, and of men's voices whispering together. Allen's face lit with a sudden radiance of hope, and Holcombe's arm moved uncertainly.

"I fancy," he said, in a whisper, "that those are my friends. They have some idea of my purpose, and they have come to learn more. If you call, I will let them in, and they will strangle you into silence until I get the money."

The two men eyed each other steadily, the older seeming to weigh the possible truth of Holcombe's last words in his mind. Holcombe broke the silence in a lighter tone.

"Playing the policeman is a new rôle to me," he said, "and I warn you that I have but little patience; and, besides, my hand is getting tired, and this thing is at full cock."

Allen, for the first time, lowered the box upon the table, and drew from it a bundle of notes bound together with elastic bandages. Holcombe's eyes lighted as brightly at the sight as though the notes were for his own private pleasures in the future.

"Be quick!" he said. "I cannot be responsible for the men outside."

Allen bent over the money, his face drawing into closer and sharper lines as the amount grew, under his fingers, to the sum Holcombe had demanded.

"Sixty thousand!" he said, in a voice of desperate calm.

"Good," whispered Holcombe. "Pass it over to me. I hope I have taken the most of what you have," he said, as he shoved the notes into his pocket; "but this is something. Now I warn you," he added, as he lowered the trigger of the revolver and put it out of sight, "that any attempt to regain this will be futile. I am surrounded by friends; no one knows you or cares about you. I shall sleep in my room to-night without precaution, for I know that the money is now mine. Nothing you can do will recall it. Your cue is silence and secrecy as to what you have lost and as to what you still have with you."

He stopped in some confusion, interrupted by a sharp knock at the door and two voices calling his name. Allen shrank back in terror.

"You coward!" he hissed. "You promised me you'd be content with what you have." Holcombe looked at him in amazement. "And now your accomplices are to have their share too, are they?" the embezzler whispered, fiercely. "You lied to me; you mean to take it all."

Holcombe, for an answer, drew back the bolt, but so softly that the sound of his voice drowned the noise it made.

"No, not to-night," he said, briskly, so that the sound of his voice penetrated into the hall beyond. "I mustn't stop any longer, I'm keeping you up. It has been very pleasant to have heard all that news from home. It was such a chance, my seeing you before I sailed. Good-night." He paused and pretended to listen. "No, Allen, I don't think it's a servant," he said. "It's some of my friends looking for me. This is my last night on shore, you see." He threw open the door and confronted Meakim and Carroll as they stood in some confusion in the dark hall. "Yes, it is some of my friends," Holcombe continued. "I'll be with you in a minute," he said to them. Then he turned, and crossing the room in their sight, shook Allen by the hand, and bade him good-night and good-by.

The embezzler's revulsion of feeling was so keen, and the relief so great, that he was able to smile as Holcombe turned and left him. "I wish you a pleasant voyage," he said, faintly.

Then Holcombe shut the door on him, closing him out from their sight. He placed his hands on a shoulder of each of the two men, and jumped step by step down the stairs like a boy as they de-

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scended silently in front of him. At the foot of the stairs Carroll turned and confronted him sternly, staring him in the face. Meakim at one side eyed him curiously.

"Well?" said Carroll, with one hand upon Holcombe's wrist.

Holcombe shook his hand free, laughing. "Well," he answered, "I persuaded him to make restitution."

"You persuaded him!" exclaimed Carroll, impatiently. "How?"

Holcombe's eyes avoided those of the two inquisitors. He drew a long breath and then burst into a loud fit of hysterical laughter. The two men surveyed him grimly. "I argued with him, of course," said Holcombe, gayly. "That is my business, man; you forget that I am a District Attorney—"

"*We* didn't forget it," said Carroll, fiercely. "Did *you?* What did you do?"

Holcombe backed away up the stairs, shaking his head and laughing. "I shall never tell you," he said. He pointed with his hand down the second flight of stairs. "Meet me in the smoking-room," he continued. "I will be there in a minute, and we will have a banquet. Ask the others to come. I have something to do first."

The two men turned reluctantly away, and continued on down the stairs without speaking and with their faces filled with doubt. Holcombe ran first to Reese's room and replaced the pistol in its holder. He was trembling as he threw the thing from him, and had barely reached his own room and closed the door when a sudden faintness overcame him. The weight he had laid on his nerves was gone, and the laughter had departed from his face. He stood looking back at what he had escaped as a man reprieved at the steps of the gallows turns his head to glance at the rope he has cheated. Holcombe tossed the bundle of notes upon the table and took an unsteady step across the room. Then he turned suddenly and threw himself upon his knees and buried his face in the pillow.

The sun rose the next morning on a cool beautiful day, and the consul's boat, with the American flag trailing from the stern, rose and fell on the bluest of blue waters as it carried Holcombe and his friends to the steamer's side.

"We are going to miss you very much," Mrs. Carroll said. "I hope you won't forget to send us word of yourself."

Miss Terrill said nothing. She was leaning over the side trailing her hand in the water, and watching it run between her slim pink fingers. She raised her eyes to find Holcombe looking at her intently with a strange expression of wistfulness and pity, at which she smiled brightly back at him, and began to plan vivaciously with Captain Reese for a ride that same afternoon.

They separated over the steamer's deck, and Meakim, for the hundredth time, and in the lack of conversation which comes at such moments, offered Holcombe a fresh cigar.

"But I have got eight of yours now," said Holcombe.

"That's all right; put it in your pocket," said the Tammany chieftain, "and smoke it after dinner. You'll need 'em. They're better than those you'll get on the steamer, and they never went through a custom-house."

Holcombe cleared his throat in some slight embarrassment. "Is there anything I can do for you in New York, Meakim?" he asked. "Anybody I can see, or to whom I can deliver a message?"

"No," said Meakim. "I write pretty often. Don't you worry about me," he added, gratefully. "I'll be back there some day myself, when the law of limitation lets me."

Holcombe laughed. "Well," he said, "I'd like to do something for you if you'd let me know what you'd like."

Meakim put his hands behind his back and puffed meditatively on his cigar, rolling it between his lips with his tongue. Then he turned it between his fingers and tossed the ashes over the side of the boat. He gave a little sigh, and then frowned at having done so. "I tell you what you *can* do for me, Holcombe," he said, smiling. "Some night I wish you would go down to Fourteenth Street, some night this spring, when the boys are sitting out on the steps in front of the Hall, and just take a drink for me at Ed Lally's; just for luck. Will you? That's what I'd like to do. I don't know nothing better than Fourteenth Street of a summer evening, with all the people crowding into Pastor's on one side of the Hall, and the Third Avenue L cars running by on the other. That's a gay sight; ain't it, now? With all the girls coming in and out of Theiss's, and the sidewalks crowded. One of them warm nights when they have to

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have the windows open, and you can hear the music in at Pastor's, and the audience clapping their hands. That's great, isn't it? Well," he laughed and shook his head, "I'll be back there some day, won't I," he said, wistfully, "and hear it for myself."

"Carroll," said Holcombe, drawing the former to one side, "suppose I see this cabman when I reach home, and get him to withdraw the charge, or agree not to turn up when it comes to trial?"

Carroll's face clouded in an instant. "Now, listen to me, Holcombe," he said. "You let my dirty work alone. There's lots of my friends who have nothing better to do than just that. You have something better to do, and you leave me and my rows to others. I like you for what you are, and not for what you can do for me. I don't mean that I don't appreciate your offer, but it shouldn't have come from an Assistant District Attorney to a fugitive criminal."

"What nonsense!" said Holcombe.

"Don't say that; don't say that!" exclaimed Carroll, quickly, as though it hurt him. "You wouldn't have said it a month ago."

Holcombe eyed the other with an alert, confident smile. "No, Carroll," he answered, "I would not." He put his hand on the other's shoulder with a suggestion in his manner of his former self, and with a touch of patronage. "I have learned a great deal in a month," he said. "Seven battles were won in seven days once. All my life I have been fighting causes, Carroll, and principles. I have been working with laws against law-breakers. I have never yet fought a man. It was not poor old Meakim, the individual, I prosecuted, but the corrupt politician. Now here I have been thrown with men and women on as equal terms as a crew of sailors cast away upon a desert island. We were each a law unto himself. And I have been brought face to face, and for the first time in my life, not with principles of conduct, not with causes, and not with laws, but with my fellow-men."

PECUNIARY INDEPENDENCE.

BY JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE.

THE inhabitants of the Old World are sharply divided into two classes—the poor and the rich. Those are multitudinous; these strikingly few. In the New World, likewise, are the poor and the rich, but with many gradations of each rank, the poor not always being miserable, the rich seldom being contented. The lot of the poor is not fixed, is not unalterable, here, as it generally is in foreign lands. Our poor often become rich, as our rich often become poor. And then we have a large middle class, financially, who are far better satisfied than their superiors in fortune. Most members of this class are pecuniarily independent; they who have grown so by their unaided exertions have procured one of the most substantial rewards of life.

Only in this country is it comparatively easy for a man to acquire such independence; and, because of its ease, he rarely acquires it, considering his ample opportunities. Abroad, the very poor may save something by stern self-denial, which will keep them from hunger and cold in the day of stress; and they do it more frequently, perhaps, than they do it here, where work is plentier and wages higher. But neither there nor here is an independence attainable by the manual laborer. For that, a man must steadily earn an excess of what will provide for his daily wants; he must employ his mind, be commonly educated, capable of some self-discipline. He must be, in short, what the mass of representative Americans are in intelligence and enterprise, and what they are not in thrift and monetary appreciation. He should begin his undertaking early, at the outset of his commercial or professional career, and pursue it zealously and unflaggingly. He should not wait till he is a husband and a father, for then it may be too late. As such, he cannot readily regulate his expenses: and lack of power to regulate them may defer his independence indefinitely, if not prevent it altogether.

The mischief, with most of us, is that we are not apt to think of getting any surplus until we need more money than we can command. As bachelors little may suffice us. As husbands we cannot tell what we may need, any more than we can tell what will be our degree of content or discontent at any time in the future.

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Many a man, having a predisposition to celibacy, decides in his youth that he will never marry, and that he need not therefore be provident. He can, he thinks, afford to spend as he goes, after putting by a small sum to meet contingent demands. But this is incautious, even if his decision be correct. Moreover, nobody can be secure against marriage. It may happen to any one; indeed, it is likely to happen, and often does happen, when one least looks for it. The most confident man is frequently the least prepared against it. Like lightning or a pestilence, it may strike anywhere at any moment. It does not depend on the man so much as on circumstances. He may awake as from a dream, and discover himself married. Fortune, no less than Nature, delights to baffle us, as if to prove our potent fallibility.

Independence, from an entirely American stand-point, is always more or less hard to gain, though not exceeding hard, not almost impossible, as it is across the sea. It requires continuous resolution, unflinching perseverance, steady self-abstinence, clear judgment, with a dash of what is reckoned as luck, especially in youth, when such qualities are least developed. Above all, it requires resolution and perseverance. An earnest attempt at independence can never really be made too late, desirable as it is to make the attempt early. Independence should be aimed at, kept firmly in mind, whether one be twenty-five or sixty, whether one have many responsibilities or none. For it is very rarely reached without ceaseless solicitude and striving, and not, as must be granted, reached generally even with these. After good repute and good health, it is the most valuable of possessions. It is apprehensible salvation. Nevertheless, the first stages are the most arduous, the most discouraging. Beyond them the road is smoother, and success dawns in the distance. Cling to the prospect while life lasts, though expectation swoon by the way. The recompense is worth the stoutest labor, the severest sacrifice; it richly atones, in the end, for whatever may have been endured for the precious cause.

What constitutes an independence? Does it not vary with the place and the individual? Is not the independence of one man totally inadequate to that of another? Obviously yes. Your idea of an independence may be so superior to mine as to seem like wealth, which, in any reasonable sense, may not be hoped for, and is not, in truth, by any number of men, though to the manner born. Still sensible, sober opinions on the subject are not so different as may appear at first. Each man should determine for himself, according to his surroundings and relations, what amount he and his, if all sources fail, can live on in a very simple way—in a way bearable and decent, if not quite pleasant or desirable. If he has inhabited a big city, like New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, New Orleans, he must be willing, while the strain lasts, to reside in a small town or village, presuming he can do no better, and learn gradually to resign himself to a shrunken income. It may be a stern task, but it is by no means impracticable. The most exacting of us yield with a degree of grace to the unavoidable. We can get accustomed, we Americans particularly, to anything, for better or for worse. We are capable, at shortest summons, of stoic strength, of enormous grit.

Who has not seen old New-Yorkers, wonted to luxury, accept poignant reverses without a murmur? Who has not known them to vegetate on the frontier, or in a decaying foreign town, silent about the past, outwardly serene as to the future? Poverty, real or comparative, teaches us how many dainties are superfluous. And to be relieved of uncertainty and anxiety in a fine establishment by settling down on an unmistakable independence, limited as it may be, is a sovereign solace.

It seems to be generally agreed that in New York a native citizen, a man of small family—a wife and two children, for example—cannot get on respectably with less than about $5000 a year. If a bachelor, $1200 to $1500 will answer. In other cities $3000 to $4000 may sustain him domestically; in a village or the country, materially less. If he must descend to marked plainness, rigid economy, prosaic facts, he can find places where, without other income, $2000 to $2500 will keep him and his household together, not without material comfort. That amount, therefore, may be taken as an approximation to an independence, as enough certainly to keep the wolf and the creditor from the door. Confession may be frankly made, how-

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ever, that no such sum is regarded by city folk as sufficient for the purpose. They might put it at fully $10,000, and speak of minor figures as penury, or prolonged starvation. Strict independence may, notwithstanding, be computed in general at $2000 to $2500; and he who has secured it indubitably has no cause to fear compassion, or to seek for sympathy. He may esteem it a genuine misfortune to be so reduced, especially after having had five or ten times as much. Still, it is independence—not handsome, welcome, or in any manner satisfactory; and it is within reach of nearly any one who diligently and earnestly works for it.

Not a few can get an independence of from $15,000 to $30,000 a year; but they are capable of acquiring wealth if they care to, and should not in consequence be held as representative. Nor should ordinary independence be disfavored by such citation. Place it so low that it may appear not only possible but probable of attainment, and many will struggle for it. No one need to pause at $2500, if he can honestly and conscientiously, without undue appreciation of or struggle for money, increase the sum. What begins with laudable desire for a modest competence may, and often does, result in a wild, utterly reckless, scramble for wealth.

This is a manifest danger, though nothing like so common as believed and published. He who sets out in hope of mere independence is apt to rest content with it, having gained it without longing for riches. One reason is that it is slow of accumulation; that he gets familiar with its gradual advance; that his mind is kept healthful by its reasonable, well-merited growth. Riches, on the other hand, are likely to come fast, often suddenly; to turn business into passion, and passion finally into financial monomania.

Thousands of Americans, at every commercial centre of the republic, eager for and bent on independence, are indifferent to wealth, do not in the least concern themselves about it. The two acquisitions, much and constantly as they are mistaken one for the other, are as dissimilar as liberty and license. One seeks for emancipation, individual recognition, mental salubrity, the right to one's self; the other often seeks for gratification of selfishness, vulgar importance, sordid vanity, greed of mean power.

Not all, not a great many, perhaps, gain an independence; but is it not more from want of heed, will, effort, self-denial, than from want of opportunity? It behooves every one of us to contend for it long and patiently, energetically, and ardently. If we fall short of it, it may be a consolation to remember our faithful endeavor therefor, our incessant quest, yet a quest pursued with moderation and temperance. Its advantages are manifold and inestimable; they can hardly be overrated.

Independence provides a basis for the most wholesome, helpful life, and nothing else can take its place. It is not to be supposed that the acquirer of an independence, limited or liberal, must always rely on it necessarily, or rely on it at all. It is merely a sheet-anchor, to be cast in stress of weather in order to prevent the ship from going ashore. Every vessel carries one; there would not and could not be any safety without it; nor, what is more, any feeling of safety. An independence affects one's feeling rather than establishes a fact; and feeling generally outweighs fact tenfold.

A manly man fears not poverty, disaster, or death as they will act on him, to any such extent as he fears them for the result they will have on his wife and children. His independence will benefit them if he be disabled or blotted out. This is what makes it so invaluable. Or if from any cause he can earn no more money for a short or a long time, he can have recourse to the revenue from his investments, which should be selected, of course, more with an eye to soundness than to profit. He may never suffer any serious reverses; his affairs may continue to prosper. But will that render his income, secured years before, and guarded as a sacred fund, less precious in his eyes? On the contrary, the longer he has it, the more he will cherish it, the greater satisfaction he will derive from it. It is that which has nerved him to the struggle, and aided him to conduct it to a fruitful issue.

How any business or undertaking may terminate is beyond conjecture, or what the coming year may hold in store. But a proper independence—another name for a series of cautious, conservative investments—is, or should be, as safe as human judgment can make it. A man may be obliged to change his place of residence

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or his mode of living to accommodate his altered circumstances; but if he still retain his independence, small though it be, it will keep him and his in good physical condition, in mental balance, and guarantee their self-respect. When the storm has blown over he can return to his former town or city, and in a measure resume his relinquished habits. If he has been driven by any sort of personal ill luck, or by a combination of unanticipated causes, from his earning position, he can be supported by his independence so long as necessary.

An independence is a surety for the future, deposited by one's self to provide for calamitous contingencies, and claimed when wanted for one's own behoof. It is a defence against misfortune of any kind—a defence of the strongest; not of the outer walls and remote approaches, but of the citadel itself, where defeat may be resisted if anywhere. And if not resisted there, it is a question with those who have fortified the citadel whether they shall yield, or blow themselves with their stronghold into the air. Even in such an extreme the defeat becomes by the immolation an awful yet splendid victory.

The greatest inducement to pecuniary independence is that no man can be otherwise independent who is not pecuniarily so. He may swear that he is, he may look big and bold, he may strike the most imposing attitudes, but deep down in his heart he knows better. To be generally independent—to be independent strictly in mind, action, character—one must be independent in purse also. There is no getting away from the fact. The independencies are too compactly interwoven to be drawn apart. This is, as a whole, a hard, selfish, grasping, above all, a monetary world, and its ways are monetary. He who has nothing, and naturally, necessarily wants something, must, unless a martyr, conform, belie himself, to get it. He feels at a disadvantage, and he is at a disadvantage, while he seeks for favors. Until pecuniarily independent, he will remain dependent, in spirit at least, on whoever can help him. It is the rule of average humanity, and may not be set aside, however humiliating it may be.

No one knows, except the actual sufferer, what anxiety, mortification, bitterness, misery, the dependent man, when proud and sensitive, may experience in battling with life. He must get employment, he must earn money, having given hostages to fortune, though his heart crack and his pores sweat blood. What a masquerade at times of undying death is his! He must smile on those he hates, he must extend his hand where he would strike, he must speak pleasantly with a curse in his throat, because he is ever seeking work, is ever dependent. He wears dependence like a yoke. He remembers the irrevocable days when he might have been independent, and remembers that he let them slip away. The remembrance haunts and tortures him; it will not be banished. His life may be poisoned, his home may be poisoned, what was once the sweetness of hope may be poisoned, by the thought of what might have been. It is not to drudge day after day, month in and month out, for little more than decent subsistence, that so stings and wounds. It is the want of freedom, of complete intercourse, of restricted manhood, of the play of humanity, that is felt when he is in money irrecoverably below his associates, and yet looks down on them. Pecuniary independence, superfluous as the adjective may sound, would work a wondrous change in him, in them, in the mental and moral atmosphere he breathes. It would enlarge at once his outlook and his self-esteem; it would alter his horizon.

There is ample reason for saving, if not directly for ourselves, for our near kindred; for our family, if we have one, there is even more reason. To-morrow always comes for somebody. Money will always do good if rightly used. Making money in moderation is desirable, helpful to one's self and others. Everything teaches us that we must take care of ourselves ultimately. It is the lesson of life.

An independence may be small; it may seem insignificant. It is large and important if it be sufficient to keep him who has earned it dignified and self-respecting, above the need of asking favors, above all the inevitable meannesses of poverty. If the world knows a man to be pecuniarily independent, it accepts his general independence, and does not avoid him lest he may want something. Dependence it regards as failure, and failure it despises and shrinks from. When we say, therefore, that the world commends pecuniary independence, it is only another way of saying that we commend it ourselves, and in ourselves.

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A KINSMAN OF RED CLOUD.

BY OWEN WISTER.

I.

IT was thirty minutes before a June sundown at the post, and the first call sounded for parade. Over in the barracks the two companies and the single troop lounged a moment longer, then laid their police literature down, and lifted their stocking feet from the beds to get ready. In the officers' quarters the captain rose regretfully from after-dinner digestion, and the three lieutenants sought their helmets with a sigh. Lieutenant Baldwin had been dining an unconventional and impressive guest at the mess, and he now interrupted the anecdote that the guest was achieving with frontier deliberation.

"Make yourself comfortable," he said. "I'll have to hear the rest about the half-breed when I get back."

"There ain't no more—yet. He got my cash with his private poker deck that onced, and I'm fixing for to get his'n."

Second call sounded; the lines filed out and formed, the sergeant of the guard and two privates took their station by the flag, and when battalion was formed the commanding officer, towering steeple-stiff beneath his plumes, received the adjutant's salute, ordered him to his post, and began drill. At all this the unconventional guest looked on comfortably from Lieutenant Baldwin's porch.

"I doubt if I could put up with that there discipline all the week," he mused. "Carry—*arms!* Present—*arms!* Umph! I guess that's all I know of it." The winking white line of gloves stirred his approval. "Pretty good that. Gosh, see the sun on them bayonets!"

The last note of retreat merged in the sonorous gun, and the flag shining in the light slid down and rested on the earth. The blue ranks marched to a single bugle—the post was short of men and officers—and the captain, with the released lieutenants, again sought digestion and cigars. Baldwin returned to his guest, and together they watched the day forsake the plain. Presently the guest rose to take his leave. He looked old enough to be the father of the young officer, but he was a civilian, and the military man proceeded to give him excellent advice.

"Now don't get into trouble, Cutler."

The slouch-shouldered scout rolled his quid gently, and smiled at his superior with indulgent regard.

"See here, Cutler, you have a highly unoccupied look about you this evening. I've been studying the customs of this population, and I've noted a fact or two."

"Let 'em loose on me, sir."

"Fact one: When any male inhabitant of Fort Laramie has a few spare moments, he hunts up a game of cards."

"Well, sir, you've called the turn on me."

"Fact two: At Fort Laramie a game of cards frequently ends in discussion."

"Fact three: Mr. Baldwin, in them discussions Jarvis Cutler has the last word. You put that in your census report alongside the other two."

"Well, Cutler, if somebody's gun should happen to beat yours in an argument, I should have to hunt another wagon-master."

"I'll not forget that. When was you expecting to pull out north?"

"Whenever the other companies get here. May be three days—may be three weeks."

"Then I will have plenty time for a game to-night."

With this slight dig of his independence into the lieutenant's ribs, the scout walked away, his long lugubrious frock-coat (worn in honor of the mess) occasionally flapping open in the breeze, and giving a view of a belt richly fluted with cartridges, and the ivory handle of a pistol looking out of its holster. He got on his horse, crossed the flat, and struck out for the cabin of his sociable friends Loomis and Kelley, on the hill. The open door and light inside showed the company, and Cutler gave a grunt, for sitting on the table was the half-breed, the winner of his unavenged dollars. He rode slower in order to think, and arriving at the corral below the cabin, tied his horse to the stump of a cottonwood. A few steps toward the door, and he wheeled on a sudden thought, and under cover of the night did something that to the pony was altogether unaccountable. He unloosed both front and rear cinch of his saddle, so they hung entirely free in wide bands beneath the pony's belly. He tested their slackness with his hand several times,

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stopping instantly when the more and more surprised pony turned his head to see what new thing in his experience might be going on, and seeing, gave a delicate bounce with his hind quarters.

"Never you mind, Duster," muttered the scout. "Did you ever see a skunk-trap? Oughts is for mush-rats, and number ones is mostly used for 'coons and 'possums, and I guess they'd do for a skunk. But you and me'll call this here trap a number two, Duster, for the skunk I'm after is a big one. All you've to do is to act natural."

Cutler took the rope off the stump by which Duster had been tied securely, wound and strapped it to the tilted saddle, and instead of this former tether, made a weak knot in the reins, and tossed them over the stump. He entered the cabin with a countenance sweeter than honey.

"Good-evening, boys," he said. "Why, Toussaint, how do you do?"

The hand of Toussaint had made a slight, a very slight, movement towards his hip, but at sight of Cutler's mellow smile resumed its clasp upon his knee.

"Golly, but you're gay like this evenin'!" said Kelley.

"Blamed if I knowed he could look so frisky," added Loomis.

"Sporting his onced-a-year coat," Kelley pursued. "That ain't for our benefit, Joole."

"No; we're not that high in society." Both these cheerful waifs had drifted from the Atlantic coast westward.

Cutler looked from them to his costume, and then amiably surveyed the half-breed.

"Well, boys, I'm in big luck, I am. How's yourn nowadays, Toussaint?"

"Pretty good sometime. Sometime heap hell." The voice of the half-breed came as near heartiness as its singularly oblique quality would allow, and as he smiled he watched Cutler with the inside of his eyes.

The scout watched nobody and nothing with great care, looked about him pleasantly, inquired for the whiskey, threw aside hat and gloves, sat alone, leaning the chair back against the wall, and talked with artful candor. "Them sprigs of lieutenants down there," said he, "they're a surprising lot for learning virtue to a man. You take Baldwin. Why, he 'ain't been out of the Academy only two years, and he's been telling me how card-playing ain't good for you. And what do you suppose he's been and offered Jarvis Cutler for a job? I'm to be wagon-master." He paused, and the half-breed's attention to his next words increased. "Wagon-master, and good pay too. Clean up to the Black Hills; and the troops 'll move soon as ever them re-enforcements come. Drinks on it, boys! Set 'em up, Joole Loomis. My contract's sealed with some of Uncle Sam's cash, and I'm going to play it right here. Hello! Somebody coming to join us? He's in a hurry."

There was a sound of lashing straps and hoofs beating the ground, and Cutler looked out of the door. As he had calculated, the saddle had gradually turned with Duster's movements and set the pony bucking.

"Stampeded!" said the scout, and swore properly. "Some o' you boys help me stop the durned fool."

Loomis and Kelley ran. Duster had jerked the prepared reins from the cottonwood, and was lurching down a small dry gulch, with the saddle bouncing between his belly and the stones.

Cutler cast a backward eye at the cabin where Toussaint had staid behind alone. "Head him off below, boys, and I'll head him off above," the scout sang out. He left his companions, and quickly circled round behind the cabin, stumbling once heavily, and hurrying on, anxious lest the noise had reached the lurking half-breed. The ivory-handled pistol, jostled from its holster, lay among the stones where he had stumbled. He advanced over the rough ground, came close to the logs, and craftily peered in at the small window in the back of the cabin. It was evident he had not been heard. The sinister figure within still sat on the table, but was crouched, listening like an animal to the shouts that were coming from a safe distance down in the gulch. Cutler, outside of the window, could not see the face of Toussaint, but he saw one long brown hand sliding up and down the man's leg, and its movement put him in mind of the tail of a cat. The hand stopped to pull out a pistol, into which fresh cartridges were slipped. Cutler had already done this same thing after dismounting, and he now felt confident that his weapon needed no further examination. He did not put his hand to his holster. The figure rose from the

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table, and crossed the room to a set of shelves which a little yellow curtain hung in front of. Behind it were cups, cans, bottles, a pistol, counters, red, white, and blue, and two fresh packs of cards, blue and pink, side by side. Seeing these, Toussaint drew a handkerchief from his pocket, and unwrapped two further packs, both blue; and at this Cutler's intent face grew into plain shape close to the window, but receded again into uncertain dimness. From down in the gulch came shouts that the runaway horse was captured. Toussaint listened, ran to the door, and quickly returning, put the blue pack from the shelf into his pocket, leaving in exchange one of his own. He hesitated about altering the position of the cards on the shelf, but Kelley and Loomis were unobservant young men, and the half-breed placed the pink cards on top of his blue ones. The little yellow curtain again hung innocently over the shelves, and Toussaint, pouring himself a drink of whiskey, faced round, and for the first time saw the window that had been behind his back. He was at it in an instant, wrenching its rusty pin, that did not give, but stuck motionless in the wood. Cursing, he turned and hurried out of the door and round the cabin. No one was there. Some hundred yards away the noiseless Cutler crawled further among the thickets that filled the head of the gulch. Toussaint whipped out a match, and had it against his trousers to strike and look if there were footprints, when second thoughts warned him this might be seen, and was not worth risking suspicion over, since so many feet came and went by this cabin. He told himself no one could have been there to see him, and slowly returned inside, with a mind that fell a hair's-breadth short of conviction.

The boys, coming up with the horse, met Cutler, who listened to how Duster had stood still as soon as he had kicked free of his saddle, making no objection to being caught. They suggested he would not have broken loose had he been tied with a rope; and hearing this, Cutler bit off a piece of tobacco, and told them they were quite right: a horse should never be tied by his bridle. For a savory moment the scout cuddled his secret, and turned it over like the tobacco lump under his tongue. Then he explained, and received serenely the amazement of Loomis and Kelley.

"When you kids have travelled this Western country awhile you'll keep your cards locked," said he. "He's going to let us win first. You'll see, he'll play a poor game with the pink deck. Then, if we don't, why, he'll call for fresh cards himself. But, jist for the fun of the thing, if any of us loses steady, why, we'll call. Then, when he gets hold of his strippers, watch out. When he makes his big play, and is stretchin' for to rake the counters in, you grab 'em, Joole; for by then I'll have my gun on him, and if he makes any trouble we'll feed him to the coyotes. —I expect that must have been it, boys," he continued, in a new tone, as they came within possible earshot of the half-breed in the cabin. "A coyote come around him where he was tied. The fool horse has seen enough of 'em to git used to 'em, you'd think, but he don't. There; that 'll hold him. I guess he'll have to pull the world along with him if he starts to run again."

The lamp was placed on the window-shelf, and the four took seats, Cutler at the left of Toussaint, with Kelley opposite. The pink cards fell harmless, and for a while the game was a dull one to see. Holding a pair of kings, Cutler won a little from Toussaint, who remarked that luck must go with the money of Uncle Sam. After a few hands, the half-breed began to bet with ostentatious folly, and losing to one man and another, was joked upon the falling off of his game. In an hour's time his blue chips had twice been re-enforced, and twice melted from the neat often-counted pile in which he arranged them; also, he had lost a horse from his string down on Chug Water.

"Lend me ten dollar," he said to Cutler. "You rich man now."

In the next few deals Kelley became poor. "I'm sick of this luck," said he.

"Then change it, why don't you? Let's have a new deck." And Loomis rose.

"Joole, you always are for something new," said Cutler. "Now I'm doing pretty well with these pink cards. But I'm no hog. Fetch on your fresh ones."

The eyes of the half-breed swerved to the yellow curtain. He was by a French trapper from Canada out of a Sioux squaw, one of Red Cloud's sisters, and his heart beat hot with the evil of two races, and none of their good. He was at this moment irrationally angry with the men

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who had won from him through his own devices, and malice undisguised shone in his lean flat face. At sight of the blue cards falling in the first deal, silence came over the company, and from the distant parade-ground the bugle sounded the melancholy strain of taps.

"Them men are being checked off in their bunks now," said Cutler.

"What you bet this game?" demanded Toussaint.

"I've heard 'em play that same music over a soldier's grave," said Kelley.

"You goin' to bet?" Toussaint repeated.

Cutler pushed forward the two necessary white chips. No one's hand was high, and Loomis made a slight winning. The deal went its round several times, and once when it was Toussaint's, Cutler suspected that special cards had been thrown to him by the half-breed as an experiment. He therefore played the gull to a nicety, betting gently upon his three kings; but when he stepped out boldly and bet the limit, it was not Toussaint but Kelley who held the higher hand, winning with three aces. Why the *coup* should be held off longer puzzled the scout, unless it was that Toussaint was carefully testing the edges of his marked cards to see if he controlled them to a certainty. So Cutler played on calmly. Presently two aces came to him in Toussaint's deal, and he wondered how many more would be in his three-card draw. Very pretty! One only, and he lost to Loomis, who had drawn three, and held four kings. The hands were getting higher, they said. The game had "something to it now." But Toussaint grumbled, for his luck was bad all this year, he said. Cutler had now made sure the aces and kings went where the half-breed wished, and could slide undetected from the top or the middle or the bottom of the pack; but he had no test yet how far down the scale the marking went. At Toussaint's next deal Cutler judged the time had come, and at the second round of betting he knew it. The three white men played their parts, raising each other without pause, and again there was total silence in the cabin. Every face bent to the table, watching the turn repeat its circle with obstinate increase, until new chips and more new chips had been brought to keep on with, and the heap in the middle had mounted high in the hundreds, while in front of Toussaint lay his knife and a match-box—pledges of two more horses he had staked. He had drawn three cards, while the others took two, except Cutler, who had a pair of kings again, and drawing three, picked up two more. Kelley dropped out, remarking he had bet more than his hand was worth, which was true, and Loomis followed him. Their persistence had surprised Toussaint a little. He had not given every one suspicious hands: Cutler's four kings were enough. He bet once more, was raised by the scout, called, and threw down his four aces.

"That beats me," said Cutler, quietly, and his hand moved under his frock-coat, as the half-breed, eying the central pile of counters in triumph, closed his fingers over it. They were dashed off by Kelley, who looked expectantly across at Cutler, and seeing the scout's face wither into sudden old age, cried out, "For God's sake, Jarvis, where's your gun?" Kelley sprang for the yellow curtain, and reeled backwards at the shot of Toussaint. His arm thrashed along the window-sill as he fell, sweeping over the lamp, and flaring channels of oil ran over his body and spread on the ground. But they could no longer hurt him. The half-breed had leaped outside the cabin, enraged that Cutler should have got out during the moment he had thought of Kelley. The scout was groping for his ivory-handled pistol off in the darkness. He found it, and hurried to the little window at a second shot he heard inside. Loomis, beating the rising flame away, had seized the pistol from the shelf, and aimlessly fired into the night at Toussaint. He fired again, running to the door from the scorching heat. Cutler got round the house to save him if he could, and saw the half-breed's weapon flash, and the body pitch out across the threshold. Toussaint, gaining his horse, shot three times and missed Cutler, whom he could not clearly see, and heard the scout's bullets sing past him as his horse bore him rushing away.

II.

Jarvis Cutler lifted the dead Loomis out of the cabin. He made a try for Kelley's body, but the room had become a cave of flame, and he was driven from the door. He wrung his hands, giving himself bitter blame aloud, as he covered Loomis with his saddle-blanket, and jump-

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"JARVIS, WHERE'S YOUR GUN?"

ed bareback upon Duster to go to the post. He had not been riding a minute when several men met him. They had seen the fire from below, and on their way up the half-breed had passed them at a run.

"Here's our point," said Cutler. "Will he hide with the Sioux, or will he take to the railroad? Well, that's my business more than being wagon-master. I'll get a warrant. You tell Lieutenant Baldwin —and somebody give me a fresh horse."

As Cutler, with the warrant in his pocket, rode out of Fort Laramie, the call of the sentinels came across the night: "Number One. Twelve o'clock, and all's well." A moment, and the refrain sounded more distant, given by Number Two. When the fourth took it up, far away along the line, the words were lost, leaving something like the faint echo of a song. The half-breed had crossed the Platte, as if he were making for his kindred tribe, but the scout did not believe in this too plain trail.

"There's Chug Water lying right the other way from where he went, and I guess it's there Mr. Toussaint is aiming for." With this idea Cutler swung from north to southwest along the Laramie. He went slowly over his short-cut, not to leave the widely circling Toussaint too much in his rear. The fugitive would keep himself carefully far on the other side of the Laramie, and very likely not cross it until the forks of Chug Water. Dawn was ceasing to be gray, and the doves cooed incessantly among the river thickets, when Cutler, watching the forks, found a bottom where the sage-brush grew seven and eight feet high, and buried himself and his horse in its cover. It seemed a good leisure-time for a little fire and some breakfast. He eased his horse of the saddle, sliced some bacon, and put a match to his pile of small sticks. As the

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flame caught, he stood up to enjoy the cool of a breeze that was passing through the stillness, and he suddenly stamped his fire out. The smell of another fire had come across Chug Water on the wind. It was incredible that Toussaint should be there already. There was no seeing from this bottom, and if Cutler walked up out of it the other man would see too. If it were Toussaint, he would not stay long in the vast exposed plain across Chug Water, but go on after his meal. In twenty minutes it would be the thing to swim or wade the stream, and crawl up the mud bank to take a look. Meanwhile, Cutler dipped some old bread that he had in water and sucked it down, while the little breeze from opposite shook the cottonwood leaves and brought over the smell of cooking meat. The sun grew warmer, and the doves ceased. Cutler opened his big watch, and clapped it shut as the sound of mud heavily slopping into the other river reached him. He crawled to where he could look at the Laramie from among his sage-brush, and there was Toussaint leading his horse down to the water. The half-breed gave a shrill call, and waved his hat. His call was answered, and as he crossed the Laramie, three Sioux appeared, riding to the bank. They waited till he gained their level, when all four rode up the Chug Water, and went out of sight opposite the watching Cutler. The scout threw off some of his clothes, for the water was still high, and when he had crossed, and drawn himself to a level with the plain, there were the four squatted beside a fire. They sat talking and eating for some time. One of them rose at last, pointed south, and mounting his horse, dwindled to a dot, blurred, and evaporated in the heated trembling distance. Cutler at the edge of the bank still watched the other three, who sat on the ground. A faint shot came, and they rose at once, mounted, and vanished southward. There was no following them now in this exposed country, and Cutler, feeling sure the signal had meant something about Toussaint's horses, made his fire, watered his own horse, and letting him drag a rope where the feed was green, ate his breakfast in ease. Toussaint would get a fresh mount, and proceed to the railroad. With the comfort of certainty and tobacco, the scout lolled by the river under the cottonwood, and even slept. In the cool of the afternoon he reached the cabin of an acquaintance twenty miles south, and changed his horse. A man had passed by, he was told. Looked as if bound for Cheyenne. "No," Cutler said; "he's known there;" and he went on, watching Toussaint's tracks. Within ten miles they veered away from Cheyenne to the southeast, and Cutler struck out on a trail of his own more freely. By midnight he was on Lodge-Pole Creek, sleeping sound among the last trees he would pass. He slept twelve hours, having gone to bed knowing he must not come into town by daylight. About nine he arrived, and went to the railroad station; there the operator knew him. The lowest haunt in the town was a tent south of the Union Pacific tracks; and Cutler, getting his irons, and a man from the saloon, went there, and stepped in, covering the room with his pistol. The fiddle stopped, the shrieking women scattered, and Toussaint, who had a glass in his hand, let it fly at Cutler's head, for he was drunk. There were two customers besides himself.

"Nobody shall get hurt here," said Cutler, above the bedlam that now set up. "Only that man's wanted. The quieter I get him, the quieter it 'll be for others."

Toussaint had dived for his pistol, but the proprietor of the dance-hall, scenting law, struck the half-breed with the butt of another, and he rolled over, and was still for some minutes. He got on his legs, and was led out of the entertainment, which resumed more gayly than ever. Feet shuffled, the fiddle whined, and truculent treble laughter sounded through the canvas walls, as Toussaint walked between Cutler and the saloon-man to jail. He was indicted, and upon the scout's deposition committed to trial for the murder of Loomis and Kelley. Cutler, hoping still to be wagon-master, wrote to Lieutenant Baldwin, hearing in reply that the re-enforcements would not arrive for two months. The session of the court came in one, and Cutler was the Territory's only witness. He gave his name, age, and stumbled at his occupation.

"Say, poker-dealer," sneered Toussaint's attorney.

"I would, but I'm such a fool one," observed the witness. "Put me down as wagon-master to the military outfit that's going to White River."

"What is your residence?"

"Well, I reside in the district that lies

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between the Missouri River and the Pacific Ocean."

"A pleasant neighborhood," said the judge, who knew Cutler perfectly, and just how well he dealt poker hands.

"It's not a pleasant neighborhood for some." And Cutler looked at Toussaint.

"You think you done with me?" Toussaint inquired, upon which silence was ordered in the court.

Upon Cutler's testimony the half-breed was found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged in six weeks from that day. Hearing this, he looked at the witness. "I see you one day agin," he said.

The scout returned to Fort Laramie, and soon the expected troops arrived, and the expedition started for White River to join Captain Brent. He was stationed there to impress Red Cloud, and had written to headquarters that this chief did not seem impressed very deeply, and that the lives of the settlers were insecure. Re-enforcements were accordingly sent to him. The evening before these soldiers left Laramie news came from the south. Toussaint had escaped from jail. The country was full of roving, dubious Indians, and with the authentic news went a rumor that the jailer had received various messages. These were to the effect that the Sioux Nation did not desire Toussaint to be killed by the white man, that Toussaint's mother was the sister of Red Cloud, and that many friends of Toussaint often passed that house. However all this may have been, the man was gone.

Fort Robinson, on the White River, is backed by yellow bluffs that break out of the foot-hills in turret and toadstool shapes, with stunt pines starving between their torrid bastions. In front of the fort the land slants away into the flat unfeatured desert, and in summer the sky is a blue-steel cover that each day shuts the sun and the earth and mankind into one box together, and at night it lifts to let in the cool of the stars. The White River, which is not wide, runs in a curve, and around this curve below the fort some distance was the agency, and beyond it a stockade, inside which in those days dwelt the settlers. All this was strung out on one side of the White River, the outside of the curve; and at a point near the agency a foot-bridge of two cottonwood trunks crossed to the concave of the river's bend—a bottom of some extent, filled with growing cottonwoods, and the tepees of many Sioux families. Along the river and on the plain other tepees stood. One morning, after Lieutenant Baldwin had become established at Fort Robinson, he was talking with his friend Lieutenant Powell, when Cutler knocked at the wire door. The wagon-master was a privileged character, and he sat down and commented irrelevantly upon the lieutenant's pictures, Indian curiosities, and other well-meant attempts to conceal the walls.

"What's the trouble, Cutler?"

"Don't know as there's any trouble."

"Come to your point, man; you're not a scout now."

"Toussaint's here."

"What! in camp?"

"Hiding with the Sioux. Two Knives heard about it." (Two Knives was a friendly Indian.) "He's laying for me," Cutler added.

"You've seen him?"

"No. I want to quit my job and go after him."

"Nonsense!" said Powell.

"You can't, Cutler," said Baldwin. "I can't spare you."

"You'll be having to fill my place, I guess."

"You mean to go without permission?" said Powell, sternly.

"Lord, no! He'll shoot me. That's all."

The two lieutenants pondered.

"And it's to-day," said Cutler, plaintively, "that he should be gettin' hung in Cheyenne."

Still the lieutenants pondered, while the wagon-master inspected a photograph of Marie Rose as Marguerite.

"I have it!" exclaimed Powell. "Let's kill him."

"How about the commanding officer?"

"He'd back us—but we'll tell him afterwards. Cutler, can you find Toussaint?"

"If I get the time."

"Very well, you're off duty till you do. Then report to me at once."

Just after guard-mount two mornings later Cutler came in without knocking. Toussaint was found. He was down on the river now, beyond the stockade. In ten minutes the wagon-master and the two lieutenants were rattling down to the agency in an ambulance, behind four tall blue government mules. These were handily driven by a seventeen-year-old boy, whom Baldwin had picked up, liking

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his sterling American ways. He had come West to be a cowboy, but a chance of helping to impress Red Cloud had seemed still dearer to his heart. They drew up at the agency store, and all went in, leaving the boy nearly out of his mind with curiosity, and pretending to be absorbed with the reins. Presently they came out, Baldwin with field-glasses.

"Now," said he, "where?"

"You see the stockade, sir?"

"Well?" said Powell, sticking his chin on Cutler's shoulder to look along his arm as he pointed. But the scout proposed to be deliberate.

"Now the gate of the stockade is this way, ain't it?"

"Well, well?"

"You start there and follow the fence to the corner—the left corner, toward the river. Then you follow the side that's nearest the river down to the other corner. Now that corner is about a hundred yards from the bank. You take a bee-line to the bank and go down stream, maybe thirty yards. No; it 'll be forty yards, I guess. There's a lone pine-tree right agin the edge." The wagon-master stopped.

"I see all that," said Lieutenant Baldwin, screwing the field-glasses. "There's a buck and a squaw lying under the tree."

"Naw, sir," drawled Cutler, "that ain't no buck. That's him lying in his Injun blanket and chinnin' a squaw."

"Why, that man's an Indian, Cutler. I tell you I can see his braids."

"Oh, he's rigged up Injun fashion, fust rate, sir. But them braids of his ain't his'n."

The lieutenants passed each other the field-glasses three times, and glared at the lone pine and the two figures in blankets. The boy on the ambulance was unable to pretend any longer, and leaned off his seat till he nearly fell.

"Well," said Baldwin, "I never saw anything look more like a buck Sioux. Look at his paint! Take the glasses yourself, Cutler."

But Cutler refused. "He's like an Injun," he said. "But that's just what he wants to be." The scout's conviction bore down their doubt.

They were persuaded. "You can't come with us, Cutler," said Powell. "You must wait for us here."

"I know, sir; he'd spot us, sure. But it ain't right. I started this whole business with my poker scheme at that cabin, and I ought to stay with it clear through."

The officers went into the agency store and took down two rifles hanging at the entrance, always ready for use. "We're going to kill a man," they explained, and the owner was entirely satisfied. They left the rueful Cutler inside, and proceeded to the gate of the stockade, turning there to the right, away from the river, and following the paling round the corner down to the further right-hand corner. Looking from behind it, the lone pine-tree stood near, and plain against the sky. The striped figures lay still in their blankets, talking, with their faces to the river. Here and there across the stream the smoke-stained peak of a tepee showed among the green leaves.

"Did you ever see a more genuine Indian?" inquired Baldwin.

"We must let her rip now, anyhow," said Powell, and they stepped out into the open. They walked towards the pine till it was a hundred yards from them, and the two beneath it lay talking all the while. Baldwin covered the man with his rifle and called. The man turned his head, and seeing the rifle, sat up in his blanket. The squaw sat up also. Again the officer called, keeping his rifle steadily pointed, and the man dived like a frog over the bank. Like magic his blanket had left his limbs and painted body naked, except for the breech-clout. Baldwin's tardy bullet threw earth over the squaw, who went flapping and screeching down the river. Baldwin and Powell ran to the edge, which dropped six abrupt feet of clay to a trail, then shelved into the swift little stream. The red figure was making up the trail to the foot-bridge that led to the Indian houses, and both officers fired. The man continued his limber flight, and they jumped down and followed, firing. They heard a yell on the plain above, and an answer to it, and then confused yells above and below, gathering all the while. The figure ran on above the river trail below the bank, and their bullets whizzed after it.

"Indian!" asserted Baldwin, panting.

"Ran away, though," said Powell.

"So 'd you run. Think any Sioux 'd stay when army officer comes gunning for him?"

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"Shoot!" said Powell. "'S getting near bridge," and they went on, running and firing. The yells all over the plain were thickening to a substance of solid flashing sound, when the naked runner came round the river curve into view of the people at the agency store.

"Where's a rifle?" said Cutler to the agent.



"THE MAN CONTINUED HIS LIMBER FLIGHT."

"They've got 'em."

"Well, I can't stand this," said the scout, and away he went.

"That man's crazy," said the agent.

"You bet he ain't!" remarked the ambulance-boy.

Cutler was much nearer the bridge than the man in the breech-clout, and reaching the bank, he took half a minute's keen pleasure in watching the race come up the trail. When the figure was within ten yards, Cutler slowly drew an ivory-handled pistol. The lieutenants below saw the man leap to the middle of the bridge, sway suddenly with arms thrown up, and topple into White River. The current swept the body down, and as it came it alternately lifted and turned and sank as the stream played with it. Sometimes it struck submerged stumps or shallows, and bounded half out of water, then drew under with nothing but the back of the head in sight, turning round and round. The din of Indians increased, and from the tepees in the cottonwoods the red Sioux began to boil, swarming on the opposite bank, but uncertain what had happened. The man rolling in the water was close to the officers.

"It's not our man," said Baldwin. "Did you or I hit him?"

"We're gone, anyhow," said Powell, quietly. "Look!"

A dozen rifles were pointing at their

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"SCOURED AWAY FOR THE POST."

heads on the bank above. The Indians still hesitated, for there was Two Knives telling them these officers were not enemies, and had hurt no Sioux. Suddenly Cutler pushed among the rifles, dashing up the nearest two with his arm, and their explosion quivered in the ears of the lieutenants. Powell stood grinning at the general complication of matters that had passed beyond his control, and Baldwin made a grab as the head of the man in the river washed by. The false braid came off in his hand.

"Quick!" shouted Cutler from the bank. "Shove him up here."

Two Knives redoubled his harangue, and the Indians stood puzzled, while the lieutenants pulled Toussaint out, not dead, but shot through the hip. They dragged him over the clay and hoisted him, till Cutler caught hold and jerked him to the level, as a new noise of rattling descended on the crowd, and the four blue mules wheeled up and halted. The boy had done it himself. Guessing the officers' need, he had pelted down among the Sioux, heedless of their yells, and keeping his gray eyes on his team. In got the three, pushing Toussaint in front, and scoured away for the post as the squaw arrived to shriek the truth to her tribe—that Red Cloud's relation had been the victim.

Cutler sat smiling as the ambulance swung along. "I told you I belonged in this here affair," he said. And when they reached the fort he was saying it still occasionally.

Captain Brent considered it neatly done. "But that boy put the finishing touches," he said. "Let's have him in."

The boy was had in, and ate a dinner with the officers in glum embarrassment, smoking a cigar after it without joy. Toussaint was given to the doctor's hands, and his wound carefully dressed.

"This will probably cost an Indian outbreak," said Captain Brent, looking down at the plain. Blanketed riders galloped over it, and yelling filled the air. But Toussaint was not destined to cause this further harm, as an unexpected influence intervened.

All afternoon the cries and galloping went on, and next morning (worse sign) there seemed to be no Indians in the world. The horizon was empty, the air silent, the smoking tepees vanished from the cottonwoods, and where those in the plain had been lay the lodge-poles, and the fires were circles of white cold ashes. By noon an interpreter came from Red Cloud. Red Cloud would like to have Toussaint. If the white man was not willing, it should be war.

Captain Brent told the story of Loomis and Kelley. "Say to Red Cloud," he ended, "that when a white man does such things among us, he is killed. Ask Red Cloud if Toussaint should live. If

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he thinks yes, let him come and take Toussaint."

The next day, with ceremony and feathers of state, Red Cloud came, bringing his interpreter, and after listening until every word had been told him again, requested to see the half-breed. He was taken to the hospital. A sentry stood on post outside the tent, and inside lay Toussaint, with whom Cutler and the ambulance-boy were playing whiskey-poker. At sight of Red Cloud looming in the doorway, gorgeous and grim as Fate, the game was suspended. The Indian took no notice of the white men, and walked to the bed. Toussaint clutched at his relation's fringe, but Red Cloud looked at him. Then the mongrel strain of blood told, and the half-breed poured out a chattering appeal, while Red Cloud by the bedside waited till it had spent itself. Then he grunted, and left the room. He had not spoken, and his crest of long feathers as it turned the corner was the last vision of him that the card-players had.

Red Cloud came back to the officers, and in their presence formally spoke to his interpreter, who delivered the message: "Red Cloud says Toussaint heap no good. No Injun, anyhow. He not want him. White man hunt pretty hard for him. Can keep him."

Thus was Toussaint twice sentenced. He improved under treatment, and was conveyed to Cheyenne, where he was hanged, though some weeks later. These things happened in the early seventies; but there are Sioux who remember the two lieutenants, and how they pulled the half-breed out of White River by his false hair. It makes them laugh. Almost any Indian is full of talk when he chooses; and when he gets hold of a joke, he never lets go.



"THEN HE GRUNTED, AND LEFT THE ROOM."

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A LITTLE JOURNEY IN JAVA.

BY FREDERIC M. BURR.

"TAKING it as a whole, and surveying it from every point of view, Java is probably the very finest and most interesting tropical island in the world."

It was a beautiful day in the late autumn when we read the above statement of Alfred Wallace, the celebrated English naturalist, who visited the Malay Archipelago over thirty years ago, and published an interesting volume of his experiences. Since then very little has been written or told of this gem of the Southern seas. Therefore it was with something of the feelings of an explorer that we resolved on deviating from the beaten track of tourist travel, and investigating for ourselves the charms of the island paradise.

This decision was reached only after long and earnest discussion on the shaded balcony of the Hong-Kong Hotel. A week later we were standing on the deck of the *Rosetta*, in Singapore Harbor.

"The Java steamer sails at nine," said the hotel runner, "and the wharf is some two or three miles distant."

It was then half past eight, and our baggage was still in the hold.

"I am very sorry," said our informant, "but our hotel has every comfort, and there is another steamer next week."

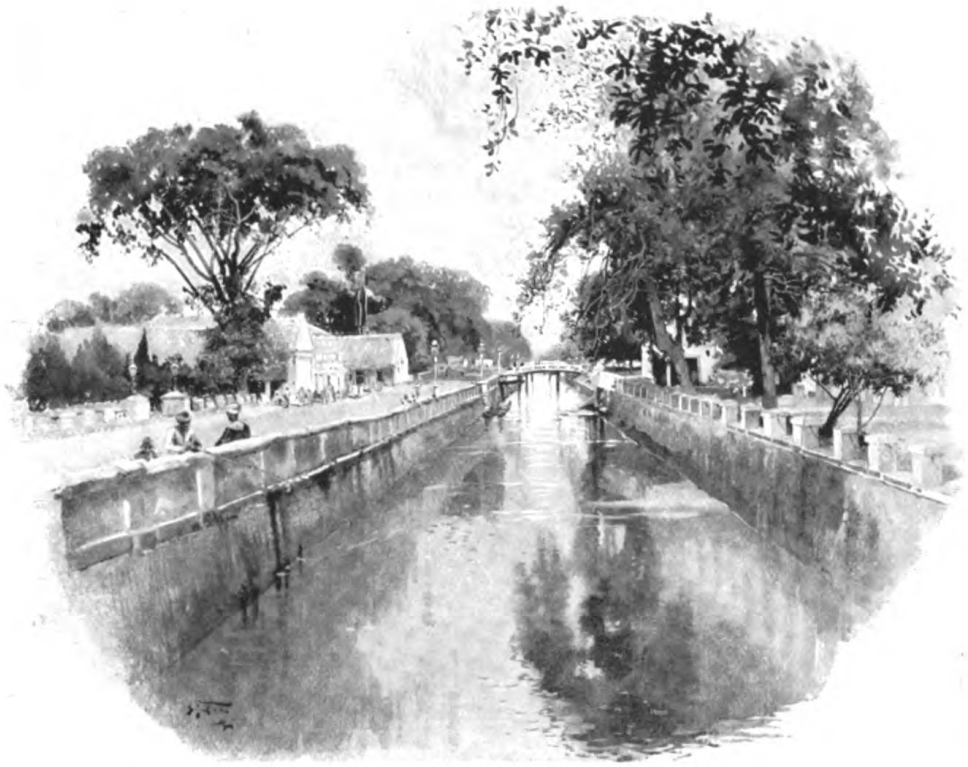
The outlook was gloomy; but we had gone too far to lose even the slightest chance. Hurrying on shore amid crowds of shouting and gesticulating coolies, whose naked bodies, smeared with oil, glistened in the sunlight, we made our way through a throng of eager gharriwallers (cab-drivers), and placed our belongings on the nearest vehicle, a square box on four wheels, with a roof raised several inches above the body to allow a free circulation of air, and surrounded with slats in lieu of glass. With a last injunction to make haste, we settled back and drew a long breath, the first since leaving the steamer.

The day was warm and the reflection from the macadamized road was almost blinding. In the dazzling light everything seemed strange and unreal. Long lines of carts passed on either side, drawn by cream-colored or gray bullocks with mild eyes and gentle faces and huge flabby humps. Their drivers, stately Hindus in breech-cloth and snowy turban, or slender Malays with coppery skin and snaky eyes, gazed at us with Eastern indifference. What were we to minds busy with the Nirvana of forgetfulness? The loud shriek of a steam-whistle roused us from our meditation, and a modern dummy dashed by drawing after it a long train of open cars. As the road curved along the water-front we came now and then on clusters of rude huts thatched with palm leaves and supported on slender poles that raised them some three or four feet above the water that ebbed and flowed beneath. These were the homes of fishermen, and, with the ever-ready boat fastened beneath the entrance, had the merit at least of nearness to the field of labor.

Our sturdy little horses, hardly larger than ponies, breaking into a wild gallop, whirled us at last through a narrow gateway, and threading their way between piles of machinery and merchandise, stopped at the edge of the wharf, panting with exertion. It was considerably past the supposed hour of sailing; but the steamer was still there, and no one showed the slightest hurry or excitement. In answer to our eager questions the captain replied that the advertised hour of departure was twelve o'clock, but it would probably be an hour or two later before he could get off.

Everything was in confusion on the little *Cheribon*. Native passengers were constantly arriving in large numbers, and porters carrying heavy burdens were passing to and fro. Under the double awning of the quarter-deck an Indian juggler was displaying his skill. Squatting upon the deck, and with only the crudest appliances, he performed the old trick of the three cups and balls with marvellous dexterity. Under his nimble fingers the little spheres passed hither and thither as if enchanted, leaving the spectators completely bewildered. Then came the two pillars and the cut string, an old friend of every school-boy, but here revised and improved. Two carefully polished sticks, about half an inch in diameter and seven or eight inches in length, were shown pressed tightly together. Through the upper ends passed a stout string, which the conjurer drew back and forth to prove it was continuous. Inserting a

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MOLENVLIET STREET, BATAVIA.

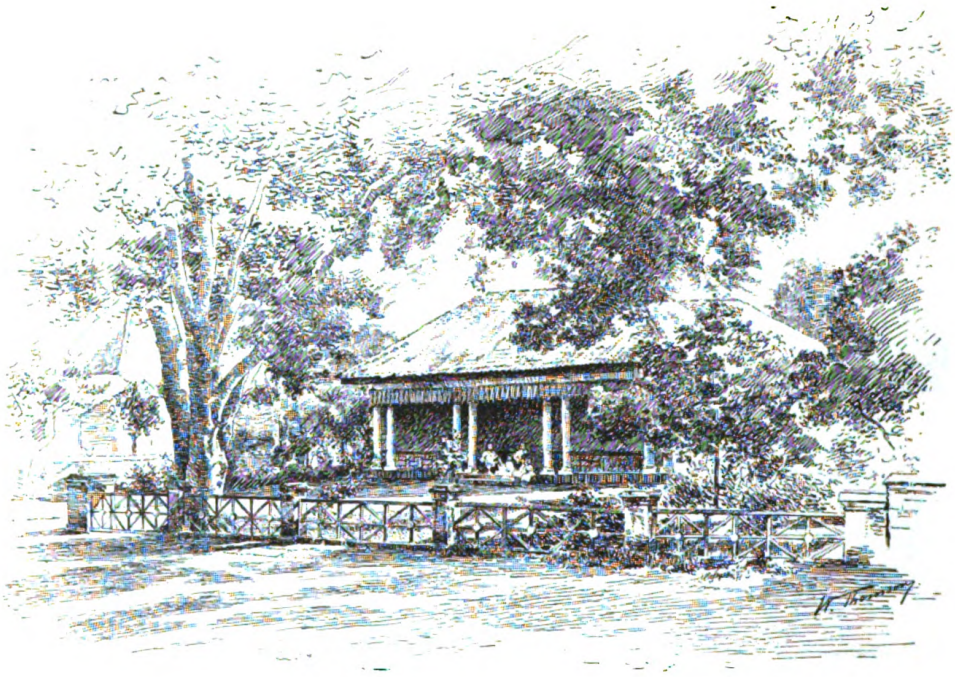
sharp knife between the sticks, he separated the upper ends, holding the lower firmly together. The string moved freely, as before, apparently passing down through the centre of the sticks and across at the joined ends, as in our form of the trick. But now, wonder of wonders, he separated the lower ends, and holding them some two or three inches apart, pulled first one string and then the other, the other moving in strict accord as though still connected.

The "Dutch Mail Steamer *Cheribon*" had an imposing title; but it was really a comical little side-wheeled craft of only four hundred and eighteen tons, making on an average ten miles an hour. One curious thing in the arrangement of the sleeping accommodations attracted our attention — the entire absence of upper sheets. Repeated calls and long-continued discussion at last softened the flinty heart of our "boy," and the desired article was produced. No one needs a blanket in this part of the world; but sheets are a luxury to which the extravagant Americans are still somewhat addicted.

Leaving Singapore late in the afternoon we did not reach our first landing-place, Riouw, until after six, when the short tropical twilight was over, and the darkness was so dense we could only see a dim outline of the shore. A large proa, heaped high with freight, had been waiting for us since early morning. Creeping slowly forward, propelled by clumsy oars in the shape of long poles with pieces of flat board fastened at the ends, it finally reached our side, and one of the Malays, climbing with the agility of a monkey, fastened a rope to the railing. The field of labor was illuminated by a single candle, and the sailors worked in Oriental fashion—as deliberately as if time were of no value whatever.

The life on the steamer was a curious and interesting study. Travelling in the saloon with us were a Dutchman and his wife and child. With the frank disregard of the conventionalities of life, which one soon learns in the tropics, they reduced their clothing to the lowest permissible limit. The wife appeared in skirt and waist, with bare feet thrust into heelless slippers, the child sported about in guileless freedom in a pair of sleeping drawers, and the husband lounged on deck in calico trousers and a white jacket.

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PRIVATE HOUSE, BATAVIA.

On the forward deck were gathered a motley concourse of Chinese, Javanese, Malays, and half-breeds. Some of the half-breed girls, as white as ourselves, were remarkably pretty. The costumes were varied and picturesque. One little fellow, of some four or five summers, with limbs the color of rich chocolate, was tastefully attired in a chest-protector. This dress certainly has the advantage of economy and compactness. Most of the men wore calico trousers of brilliant and variegated patterns. Their close-fitting jackets are usually pink or green or some other strongly contrasting color. Each little family group selected its place on deck at starting, and camped there during the rest of the trip. Their provisions consisted chiefly of bananas and pineapples, with a moderate supply of rice. They are most inveterate gamblers, never missing an opportunity of indulging in their favorite pastime.

The Java Sea, which is nearly a thousand miles in length, is very shallow, and is sprinkled over with low-lying coral reefs, that are covered for the most part with a dense growth of palm-trees. Half-forgotten tales of Malay pirates thronged upon our minds, and we almost expected to see a long rakish craft dart out from the shadow of the palm groves and seize our defenseless bark. And, if these imaginary fears had proved real, the bold corsairs would have had a rich reward, for we were carrying $48,000 in specie to pay the wages of the tin-miners on the island of Banca. We saw several piratical-looking crafts with dark, blood-red sails and low, snakelike hulls; but they all proved to be harmless traders.

On the evening of the third day, five hundred miles from Singapore, we sighted the lights of Tandjong Priok, the port of Batavia. Early next morning we had passed the customs inspection, and, after a short ride on a narrow-gauge railroad, found ourselves in the streets of one of the prettiest cities we have ever visited. Batavia the beautiful, known throughout the East as the "gridiron," on account of the heat of its climate, and considered to be one of the most unhealthy towns in the world, is wonderfully attractive. The streets are wide and well kept, and are shaded by the most luxuriant tropical growth. The stores and private residences stand back from the road in the midst of ample grounds or compounds, beautifully adorned with flowers and foliage. This, of course, is in the Dutch quarter. The native town is more sordid; but in this favored land everything is picturesque.

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The canals that form the centre of the principal streets in true Dutch fashion, in which the natives perform their morning ablutions as well as cleanse the family linen, have a very sluggish current; and this, in connection with the fact that the city is surrounded by marshes, is a sufficient explanation of its unhealthfulness. The general experience of the world holds true here. There is no Eden without its serpent.

The Hotel Nederlanden, a large, rambling, one-storied structure, with a spacious central court, is the last place in which one would expect to meet the decrees of fashion, and yet at the table d'hôte the ladies were dressed in a style that would have done credit to any European capital. These same ladies had appeared earlier in the day in a decidedly unconventional attire, and this rendered our surprise all the greater. They have learned to adapt themselves to the climate by keeping their heavier garments for the cool of evening. Even when making ceremonious calls in their carriages many adhere to the native costume — a white jacket and a calico sarong or skirt. The toes of their bare feet are thrust into gayly embroidered slippers that flap up and down as they walk. Girls of fifteen or sixteen appear on the veranda in the morning, and, indeed, until long past noon, in a sort of union costume such as young children sometimes wear with us when sleeping.

Notwithstanding these preparations for warm weather the heat is not excessive. During our stay the thermometer only once reached 88°, and even then it was easy to find a refreshing breeze. It must also be remembered that this was in the height of summer. The 22d of December is theoretically the turning-point of their warm season; but as a matter of fact the temperature is nearly the same all the year round. Lying about 450 miles south of the equator, Java enjoys a never-ending summer. This uniformity, to be sure, is somewhat enervating to the system; but for those having the requisite means and time there is a remedy within easy access in the districts remote from the sea. It would seem as if the climate of the interior of Java were as near perfection as it is possible to discover. At Bandong and Garoet, situated four thousand feet above the sea, we slept under blankets every night.

The island is very mountainous, over thirty-eight volcanic peaks dotting its surface, some of which rise to the height of ten or twelve thousand feet. There have been many terrific eruptions, destroying thousands of lives; but at present none of the volcanoes are in active operation.

In the mountainous regions the scenery is a never-ending source of delight, and the luxuriant vegetation gives softness



FARM-HOUSE NEAR BUITENZORG.

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and beauty to the lofty volcanic peaks. The volcano of Tangkoebanprahoe, near Bandong, is upward of eight thousand feet in height, and yet it is clothed to the very summit with dense and varied foliage. We saw ferns growing by the road-side that were fifteen or twenty feet in height. These gigantic plants are really trees with the same habit of growth as the smallest and most delicate ferns of our own clime. Interspersed among them were large forest trees in infinite variety, and huge parasitic vines that clung to trees hardly stouter than themselves. Here and there were wild flowers and flowering shrubs and long coarse grass with thick wiry leaves. The various palm and fruit trees had ceased at a lower altitude. The cinchona plantations flourished high on the mountain slopes. In fact, these trees seem to do best on high lands. Their red and green leaves and delicate white blossoms make a beautiful contrast to the deeper greens about them.

The cultivation of cinchona, or quinine, has become a large and profitable industry in Java since the partial failure of the coffee crop. A few years ago the trees producing the coffee for which the island has long been famous were badly injured by some mysterious disease, and their place is now being gradually taken by the Liberia coffee, which has a much larger and coarser berry.

The path to the summit of the volcano, made wide enough in the first place for a wagon road, had been so badly gullied by the heavy rains that it was hardly practicable for horses. In some places, where the way was particularly steep and the ruts alarmingly deep, the writer, who is somewhat of a novice in horsemanship, refused to trust his precious frame to anything less reliable than his own trusty legs. An ordinary mountain road was bad enough; but when it came to ascending a dry watercourse whose surface was covered with rough stones varying from six inches to a foot in diameter, he positively drew the line. In addition, the Javanese horses, which are usually small, like the people, are not apt to induce confidence. They are overworked and are frequently weak in the knees. The different portions of the harness have an unpleasant habit also of parting company at the most inconvenient time.

Near the summit we met two native hunters armed with slender blow-pipes, some four or five feet in length, and tiny darts of bamboo. These means of offence or defence were probably ample during the hours of daylight, but at night they would hardly suffice. Then the savage tiger grows bolder, and creeps forth in search of his favorite meal. Many villages on the west side of the island have been abandoned by their inhabitants on account of the nightly incursions of the tigers. The houses of a Javanese village offer but scanty protection against the assaults of the weather, and certainly none against the attacks of wild beasts. The thin walls, made of strips of bamboo pleated into mats, give way at a touch, and the doors, equally light in their construction, are easily forced.

As we advanced further inland the scenery became more and more attractive. The deep, sequestered valleys, with their wonderful growth of palms, bananas, coffee-trees, tea-plants, pineapples, and myriads of strange and interesting shrubs, are like visions of fairyland. Indeed, our daily experience seemed like a dream. The small, childlike people, with their quiet, deferential manner and scanty clothing, certainly belonged to a different realm from this commonplace world of ours. Java is the only country it has been our fortune to visit where the people sank down in the dust of the road-side as we passed. Men carrying heavy burdens on their shoulders turned on hearing the sound of wheels, and seeing who was coming, immediately squatted down in the most deferential manner. Sitting on your heels is the proper position to assume in this country in the presence of a superior.

Three hours by rail from Bandong is the little mountain village of Garoet. It is delightfully primitive and picturesque, and the rank growth of the tropic zone surrounds it in a fond embrace. Flowers bloom and palms wave on every side. In the neighboring fields a large crop of rice is raised, and the people look contented and prosperous. The average pay of a Javanese day-laborer is $2 40 a month, and out of this he pays ten cents to the government. Think of supporting a wife and family on less than eight cents a day! To be sure, the wife and older children assist in the work; but even then existence would be simply impossible were it not for the bounty of nature in a country where food is almost as cheap as air, and clothing is a luxury easily dispensed with.

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JAVANESE TYPES.

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In the country districts men and women alike usually wear only one article of clothing, a sort of petticoat, fastened tight around the waist by the men and just above the breast by the women. Some of the women adopt the style of the men as giving greater coolness and freedom. In the neighborhood of the towns they generally add an upper garment made somewhat in the style of a close-fitting night-gown, and either fastened in front or not, according to the taste of the wearer. The children in many cases omit even the chest-protector worn by our young fellow-traveller on the steamer. These little brown cherubs, with rounded bodies and well-formed limbs, look like bronze statues as they stand in the bright sunshine gazing curiously at the passing strangers.

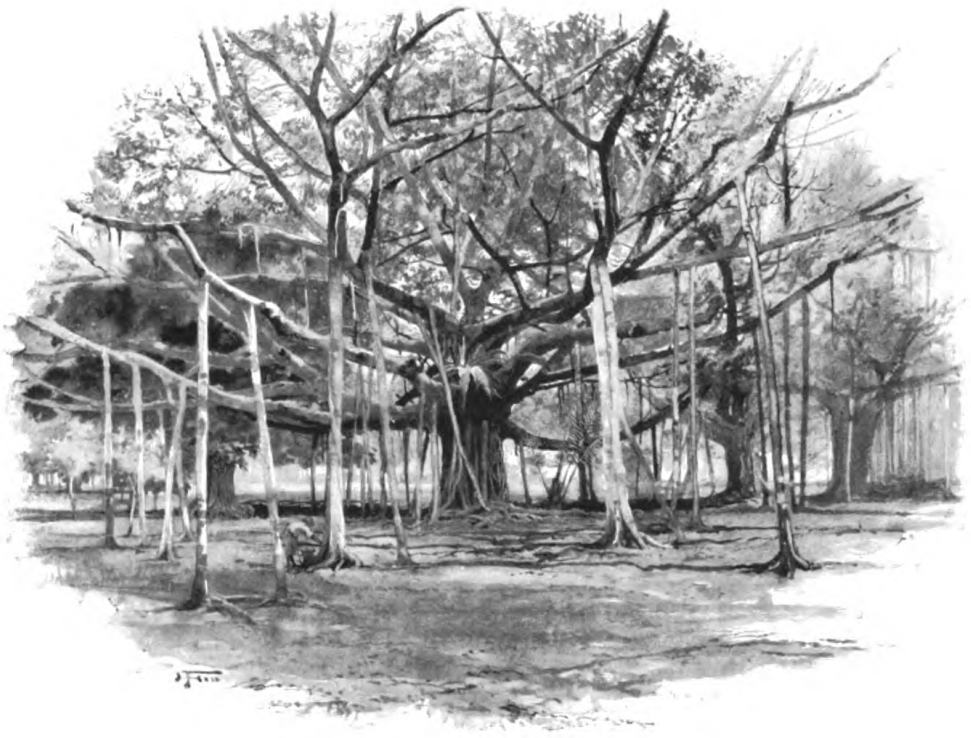
About ten miles from Garoet is a small lake called Bagendit. The road, smooth and in good order, runs between rice-fields rising on either side in well-kept terraces. Men and women, standing up to their knees in mud, were turning up the rich black soil and preparing for the new crop. Gray or flesh-colored buffaloes, with hides like pig-skins, wallowed in the muddy water, looking up with languid, indifferent gaze as we rattled past. Sturdy brown children sported gayly among their four-footed companions in all the freedom and innocence of nature's own garb. We felt that we were nearer the great warm heart of Mother Earth than ever before.

As we neared the lake the villagers turned out in force to receive us. Ten or twelve hastened away to prepare the boats, while the remainder squatted down in silent respect. It was like the villages one reads of in the works of African explorers. The low, one-storied huts of light bamboo poles, enclosed with palm mats and thatched with leaves, seemed hardly



GARDEN OF THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL, BUITENZORG.

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BANYAN-TREES IN THE PARK, BUITENZORG.

capable of affording protection against the fierce rays of the sun. We made our way through the single street, followed at a respectful distance by a throng of curious but timid natives. At the water's edge we found the advance-guard busily engaged in constructing a most peculiar craft. Four long narrow canoes, each hollowed from the trunk of a large tree, were arranged side by side. On these was placed a sort of summer-house of light bamboo poles, roofed and floored with bamboo matting. In this floating house, which was about eight feet square, chairs were placed for our accommodation. Sitting at our ease we were paddled slowly out into the lake, our rowers squatting upon the bow and stern of each dugout, and propelling their cumbrous vessel with small spoon-shaped oars not unlike a child's sand-shovel. We forced our way through large fields of lily-pads, each leaf being two feet or more in diameter. The flowers, as large as a quart measure, were a beautiful pink and deliciously fragrant. The seeds, as we proved by actual experiment, make excellent eating, and are much prized by the natives.

The prevailing faith of the Javanese is Mohammedanism; but it does not seem to weigh very heavily upon them. In fact, not once during our sojourn did we witness the scene, so familiar in other Moslem countries, of a merchant praying at his shop door. The religion of Mohammed was introduced about the year 1478, replacing the old Brahminical faith, which had flourished from a period of unknown antiquity, and whose power is attested by the extensive remains of cities and temples that are scattered throughout the interior of the island. Under the Moslem rule the island steadily deteriorated, and it was not until it came into the possession of the Dutch that this downward movement was checked. Since that period, nearly three hundred years ago, its progress in wealth and population has been wonderfully rapid.

At the beginning of the present century there were about 3,500,000 inhabitants; in 1850 they had increased to 9,500,000; in 1865 the census showed 14,168,416, a remarkable increase; and in 1891 the population had reached 23,000,000. We should remember in this connection that the island of Java is only 600 miles long and from 60 to 120 wide.

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A KENTUCKY CARDINAL.

BY JAMES LANE ALLEN.

Part I.



I.

MY nearest neighbor hitherto has been a bachelor named Jacob Mariner. I called him my cuckoo, my rain-crow, because the sound of his voice awoke apprehensions of falling weather. A visit from him was an endless drizzle. For Jacob came over to expound his minute miseries; and had everything that he gave out on the subject of human ailments been written down, it must have made a volume as large, as solemn, and as inconvenient as a family Bible.

My other nearest neighbor lives across the road—a widow, Mrs. Walters. I call Mrs. Walters my mocking-bird, because she reproduces by what is truly a divine arrangement the voices of the town. When she flutters across to the yellow settee under the grape-vine and balances herself lightly with expectation, I have but to request that she favor me with a little singing, and soon the air is vocal with every note of the village songsters. This performance over, Mrs. Walters, with a motherly home-note, begins to fly around the subject of *my* symptoms, as though there were a large nestful of the helpless young things that must be set on at night, and kept properly fed during the day. But symptoms—so help me Heaven! I shall never have other than I was born with.

Naturally it has been my wish to bring about between cuckoo and mocking-bird the desire to pair with one another. For surely a marriage compact on the basis of such a passion ought to open up for them a union of ever-flowing and indestructible felicity. They should associate as perfectly as the compensating metals of a pendulum, of which the one contracts as the other expands, so that the clock goes on forever. And then I should be a little happier myself. But the perversity of life! Jacob would never confide in Mrs. Walters. Mrs. Walters would never inquire for Jacob.

Now poor Jacob is dead, of no complaint apparently, and with so few symptoms that even the doctors did not know what was the matter, and the upshot of this talk is that his place has been sold, and I am to have new neighbors. New neighbors—what a disturbance to a man living on the edge of a quiet town!

Tidings of the calamity came to-day from Mrs. Walters, who flew over and sang—sang even on a January afternoon—in a manner to rival her most vociferous vernal execution. But the poor creature was so truly distressed that I followed her to the front gate, and we twittered kindly at each other over the fence, and ruffled our plumage with common disapproval. It is marvellous how a member of her sex will conceive dislike of people that she has never seen; but birds are sensible of heat or cold long before either



"MY MOCKING-BIRD."

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arrives, and it may be that this mocking-bird feels something wrong at the quill end of her feathers.

All this New-Year's day of 1850 the sun shone cloudless, but wrought no thaw. Even the landscapes of frost on the window-panes did not melt a flower, and the little trees still keep their silent boughs arched high above the jewelled avenues. During the afternoon a lean hare limped twice across the lawn, and there was not a creature stirring to chase it. Now the night is bitter cold, with no sounds outside but the cracking of the porches as they freeze tighter. The north wind is sinking. I had determined to convert its coarse big noise into something sweet—as may often be done by a little art with the things of this life—and so stretched a horse-hair above the opening between the window sashes; but now the soul of my harp has departed. I hear but the comfortable roar and snap of hickory logs, now and then a deeper breath from the dog stretched on his side at my feet, and the crickets under the hearth-stones. They have to thank me for that nook. One chill afternoon I came upon a whole company of them on the western slope of a mound, so numb and lethargic that I thumped them repeatedly before they could so much as get their senses. There was a branch near by, and the smell of mint in the air, so that had they been young Kentuckians one might have had a clew to the situation. With an ear for winter minstrelsy, I brought two home in a handkerchief, and assigned them an elegant suite of apartments under a loose brick.

But the finest music in the room is that which streams out to the ear of the spirit in many an exquisite strain from the little shelf of books on the opposite wall. Every volume there is an instrument which some melodist of the mind created and set vibrating with music, as a flower shakes out its perfume or a star shakes out its light. Only listen, and they soothe all care, as though the silken-soft leaves of poppies had been made vocal and poured into the ear.

Toward dark, having seen to the comfort of a household of kind, faithful fellow-beings, whom man in his vanity calls the lower animals, I went last to walk under the cedars in the front yard, listening to that music which is at once so cheery and so sad—the low chirping of birds at dark winter twilights as they gather in from the frozen fields, from snow-buried shrubbery and hedge-rows, and settle down for the night in the depths of the evergreens, the only refuge from their enemies and shelter from the blast. But this evening they made no ado about their home-coming. To-day perhaps none had ventured forth. I am most uneasy when the redbird is forced by hunger to leave the covert of his cedars, since he, on the naked or white landscapes of winter, offers the most far-shining and beautiful mark for Death. I stepped across to the tree in which a pair of these birds roost and shook it, to make sure they were at home, and felt relieved when they fluttered into the next with the quick startled notes they utter when aroused.

The longer I live here, the better satisfied I am in having pitched my earthly camp-fire, gypsylike, on the edge of a town, keeping it on one side, and the green fields, lanes, and woods on the other. Each, in turn, is to me as a magnet to the needle. At times the needle of my nature points towards the country. On that side everything is poetry. I wander over field and forest, and through me runs a glad current of feeling that is like a clear brook across the meadows of May. At others the needle veers round, and I go to town—to the massed haunts of the highest animal and cannibal. That way nearly everything is prose. I can feel the prose rising in me as I step along, like hair on the back of a dog, long before any other dogs are in sight. And, indeed, the case is much that of a country dog come to town, so that growls are in order at every corner. The only being in the universe at which I have ever snapped my teeth, or with which I have rolled over in the mud and fought like a common cur, is Man.

II.

Mrs. Walters this morning with more news touching our incoming neighbors. Whenever I have squarely faced toward this coming aggregation of unwelcome individuals I have beheld it moving steadily down on me as a thick gray fog, shutting out all Nature beyond. Perhaps they are approaching this part of the earth like a comet that carries its tail before it, and that I have already met them in advance of their more substantial arrival. Unappreciated Jacob! If he

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were only alive, I believe I should encourage him to enter upon the compilation of his Apocrypha.

There is still no getting the truth, but it appears that they are a family of consequence in their way—which, of course, may be a very poor way. Mrs. Margaret Cobb, mother, lately bereaved of her husband, Joseph Cobb, who fell among the Kentucky boys at the battle of Buena Vista. A son, Joseph Cobb, now cadet at West Point, with a desire to die like his father, but destined to die—who knows?—in a war that may break out in this country about the negroes. Then there is a daughter, Miss Georgiana Cobb, who embroiders blue and pink worsted dogs on black foot-cushions, makes far-off crayon trees that look like sheep in the act of variously getting up and lying down on a hill-side, and when the dew is falling touches her guitar with maidenly solicitude. Lastly, a younger daughter, who is in the half-fledged state of becoming educated.

While not reconciled, I am resigned. The young man when at home may wish to practise the deadly vocation of an American soldier of the period over the garden fence at my birds, in which case he and I could readily fight a duel, and help maintain an honored custom of the commonwealth. The older daughter will sooner or later turn loose on my heels one of her pack of blue dogs. If this should befall me in the spring, and I survive the dog, I could retort with a dish of strawberries and a copy of "Lalla Rookh"; if in the fall, with a basket of grapes and Thomson's "Seasons," after which there would be no further exchange of hostilities. The younger daughter will occasionally have to be subdued with green apples and salt. The mother could easily give trouble; or she might be one of those few women to know whom is to know the best that there is in all this faulty world.

The middle of February. The depths of winter reached. Thoughtful, thoughtless words—the depths of winter. Everything gone inward and downward from surface and summit, Nature at low tide. In its time will come the height of summer, when the tides of life will rise to the tree-tops, or be dashed as silvery insect spray all but to the clouds. So bleak a season touches my concern for birds, which never seem quite at home in this world; and the winter has been most lean and hungry for them. Many snows have fallen—snows that are as raw cotton spread over their breakfast table, and cutting off connection between them and its bounties. Next summer I must let the weeds grow up in my garden, so that they may have a better chance for seeds above the stingy level of the universal white. Of late I have opened a pawnbroker's shop for my hard-pressed brethren in feathers, lending at a fearful rate of interest; for every borrowing Lazarus will have to pay me back in due time by monthly instalments of singing. I shall have mine own again with usury. But were a man never so usurious, would he not lend a winter seed for a summer song? Would he refuse to invest his stale crumbs in an orchestra of divine instruments and a choir of heavenly voices? And to-day, also; I ordered from a nursery-man more trees of holly, juniper, and fir, since the storm-beaten cedars will have to come down. For in Kentucky, when the forest is naked, and every shrub and hedgerow bare, what would become of our birds in the universal rigor and exposure of the world if there were no evergreens—nature's hostelries for the homeless ones? Living in the depths of these, they can keep snow, ice, and wind at bay; prying eyes cannot watch them, nor enemies so well draw near; cones or seed or berries are their store; and in those untrodden chambers each can have the sacred company of his mate. But wintering here has terrible risks which few run. Scarcely in autumn have the leaves begun to drop from their high perches silently downward when the birds begin to drop away from the bare boughs silently southward. Lo! some morning the leaves are on the ground, and the birds have vanished. The species that remain, or that come to us then, wear the hues of the season, and melt into the tone of Nature's background—blues, grays, browns, with touches of white on tail and breast and wing for coming flecks of snow.

Save only him—proud, solitary stranger in our unfriendly land—the fiery grosbeak. Nature in Kentucky has no wintry harmonies for him. He could find these only among the tufts of the October sumac, or in the gum tree when it stands a pillar of red twilight fire in the dark November woods, or in the far depths of the crimson sunset skies, where, indeed, he seems to have been nested, and whence

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to have come as a messenger of beauty, bearing on his wings the light of his diviner home.

With everything earthly that he touches this high herald of the trees is in contrast. Among his kind he is without a peer. Even when the whole company of summer voyagers have sailed back to Kentucky, singing and laughing and kissing one another under the enormous green umbrella of Nature's leaves, he still is beyond them all in loveliness. But when they have been wafted away again to brighter skies and to soft islands over the sea, and he is left alone on the edge of that Northern world which he has dared invade and inhabit, it is then, amid black clouds and drifting snows, that the gorgeous cardinal stands forth in the ideal picture of his destiny. For it is then that his beauty is most conspicuous, and that Death, lover of the peerless, strikes at him from afar. So that he retires to the twilight solitude of his wild fortress. Let him even show his noble head and breast at a slit in its green window shades, and a ray flashes from it to the eye of a cat; let him, as spring comes on, burst out in desperation and mount to the tree-tops which he loves, and his gleaming red coat betrays him to the poised hawk as to a distant sharp-shooter; in the barn near by an owl is waiting to do his night marketing at various tender-meat stalls; and, above all, the eye and heart of man are his diurnal and nocturnal foe. What wonder if he is so shy, so rare, so secluded, this flame-colored prisoner in dark green chambers, who has only to be seen or heard and Death adjusts an arrow!

No vast Southern swamps or forest of pine here into which he may plunge. If he shuns man in Kentucky, he must haunt the long lonely river valleys where the wild cedars grow. If he comes into this immediate swarming pastoral region, where the people, with ancestral love of privacy, and not from any kindly thought of him, plant evergreens around their country homes, he must live under the very guns and amid the pitfalls of the enemy. Surely, could the first male of the species have foreseen how, through the generations of his race to come, both their beauty and their song, which were meant to announce them to Love, would also announce them to Death, he must have blanched snow-white with despair and turned as mute as a stone. Is it this flight from the inescapable just behind that makes the singing of the redbird thoughtful and plaintive, and, indeed, nearly all the wild sounds of nature so like the outcry of the doomed? He will sit for a long time silent and motionless in the heart of a cedar, as if absorbed in the tragic memories of his race. Then, softly, wearily, he will call out to you and to the whole world: *Peace..Peace..Peace..Peace..Peace..!*—the most melodious sigh that ever issued from the clefts of a dungeon.

For color and form, brilliant singing, his very enemies, and the bold nature he has never lost, I have long been most interested in this bird. Every year several pairs make their appearance about my place. This winter especially I have been feeding a pair; and there should be finer music in the spring, and a lustier brood in summer.

III.

March has gone like its winds. The other night as I lay awake with that yearning which often beats within, there fell from the upper air the notes of the wild-gander as he wedged his way onward by faith, not by sight, toward his distant bourn. I rose, and throwing open the shutters, strained eyes toward the unseen and unseeing explorer, startled, as a half-asleep soldier might be startled by the faint bugle-call of his commander, blown to him from the clouds. What far-off lands, streaked with mortal dawn, does he believe in? In what soft sylvan waters will he bury his tired breast? Always when I hear his voice, often when not, I too desire to be up and gone out of these earthly marshes where hunts the dark Fowler—gone to some vast, pure, open sea, where, one by one, my scattered kind, those whom I love and those who love me, shall arrive in safety, there to be together.

March is a month when the needle of my nature dips toward the country. I am away, greeting everything as it wakes out of winter sleep, stretches arms upward and legs downward, and drinks goblet after goblet of young sunshine. I must find the dark green snowdrop, and sometimes help to remove from her head, as she lifts it slowly from her couch, the frosted nightcap, which the old Nurse would still insist that she should wear. The pale green tips of daffodils are a thing

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of beauty. There is the sun-struck brook of the field, underneath the thin ice of which drops form and fall, form and fall, like big round silvery eyes that grow bigger and brighter with astonishment that you should laugh at them as they vanish. But most I love to see Nature do her spring house-cleaning in Kentucky, with the rain-clouds for her water-buckets and the winds for her brooms. What an amount of drenching and sweeping she can do in a day! How she dashes pailful and pailful into every dirty corner, till the whole earth is as clean as a new floor! Another day she attacks the piles of dead leaves, where they have lain since last October, and scatters them in a trice, so that every cranny may be sunned and aired. Or, grasping her long brooms by the handles, she will go into the woods and beat the icicles off the big trees as a housewife would brush down cobwebs; so that the released limbs straighten up like a man who has gotten out of debt, and almost say, "Now, then, we are all right again!" This done, she begins to hang up soft new curtains at the forest windows, and to spread over her floor a new carpet of an emerald loveliness such as no mortal looms could ever have woven. And then, at last, she sends out invitations through the South, and even to some tropical post-offices, for the birds to come and spend the summer in Kentucky. The invitations are sent out in March, and accepted in April and May, and by June her house is full of visitors.

Not the eyes alone love Nature in March. Every other sense lies abroad. My tongue hunts for the last morsel of wet snow on the northern root of some aged oak. As one goes early to a concert-hall with a passion even for the preliminary tuning of the musicians, so my ear sits alone in the vast amphitheatre of Nature and waits for the earliest warble of the blue-bird, which seems to start up somewhere behind the heavenly curtains. And the scent of spring, is it not the first lyric of the nose—that despised poet of the senses?

But this year I have hardly glanced at the small choice edition of Nature's spring verses. This by reason of the on-coming Cobbs, at the mere mention of whom I feel as though I were immersed up to my eyes in a vat of the prosaic. Some days ago workmen went into the house and all but scoured the very memory of Jacob off the face of the earth. Then there has been need to quiet Mrs. Walters.

Mrs. Walters does not get into our best society; so that the town is to her like a pond to a crane: she wades round it, going in as far as she can, and snatches up such small fry as come shoreward from the middle. In this way lately I have gotten hints of what is stirring in the vasty deeps of village opinion.

Mrs. Cobb is charged, among other dreadful things, with having ordered of the town manufacturer a carriage that is to be as fine as President Taylor's, and with marching into church preceded by a servant, who bears her prayer-book on a velvet cushion. So that she promises to be an invidious Christian. I am rather disturbed by the gossip regarding the elder daughter. But this is so conflicting that one impression is made only to be effaced by another.

A week ago their agent wanted to buy my place. I was so outraged that I got down my map of Kentucky to see where these peculiar beings originate. They come from a little town in the northwestern corner of the State, on the Ohio River, named Henderson—named from that Richard Henderson who in the year 1775 bought about half of Kentucky from the Cherokees, and afterwards, as president of his purchase, addressed the first legislative assembly ever held in the West, seated under a big elm-tree outside the walls of Boonsborough fort. These people must be his heirs, or they would never have tried to purchase my few Sabine acres. It is no surprise to discover that they are from the Green River country. They must bathe often in that stream. I suppose they wanted my front yard to sow it in pennyroyal, the characteristic growth of those districts. They perhaps distil it and use it as a perfume on their handkerchiefs. It was perhaps from the founder of this family that Thomas Jefferson got authority for his statement that the Ohio is the most beautiful river in the world—unless, indeed, the President formed that notion of the Ohio upon lifting his eyes to it from the contemplation of the plan of one of his own houses. Henderson! Green River region! To this town and to the blue-grass country as Bœotia to Attica in the days of Pericles. Hereafter I shall call these people my Green River Bœotians.

A few days later their agent again, a

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little frigid, very urgent. This time to buy me out on my own terms, *any* terms. But what was back of all this, I inquired. I did not know these people, had never done them a favor. Why, then, such determination to have me removed? Why such bitterness, vindictiveness, ungovernable passion?

That was the point, he replied. This family had never wronged *me*. I had never even seen *them*. Yet they had heard of nothing but my intense dislike of them and opposition to their becoming my neighbors. They could not forego their plans, but they were quite willing to give me the chance of leaving their vicinity, on whatever I might regard the most advantageous terms.

Oh, my mocking-bird, my mocking-bird! When you have been sitting on *other* front porches, have you, by the divine law of your being, been reproducing *your* notes as though they were *mine*, and even pouring forth the little twitter that was meant for your private ear?

As March goes out, two things more and more I hear — the cardinal has begun to mount to the bare tops of the locust-trees and scatter his notes downward, and over the way the workmen whistle and sing. The bird is too shy to sit in any tree on that side of the yard. But his eye and ear are studying them curiously. Sometimes I even fancy that he sings to them with a plaintive sort of joy, as though he were saying, "Welcome—go away!"

IV.

The Cobbs will be the death of me before they get here. The report spread that they and I had already had a tremendous quarrel, and that, rather than live beside them, I had sold them my place. This set flowing toward me for days a stream of people, like a line of ants passing to and from the scene of a terrific false alarm. I had nothing to do but sit perfectly still and let each ant, as it ran up, touch me with its antennæ, get the countersign, and turn back to the village ant-hill. Not all, however. Some remained to hear me abuse the Cobbs; or, counting on my support, fell to abusing the Cobbs themselves. When I made not a word of reply, except to assure them that I really had not quarrelled with the Cobbs, had nothing against the Cobbs, and was immensely delighted that the Cobbs were coming, they went away amazingly cool and indignant. And for days I continued to hear such things attributed to me that had that young West-Pointer been in the neighborhood, and known how to shoot, he must infallibly have blown my head off me, as any Kentucky gentleman would.

Others of my visitors, having heard that I was not to sell my place, were so glad of it that they walked around my garden and inquired for my health and the prospect for fruit. For the season has come when the highest animal begins to pay me some attention. During the winter, having little to contribute to the community, I drop from communal notice. But there are certain ladies who bow sweetly to me when my roses and honeysuckles burst into bloom; a fat old cavalier of the South begins to shake hands with me when my asparagus bed begins to send up its tender stalks; I am in high favor with two or three young ladies at the season of lilies and sweet-pea; there is one old soul who especially loves rhubarb pies, which she makes to look like little latticed porches in front of little green skies, and it is she who remembers me and my row of pie-plant; and still another, who knows better than cat-birds when currants are ripe. Above all, there is a preacher, who thinks my sins are as scarlet so long as my strawberries are, and calls at that time to reason with me of judgment to come; and a doctor, who gets despondent about my constitution in pear-time—after which my health seems to return, but never my pears.

So that, on the whole, from May till October I am the bright side of the moon, and the telescopes of the town are busy observing my phenomena, after which it is as though I had rolled over on my dark side, there to lie forgotten till once more the sun entered the proper side of the zodiac. But let me except always the few steadily luminous spirits I know, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning. If any one wishes to become famous in a community, let him buy a small farm on the edge of it and cultivate fruits, berries, and flowers, which he freely gives away or lets be freely taken.

All this has taken freely of my swift April days. Besides, I have made me a new side porch, made it myself, for I like to hammer and drive things home, and

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because the rose on the old one had rotted it from post to shingle. And then, when I had tacked the rose in place again, the little old window opening above it made that side of my house look like a boy in his Saturday hat and Sunday breeches. So in went a large new window; and now these changes have mysteriously offended Mrs. Walters, who says the town is laughing at me for trying to outdo the Cobbs. The highest animal is the only one who is divinely gifted with such noble discernment. But I am not sorry to have my place look its best. When they see it, they will perhaps understand why I was not to be driven out by a golden cracker on their family whip. They could not have bought my little woodland pasture, where for a generation has been picnic and muster and Fourth-of-July ground, and where the brave fellows met to volunteer for the Mexican war. They could not have bought even the heap of brush back of my wood-pile, where the brown thrashers build.

V.

In May I am of the earth earthy. The soul loses its wild white pinions; the heart puts forth its short powerful wings, heavy with heat and color, that flutter, but do not lift it off the ground. The month comes and goes, and not once do I think of raising eyes to the stars. The very sunbeams fall on the body as a warm golden net, and keep thought and feeling from escape. Nature uses beauty now not to uplift, but to entice. I find her intent upon the one general business of seeing that no type of her creatures gets left out of the generations. Studied in my yard full of birds, as with a condensing-glass of the world, she can be seen enacting among them the dramas of history, from the Trojan war to the battle of Actium—from Actium to Salt Lake City.

And while I am watching the birds, they are watching me. Not a little fop among them, having proposed and been accepted, but perches on a limb, and has the air of putting his hands mannishly under his coat tails and crying out at me, "Hello! Adam, what were you made for?" "You attend to your business, and I'll attend to mine," I answer. "You have one May; I have twenty-five!" He didn't wait to hear. He caught sight of a pair of clear brown eyes peeping at him out of a near tuft of leaves, and sprang at her with open arms and the sound of a kiss.

But if I have twenty-five Mays remaining, are not some Mays gone? Ah, well! Better a single May with the right mate than the full number with the wrong. And where is she, the right one? If she ever comes near my yard and whistles, I'll know it; and then I'll teach these popinjays in blue coats and white pantaloons what Adam was made for!

But the wrong one—there's the terror! Only think of so composite a phenomenon as Mrs. Walters, for instance, adorned with limp nightcap and stiff curl-papers, like garnishes around a leg of roast mutton, waking up at four o'clock in the morning as some gray-headed love-bird of Madagascar and beginning to chirp and trill in an ecstasy! The very idea makes me feel so strange and awful that if Jacob were alive I believe I'd go over and tell him my symptoms.

The new neighbors have come—mother, younger daughter, and servants. The son is at West Point; and the other daughter lingers a few days, unable, no doubt, to tear herself away from her beloved pennyroyal and dearest Green River. They are quiet; have borrowed nothing from any one in the neighborhood; have well-dressed, well-trained servants; and one begins to be a little impressed. The curtains they have put up at the windows suggest that the whole nest is being lined with soft, cool, spotless loveliness, that is very restful and beguiling.

No one has called yet, since they are not at home till June; but Mrs. Walters has done some tall wading lately, and declares that people do not know what to think. They will know when the elder daughter arrives; for it is the worst member of the family that settles what the world shall think of the others.

If only she were not the worst! If only as I sat here beside my large new window, around which the old rose-bush has been trained and now is blooming, I could look across to her window where the white curtains hang, and feel that behind them sat, shy and gentle, the wood-pigeon for whom through Mays gone by I have been vaguely waiting!

And yet I do not believe that I could live a single year with only the sound of cooing in the house.

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VI.

This morning, the 3d of June, the Undine from Green River rose above the waves.

The strawberry bed is almost under their windows. I had gone out to pick the first dish of the season for breakfast; for while I do not care to eat except to live, I never miss an opportunity of living upon strawberries.

I was stooping down and bending the wet leaves over, so as not to miss any, when a voice at the window above said, timidly and playfully,

"Are you the gardener?"

I picked on, turning as red as the berries. Then the voice said again,

"Old man, are you the gardener?"

Of course a person looking down carelessly on the stooping figure of *any* man, and seeing nothing but a faded straw hat, and arms and feet and ankles bent together, might easily think him decrepit with age. Some things touch off my temper. But I answered, humbly,

"I'm the gardener, madam."

"How much do you ask for your strawberries?"

"The gentleman who owns this place does not sell his strawberries. He gives them away, if he likes people. How much do you ask for *your* strawberries?"

"What a nice old gentleman! Is he having those picked to give away?"

"He is having these picked for his breakfast."

"Don't you think he'd like you to give me those, and pick him some more?"

"I fear not, madam."

"Nevertheless, you might. He'd never know."

"I think he'd find it out."

"Are you afraid of him?"

"I am when he gets mad."

"Does he treat you badly?"

"If he does, I always forgive him."

"He does not seem to provide you with very many clothes."

I picked on.

"What is his name?"

"Adam Moss."

"Such a green, cool, soft name! It is like his house and yard and garden. What does he do?"

"Whatever he pleases."

"You must not be impertinent to me, or I'll tell him. What does he like?"

"Birds—redbirds. What do *you* like?"

"Redbirds! How does he catch them? Throw salt on their tails?"

"He is a lover of Nature, madam, and particularly of birds."

"What does *he* know about birds? Doesn't he care for people?"

"He doesn't think many worth caring for."

"Indeed! And *he* is perfect, then, is he?"

"He thinks he is nearly as bad as any; but that doesn't make the rest any better."

"Poor old gentleman! What does he do with his birds? Eat his robins, and stuff his cats, and sell his redbirds in cages?"

"He considers it part of his mission in life to keep them from being eaten or stuffed or caged."

"And you say he is nearly a hundred?"

"He is something over thirty years of age, madam."

"Thirty? Surely we heard he was very old. Thirty! And does he live in that beautiful little old house all by himself?"

"*I* live with him!"

"*You!* Ha! ha! ha! And what is *your* name, you dear good old man?"

"Adam."

"*Two* Adams living in the same house! Are you the *old* Adam? I have heard so much of him."

At this I rose, pushed back my hat, and looked up at her.

"*I* am Adam Moss," I said, with distant politeness. "You can have these strawberries for your breakfast if you want them."

There was a low quick "Oh!" and she was gone, and the curtains closed over her face. It was rude; but neither ought she to have called me the old Adam. I have been thinking of one thing: why should she speak slightingly of *my* knowledge of birds? What does *she* know about them? I should like to inquire.

Late this afternoon I dressed up in my high gray wool hat, my fine long-tailed blue cloth coat with brass buttons, my pink waistcoat, frilled shirt, white cravat, and yellow nankeen trousers, and walked slowly several times around my strawberry bed. Did not see any more ripe strawberries.

Within the last ten days I have called twice upon the Cobbs, urged no doubt by an extravagant readiness to find them all

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that I feared they were not. How exquisite in life is the art of not seeing many things, and of forgetting many that have been seen! They received me as though nothing unpleasant had happened. Nor did the elder daughter betray that we had met. She has not forgotten, for more than once I surprised a light in her eyes as though she were laughing. She has not, it is certain, told even her mother and sister. Somehow this fact invests her character with a charm as of subterranean roominess. Women who tell everything are like finger-bowls of clear water.

But it is Sylvia that pleases me. She must be about seventeen; and so demure and confiding that I was ready to take her by the hand, lead her to the garden gate, and say: Dear child, everything in here — butterflies, flowers, fruit, honey, everything—is yours; come and go and gather as you like.

Yesterday morning I sent them a large dish of strawberries, with a note asking whether they would walk during the day over to my woodland pasture, where the soldiers had a barbecue before setting out for the Mexican war. The mother and Sylvia accepted. Our walk was a little overshadowed by their loss; and as I thoughtlessly described the gayety of that scene — the splendid young fellows dancing in their bright uniforms, and now and then pausing to wipe the perspiration from their foreheads, the speeches, the cheering, the dinner under the trees, and, a few days later, the tear-dimmed eyes, the hand-wringing and embracing, and at last the marching proudly away, each with a Bible in his pocket, and many never, never to return—I was sorry that I had not foreseen the sacred chord I was touching. But it made good friends of us more quickly, and they were well-bred, so that we returned to all appearance in gay spirits. The elder daughter came to meet us, and went at once silently to her mother's side, as though she had felt the separation. I wondered whether she had declined to go because of the memory of her father. As we passed my front gate, I asked them to look at my flowers. The mother praised also the vegetables, thus showing an admirably balanced mind; the little Sylvia fell in love with a vine-covered arbor; the elder daughter appeared to be secretly watching the many birds about the grounds, but when I pointed out several less-known species, she lost interest.

What surprises most is that they are so refined and intelligent. It is greatly to be feared that we Kentuckians in this part of the State are profoundly ignorant as to the people in other parts. I told Mrs. Walters this, and she, seeing that I am beginning to like them, is beginning to like them herself. Dear old Walters! Her few ideas are like three or four marbles on a level floor; they have no power to move themselves, but roll equally well in any direction you push them.

This afternoon I turned a lot of little town boys into my strawberry bed, and now it looks like a field that had been harrowed and rolled. I think they would gladly have pulled up some of the plants to see whether there might not be berries growing on the roots.

It is unwise to do everything that you can for people at once; for when you can do nothing more, they will say you are no longer like yourself, and turn against you. So I have meant to go slowly with the Cobbs in my wish to be neighborly, and do not think that they could reasonably be spoiled on one dish of strawberries in three weeks. But the other evening Mrs. Cobb sent over a plate of golden sally-lunn on a silver waiter, covered with a snow-white napkin; and acting on this provocation, I thought they could be trusted with a basket of cherries.

So next morning, in order to save the ripening fruit on a rather small tree of choice variety, I thought I would put up a scarecrow, and to this end rummaged a closet for some old last winter's clothes. These I crammed with straw, and I fastened the resulting figure in the crotch of the tree, tying the arms to the adjoining limbs, and giving it the dreadful appearance of shouting, "Keep out of here, you rascals, or you'll get hurt!" And, in truth, it did look so like me that I felt a little uncanny about it myself.

Returning home late, I went at once to the tree, where I found not a quart of cherries, and the servants told of an astonishing thing: that no sooner had the birds discovered who was standing in the tree, wearing the clothes in which he used to feed them during the winter, than the news spread like wildfire to the effect that he had climbed up there and was calling out: "Here is the best

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"YOU COULDN'T. I AM YOUR GUEST."

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tree, fellows! Pitch in and help yourselves!" So that the like of the chattering and fetching away was never seen before. This was the story; but little negroes love cherries, and it is not incredible that the American birds were assisted in this instance by some young African spoon-bills.

Anxious to save another tree, and afraid to use more of my own clothes, I went over to Mrs. Walters, and got from her an old bonnet and veil, a dress and cape, and a pair of her cast-off yellow gaiters. These garments I strung together and prepared to look lifelike, as nearly as a stuffing of hay would meet the inner requirements of the case. I then seated the dread apparition in the fork of a limb, and awaited results. The first thief was an old jay, who flew toward the tree with his head turned to one side to see whether any one was overtaking him. But scarcely had he lighted when he uttered a scream of horror that was sickening to hear, and dropped on the grass beneath, after which he took himself off with a silence and speed that would have done credit to a passenger-pigeon. That tree was rather avoided for some days, or it may have been let alone merely because others were ripening; so that Mrs. Cobb got her cherries, and I sent Mrs. Walters some also for the excellent loan of her veil and gaiters.

As the days pass I fall in love with Sylvia, who has been persuaded to turn my arbor into a reading-room, and is often to be found there of mornings with one of Sir Walter's novels. Sometimes I leave her alone, sometimes lie on the bench facing her, while she reads aloud, or, tiring, prattles. Little half-fledged spirit, to whom the yard is the earth and June eternity, but who peeps over the edge of the nest at the chivalry of the ages, and fancies that she knows the world! The other day, as we were talking, she tapped the edge of her *Ivanhoe* with a slate-pencil—for she is also studying the Greatest Common Divisor—and said, warningly, "You must not make epigrams; for if you succeeded you would be brilliant, and everything brilliant is tiresome."

"Who is your authority for *that* epigram, Miss Sylvia?" I said, laughing.

"Don't you suppose that I have any ideas but what I get from books?"

"You may have all wisdom, but those sayings proceed only from experience."

"I have my intuitions; they are better than experience."

"If you keep on, *you* will be making epigrams presently, and then I shall find you tiresome and go away."

"You couldn't. I am your guest. How unconventional I am to come over and sit in your arbor! But it is Georgiana's fault."

"Did *she* tell you to come?"

"No; but she didn't keep me from coming. Whenever any one of us does anything improper, we always say to each other: 'It's Georgiana's fault. She ought not to have taught us to be so simple and unconventional.'"

"And is she the family governess?"

"She governs the family. There doesn't seem to be any real government, but we all do as she says. You might think at first that Georgiana was the most light-headed member of the family, but she isn't. She's deep. I'm shallow in comparison with her. She calls me sophisticated, and introduces me as the elder Miss Cobb, and says that if I don't stop reading Scott's novels and learn more arithmetic, she will put white caps on me, and make me walk to church in carpet slippers, and with grandmother's stick."

"But you don't seem to have stopped, Miss Sylvia."

"No; but I'm stopping. Georgiana always gives us time, but we get right at last. It was two years before she could make my brother go to West Point. He was wild and rough, and wanted to raise tobacco, and float with it down to New Orleans, and have a good time. Then when she had gotten him to go, she was afraid he'd come back, and so she persuaded my mother to live here, where there isn't any tobacco, and where I could be sent to school. That took her a year, and now she is breaking up my habit of reading nothing but novels. She gets us all down in the end. One day when she and Joe were little children they were out at the wood-pile, and Georgiana was sitting on a log eating a jam biscuit, with her feet on the log in front of her. Joe had a hand-axe, and was chopping at anything till he caught sight of her feet. Then he went to the end of the log, and whistled like a steamboat, and began to hack down in that direction, calling out to her: 'Take your toes out of the way,

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Georgiana. I am coming down the river. The current is up, and I can't stop.' 'My toes were there first,' said Georgiana, and went on eating her biscuit. 'Take them out of the way, I tell you,' he shouted as he came nearer, 'or they'll get cut off.' 'They were there first,' repeated Georgiana, and took another delicious nibble. Joe cut straight along, and went whack right into her five toes. Georgiana screamed with all her might, but she held her foot on the log, till Joe dropped the hatchet with horror, and caught her in his arms. 'Georgiana, I *told* you to take your toes away,' he cried; 'you are such a little fool,' and ran with her to the house. But she always had control over him after that."

To-day I saw Sylvia enter the arbor, and shortly afterwards followed with a book.

"If you are going to read history, Miss Sylvia, here is the most remarkable history of Kentucky that was ever written or ever will be. It is by my father's old teacher of natural history in Transylvania University, Professor Rafinesque, who also had a wonderful botanical garden on this side of the town; perhaps the first ever seen in this country."

"I know all about it," replied Sylvia, resenting this slight upon her erudition. "Georgiana has my father's copy, and his was presented to him by Mr. Audubon."

"Audubon?" I said, with doubt.

"Never heard of Audubon?" cried Sylvia, delighted to show up my ignorance.

"Only of the great Audubon, Miss Sylvia; the *great*, the very *great* Audubon."

"Well, this was the *great*, the very *great* Audubon. He lived in Henderson, and kept a corn-mill. He and my father were friends, and he gave my father some of his early drawings of Kentucky birds. Georgiana has them now, and that is where she gets her love of birds—from my father, who got his from the *great*, the very *great* Audubon."

"Would Miss Cobb let me see these drawings?" I asked, eagerly.

"She might; but she prizes them as much as if they were stray leaves out of the only Bible in the world."

As Sylvia turned inside out this pocket of her mind, there had dropped out a key to her sister's conduct. Now I understood her slighting attitude toward my knowledge of birds. But I shall feel some interest in Miss Cobb. I never dreamed that she could bring me fresh news of that rare spirit whom I have so wished to see, and for one week in the woods with whom I would give any year of my life. Are they the Henderson family to whom Audubon intrusted the box of his original drawings during his absence in Philadelphia, and who let a pair of Norway rats rear a family in it, and cut to pieces nearly a thousand inhabitants of the air?

There are two more days of June. Since the talk with Sylvia I have called twice more upon the elder Miss Cobb. Upon reflection, it is misleading to refer to this young lady in terms so dry, stiff, and denuded; and I shall drop into Sylvia's form, and call her simply Georgiana. That looks better—Georgiana! It sounds well too—Georgiana!

Georgiana, then, is a rather elusive character. The more I see of her the less I understand. If your nature draws near hers, it retreats. If you pursue, it flies—a little frightened perhaps. If then you keep still and look perfectly safe, she will return, but remain at a fixed distance, like a bird that will stay in your yard, but not enter your house. It is hardly shyness, for she is not shy, but more like some strain of wild nature in her that refuses to be domesticated. One's faith is strained to accept Sylvia's estimate that Georgiana is deep—she is so light, so airy, so playful. Sylvia is a demure little dove that has pulled over itself an owl's skin, and is much prouder of its wicked old feathers than of its innocent heart; but Georgiana—what is she? Secretly an owl with the buoyancy of a humming-bird. However, it's nothing to me. She hovers around her mother and Sylvia with a fondness that is rather beautiful. I did not mention the subject of Audubon and her father; for it is never well to let an elder sister know that a younger one has been talking about her. I merely gave her several chances to speak of birds, but she ignored them. As for me and *my* love of birds, such trifles are beneath her notice. It will not be worth while to call again soon, though it would be pleasant to see those drawings.

This morning as I was accidentally passing under her window I saw her at

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it, and lifted my hat. She leaned over with her cheek in her palm, and said, smiling,

"You mustn't spoil Sylvia!"

"What is my definite offence in that regard?"

"Too much arbor, too many flowers, too much fine treatment."

"Does fine treatment ever harm anybody? Is it not bad treatment that spoils people?"

"Good treatment may never spoil people who are old enough to know its rarity and value. But you say you are a student of nature; have you not observed that nature never lets the sugar get to things until they are ripe? Children must be kept tart."

"The next time that Miss Sylvia comes over, then, I am to give her a tremendous scolding, and a big basket of green apples."

"Or, what is worse, suppose you encourage her to study the Greatest Common Divisor? I am trying to get her ready for school in the fall."

"Is she being educated for a teacher?"

"You know that Southern ladies never teach."

"Then she will never need the Greatest Common Divisor. I have known many thousands of human beings, and none but teachers ever have the least use for the Greatest Common Divisor."

"But she needs to do things that she dislikes. We all do."

I smiled at the memory of a self-willed little bare foot on a log years ago.

"I shall see that my grape arbor does not further interfere with Miss Sylvia's progress toward perfection."

"Why didn't you wish us to be your neighbors?"

"I didn't know that you were the right sort of people."

"*Are* we the right sort?"

"The value of my land has almost been doubled."

"It is a pleasure to know that you approve of us on those grounds. Will the value of *our* land rise also, do you think? Why do you suppose we objected to *you* as a neighbor?"

"I cannot imagine."

"The imagination can be cultivated, you know. Why do Kentuckians in this part of Kentucky think so much of themselves compared with the rest of the world?"

"Perhaps it's because they are Virginians. There may be various reasons."

"Do the people ever tell what the reasons are?"

"I have never heard one."

"And if we staid here long enough, and imitated them very closely, do you suppose we would get to feel the same way?"

"I am sure of it."

"It must be so pleasant to consider Kentucky the best part of the world, and *your* part of Kentucky the best of the State, and *your* family the best of all the best families in that best part, and yourself the best member of your family. Ought not that to make one perfectly happy?"

"I have often observed that it seems to do so."

"It is delightful to remember that *you* approve of us. And we should feel *so* glad to be able to return the compliment. Good-by!"

Any one would have to admit, however, that there is no sharpness in Georgiana's pleasantry. The child nature in her is so sunny, sportive, so bent on harmless mischief. She still plays with life as a kitten with a ball of yarn. Some day Kitty will fall asleep with the Ball poised in the cup of one foot. Then, waking, when her dream is over, she will find that her plaything has become a rocky, thorny, storm-swept, immeasurable world, and that she, a woman, stands holding out toward it her imploring arms, and asking only for some littlest part in its infinite destinies.

After the last talk with Georgiana I felt renewed desire to see those Audubon drawings. So yesterday morning I sent over to her some things written by a Northern man, whom I call the young Audubon of the Maine woods. His name is Henry D. Thoreau, and it is, I believe, known only to me down here. Everything that I can find of his is as pure and cold and lonely as a wild cedar of the mountain rocks, standing far above its smokeless valley and hushed white river. She returned them to-day, with word that she would thank me in person, and to-night I went over in a state of rather senseless eagerness.

Her mother and sister had gone out,

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THE AUDUBON DRAWINGS.

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and she sat on the dark porch alone. The things of Thoreau's have interested her, and she asked me to tell her all I knew of him, which was little enough. Then of her own accord she began to speak of her father and Audubon—of the one with the worship of love, of the other with a worship for greatness. I felt as though I were in a moonlit cathedral; for her voice, the whole revelation of her nature, made the spot so impressive and so sacred. She scarcely addressed *me;* she was communing with them. Nothing that her father told her regarding Audubon appears to have been forgotten; and brought nearer than ever before to that lofty tireless spirit in its wanderings through the Kentucky forests, I almost forgot her to whom I was listening. But in the midst of it she stopped, and it was again kitten and yarn. I left quite as abruptly. Upon my soul I believe that Georgiana doesn't think me worth talking to seriously!

VII.

July has dragged like a log across a wet field.

There was the Fourth, which is always the grandest occasion of the year with us. Society has taken up Sylvia and rejected Georgiana; and so with great gallantry, and to her boundless delight, Sylvia was invited to sit with a bevy of girls in a large furniture wagon covered with flags and bunting. The girls were to be dressed in white, carry flowers and flags, and sing "The Star-spangled Banner" in the procession, just before the fire-engine. I wrote a note to Georgiana, asking whether it would interfere with Sylvia's Greatest Common Divisor if I presented her with a profusion of elegant flowers on that occasion. Georgiana herself had equipped Sylvia with a truly exquisite silken flag on a silver staff; and as Sylvia both sang and waved with all her might, not only to keep up the Green River reputation in such matters, but with a mediæval determination to attract a young man on the fire-engine behind, she quite eclipsed every other miss in the wagon, and was not even hoarse when persuaded at last to stop. So that several of the representatives of the other States voted afterwards in a special congress that she was not as nice as they had fancied, and that they must never recognize her again.

And then the month brought down from West Point the son of the family, who cut *off*—or cut *at*—Georgiana's toes, I remember. With him a sort of cousin, who lives in New York State; and after a few days of toploftical strutting around town, and a pusillanimous crack or two over the back garden fence at my birds, they went away again, to the home of this New York cousin, carrying Georgiana with them to spend the summer.

Nothing has happened since. Only Sylvia and I have been making hay while the sun shines—or does not shine, if one chooses to regard Georgiana's absence in that cloudy fashion. Sylvia's ordinary armor consists of a slate-pencil for a spear, a slate for a shield, and a volume of Sir Walter for a battle-axe. Now and then I have found her sitting alone in the arbor with the drooping air of Lucy Ashton beside the fountain; and she would be better pleased if I met her clandestinely there in cloak and plume with the deadly complexion of Ravenswood.

The other day I caught her toiling at something, and she admitted being at work on a poem which would be about half as long as the "Lay of the Last Minstrel." She read me the opening lines, after that bland habit of young writers; and as nearly as I recollect, they began as follows:

"I love to have gardens, I love to have plants,
I love to have air, and I love to have ants."

When not under the spell of mediæval chivalry, she prattles needlessly of Georgiana, early life, and their old home in Henderson. Although I have pointed out to her the gross impropriety of her conduct, she has persisted in reading me some of Georgiana's letters, written from the home of that New York cousin, whose mother they are now visiting. I didn't like *him* particularly. Sylvia relates that he was a favorite of her father's.

The dull month passes to-day. One thing I have secretly wished to learn: did her brother cut Georgiana's toes entirely off?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.

(1861.)

BY ANNA C. BRACKETT.

PERHAPS there are no two States which stand more as representatives of their two sections than Massachusetts and South Carolina. In the history of the country they have never been silent, and they have spoken with no uncertain sound. Though they have often been bitterly opposed, yet in their sturdy and uncompromising allegiance to what each has believed to be the right way of acting they have found a certain sympathy with each other, and a certain large measure of mutual respect. Each has felt that in the other she had a foeman worthy of her steel when in opposition, and when in conjunction a friend not to be misunderstood or distrusted. In the same way it might be said that their two largest cities are worthy antagonists, and now heartily respected friends. Boston is Massachusetts boiled down, and Charleston may be spoken of as a very strong decoction of South Carolina. Both think what they must, and say what they think. The people of both have a very strong attachment for and a hearty pride in their city, and an injury to it, an insult aimed at it, or even a humorous remark bearing on any of its peculiarities, is sure to call to their feet a host of indignant defenders. More than all others, these are the feminine cities of the Union, being all through and everywhere just what they are anywhere, and, like women, arousing a chivalric love. Both have a glorious past and a living present, such as in kind and intensity of personal life can scarce be easily found elsewhere—at any rate in the East, or in the original thirteen colonies. There is among their merchants a fine sense of honor, which holds itself high for the sake of the city as well as from personal motives, and in social life an aristocracy not based upon wealth. Both have a line of noble names, the very possession of which is a presumption of breeding and refinement. Both are the holders of the kind of firmness that begins with "O," and are ready to maintain their opinion with any and all arms. Both have strongly marked peculiarities in their English, and hold to these as firmly as to any other characteristic. They are noble and consistent members of the great family of cities, standing proudly side by side in spite of their well-marked differences, and acting as constant foils to the beauty of each other. While seeming to be opposed, they understand each other, and hold alike to the old motto concerning the obligations resting on a real nobility.

In the old times it was especially Boston that hated slavery, and it was Charleston, above all other cities, that hated anti-slavery. It has always been the boast of Boston that her public schools were absolutely perfect, and one would hardly have expected that any resemblance could be found to them, or to the spirit which runs through them, in the public schools of Charleston, differing as did the two cities for so long in the very principles of their existence. But there is a story about the public schools of Charleston before the war which is worth telling, and worthy of the noble city, and which shall not go untold so long as I, who was a part of it, do not forget the duty of recognizing noble deeds.

It was easy in Boston to carry on the schools. They were a part of the tradition of the city, and it took no great amount of courage to support and defend them. They were filled by the children of rich and poor alike, and it was the boast of the city that the child of the mechanic sat side by side with the children of the richest and noblest families. To be a teacher had always been to be respected, if not honored, and there was no thought of accepting charity in the children who enjoyed their advantages. This was generally the case in the Northern States. But in the South it was different. The public schools were supposed to be only for those who could not afford to pay for education, and consequently they had many of the characteristics of charity schools. The teaching in them was poor and far behind the times, and none of the families of breeding ever thought of sending their children to them. These were educated in small private schools, or at home under tutors and governesses, or were sent North. But about the year 1857 some of the best men in Charleston became dissatisfied with this state of things, and determined to see if it could not be bettered. They studied the ways of other cities, and

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the outcome of the movement was the building of three large school-houses after the New York plans, having each one accommodations for primary and grammar departments, and of one noble house of different idea, to be called the Girls' High and Normal School. They meant to have good schools, and they were determined to have good teachers, and in time to have them educated in their own city. The men who initiated the movement and who gave it their personal attention, and not merely the weight of their names, were the men who should begin such enterprises. They were a power in the community, and commanded universal respect and confidence. They made up their minds that as to schools they must learn of the North, and they faced the necessity of the situation with a noble courage. Their ultimate purpose was to supply their city with good schools, taught by native teachers, and they hesitated at no sacrifice of their life-long prejudices to attain their end. They must have large and convenient houses. They built them, sparing no expense and no trouble to make them as good as any. They needed teachers in line with the best theories, and familiar with the most tested practice of the profession. They took them from the principals of New York and Providence grammar-schools. They demanded the best, and they offered those men and women salaries sufficient to draw them from their positions in those two cities, and to make the question of their acceptance of the offers only a matter of time. They made these schools free to all the children of the city, and bought the books which were to be used. They furnished the rooms with everything that could make them attractive and healthful. They sought in the city for the best teachers, men and women, that they could find, and made them assistants to the Northern principals, to learn of and to be trained in their ways; and when all this had been done they put their own children, not only boys, but girls, into these public free schools, side by side with any who might choose to come. Never was there a nobler instance of entire singleness of purpose and of the sacrifice of preconceived opinions to conviction. It seems worth while to give the names of the Commissioners for the year 1860 as a testimony. Some of the names will be easily recognized as familiar: C. G. Memminger, chairman; William C. Bee; W. J. Bennett; G. P. Bryan; George Buist; W. G. De Saussure; C. M. Furman; William Jervey; Hon. A. G. Magrath; Hon. W. A. Pringle; F. Richards; John Russell; E. Montague Grimké, secretary.

Of the building for the Girls' High and Normal School something more should be said. Situated in St. Philip Street, a square, three-story building with a crowning dome, it attracted the eye of whoever passed that way. Below there were wardrobes, and a large room for the use of the girls at recesses in stormy weather. The second story was filled by a hall and classrooms leading therefrom, while above was a still larger hall, to which the increased size of the school drove the daily sessions in the second year of its life. The glory of the place, however, was the garden in the midst of which it was set, and which, surrounded by a high stone wall, gave perfect freedom and seclusion to the pupils. This garden was overflowing with all sorts of roses and flowering plants, was laid out with gravelled walks, and well cared for by the Irish janitor, who had a little house on the premises. Dan was very proud of the garden and his care of it, though he used often to assure us that, for real beauty, now, there was no place like Ireland, adding, "And sure if ye were there now, I could show yez a spot where this blessed minute ye could stand knee-deep in clover." In the second story, and fronting this garden, was a piazza two stories in height, with lofty pillars reaching to the roof—a pleasanter spot than which, during the heats of the early summer, I have never found.

For this school, in which was the hope of the entire system, the teachers were all selected from the Northern States—the most convincing proof, if anything further were needed, of the noble courage and fearlessness of purpose which characterized every act of the Board of Commissioners. The principal was a teacher of long experience in the public schools of Boston, a native of New Hampshire; two of the assistants were Massachusetts born and bred, and one came from Pennsylvania. To show how conservative and wise were the board, it may be stated that of the seventy-seven teachers in all the public schools, only nine were of Northern birth and home. But in the Normal School, where the future teachers were to

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be trained, they were all Northern, that the very best and most modern work might be done there.

Of those three women, coming thus into a new home and a strange city, I was one, and am therefore telling what I know and saw.

It was a fresh experience, the voyage thither in one of the beautiful steamers which then ran between Charleston and the Northern cities—the *Massachusetts* and the *South Carolina*. But stranger to our Northern eyes was Charleston itself, with the cross on old St. Michael's rising high above it as the steamer came in view of the garden-loving city. The harbor is bad, like those of all the sand-line cities; and the steamers, though drawing at the utmost only sixteen feet, were often obliged to lie outside waiting for high water, and had always to time their departures by the almanac. But, once within the bars and on shore, there were no bars in the welcome of the people. Not only by our personal friends, but by all connected with the schools, were we made to feel at home. The exquisite breeding of the city asserted itself, and at once took us, though from an alien land and a different civilization, into its charmed circle. The commissioners who had invited us there spared no pains to make our stay pleasant, making us welcome to their homes as well as to those of all the best people in the city. Courtesies of all kinds were offered to us. How beautiful and strange it all was—the rides about the country, where, while our Northern homes were still shivering in frost and snow, the Cherokee rose spread its white petals along the dusty roads, and we picked the yellow jasmine where the gray moss hung from the live-oaks! Camellias blossomed unafraid in the open air, and our desks at school were beautiful with them and magnolia blooms, or weighted with daintily arranged baskets of the purple or the large lemon figs which our girls had picked as they came to school from before their doors. The memory even now lies in my mind, sweet and still, persistent as the odor of orange blossoms from the Charleston trees. The orange-tree is not safe in that latitude; a sudden frost might stifle its life; but they were sometimes planted, and were of course found in conservatories or raised in parlors.

It was with a curious interest that we studied the buildings and customs of the town, so different in every way from those of our Northern homes. The long, airy houses with their three stories of piazzas, the negro quarters in the yards, often much larger and more imposing than the dwelling of the master and mistress, swarming with happy and careless life, as the many servants passed to and fro between house and quarters; and the little darkies of all ages were free to play and tumble to their hearts' content, unless, indeed, a sweet-voiced call came from the rear of the piazza, "George Washington and Columbus, come notice Miss Elvira!" followed by the rush of perhaps half a dozen small darkies of varying ages, all eager to play with and care for the heiress of the house and of them. And the loving and reverent care which they did take of the little Elvira was beautiful to see! Then the long stretch of the yard, with its pump in the middle, where a buxom serving-maid was filling her pails of water, which came into the house afterwards, one poised on her stately head, while she carried two in her hands; the queer wooden shutters, and the bewildering arrangement of the numbers of the houses on the street, where it was said that every citizen, if he moved, carried his number with him as a part of his personal property; the inevitable negro everywhere, waiting on and serving us at every turn; the beautiful gardens, whose high gates opened mysteriously and swiftly by invisible hands at the appeal of the loud-echoing bell. While one negro led us up the path, another opened the front door, a third escorted us to the drawing-room, while a fourth announced our arrival to the gracious mistress, and a fifth chubby little girl or boy appeared before we were fairly seated with a tray of cooling drink! And the procession of servants from the kitchen when dinner was in course of serving, one servant for each dish, so that everything was smoking hot, though it had come some distance in the open air! The queer and fascinating dialect of the negroes, and the altogether fascinating accent of the Charlestonians, the flare and live sighlike breath of the pitch-pine knots in the fireplace in the evening or the early morning, when the servant who came to make our fire entertained us all the time of her stay by her remarks, and never quitted the room—which she did half a dozen times during the process—leaving us in doubt as to what her errand

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might be, but announcing encouragingly each time, as she opened the door and disappeared, "Now I'm going for the matches," "Now I'm going for to fetch the dust-pan," etc. All was new, and full of interest and suggestion.

The regulations under which it was considered necessary to keep the colored population were to us new and interesting. The law at that time forbade their being taught to read. A colored woman could not wear a veil in the street, nor were two negroes allowed to walk arm in arm except at funerals. A curious and suggestive thing happened, therefore. Every negro funeral was largely attended, and the corpse was sure to be followed to the grave by an imposing line of mourners, all walking arm in arm. One very marked figure in the city was the old man at the ladies' entrance of the Charleston Hotel. I think I have never seen a man who had more the appearance of being somebody's grandfather than this kindly old Marcus. One day he had disappeared, and there was no one at the door. After long and futile search for him, a messenger brought word that he wanted the loan of money in order to return, and the mystery was finally solved by the discovery that he could not come, not because he had bought either oxen or land or married a wife, but for the simple reason that, having become more than specially interested in his one only pastime of gambling the night before, he had, in a fit of noble rage at his persistent ill luck, rashly hazarded his clothes—and lost the game. A contribution from his friends at the hotel soon restored him, clothed and in his right mind, which was a very positive one. There was a tradition current that one evening, as a party of lately arrived Northerners were having a pleasant conversation in the parlor somewhat late, they were surprised by the appearance of Marcus, who gravely informed them that he had come to sweep the parlors, and that "our folks in dis house always goes to bed by half past ten, sah!" The intimation was humbly heeded. Of course no one could resist the law of the hotel when the decisions were handed down from such a height.

Old St. Michael's Church was well worth a visit, with its tiled aisles and square pews. In its steeple, 193 feet in height, were the chimes which marked the quarters of the hour, and here too were rung, morning and evening, the bells which regulated the negroes in their perambulations. In winter the evening bells ring from quarter of six to six, and for a quarter of an hour before nine. This last was called the "last bell-ringing," and after it had ceased to sound any unfortunate negro found in the streets, unless he could show a pass from his master, was summarily deposited in the guard-house for the remainder of the night. During the ringing of the last bell two men regularly performed on the fife and drum on the corner opposite where the guard-house was situated, and the negroes who came out to listen to the music dispersed in quick time as the last tap was given the drum, and the last stroke of the bell lingered in the air. The watchman in the tower called the hour, and all relapsed into silence again. I give a literal copy of one of these passes:

"CHARLESTON, *March* 12, 1855.

"Paris has permission to pass from my residence in Beaufain St., near Rutledge, to the corner of Vanderhorst's wharf and East Berry, and from thence back again to my residence, before drum-beat in the morning, for one month.

"JAS. B. CAMPBELL.

"J. L. HUTCHINSON, Mayor."

One of the most interesting places was the church of Rev. J. L. Girardeau, a very large building, capable of seating perhaps fourteen hundred persons. In the morning the lower floor was occupied by the white congregation, and the negroes, as in the other churches, sat in the galleries, but in the afternoon the negroes filled the body of the house, the whites being seated only at the sides and in the galleries. To one not accustomed to the sight, the church then presented a striking appearance, and we had an opportunity of seeing all shades and varieties of color, in both complexion and dress. The old and staid negro women generally wore bright handkerchiefs twisted around the head, sometimes with the addition, though not the amendment, of a bonnet perched upon the top thereof, crown uppermost; but the younger and gayer portion of the community wore bonnets of all styles, from the most fashionable to the most obsolete. The only music was by the negroes, and it was really worth hearing. As of course they could not read, the hymn was retailed, two lines at a time, by the minister, who usually began the

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singing, and it welled out refreshingly strong and true. Before the services commenced the audience sometimes struck up a voluntary, greeting the ear as we entered in the form of some grand old tune sung by the assembled throng. The courtesy which surrendered the main part of the church to the negroes for half the time was only one out of many customs in the city which testified to the general kind feeling existing between master and slave, where true nobility asserted itself in relation to inferiors as well as to equals. In the homes of Charleston the negroes were treated like a sort of children of the household, and this because of a real affection.

The strength of family feeling on the part of the negroes was often queerly put, as thus: "Law sakes! Balaam Preston Hamilton Smith," a venerable old negro was heard to exclaim to a young man who was understood to be thinking of marrying, "don't say you'd go fur to 'liberate fur to take up wid any middlin' set. If you want a wife, you'd better marry into de Middleton family. De Middletons is a mighty good family. Hm! De Roses is 'spectable too; but jes look at me! I married into de Middleton family!"

The closeness of the relation was amusingly illustrated by an incident which occurred in school when we insisted that certain words should be pronounced according to authority, and not in the way in which the girls had been accustomed to sound them. "But," they said, "you know we grow up with the negroes, they take care of us, and we hear them talk all the time. Of course we can't help catching some of their ways of talking. It sounds all right to us." They were told that if they could find in any dictionary the least authority for the pronunciation dear to them, there would be no objection to it; that we were only trying to give them the best, and that it was not for any notion of ours that we insisted. "But," they said, quickly and sadly, "the dictionaries are all Northern dictionaries!" and so the matter came to an end. For it was by no means nothing but flowers and fruit from their gardens that these Southern maidens were in the habit of bringing to us, their Northern teachers; they brought to our aid every morning the sweetest docility, the greatest eagerness to learn, and the most perfect breeding. Even in the days after the *Star of the West* had been fired on, and the whole city was full of devotion to the Palmetto State and of denunciations of the North and of the people there; when for a Northern woman it was sometimes difficult to be calm; when we could neither listen to the prayers offered from the pulpits nor read the newspapers; when threatening anonymous letters came to our hand, and we grew tired with the constant strain and uncertainty—even then, and perhaps even more than before, to cross the threshold of that school-room was to pass at once into an atmosphere of peace and unfailing courtesy. Those girls came from homes that were full of bitter feeling and opposition to the North, but there was never an ungentle look or word from them to their Northern teachers. The school-room was an asylum, a safe and sure place for us; and what this meant of good-breeding and loyalty is comprehensible perhaps only to those who have spent their lives in contact with young and warm-hearted girls. There is nothing but sweet and dear memories of those girls, light-hearted and happy then, but with heavy clouds of war and trouble hanging over them — war and trouble which in more than one instance broke up happy homes, and struck down at their sides the brothers and the friends whom they so loved. I have before me now a card on which the girls of the first class wrote their names together for me, and to look it over is to recall much of sadness, though much of devotion, faithfulness, and high courage. The planning of this work is exquisitely neat, as was all the work that they did. Here are the names of two sisters, who afterwards became teachers in our places when we came away. Underneath, a name that recalls all gentleness and grace; next it, that of a girl whose parents had been born in New England, and who showed it in every fibre. Then comes Sallie, tall and slender, full of dash and fire, and the indescribable charm of the Southern girl, with her haughty, "Who'd stoop to quarrel?" so often said when some difference arose in the class; then Lizzie, with her beautiful dark eyes and her no less beautiful disposition, whose after-life was so full of sadness and sorrow; then the carefully written signature of the girl who took up the teacher's life, drawing her inspiration from what we brought her in those long-past days, and who has become a tower

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of strength to a new generation in her chosen profession; and then Celia, who, leaving her gracious and luxurious home, gave up her life to caring for the poor and suffering, and died at her post, mourned by the whole city. Sweet and strong they pass before me in memory, the girls of that first class, with the happy days in which we lived together in the close relation of teacher and taught. They had never before been in a large school, and its life and regulations were new and striking to them. They grew mentally like plants given a new sun and soil, and the work to the educator was beyond measure delightful, yielding a rich harvest.

We had visitors, men and women, to all of whom our work was of the greatest interest, and to whom it was a comparative novelty to be allowed to visit a school, and to see the work going on. I was greatly puzzled at first by the saying, which I heard often, that they had come to "see the system," as if we had some patent method of conveying information and of training, which had to be applied in some well-defined manner. I have since learned that this idea is not peculiar to the South.

Not different from the cordiality with which we were welcomed to the city homes was the thoughtful kindness which provided for our Christmas holidays. To see the rice plantation, with its long avenue of live-oaks, and the noble mansion standing on the wide lawn; to go over the store-house, where were kept goods of all kinds ready to be distributed to the field hands, the piles of dress goods and provisions, and all presided over by the gracious mistress of the house; to watch the men laborers, tall and brawny, splendid animals, with their fully developed muscles, and their rows of perfect white teeth, and the not-so-fortunate negro women, who also toiled in the rice-fields, bent and knotted with the labor; to see the great supper provided for them on Christmas eve, and to listen to their rejoicing and songs—all this was a great pleasure and a great lesson.

But it all was to pass away. The Democratic Convention in April, 1860, to which we devoted all our spare time, was a highly interesting and significant event. Political meetings grew more common and more enthusiastic. Then followed the election of President Lincoln, and the immediate resignation of the Federal judge, one of our commissioners, the Hon. A. G. Magrath, and of the district attorney. The streets bloomed with palmetto flags, and with a great variety of mottoes, and the air grew more and more charged with electrical feeling. The banks all suspended November 30, 1860. The convention met December 16th, and the act of secession was passed on the 20th, between one and two o'clock. The firing of guns and the ringing of bells announced the fact to the eager populace, and we began to live in a scene of the wildest excitement—a double-distilled Fourth of July. Business was at once suspended, and stores were closed. The chimes of old St. Michael's rang merrily at intervals all the afternoon. Fire companies of both colors paraded the streets, noisily jingling their bells, and one continually met members of the Vigilant Rifles, the Zouaves, the Washington Light-Infantry, or some other of the many companies, hurrying in a state of great excitement to their headquarters. Boys in the street shouted, "Hurrah! Out of the Union!" with all the strength of their lungs; and the negroes, who, on hearing any unusual noise, always made their appearance at all the gates, stood in groups at every passageway. The young men devoted themselves to drinking the health of the State, and exhibited indubitable evidence of having done so as they walked or drove furiously along. On Meeting and King streets in several places the sidewalks were covered with the remains of Indian crackers, and the whole air was redolent of gunpowder.

The excitement by no means came to an end as the day wore to its close, with a rosy sunset over the rippling waters of the Ashley, and when the twilight had died away an illumination of the principal business streets by means of blazing tar-barrels produced a strong and bodeful light. Meeting Street, from above the Charleston Hotel to below Institute or "Secession" Hall, was ablaze with burning tar, which overflowed so that sometimes the whole width of the street was aflame.

Ladies as well as gentlemen crowded Secession Hall at an early hour. About half the floor was reserved for members of the convention and the Legislature, the remainder being filled with an excited crowd of men. The meeting was opened with a prayer, short but comprehensive, acknow-

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ledging the possibility of suffering and privation, but asking, after that was passed, that their sails might whiten every sea, and their agriculture and commerce be greatly prospered. The ordinance of secession was then handed to the president, and by him read from a large parchment with the seal of the State hanging therefrom. At its close tumultuous applause shook the building, and the delegates, called in the order of their districts, were summoned to affix their names. The table upon which the signing was done was that upon which the ratification of the Federal Constitution had been signed. The whole evening there was a constant discharge of fireworks, crackers, and fire-arms in the street below, so that during the prayer it was at times impossible to hear what was being said. Bands of music passed at intervals, and the crowd outside shouted and cheered without intermission.

At last the signing was over, and the president, taking up the parchment amid profound silence, said, "The ordinance of secession has been signed and ratified, and I proclaim the State of South Carolina to be an independent commonwealth." This was the signal for an outburst of enthusiasm such as is not often witnessed. Every one rose to his feet, and all broke forth into tumultuous and ever-renewed cheering. Handkerchiefs waved, hats were swung round and wildly tossed into the air, or they were elevated on canes, swords, or muskets, and spun round and round. The act of secession was then read to the crowd on the outside of the building, who greeted it with their shouts. The two palmetto-trees which stood on either side of the platform were despoiled of their leaves by the audience as mementos of the occasion, and the meeting slowly dispersed.

It was in the assembly-room of the old school-house, early on the morning of January 9, 1861, as I sat at the desk bending over my books preparing for the day's work, that I heard the report of the first gun which was fired at the *Star of the West*, and lifted my head to listen, with a great fear at my heart, and an effort to persuade myself that the sounds were only the effect of my excited imagination as they came again and again. On the morning of April 12th I was twenty miles away, in one of the beautiful homes where we had been so often welcome guests, and on coming down to breakfast found anxious faces and much excitement among the servants, who reported that they had heard firing all the night in the direction of Charleston. We ate breakfast almost in silence, our only thought being whether we could get to the city that day; and after the meal was over stood on the broad piazza waiting till the big strong farm wagon could be arranged to take us to the railroad station. At last it appeared.

The driver went to the kitchen for a last word, and detailed one of the house-servants who stood looking on to stand in front of the horses till he should return. The latter, attracted by the play of two children, turned away to watch them; some sudden noise startled the horses, and away they went, big wagon and all, in a mad run round and round over the great field, in and out among out-houses, sheds, and trees, while we stood helplessly looking on, and heard the sound of the guns. It seemed a long time before they made for the opposite sides of a tree, which they saw stood directly in their way, and smashing the pole of the wagon on its trunk, were brought to a standstill. There was the wagon hopelessly ruined, so far as any journey in it for that day was concerned, dripping as to its back end with broken eggs; there was the terrified negro, tears streaming down his face, and crying out, "Oh, I only looked away from dose horses one minute, and now I have done more harm dan I can pay for all my life long!" And again and again we heard the sound of the far-off guns. The brother of one of our company was on duty at one of the forts; the families of all of them were there whence came the ominous sound. But there was absolutely nothing to do on that isolated plantation but to sit still or pace up and down while the servants hunted for some other vehicle in sufficient order to be trusted to carry all of us over the roads, floating with the spring rains. They worked at an old carry-all, which they found stored away in a shed, till they thought it safe to trust, and it was some time after dinner before we finally set off for the railroad station miles away. When we reached there in safety, in spite of the ominous groans and creaks of the crazy old carriage in which we sat crowded, the air was full of rumors, but we could hear nothing definite. At last came the train, delayed, and with troops on board, whose number was augmented at several sta-

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tions where we stopped, to be still farther delayed, and when we were finally landed in a shed on the side of the river opposite Charleston, we found it swarming with citizen soldiery. We crossed the river, and said hasty good-byes. I rushed to my boarding-place, flung down my packages, and hastening through the streets, filled with an excited crowd, reported myself to the principal of the school as being in the city, to be greeted as soon as seen by the exclamation, "By Jove! I knew you'd get here somehow."

The night came and passed, and the sun rose cloudless and bright on one of the April days which are like the June days of New England, but the wind had shifted, and we heard no reports. It was believed that the firing had ceased—why, no one could tell—but at the Battery the smoke still showed that it had not, even though there it was almost impossible to hear the sound.

Let us go thither. Many of the stores have their doors open, but no shutters are unclosed, and only necessary business is transacted. We go down Meeting Street, past Institute or Secession Hall, and remember the scene of the 20th of last December there. Saddled horses stand waiting at the door, and remind us that General Beauregard's office is within. As we turn down Water Street towards the East Battery the crowd becomes visible, lining the sidewalk. Making our way between the carriages which fill the street, we mount the steps leading to the walk, and taking up our position at the least crowded part, turn our attention to the harbor. The reports come deadened to the ear, though one can easily tell whence the shot come by the smoke.

The crowd increases, and is composed of all materials. Women of all ages and ranks of life look eagerly out with spy-glasses and opera-glasses. Children talk and laugh and walk back and forth in the small moving-space as if they were at a public show. Now and then a man in military dress goes hastily past. Grave men talk in groups. Young men smoke and calculate probabilities and compare conflicting reports, and still the guns send forth their deadly missiles, and the light clouds suddenly appearing and hanging over the fort till dispersed by the wind tell of the shells which explode before they reach their destination.

"There goes Stevens again! He gives it to 'em strong!" and a puff of white smoke rises from the iron-clad battery.

"Look! Did you see the bricks fly then from the end of the fort? She struck that time!"

"What is that smoke over Sumter? Isn't it smoke?" and all glasses and eyes are turned in that direction and watch eagerly. It increases in volume and rolls off seaward. What can it be? Is he going to blow up the fort? Is he heating shot? What is it? Still the batteries keep up their continual fire, and Anderson's guns, amidst a cloud of smoke, return with two or three discharges. Suddenly a white cloud rises from Sumter, and a loud report tells of the explosion of some magazine—"Probably a magazine on the roof for some of his barbette guns"—and the firing goes on.

"Look out! Moultrie speaks again!" and another puff of smoke points out the position of that fort, followed by one from the floating battery of the others. We listen and watch.

"I don't believe Anderson is in the fort. He must have gone off in the night and left only a few men. It was a very dark night."

"See the vessels off there? No, not there; farther along to the right of Sumter. That small one is the *Harriet Lane*."

"Yes, I can see them plain with the naked eye. Ain't they going to do anything? The large one has hauled off."

"No; they are still."

"Look! Can you see those little boats? Three little boats a hundred yards apart. They are certainly coming."

"Yes," said a woman, an opera-glass at her eyes, "the papers this morning said they were to re-enforce with small boats, which were to keep at a great distance from each other." Another, incredulous, says they are nothing but waves, and you can see plenty anywhere like them. "Doubleday is killed," remarks another. "They saw him from Moultrie, lying on top of the ramparts."

This is set at naught by a small boy, who says, "Look, do you see that mosquito just on the corner of that flag in Sumter?" and a dignified silence follows.

Now the smoke rises over Sumter again, black smoke, and curls away, but no other signs of life. We watch, and as we watch it grows blacker and thicker. The fort must be on fire!

"Yes! Can't you see the flame? There

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at the south angle! You can see it through this glass. Look now!"

The smoke hides all one side of the fort, and the leaping flames leave no room for doubt. They spread till it seems as if the whole fort must be a sheet of flame within, and the firing goes on as if nothing had happened, but no signs of life at Fort Sumter. Why doesn't the fleet do something? How *can* men with blood in their veins idly watch the scene and not lend a helping hand when they have the power? They must be armed vessels! Is Anderson still in the fort? No signal comes from there, and the firing continues, and the shells explode around and within, and the dense black smoke rolls away, and the flames leap round the flag-staff.

"Now you'll see that old flag go down!" cries a boy with a spy-glass.

"*That old flag!*"

I listen and watch in mournful silence, and hear the beating of my heart as the flames rise higher and higher. What does it mean? Anderson can't be in the fort! He must be on board the fleet, or they could not stand idly by.

"He has probably left slow matches to some of his guns. He means to burn up the fort—to blow it up!"

"Captain Foster intimated that it was undermined," says another.

Still the flag-staff stands, though the flames are red around it.

"It would be a bad omen if the flag should stand all this fire," says a gentleman at my side as he hands me his glass. I level it and look.

A vessel has dropped anchor just between, and the flag of the Confederate States, fluttering from the fore, completely conceals the staff at Sumter. I move impatiently to the right to get rid of it, and see with throbbing heart the flag still safe, and watch with sickening anxiety.

Another explosion, which scatters the smoke for a while.

"He is blowing up the barracks to prevent the fire from spreading," says one.

Can it be that he is still there?

Still the flag waves as of old. The flames die down, and the smoke somewhat clears away, and the shells explode as before, and Major Stevens fires continually.

"It is West Point against West Point to-day," says one.

"Stevens was not at West Point."

"No, but Beauregard was a pupil of Anderson's there."

The tide has turned and is going out, and now the vessels cannot come in. What does it mean? Still the people pass and repass; the crowd thins a little; they jest idly and remark on the passers, and conversation goes on. Friends meet and greet each other with playful words. Judge Magrath stands in a careless attitude, a red camellia in his button-hole, at the window of one of the houses overlooking the scene. Beauregard passes, observant. Carriages drive by. People begin to leave.

"The flag is down!" A shot has struck the staff and carried it away. "Look! the flag is down!" and an excited crowd rush again through the streets leading to the Battery, and a shout fills the air.

The flag of the United States has been shot down in the harbor of Charleston, South Carolina.

"It is up again on a lower staff!" "Yes!" "No!" "It is a white flag!"

A white flag waves from the walls of Fort Sumter, and the colors which have been repeatedly lowered to-day as a signal of distress in vain have fallen at last.

The firing ceases, and Anderson surrenders unconditionally, with the fort a blazing furnace.

The school went on, and everything there was as usual, except perhaps a shade of added gravity, and a sense of sorrow for the parting which flung its shadow over teachers and taught; if it had been possible, an increased docility and loving gentleness on the one hand, a greater tender watchfulness and earnestness on the other. The shadow grew heavier and the parting nearer as the months went on, full of stir, till the day in early June when I left my class to meet the chairman of the special commissioners for our school in the dome-room, not to stand there again. Mr. Bennett had brought me my salary, then due; he paid me as usual *in gold*, and he said: "We are very sorry that you feel you must go. We want you to say that when this trouble is over you will come back to us," and he reached out his hand for a leave-taking with the old-time courtesy of which we had so much since we had made our home in Charleston. I said: "Mr. Bennett, I am so sorry to go! But I cannot promise to come back. I am afraid that neither you nor I nor any one knows how long this trouble is going to

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last, and I cannot say anything about coming back."

And so I had to turn away from my girls, and travel to Massachusetts by way of Georgia, Tennessee, Kentucky, Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and New York. I have the notes of that journey still, kept in pencil as we went, full of excitement and wonder. As the war went on, the schools had to stop; all the beautiful fabric so wisely and so nobly planned was destroyed, and the labor seemed to have been in vain. The shells went ploughing their way through the roof into the old class-rooms, so full of sweet and gracious memories, and fell in the flower-planted garden where we had walked with the eager girls. Trouble and anguish fell upon the dear old city. And when her people fled to Columbia, fire and destruction met them there, such realities as we at the North never knew, even with all that came to us. That was the time when a young woman remarked to my friend one evening, "Well, whatever happens, I am sure that we shall not be utterly ruined, for my father has put our goods in seven different places in the city, so that we shall be sure to have something," and said "Good-night." In the lurid glare of the next morning, before daybreak, the same girl knocked at the same door with the piteous appeal: "Have you got a dress you can lend me to wear? I have not one thing left." That was what war meant to those people. We thought it was hard!

I turn over the relics in my possession with gratitude and affection never wavering and with profound respect—the pass for gray-headed "Paris," in its faded ink, with the strong, manly signature of his master at the foot; letters, records, and, given to me long after, postage-stamps bearing the name of the Confederate States; sheets of note-paper with the palmetto flag and the Confederate flag in colors at the head; a newspaper printed on wall-paper, bearing date, "Vicksburg, July 4, 1863"; and bank-bills of all denominations, from five hundred dollars to five cents. These are coarse in execution and on a poor quality of paper; but they used the very best they had. I know that no New York bank will take them on deposit, for I tried them once at the desk of the receiving-teller of the Sixth National, with as inexpressive a face as I can command from a long experience in teaching—which is saying a great deal—and much to the astonishment of that functionary. But they are not valueless, for all that. There are many things which the banks will not take, and yet which are worth more than all the silver in the Treasury vaults at Washington, and realer than real estate in New York. These bills stand to-day for such assets as those, for "he who can prevail upon himself to devote his life for a cause, however we may condemn his opinions or abhor his actions, vouches at least for the honesty of his principles and the disinterestedness of his motives. . . . He is no longer a slave, but free. The contempt of death is the beginning of virtue." And surely the old South needed no lessons in virtue from us.

But the work on those schools was not lost, for one by one they who had been our girls took up the task with the spirit we had helped to inspire in them, and one of them has made not only on her city, but on the wide Southern country from which her girls come to her wise guidance, an abiding mark. After the war was over, and the time of mismanagement and misuse, the seed that had been sown in earnest faith, unswerving purpose, and singleness of spirit brought forth a hundredfold.

And the two cities, so alike in so many ways, so different from all the other cities of the land, even through the bitter war learned to know each other better, and to recognize more fully their common character. As is the case often with two human sisters, they repelled each other simply because they were at heart and in all that constitutes true nobility so much alike. But as two sisters, taught better to understand each other by the experience of life, find their former repulsion changed into attraction, and finally into a complete unity that no outside influence can in the least affect, so is it with Boston and Charleston. When fire and earthquake fought for the possession of their beauty and their old and sacred places, they reached out tender hands to each other; for in the new dispensation the Lord was in both fire and earthquake. The great and strong wind bears now only peace and good-will for message on its Northern and Southern way, and if ever henceforth there be need of defending "that old flag," no two States will stand closer shoulder to shoulder than Massachusetts and South Carolina.

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THE END OF AN ANIMOSITY.

BY L. CLARKSON.

CHAPTER I.

"I had no time to hate, because
The grave would hinder me,
And life was not so ample I
Could finish enmity!"
—EMILY DICKINSON.

"WELL, mother, if you'd rather, of course we won't get married yet awhile. We can wait, me and Christie Ann. She don't seem to be much set on gettin' married just now. She always was sort of patient like. I misdoubt she don't think too much of herself anyhow; and if you want we should, we'll put it off another year."

The old woman looked keenly into her son's face, torn between her sympathy for him and her desire to frustrate a catastrophe from herself. Her face worked into a hundred curious wrinkles which suggested grimaces. She passionately loved him, and she was a religious woman whose life was one of self-denial and struggle against the flesh. But there was one thing stronger than her love, stronger even than her religion. It was her hatred for Christie Ann Ford.

The people about her did not take into account this powerful will. They never realized that they were ruled. How could they, when the virtue and wisdom and tender solicitude for the good of all, which were also in her heart, spoke daily and hourly, while that desire for mastery spoke no word?

Her son realized it least of all. He believed that she so loved him as to give herself for him. And so she would have done—her body, but not her will.

"If you want we should, we'll put it off another year. As you say, father's been gone but a short while."

"'Lias," said the old woman, humbly, "you're very good to me. Sometimes I think mothers oughtn't to live so long that they're a hindrance, with their dread of new ways and new people. Seems like they ought to give place to the younger woman that's to come."

"Christie Ann isn't like any one new, mother. We've known her all her life. We pretty nigh helped bring up Christie Ann."

"So we did, 'Lias; and it does seem's though I hadn't ought to have this dread upon me. It don't appear reasonable. But it's change of any sort that old people are afeard of. Their own great change has got to come so soon—so sudden, maybe. The Bible teaches the young people to wait a bit on the old, and not hurry the change, don't it?"

"You sha'n't be hurried, mother. I couldn' seem to understand before just how you would take it. It wouldn't be a change to me, but like a finishing touch to all that's gone before."

"Of course it would, my son. That's natural. Only, don't you see, I was 'most old before you was born. I was well on to forty when I married your father, and that seems 'bout the only change I could live out and live down. Life's very solemn, 'Lias."

"I reckon I don't quite understand," said the young man, speaking slowly. He looked off into the soft mists where the mountains lay outlined against the sky. "It seems to me as if loving and getting and keeping and cherishing were life."

"Losing is life too, 'Lias; and forgetting and being forgotten," she said, solemnly.

He moved his hands—brown, work-soiled hands—softly, one over the other.

"I reckon marryin' or not marryin' to-day or to-morrow don't really alter life, mother. I reckon ourselves are the same right along. But we'll wait—another year." He turned to go, but she caught his arm.

"Don't think your mother selfish, 'Lias. If it was to seem to you that I'm selfish, I'd liefer you'd be married to-morrow."

"I don't think you're selfish. How could I, when I know how you've worked and slaved for me, and for everybody? Ain't you always doing for those worse off than yourself? Don't you nurse every poor body in the village, and help the babies into the world and the corpses out of it? What would Zonetown do, mother, if you was selfish?"

He stooped and kissed her, then was gone before she had quite swallowed a curious lump in her throat. Suppose 'Lias were to find out about that stealthy animosity which no one knew but God? A singular familiarity had grown between her soul and her Maker over this secret thing.

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"The Lord knows my heart," she would say. "That's the trouble. He knows me as he knew Judas, long enough before Judas betrayed Him. He warned His disciples—'One of you is a devil.' That meant Judas. He told them plainly, 'One of you is a child of perdition.' That was Judas. 'One of you shall betray me'—Judas! But they didn't know. They never suspected—any mor'n old Deacon Frost or Ebenezer Hack suspect me."

The comfort she had always taken in the good opinion of people was turned to gall and wormwood. Whenever she felt the eye of her small world upon her, at meeting or in more private assemblies, where she was used to lifting up her voice in prayer and exhortation, a sore self-condemnation began gnawing at her heart. She could not get rid of the thought of Judas. It was always with her, nagging at her conscience.

"Oh yes," she said, bitterly, "He knew Judas through and through. It didn't need that kiss to betray Judas to his Master. And that's like me. I betray myself to *my* Master—as a traitor—every time I kiss Christie Ann Ford. He knows I hate her. He knows I would kill her if bad wishes killed. Oh me! oh me! The world thinks I'm a disciple, but the Lord—He knows I'm a Judas."

At times it seemed to her as though the Lord himself spoke to her soul.

"Art thou not afraid," said the sorrowful Voice, "to face all these, My people, with a lie on thy lips? Art thou not preaching to them love and forgiveness whilst thou art cherishing hatred in thy heart?"

And some demon within her would cry out: "Let me alone! What have I to do with Thee, thou Son of David? Know that if Christie Ann Ford marries my son Elias, I will never forgive her in this world or the next."

She shuddered at the contemplation of her spiritual condition, but she could not give up. If Christie Ann was going to marry her son, her only son, she must hate her. Yet all the while she wore the placid look, the guileless smile, which shone out beneath the close-fitting cap of her order. People had said Aunt Hannah was a saint for so long that they had ceased to look for her motives, and only judged her by the smooth order of her actions.

"After all," she said to herself, in moments of attempted self-justification, "conduct is everything; it's principle and character that tell in the long-run. Mine ain't altered. I know what's right. Don't the Bible say we shall be judged by our fruits? There's nothing wrong with my conduct."

This sophistry, however, being exactly opposite to the teaching of her sect, gave little consolation. It was simply lying to herself as she lied to the world. She grew thin, and had a worn, anxious look.

"You don't seem well, mother," Elias said, tenderly. "I reckon you've too much to do about the farm. Now if Christie Ann—"

She interrupted him hurriedly: "Don't you fret about me, 'Lias. I'll do first rate if only the sheep turn out better this year, and the apples ain't specked like they was last fall."

CHAPTER II.

"Presentiment is that long shadow on the lawn
Indicative that suns go down;
The notice to the startled grass
That darkness is about to pass."
—EMILY DICKINSON.

THE little village of Zonetown seems an unlikely place to find a silent and unrelenting antagonism, being peopled chiefly by that pious and unworldly sect called Dunkards.

Hannah Bland's ancestors had been God-fearing men and women, whose integrity had won for them the right to be leaders in their sect. No one had prized this inheritance of leadership more than she. In religious bodies who do not formulate a creed or abide by a form of worship it is usually the women who lead and the men who follow. Joshua Bland had followed dutifully all their married life. His distant kinship had caused him to be chosen as life partner by Hannah, who could not bear to relinquish the much-respected family name. In religious meetings, where Hannah led the prayers, in social gatherings, where she did the talking, Joshua listened. In their domestic life, where Hannah's influence was paramount, Joshua's path was marked out for him, but it was marked by love. He was not so much required as privileged to say yea to her yea and nay to her nay. With a great seeming of paying tribute to her husband as head of the household, and a remarkable capacity for making the

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doctrine of charity pervade her actions, the wise Dunkard woman covered her iron rule with the softest phrases of affection. And Joshua Bland, echoing her yea or nay without a thought of self or self-assertion, believed himself to be master of his own. Elias felt no sense of restraint or coercion while he lived according to his mother's ordering, even in the matter which touched him deepest, and about which he had said, simply, "If you'd rather, mother, we'll wait." He adored her with a blind fidelity, as wonderful as it was unreasoning. It is doubtful if he ever saw through the conciliatory speeches which governed him. Certainly he never saw through that serene surface of love into the hatred of her heart. There was only one human being in the world who saw beyond that soft exterior and caught a glimpse of the other Hannah Bland, the Hannah Bland that God knew and that sometimes knew herself. Beneath that smiling look Christie Ann sometimes saw a fiery gleam in the bright eyes which caused a nameless apprehension. Not for worlds would she have hinted that such an unlovely light could be possible. At times the poor girl feebly doubted the evidence of her own perception.

Elias's courtship had prospered. Christie Ann was a farmer's daughter, and not given to great demands in the matter of indulgence. There is not much romance in the life of a hard-working Pennsylvania farmer, nor does that overflow of sentiment which we call sentimentality find any place there. But there was something strong and sweet and tender in Elias Bland's nature which craved those sweet and tender responses that love gives to love and asks of love. His passion for Christie Ann Ford was very pure and full of young enthusiasm.

She worshipped him with the devotion of first love. He wore in her eyes a guise of perfection which none of the commonplace surroundings of his work-a-day existence could mar. That light in his face not all the roughness and monotony of farm life could dim.

Hannah Bland's manner towards her son's affianced wife was most cordial. She even made much of her, saying to the chance new-comer who happened now and then upon the mountain village: "This is my daughter as will be. This is 'Lias's Christie Ann."

But in her heart she said, "She will never be a daughter to me, nor a wife to 'Lias."

She prayed just as lustily that God would let her light be a help to those who were yet in darkness, but her face grew more worn, her voice less steady. The secret was telling on her. Everything grew blurred, chaotic, in her hitherto well-ordered soul. She still prayed in meeting, but there were times when she shrank before God and her fellow-creatures, and trembled at the reproaches of her own conscience. She began to have long spells of moody silence, and if she was aroused, to assume for a few moments her old cheerful manner, she would again relapse. A conflict began to torment her brain after this fashion:

"Christie Ann Ford stands in the way of my peace of mind. She's a sort of stumbling-block to the welfare of my spiritual life. Unless she is removed she will be a barrier between my soul and the Almighty. God ought to remove her. He ought. I've been a good Christian these sixty years, and it don't seem 's though it should all go for nothing, after all, just because of Christie Ann Ford. God oughtn't to let her destroy my soul. But if 'Lias marries her, and she comes here to live, and takes everything out of my hands because I'm old and she's young, I'll hate her worse than now. And it 'll destroy my soul. Forever."

By-and-by this theorizing took a more definite form. "Something's got to happen," she said to herself, feverishly. "Something's got to happen. I hate her worse every day. I'm that set against her I can't live in the same world with her any longer. She's got to go. God 'll fix it somehow. Mebbe it 'll be a mortal sickness as 'll carry her off. Mebbe it 'll be fire. Seems as though 'twere going to be fire. Christie Ann's that hearty I can't think of any sickness as is likely to come to her. But a fire—that could come to anybody! And the Fords are none too God-fearing. Mebbe it 'll be a fire."

She would rouse from her fitful and nervous sleep at a sudden sound in the dead of night, and start up in bed, muttering, excitedly: "I heard a noise. S'pose it was—the fire. S'pose—"

But the fire never came, and as the months went by there were times when the passion of her enmity burnt so low that it seemed to have been smothered out of the tormented soul.

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The vision of the burning house never quite left her. Her brain had become so benumbed by the continuous pressure of one painful thought that it had lost all power of throwing off the idea or changing the hallucination.

And still she prayed before men, lifting up her quavering voice in the accustomed places—even in the accustomed phrases—beloved, respected, reverenced as of old. No one had found her out. But she knew herself as God knew her. It was the crushing consciousness uppermost in her dazed brain. She fought daily with Apollyon, and daily Apollyon vanquished her. "You've got to give up this wicked thing, or it 'll slay you," reiterated tortured Conscience. And it was as though the demon within her gnashed upon Conscience, while she replied: "I can't give it up. Let it slay me!—let it!"

CHAPTER III.

"The brain within its groove
Runs evenly and true;
But let a splinter swerve,
'Twere easier for you
To put the water back
When floods have slit the hills
And scooped a turnpike for themselves,
And blotted out the mills."

—EMILY DICKINSON.

IT was one of those perfect evenings which come only to mountain places, when the glory of the hills is as the glory of the sky.

The old woman sat in the doorway of her home, feeling for the moment almost at peace with the world and herself—and Christie Ann. Christie Ann had been bidden to supper. It was a Saturday afternoon, and Elias had planned the little surprise. They had been so happy over their early meal, Hannah's silence was scarcely noticed. She was fighting the old battle, saying to herself, "'He that dippeth with me in the dish, he it is that shall betray me!' That was Judas!"

Then the young girl's gayety overcame her bitterness; and when Christie Ann wanted to clear off the table and wash up the dishes, she let her do it. Elias watched her quick, deft movements, with the beautiful light shining in his eyes.

"How handy she is, mother," he whispered; "and what pretty ways she has!"

Hannah Bland nodded. "It's youth," she said. "Youth's always handy and pretty."

Peace came to her heart as she sat in the doorway, and when the girl came, shyly, to sit beside her—she was always shy of 'Lias's mother—the old woman almost felt the kindliness which she expressed as she thanked her for her little service. How gladly Christie Ann would have washed those dishes every day, and three times every day!

Elias had stopped off early from his work, and the two young people were going to indulge themselves in the unusual pleasure of an evening saunter to a mountain lake not far off, which reflected the glory of the hills and the glory of the heavens.

"If only you'd come with us, mother," said 'Lias. "It ain't far, and the change 'd brighten you up a bit. Seem 's though you don't look as bright these days as you ought."

"Won't you come, Aunt Hannah?" pleaded Christie Ann. "It ain't half far by the short-cut through the laurels. I'm 'most sure it wouldn't tire you."

She shook her head. She had grown very old in the last year, and the soft bloom had gone from her cheeks. Her eyes were restless and uneasy. The alteration in her appearance had come so gradually that even Elias did not observe it. Perhaps, after all, he thought more about Christie Ann than about his mother. That is fate. It is for that we bear sons and daughters.

"Do come," pleaded Christie Ann, timidly.

Hannah Bland shook her head again; the bitterness was coming back.

"I don't seem to care to move about much these days. I reckon I'm older than I was. Sixty years ain't much. My mother lived to be eighty, and she wasn't never averse to movin' about as I be now. Mebbe folks get their second joints like they get their second sight. Leastways, I don't reckon on bein' always stiff like this. You go on—you two. Don't mind me, 'Lias. I'll do very well. I want to see you happy, that's all."

Christie Ann sighed. "She wants to see him happy every way but one," she said, softly. "And perhaps — perhaps she'll live to be eighty, like her mother."

There was no hatred in Christie Ann's heart; only a great longing to be 'Lias's very own.

"But I think," she added, smiling to herself, "that she likes me better and bet-

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ter. I didn't see that look in her eyes once this evening—not once."

They walked through the golden glow of that exquisite evening light into the very heart of the crimson sunset. Nature had never before been so beautiful; love had never before been so sweet; they had never before been so near each other.

"It won't be long now, Christie Ann. Mother don't seem to feel quite as she did about our getting married. I reckon in a couple of months—oh, Christie, Christie!" He clasped her in his arms. Her bright head lay upon his breast. Their eyes were full of happy tears.

"It won't seem long when it's over, 'Lias—the waiting, I mean," sobbed Christie Ann. "I think we'll love each other better for it, always."

After a while it occurred to Elias that it might be pleasant to get into a rude boat that was fastened near the shore, and soon they were paddling about in a clumsy fashion on the lake—a most unusual thing for people of their unsentimental sort, who look upon a row-boat only as a means of livelihood or of locomotion. No one ever knew how it happened. But quite suddenly the rough craft was upset, and Elias Bland was struggling in the deep water, trying frantically to seize upon the water-logged garments of poor Christie Ann, who was destitute of any ability to save herself.

That was how the something happened for which Hannah Bland had prayed.

She was still sitting by the door. The sunset's last gleam had not quite died out of the sky, although the near hills were bathed in the pearly mists of coming night. Far off, the mountains still wore wonderful halos about their summits. It was scarcely two hours since Christie Ann had looked back, saying, in her soft girlish voice, "Good-night, Aunt Hannah."

But the bitterness had all come back, and the old woman's soul was torn by jealous rage. "How could I let her do it?" she muttered. "To come here and eat at my table and drink from my cup, and then to carry him out of my sight like that! But wait—wait. The Lord's goin' to hear me yet—"

Some one came hastily up the village street; others were hurrying towards her in the distance. She could not see their faces for the gloaming. Instinctively, as though she felt from afar the coming of the catastrophe which she awaited, Hannah Bland jumped from her chair. A wild look that might almost have been mistaken for joy gleamed from her eyes. She did not utter a sound. She could not. God was going to answer her prayer; but as yet she dared not rejoice.

"Hannah Bland! Hannah Bland!" cried Deacon Frost, a gray-haired Dunkard preacher, whose knees tottered as he ran. He too seemed stricken dumb. His lips framed only the syllables of her name.

"Go on," she gasped, shaking as in a palsy.

"It's too awful," cried the old Dunkard, turning to the others. "Tell her, Ebenezer Hack; I can't."

Ebenezer put his hands before his face and burst into sobs. Hannah Bland's lips moved once more. She wagged her head. Her eyes shot fire.

"Oh, Aunt Hannah," cried a young girl, weeping wildly, "it's a drowning! Christie Ann—she—"

Suddenly the old woman's long-pent-up mania burst through all bounds. She threw up her arms over her head, shrieking: "I know it! It's the dispensation of Providence! It's come at last!" and ran away from them like a creature gone stark mad.

There was a great corn-field a quarter of a mile back of the house; acres upon acres of tall yellow corn ready for the harvesting. She ran on, forgetful of her years, her stiffening joints—ran like one demented. No one moved to follow her at first. When they did she had disappeared into the corn-field—lost herself in the countless rows of tall swaying stalks. They searched for a while, but faint-heartedly, dreading to come upon that strange wild face.

"Best let her be," said the old Dunkard preacher. "She knows where to go for comfort. She's best left to herself and her grief. We'll go see to the dead. We can only pray for Hannah. When she gets the Lord by the hand, she'll come to. He ain't going to desert her now, after all the years she's been faithful to Him."

So the dazed woman wandered all night among the rows of corn-stalks. She was like one in an ecstasy, who yet feared the amazing consummation of her own desire.

"It's awful sudden like," she said, hoarsely. "I can't seem to take it in. Drowned—Christie Ann drowned! And I thought it would have been fire. I nev-

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er once thought of the lake. If it had been fire"—she stopped with a choking sensation in her throat—"I *might* have felt as though I'd murdered her—it did seem so certain it was to have been fire. But water!" She shivered. "As God Almighty sees and knows my wrong and wicked and deceitful heart, I solemnly swear I never once thought of drowning. Did I, Lord? Wasn't it all Thy doing? I never put it into Thy head with a thought. Lord, Lord, I thank Thee, but I didn't do it—I didn't indeed!" She fell upon her knees in convulsions of ecstatic weeping and protestations, which gradually wore themselves out in suffocating sobs that seemed to crack the heart of her.

Hours went by. The night was grand with stars. The tall corn waved about her, rustling its long sibilant leaves, and closed over her head like a canopy. She grew more self-controlled, and by-and-by the thought of her son and of his grief broke in upon her unholy joy.

"I reckon he's broken-hearted—is 'Lias. He's grievin' for her, while I, his mother, have been hiding away here lest human eyes should see and mark my triumph. I must go back and comfort 'Lias—and no one will ever know—thank God!—thank God!"

She made her tortuous way through the corn, losing herself a dozen times in the dull gray of the creeping dawn. A quarter of a mile beyond the corn-field she saw the lights of her own house still twinkling faintly, dimly.

She hastened her steps. The savage joy, the cruel triumph, were gone from her eyes. The face of Hannah Bland beneath its Dunkard's cap was the calm, serene face that her neighbors knew—not the distorted countenance that had gazed up at the stars. It was the face of sympathy ready to meet her son's grief with befitting sorrow.

The exhaustion of the night's vigil was beginning to overcome her, and she felt faint and unnerved as she drew near the door. A group of neighbors came to meet her silently.

"Is—she there?" Hannah gasped, in a choked voice.

"Yes, poor Christie Ann's there," one of the women answered, making room for her to pass in.

"And where's—'Lias?"

The woman pointed with a tragic gesture. Hannah Bland stumbled blindly into the room. The gray of the dawn made everything indistinct for a moment, in spite of the ineffectual glimmer of the dim lamp.

They left her to go in alone.

What she saw—her eyes wilder now with anguish than they had been with joy—was her son—her only son—stretched stark before her, and Christie Ann cowering on the floor, clasping his dead hand to her bosom, to her lips, kissing it passionately.

A shriek like that which tore from Hannah Bland's throat no mortal there had ever heard before. She gave one bound forward to tear her dead from the caresses of the woman he had loved; but her strength was gone, and she fell a senseless heap upon the floor, stricken with paralysis.

When her brain recovered sufficiently to know those about her, she seemed scarcely to recognize any one, and to have lost nearly all her faculties.

She only spoke one or two phrases, going over and over them with the painful monotony of semi-imbecility.

"It wasn't murder," she said. "I didn't kill Christie Ann. What I looked for was fire—that's what Satan put in my heart—fire. It was never water."

They were very patient, and bore with her in the dull, uncomplaining fashion of hard-working folk who are not used to making much of their burdens. "Seems odd she's got 'Lias and Christie Ann all mixed up," they said. "And what's all that queer talk about murder and fire?"

"Don't you know," said another, "when folks' heads is turned they always say and do exactly the opposite of what they'd say and do if their heads was all right? She's lost her wits, that's all."

Only once did her conscious eyes rest upon Christie Ann after that awful dawn when she had stumbled all unprepared into the presence of her dead.

Poor Christie Ann had resolved to devote herself to the stricken mother of her lost lover. But at sight of her the same frightful shriek tore its way from the half-paralyzed throat, and it brought on a second stroke, from which they thought she could not rally. She did partially recover, and lived on, bedridden, torpid, for several years, not speaking an articulate word for weeks, and when she did speak it was only to reiterate: "The Lord knows—it wasn't murder. It was water—not fire—killed Christie Ann."

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THE RELATIONS OF LIFE TO STYLE IN ARCHITECTURE.

BY THOMAS HASTINGS.

WHEN we consider the confusion of styles which afflicts us in this country there surely is an urgent need to consider this question: what should be the influence of our life and its environment upon architectural style? For fear of being misunderstood, I would say at the outset that I have no patience with men who in a wholesale way condemn any style of architecture, or the legitimate work of any period, as either impure or illogical. Good and honest work has been done at all times. If the work of one period has been better than that of another, it has been because the conditions of that period were better and the architects were better. It was no fault of the style. In a high and an important sense, all styles are to be admired at all times. As far as one has the right to judge, the façade of Notre Dame of Paris is as great and noble as the Parthenon of Athens.

The question of supreme interest is, what influence life in its different phases has upon architectural style. *Style* in architecture is that method of expression in the art which has varied in different periods, almost simultaneously throughout the civilized world, without reference to the different countries, beyond being merely influenced by differences of national character and climate. Some confuse style with composition. Composition is the arrangement or design—an aggregate of related parts put into one ensemble. Style is, as it were, the outward clothing of this composition, the language that is in vogue at different epochs.

When a man has real ability to compose in the style in which he is working, he can have all possible freedom in his composition; the predominant lines may be vertical or horizontal, according to the problem he has to solve. Composition must of necessity influence the development of style, because it is the only thing which comes between the life we live and the style we work in; it is the means with which we solve the problems of our everyday work.

It has often occurred to me that the names which have been commonly accepted for the different styles have given many intelligent people a very confused idea about this entire subject; for these names are, indeed, sometimes misleading.

Gothic architecture was not the work of the Goths alone, and it is absurd to endeavor to *locate* the style. Indeed, there would be no appropriateness whatever in the name were it not that the first and best work in this style, late in the Middle Age, was due to Northern genius, just as the Renaissance was first found in Italy. What is now recognized as Gothic architecture was, for all the latter part of the Middle Age, peculiar to the civilization of those times, varying in the different countries only according to differences of national character and climate, and according to the diffusion of knowledge and the artistic temperament of the various peoples.

The same may be said of the Renaissance style. Here it is necessary to define what I mean by the Renaissance: whenever the term Renaissance is used it is to be understood as meaning any architecture done since the revival of the arts, until this modern confusion, whether belonging to the period of Francis I., Henry IV., Louis XIV., or the Empire. In Italy, France, Spain, Germany, and England, for the last four hundred years, wherever there has been a modern civilization, the Renaissance has made its way; even into the distant colonies, giving us our Colonial Architecture. This Renaissance, through all its historical modifications in different localities, has varied only according to differences of national character and climate. In each country a national Renaissance has existed until our generation. We speak of Greek architecture because, when Greek art was at its best, Greece as a nation dominated the civilized world; and we speak of the Roman style of architecture because, when it was at its zenith, the Eternal City in its turn dominated the civilized world, until the author of the *Confessions* wept over its ruins. Could we select two contemporaneous works from Greece and Rome, such as might properly be compared, I am persuaded that the difference between them would be rather a difference of national character than a difference of style.

The identity of a style is determined by certain forms or features in construction;

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but while such features are invariably associated with each particular style, yet there are general principles of composition and construction common to all styles.

No work of human creation, whether in the domain of literature or art, can live except it possess what is called style. Music and architecture are the two arts which receive from nature—from scenery or various natural objects—the fewest direct impressions to transform into a work of art. In this sense we might say that they are the least imitative of all the arts.

Since the beginning architecture has always been the work or the creation of the human intellect, not so much interpreting nature, as is the case with the painter and sculptor, but rather studying nature to understand her laws and to follow the same *principles* of design.

The architect gets principles and spiritual refinement from nature rather than direct suggestions, except it be in subordinate ornament. Harmony, proportions, symmetry, radiation, and many other laws are taught the architect by observing nature; but his work is not directly suggested by nature.

I believe it is because of this radical difference, as compared with other arts, that we can in architecture most easily define style as something more tangible and real than in the other arts, and, most of all, because of this difference, no architectural work can live except it possess what is called style. But though the architect receives less direct assistance from outward nature, he must be only the more subservient to the laws and principles of nature and to the demands of style for his guidance if he would have his work live.

How near can we come to determining what is modern architecture, or what is the proper style of architecture for our time? Surely it should not be the deplorable creation of the would-be style-inventor, or that of the illogical architect, living in one age and choosing a style from another.

The important and indisputable fact is not generally realized that from prehistoric times until now each age has built in only one style of architecture. In each successive style there has always been the distinctive spirit of the contemporaneous life from which its roots drew nourishment. But in our time, contrary to all historic precedent, there is a confusing variety of styles. Why should we not have one characteristic style, expressing the spirit of our own life? Has the world of art always been in the wrong until to-day? Does our actual work warrant the conceit of the assumption that we know more about it than has ever been known at any time, or by all artists for the last three thousand years? History and the law of development alike demand that we build as we live.

There are those who may say that photography and the increased facilities for travelling are the causes of this confusion, the architect being thus brought into closer relationship with buildings of different styles. Surely these cannot be the causes. When Pierre Lescot and Jean Goujon were working on that most beautiful old Court of the Louvre, in the time of Henry II., why were they not influenced by the splendor of Notre Dame, always within sight? Why did they not make the Louvre Gothic instead of Renaissance? Or why did Bramante and Michael Angelo make St. Peter's Renaissance, when San Lorenzo was within walking distance? Or why did Sansovino make the Library of St. Mark's in Venice in the Renaissance style, when the Doge's Palace was standing on the other side of the Piazza?

The modern innovations of photography and of the railroad should rather unify style, because they have the tendency to bring national characters closer together.

The irrational idiosyncrasy of modern times is the assumption that each kind of problem demands a particular style of architecture. Through prejudice this assumption has become so fixed that it is common to assume that if building a church, we must make it Gothic; if a theatre, we must make it Renaissance; if a bath, we must make it Moorish; and if a warehouse, we must make it Romanesque. With this state of things, it would seem as though the serious study of character were no longer necessary. Expression in architecture, forsooth, is only a question of selecting the right style! In other times the artist built his church or his temple by the side of his theatre, and both in the same style; yet his church looked like a church and his theatre looked like a theatre; and so character was not dependent upon one being

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Gothic and the other Renaissance. The artist solved two totally different problems with the same style. One looked like a structure built for devotional purposes, and the other like a building devoted to amusements. With him it was only a question of character and expression, and not at all a question of style. This marked difference between the two buildings was not secured by means of appropriate symbols and devices in the decorations and details. The cross or the crown for the church and the mask or the lyre for the theatre—those things are proper and right, but only matters of detail; but the character of the ensemble is the vital and determining thing. If there is no more need of studying this character, then architecture is no more the art of design, but only the mechanical art of building. Not only is this true, but when the architect selects a style from the past he buries his own individuality under it, and it is a heavy weight for him to carry; for no matter how clever or able he may be, and no matter how much he may know about the style, his building will look more like the work of an archæologist than of an architect. His art will be only like the making of machinery, the working of the hand and the head together; but it will never be a fine art until the hand, the head, and the heart all work together to give character to the building.

The two parties with which we must contend are, on the one hand, those who would break with the past, and, on the other, those who would select from the past according to their own fancy.

Style, in its growth, has always been governed by the universal law of development. If from the early times, when painting, sculpture, and architecture were so closely combined, we trace their progress through their gradual development and consequent differentiation, we can but be impressed by the way in which one style has been evolved from another. This evolution has always kept pace with the progress of the political, religious, and economic spirit of each successive age. It has made itself felt unconsciously in the architect's designs, under the imperatives of new practical problems, and of new requirements and conditions imposed upon him. This continuity in the history of architecture is universal. As in nature the types and species of life have kept pace with the successive modifications of lands and seas, so has architectural style in its growth and development until now kept pace with the successive modifications of civilization. For the principles of development should be as dominant in art as they are in nature. The laws of natural selection and of the survival of the fittest have shaped the history of architectural style just as truly as they have the different successive forms of life. Hence the necessity that we keep and cultivate the historic spirit, and that we respect our historic position and relations, and that we more and more realize in our designs the fresh demands of our time and of our environment.

Therefore, before we can in any way indicate what style properly belongs to our time, we must first realize our historic position and the distinctive characteristics of our civilization. What determining change have we had in the spirit and methods of life since the revival of learning and the Reformation to justify us in abandoning the Renaissance, or in reviving mediæval art, Romanesque, Gothic, Byzantine, or any other style? Only the most radical changes in the history of civilization, such as, for example, the dawn of the Christian era and of the Reformation, or the revival of learning, have brought with them correspondingly radical changes in architectural style. Some minds may with propriety desire in ecclesiastical matters to subordinate the nineteenth century to the Middle Age. This may influence but it cannot suppress the spirit of the time, which, under the laws of historic development in art, inevitably demands its own modes of expression.

Were it necessary, we could trace two distinctly parallel lines — one, the history of civilization; the other, the history of style in art. In each case we should find a gradual development, a quick succession of events, a revival, perhaps almost a revolution, and the consequent reaction, always together, like cause and effect, showing that architecture and life must correspond. In order to build a living architecture, we must build as we live.

We could multiply illustrations without limit. The battlements and machicolated cornices of the Romanesque, the thick walls and the small windows placed high above the floor, tell us of an age when every man's house was indeed his castle, his fortress, and stronghold.

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We are told, perhaps in exaggerated terms, that in Gothic times poverty and filth, pests and epidemics, vice and immorality, were such as to drive many of the noblest natures to find refuge and comfort in the monotony of cloisters and monasteries, in disgust and despair for the outward world. The style, not the composition, of Gothic architecture is the expression of that feverish and morbid aspiration peculiar to such mediæval life. The results are great, but they are the outcome of a disordered social status. The men who entered the cloister came with heavy hearts, mournful and morbid, seeing only the miserable side of life; fear was dominant with them, and saints often were self-tortured. In the interiors of the monasteries they found shadows and studied mysticism. Such a state of mind could in no wise be satisfied with the simple architectural forms of classic times—the architrave and the column. They aspired to lofty columns that would exalt and bewilder. After a thousand years of this morbid mystic life there came an inevitable reaction, a natural desire to return to the original simplicity of the early Christian life, and at the same time to those simple forms of classic architecture which were existing when Christianity first came into the world, and for some generations afterward. It was not a desire to return to paganism, but a desire to begin again; it was a desire to develop the original classic forms in accordance with their new life. The Roman recognition of the arch as a rational and beautiful form of construction, and the necessity for the elaboration of the floor plan, were among the causes which developed the style of the Greeks into what is now recognized as Roman architecture. We can explain the geometrical and intricate forms in Moorish design only when we remember that the Koran, and all the religious scruples of the Moors, would not allow the artist to introduce in his work anything that would suggest the forms of organic life. We might enumerate such illustrations indefinitely. If one age looks at things differently from another age, it must express things differently.

With the revival of learning, with the new conceptions of philosophy and religion, with the great discoveries and inventions, with the altered political systems, with the fall of the Eastern Empire, with the birth of modern science and literature, and manifold other changes over all Europe, came the dawn of the modern world; and with this modern world there was evolved what we should now recognize as the modern architecture, the Renaissance, which pervaded all the arts, and which has since engrossed the thought and labor of the first masters in art. This Renaissance is a distinctive style in itself, which, with natural variations of character, has been existing for almost four hundred years.

So great were the changes in thought and life during the Renaissance period that the forms of architecture which had prevailed for a thousand years were inadequate to the needs of the new civilization, to its demands for greater refinement of thought, for larger truthfulness to nature, for less mystery in forms of expression, and for greater convenience for practical living. Out of these necessities of the times the Renaissance style was evolved, and around no other style have been accumulated such vast stores of knowledge and experience, under the lead of the great masters of Europe. Therefore whatever we now build, whether church or dwelling, the law of historic development requires that it be Renaissance.

All branches of art have contributed to the embellishment of this style; no other is so thoroughly expressive of the artistic feeling of the age in which we live. We must remember that all the other arts are in a measure dependent upon architecture, as architecture is dependent upon them. The very nature of this relationship requires that there should be harmony between all the arts.

Many of the greatest works ever done by sculptor or painter have been actually parts of buildings or of architectural monuments, and have had to conform to and harmonize with the architecture. In order to illustrate this fact, consider a few of the most conspicuous of the innumerable examples of sculpture, such as the work of Phidias on the Parthenon, or of Michael Angelo on the Medici tombs. Donatello's bass-reliefs, Luca della Robbia's faiences, and Ghiberti's bronzes only need to be mentioned to suggest the architecture with which they compose and harmonize. If we consider French sculpture, where can we find it united more harmoniously with architecture than in the Court of Henry II. at the Louvre, and in the Foun-

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tain des Innocents—works of Jean Goujon and Pierre Lescot. See how the architect Percier worked in unison with the sculptors Rude and Étex on the Arc de Triomphe de l'Étoile! If we were to undertake to mention examples of the paintings that have decorated the walls of buildings composing and harmonizing with the architecture, we would not know where to begin. Probably more than half of the greatest paintings known, such as those in the Stanze of Raphael at the Vatican, and his Sibyls in the Church of Santa Maria della Pace, might be mentioned to illustrate this truth.

Imagine the anachronism of trying to satisfy our comparatively realistic tastes with Gothic sculpture or Gothic painting made by modern artists!

If we believe the Renaissance architecture has suffered from a reaction, we can do away with the effects of that reaction in our art, just as we are now doing in our life; but we cannot do away with the revival of learning and the Reformation. We cannot work in the Gothic, or in any other mediæval style, unless we return to the Gothic or mediæval life. We are certainly farther from such a life to-day than ever before; yet never until the present generation have architects presumed to choose from the past any style in the hope to do as well as was done in the time to which that style belonged. In other times they would not even restore or add to a historic building in the style in which it was first conceived. It is interesting to notice how the Renaissance architect was even able to complete a tower or add an arcade or extend a building, following the general lines of the original composition without following its style. Of course it would be better if possible not to add to a historic building, but to do only what is necessary to its preservation.

Most architects admit that the so-called Victorian Gothic was a failure, and it has had a fair trial in England by two or three men of marked ability. This is only because the life was Victorian and not Gothic. The modern Romanesque, of which we see so much, must prove a failure, because we are not living the Romanesque life of the ninth or eleventh century; and this too will sooner or later make itself known. Rounded corners, stumpy columns, and low arches do not constitute a style in architecture. The revival of the Byzantine, Romanesque, Gothic, and all other mediæval styles can be at best but an unnatural adaptation to modern thinking and living.

In every case where the mediæval style has been attempted in modern times the result has shown a want of life and spirit, simply because it was an anachronism. The result has always been cold, lifeless, and uninteresting. It is without sympathy with the present or a germ of hope for the future—the skeleton of what once was. We should of course study, admire, and be influenced by the different styles of other ages—recognizing them as equally beautiful—but we cannot revive them.

It would be as difficult for the coming centuries to explain the style of Notre Dame of Paris, of Lincoln Cathedral, or of St. Mark's of Venice as representing the nineteenth century as it would be for us to imagine the Parthenon or the Erechtheum as representing the Middle Age.

We should study and develop the Renaissance, and adapt it to our modern conditions and wants, so that future generations can see that it has truly interpreted our life. We can interest those who come after us only as we thus accept our true historic position and develop what has come to us. Without this we shall be only copyists, or be making poor adaptations of what never was really ours.

Beginning with the reign of Augustus, as we study the successive centuries, we are surprised to find the architecture resembling the Renaissance; but how striking and interesting this is, when we remember that life in those early centuries was so like what it has been since the Reformation!

The Roman basilicas, once pagan edifices, were entirely regenerated under the all-pervading influence of the new Christian spirit; so that the life of the people transformed style where it could not create it. Without Constantine or St. Augustine and their times we should never have had San Lorenzo or Santa Maria Maggiore in Rome.

The time *must* come, and, I believe, in the near future, when architects of necessity will be educated in one style, and that the style of their own time. They will be so familiar with what will have become a settled conviction, and so loyal to it, that the entire question of style, which at present seems to be determined

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by fashion, fancy, or ignorance, will be kept subservient to the great principles of composition, which are now more or less smothered in the general confusion.

It is better to do a small thing imperfectly, yet in the spirit of the time, than a monumental thing brilliantly, but in a mediæval spirit. Whoever demands of an architect a style not in keeping with the spirit of the time is responsible for retarding the normal progress of the art. We must have a language if we would talk. If there be no common language for a people there can be no communication of ideas, either architectural or literary. Compare a workman of to-day building a Gothic church, slavishly following his detail drawings, with a workman of the thirteenth century, doing such detail work as was directed by the architect, but with as much freedom, interest, and devotion in making a small capital as the architect had in the entire structure; perhaps doing penance for his sins, he praises God with every chisel stroke. His life interest is in that small capital; for him work is worship, and his life is one continuous psalm of praise. The detail of the capital, while beautiful, may be grotesque; but there is honest life in it. To imitate it to-day, without that life, would be affectation. Now, a Gothic church is built by men whose one interest is to increase their wages and diminish their working-hours. Such work is not worship, because it has not the fanatic spirit. The best Gothic work has been done, and cannot be repeated. When attempted, it will always lack that mediæval spirit of devotion, which is the life of mediæval architecture.

What an inspiration there is in working for and with one's own time! How much devotion there is when one's ideal is higher than anything that has ever been done! No matter how short we may come of it, we are reaching forward instead of backward. We are carrying on and developing the natural course of things in the true historic spirit. While repressing the reactions and excesses of the Renaissance, we can retain some of the more vital principles of other styles; for true principles of art never change, excepting in times of revolution. But the style, which is of the life, we cannot retain when the life has changed. The intellectual must in a measure replace the blind devotional.

In our ecclesiastical work this need not prevent our having a distinctly religious Renaissance, but we can put into our architecture only as much real religion as is alive in the church. If the world is advancing towards a higher and nobler religious life than has been known, there is no reason why we should not advance towards a more religious and nobler architecture. I believe that we shall one day rejoice in the dawn of a modern Renaissance, which, as has always been the case, will be guided by the fundamental principles of the classic. It will be a modern Renaissance, because it will be influenced by the conditions of modern life. It will be the work of the Renaissance architect solving new problems, adapting his art to an honest and natural treatment of new materials. Will he not also be unconsciously influenced by the nineteenth-century spirit of economy, and by the application of his art to all modern industries and speculations? Only when we come to recognize our true historic position and the principles of continuity in history, when we allow the spirit of our life to be the spirit of our style, recognizing first of all that all form and all design are the natural and legitimate outcome of the nature or purpose of the object to be made—only then can we hope to find a genuine style everywhere asserting itself. Then we shall see that consistency of style which has existed in all times until the present generation; then we shall find it in every performance of man's ingenuity, in the work of the artist or the artisan, from the smallest and most insignificant jewel or book cover to the noblest monument of human invention or creation, from the most trivial and ordinary kitchen utensil to the richest and most costly furniture or decoration that adorns our dwelling. France has a distinctly modern Renaissance architecture which thoroughly represents the life of the people; and herein lies the secret of her success. Her architects work in unison, and in a style which for future generations will always represent the nineteenth century. There are Americans who would say that modern French architecture is wanting in good taste. But who can define good taste? It changes with climate, and is a national question; while style changes only with time, and is a historical question. We must all work and wait patiently for the day to come when we too shall work in unison with our time.

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EDITOR'S STUDY.

I.

SOMEBODY has said that we are trying in this country government by mediocrity. Some one else has said that our system of education favors this trial, because it does not train the mass of voters in habits of correct observation, or discipline the powers of reason and discrimination. It is a vast system, imposing in its magnitude, in its comprehensive sweep, and wonderful in its detail of organization. It is a marvellous machine. Its results are not all that was expected of it. Is this the fault of the machine or of those in charge of it? That the system, which embraces the primary and secondary schools and the colleges—or universities, as some of them like to be called—needs overhauling and readjustment is evident. Efforts are constantly made to this end, and it is admitted that as to method the primary and secondary schools and the colleges have all been essentially transformed within the last quarter of a century. But that much more remains to be done, not only for the machine, but for the spirit in which it is run, is so evident that no educators are content with the present situation. Many, indeed, have grave doubts about machine-made education, and whether the finished product of the mind of man can be turned out like the finished product of iron and cotton. Among the efforts to overhaul the system, none is more noteworthy, and perhaps none more important in this generation, than that made by the National Education Association in 1892, which resulted in the Report of the Committee of Ten on Secondary School Studies, and which is published by the United States Bureau of Education. The authority thus given to this report brings it forward for national consideration, and asks for the popularization of its suggestions. At the risk, therefore, of repeating what is known to experts in education, it is proper to give here a brief sketch of this report.

In July, 1892, the National Education Association appointed a Committee of Ten to organize conferences of school and college teachers upon each principal subject which enters into the programmes of secondary schools, and into requirements of admission to college. This Committee of Ten, of which President Eliot, of Harvard, was chairman, represented colleges and high-schools in all sections of the country. It met in November, and upon reports from a large number of secondary schools as to subjects taught (which are about forty), and time allotted these subjects, it decided to organize conferences on the following subjects: 1, Latin; 2, Greek; 3, English; 4, Other Modern Languages; 5, Mathematics; 6, Physics, Astronomy, and Chemistry; 7, Natural History (Biology, including Botany, Zoology, and Physiology); 8, History, Civil Government, and Political Economy; 9, Geography (Physical Geography, Geology, and Meteorology). It was decided that each conference should consist of ten members, and these were selected with regard to scholarship and experience, a fair division between colleges and schools, and the proper geographical distribution of the total membership. These nine conferences, with a total of ninety members, met in different parts of the country, and remained in session three days. The reports of these conferences were printed in October, 1893, and in November the Committee of Ten made their report upon the results of all the conferences. The Committee of Ten say that the nine reports are characterized by an amount of agreement which quite surpasses the most sanguine expectations. Although many of the recommendations are of a radical nature, the spirit of the conferences was conservative and moderate, and there was in all a recognition of the necessity of accommodation as to the time to be allotted to each study. Some of the questions submitted were these: In the course extending approximately from the age of six years to eighteen, covering both elementary and secondary instruction, at what age should the study which is the subject of the conference be introduced? How much time should be devoted to it in the whole or part of the course? In what form and to what extent should it be a requisite for admission to college? Should the subject be treated differently for pupils going to college and those who are not? What is

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the best mode of testing attainments at the college admission examination? Great variety exists in the subjects taught and the time allotted to them in secondary schools. The effort of the conferences was to winnow out the less important subjects, to bring about some uniformity as to studies and time allotments, and in requirements for college admissions. As to training, it is the opinion of the conferences that the best discipline for those going to college is also best for those who go no further than the secondary school. They were unanimous in saying that every subject which is taught at all in a secondary school should be taught in the same way and to the same extent to every pupil so long as he pursues it, no matter what the probable destination of the pupil may be, or at what point his education is to cease. Thus, for all pupils who study Latin or history or algebra, for example, the allotment of time and the method of instruction in a given school should be the same year by year. Not that all the pupils should pursue every subject for the same number of years; but so long as they do pursue it they should be treated alike. This principle, if logically carried out, will make a great simplification in secondary-school programmes. The Committee of Ten also say that the recommendations of the conferences might fairly be held to make all the main subjects taught in the secondary schools of equal rank for the purposes of admission to college or scientific school. They would all be taught consecutively and thoroughly, and would all be carried on in the same spirit; they would all be used for training the powers of observation, memory, expression, and reasoning; and they would all be good to that end, although differing among themselves in quality and substance. This volume, in addition to the report of the Committee of Ten, contains the reports of the nine conferences. It is impossible in our space to convey any adequate idea of the scope of the recommendations, suggestions, and programmes in this mass of testimony. At best, only some general observations can be made upon some topics which these exhaustive reports suggest.

II.

In his letter submitting these reports to the Secretary of the Interior, Commissioner W. T. Harris says: "It has been agreed on all hands that the most defective part of the education in this country is that of secondary schools." This broad statement may well frighten those who know what the primary schools are, and the first comment upon it, suggested by these reports, is that each one in its radical recommendations reaches down into the primary schools, and begins its reform in them. The training of the pupil, either for college or for life without college, is treated as a whole from the earliest years, but it is evident that the great drawback to the efficiency of the secondary schools is want of adequate preparation and training in the primary schools. With the exception of Greek, almost all the topics are considered with reference to the first steps in education. As might be expected, great stress is laid upon this in English, in literature, in history, and in the rudiments of natural history. In regard to Latin there is no recommendation for an increase of the quantity necessary to admission to college, but for an improvement in the quality, and that the study of it should be begun not later than the age of fourteen, and to this end a modification of the grammar-school courses is necessary. In England and on the Continent the study of Latin is begun from four to six years earlier than with us. Radical changes are recommended in Latin and Greek. These go to the thorough understanding and use of both languages, a mastery of them; that is to say that Latin and Greek should be taught, and not merely some specimens of the Latin and Greek literatures; that they should be taught not for the sake of passing examinations in specified books or passages, but for the acquirement of the languages. These studies are commonly not continued through even the college years. There is much complaint in the higher special schools—for instance, in Theology—that the graduates who come to them have not a working knowledge of Latin and Greek for the purpose of their special studies. We fancy that there would be less complaint of waste of time in the classics if thorough knowledge of these languages was usually acquired. One of the recommendations of the report is that a test of admission to college should be the ability to read Latin and Greek at sight. As to English, the test must be ability to write English. The education must begin in the earliest school

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years, and it must pervade all the subjects of the course. The report says that the admission of a student to college, so far as English is concerned, should be made to depend largely upon his ability to write English, as shown in his examination books on other subjects. The recommendations for reorganization of the spirit and quality of education reach down even to the kindergarten.

III.

There is unanimity of opinion in these conferences upon another thing, and that is the necessity of better teachers for all schools, and of the importance of the teacher over the text-book. And this touches the radical defect of our American system, and especially in the primary schools. It looks like an admirable machine, and its bad running is due to poor engineers. To change the figure, it may be said that we are trying to make the pyramid stand on its apex. It is admitted, of course, that the most important thing is a standard, and that the greatest peril to education is the attempt to lower and vulgarize the higher institutions, but at the same time the whole idea and practice of the primary instruction need a thorough overhauling, not only in the interest of the higher education, but of the common intelligence upon which we rely for decent government. All the conferences insist upon the necessity of better-trained and better-informed teachers, and these are specially needed in the primary schools. "We urge," says one, "that at all stages and in all parts of the study of geography the teacher, rather than the text-book, should lead the class. The text-book should be kept in its proper place as an aid and not as a master, and mere lesson-learning should never be allowed to replace actual teaching." In order to improve the quality of the teachers, it is recommended that we have more and better normal schools, where men and women shall be trained to teach, and be drilled in the complete mastery of the subjects which they attempt to teach. This recommendation is vital, but the difficulty is deeper than this, for it lies in the wide-spread misapprehension that it is less important to have good teachers in the lower schools than in the higher. As a matter of fact, the majority of the common schools of this country are in the hands of teachers poorly paid, who are placed there by school-committee men wholly incompetent to judge of their fitness. It lies within the observation of every reader of this paragraph that many of these so-called teachers are ignorant girls and young men scantily educated, whose knowledge is bounded by the text-books which they follow with their pupils. They are incapable of teaching, they can only hear the lessons which they cannot illuminate, and they cannot inspire their scholars with love of learning, or even with curiosity about the world. Nay, even in the secondary schools are found these text-book teachers who cannot write English, and whose knowledge is strictly limited to the narrow horizon of the lessons they hear recited. For this state of things the public is to blame. No good results can be expected when the ignorant teach the ignorant. The error lies in the popular fallacy that almost anybody can teach children.

IV

This is what we mean by saying that we are trying to make our educational pyramid stand on its apex. The truth is that the best talent, the widest knowledge, the utmost skill, are needed in the primary school. The prime object of the school is to awaken the mind of the child. Many pupils go through the primaries, through the secondary schools, and possibly through college, without having their minds awakened, without having their enthusiasm aroused to the same eager interest in the school studies that they manifest in football, for instance. Once the mind is awakened and guided to explore the knowledge of the world, the most difficult task of the educator is accomplished. The pupil is inspired with a desire to know, and instructed how to find out things for himself. This inspiration and this guidance can only come from teachers who have knowledge and the skill of imparting it in a marked degree. The unawakened mind requires more external power to arouse it than to keep it going in well-marked grooves. This is understood in asylums for the deaf-mutes and for idiots. In those the very ablest teachers take the beginners in intelligence. We shall begin to handle this problem of education intelligently only when we recognize the truth that for teachers of the primary schools, down to the infant classes, we must have men and women of the first qualifications, of broad knowledge and

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liberal culture and character, and that we must pay them as high a price for their services as we pay teachers in the secondary schools, at least. And this will pay as a State policy. If in the most benighted school district in this country the district school were in the hands of a teacher of high quality in learning and character, no one doubts that in ten or twenty years that community would be entirely transformed, intellectually and morally.

The conference on history recommends that it be taught for eight consecutive years. But history is a knowledge of human life, and its unfolding really begins in the kindergarten. . History is a unit. No portion of it, even the limited history of a State or county, can be well taught by a person who has not a comprehensive view of it as a unit. No study is more fruitless than that of history in a routine text-book of names and dates, unless it be the study of literature in the same way. The teacher of history must know history, and the teacher of literature must know literature. It is of course impossible in eight years to impart any detailed knowledge of history; but the able teacher can in that time give a knowledge of its sweep and unity, of the relative significance and importance of certain periods, and possibly detailed knowledge of some portions of it, say the history of the pupil's own country. This is also true of the nature of civil government, and especially of the government under which the scholar lives. Nothing perhaps is more needed now in this republic than a knowledge of its fundamental character and laws, and it is one of the weaknesses of our educational system that it fails to give this to those who pass through our primary schools. We might go further and say that those who read our newspapers know that we are not exaggerating the ignorance in regard to our own government, or of other forms of government, or of fundamental social laws evolved in the experience of the race. In a few highly developed schools, both primary and secondary, these subjects are taken up with the most encouraging results; but how is it in the majority of the district schools of the country? And even if these subjects were taken up, where are the teachers to teach them? This is no attack upon the body of teachers, most of whom are ill paid even for the services they render, and most of whom also are working conscientiously according to their lights. But it is for the public to consider that the best teachers are required in laying the foundations of education, and that it is good economy to pay for the best.

This report raises many questions of vital interest, and deserves to be widely studied. But no suggestion that it makes is of more importance than the one of the inadequacy of the teachers for the work required. In vain shall we elaborate and perfect our system if that fact is lost sight of.

V.

The death of Constance Fenimore Woolson is deplored by the entire literary fraternity of this country. We speak of her literary associates rather than of the army of readers who followed her with delight, because they were probably more sensible of her refined and painstaking literary art. She had such a high conception of her art that she thought no pains too great in whatever she undertook. She respected her public, and never offered it crude work. Her conscience was never set at ease by popularity, and to the last her standard was not popular favor, but her own high conception of her office as a writer. Her short stories, probably all of them, were written over again and again, and some of her novels were rewritten as many as five or six times, and she followed her productions into print with the same longing to revise that Coleridge felt for his poems. She was never satisfied, and her example was a constant protest against hasty and slovenly composition. This patience in creative genius is not common, and it always gave Miss Woolson a certain distinction. It is sometimes supposed that original strength is impaired by too much revision, but there is no doubt that the work of this novelist gained in beauty, ease, and finish by her labor on it. The processes by which writers reach their results differ. Some write slowly, determine the idea and its form of expression before committing anything to paper, and make the needed choice and exercise the exclusion as they go along, so that the first draught is essentially the best they can do. But others pour out their thoughts on paper with little regard to selection and refusal, and trust to repeated revision for the ultimate form. The danger in the latter course, if the writer becomes popular, is

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that he grows careless and sloppy. It is to the honor of Miss Woolson that no temptation of good pay for easy work ever impaired her conscience or lowered her standard. She valued her art. It is in this aspect that we speak here of the loss to us in her departure. To attempt an estimate of her as a novelist would be impossible in this space. She was among the first in America to bring the short story to its present excellence, that is, the short story as a social study in distinction from the sketch of character and the relation of incident. In the Southern field, since so widely developed, she was a pioneer. She saw its possibilities, and in such stories as *Rodman the Keeper* led the way by examples that in some respects have not been surpassed. She was an observer, a sympathetic observer and a refined observer, entering sufficiently into the analytic mode of the time, but she had courage to deal with the passions, and life as it is. Her pictures are real, but they are painted with the ideality inseparable from the high-bred literary artist. With all her reality she had a very poetic conception of nature. It is remarkable that while she makes you see the photographic barrenness of the Northern lake shores and the raw utilitarian settlements, and also the shabbiness of the thriftless life along the Southern rivers and on the Southern plantations, she makes you feel the poetic charm in both cases. Some of her best work is in the short stories of the international type, where the American character is deployed on the romantic background of European scenery and associations. These have lightness of touch, grace of form, and atmospheric charm, together with satisfactory completeness. There lived among our writers no one in fuller sympathy with American life and character, none prouder of her country and all that is best in it, and no one who brought to the task of delineating them a clearer moral vision and a more refined personality.

MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 5th of March.—Senator Edward D. White was nominated by President Cleveland to be Associate Justice of the Supreme Court on February 19th, and his nomination was the same day confirmed by the Senate.

John Y. McKane, convicted of election frauds at Gravesend, Long Island, was sentenced to six years imprisonment in Sing Sing on February 19th. During the month several election officials were convicted and sentenced in New York and Brooklyn for fraudulent transactions at the polls.

Galusha A. Grow was elected Congressman at large from Pennsylvania on the Republican ticket on February 20th, by a plurality of 188,000 votes.

Several hundred men gathered on Boston Common on February 20th and marched into the State House with threats to demand work. Governor Greenhalge faced the mob, which retreated after a sharp reprimand of its leaders.

A mass-meeting in Trafalgar Square, London, on February 18th, at which three members of Parliament spoke, adopted a resolution asking for the abolition of the House of Lords.

The eighty-fourth birthday of Pope Leo XIII. was celebrated in Rome on March 2d with imposing ceremonies.

Mr. Gladstone's resignation from the British Premiership was accepted by the Queen on March 3d, and the Earl of Rosebery, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, was appointed to succeed him.

DISASTERS.

February 12th.—Émile Henry, an anarchist, threw a bomb in the café of the Hôtel Terminus, in Paris, injuring twenty persons. Many winter residents and visitors left Paris. There was a second bomb explosion in a hotel on February 20th. Many arrests of anarchists were made in France and England.

February 12th and 13th.—A heavy storm swept over northwestern Europe, destroying shipping and houses along the British coast. In Germany many lives were lost. A severe snow-storm, stretching from the Rocky Mountains to the Atlantic coast, raged at the same time. More than thirty human lives were lost in Oklahoma alone, and thousands of cattle perished in the blizzard.

February 16th.—Forty-one men were killed and many wounded by a boiler explosion on the German cruiser *Brandenburg* at Kiel.

OBITUARY.

February 13th.—At Cairo, Egypt, Hans von Bülow, pianist.

February 19th.—At New York, Joseph Keppler, cartoonist, aged fifty-six years.

February 24th.—At New York, Norman L. Munro, publisher, aged fifty-one years.

February 25th.—In New Mexico, Steele Mackaye, playwright and actor, aged fifty-two years.

March 1st.—At Evanston, Illinois, William Frederick Poole, editor of *Poole's Index*, aged seventy-three years.

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EDITOR'S DRAWER

THE SECOND MRS. SLIMM.

BY RUTH McENERY STUART.

EZRA SLIMM was a widower of nearly a year, and, as a consequence, was in the state of mind not unusual in like circumstances.

True, the said state of mind had not in his case manifested itself in the toilet bloomings, friskiness of demeanor, and protestations of youth renewed which had characterized the first signs of the same in the usual run of Simpkinsville widowers up to date. If he had for several months been mentally casting about for another wife, he had betrayed it by no outward and visible sign. The fact is Ezra's case was somewhat exceptional, as we shall presently see.

Although quite diminutive in size, there was in his bearing, as with hands clasped behind him he paced up and down before his lonely fireside, a distinct dignity that was not only essentially manly—it was *gentlemanly*.

The refinement of feeling underlying this no doubt aggravated the dilemma in which he found himself, and which we cannot sooner comprehend than by attending to his soliloquy as he reviewed his trials in the following somewhat rambling fashion:

"No, 'twouldn't never do in the world—never, never. 'Twouldn't never do to marry any o' these girls round here thet knows all my ups an' downs with—with pore Jinny. 'Twouldn't never do. Any girl thet knew thet her husband had been chastised by his first wife the way I've been would think thet ef she got fretted she was lettin' 'im off easy on a tongue-lashin'. An' I s'pose they is times when any woman gits sort o' wrought up, livin' day in an' day out with a man. No, 'twouldn't never do," he repeated, as, thrusting both hands in his pockets, he stopped before the fire, and steadying the top of his head against the mantel, studied the logs for a moment.

"An' so the day pore Jinny took it upon herself to lay me acrost her lap an' punish me in the presence of sech ill-mannered persons ez has seen fit to make a joke of it—though I don't see where the fun comes in—well, that day she settled the hash for number two so fur ez this town goes.

"No, 'twouldn't never do in the world! Even ef she never throwed it up to me, I'd be suspicious. She couldn't even to say clap her hands together to kill a mosquito less'n I'd think she was insinuatin'. An' jest ez quick ez any man s'picions thet his wife is a-naggin' him intentional, it's good-by happiness.

"Ef 'twasn't for that, of co'se they's more'n one young woman roun' this county thet any man might go further an' do worse than git.

"Of co'se I don't hold it agin Jinny, now she's gone, but—"

He had resumed his promenade, extending it through a second room as he proceeded:

"—but it do seem strange how a woman gifted in prayer ez she was, an' with all her instinks religious the way hers was, should o' been allowed to take sech satisfaction in naggin' the very one she agonized most over in prayer, which I *know* she done over me, *for I've heerd 'er*. An' ef she had o' once-t mentioned me to the Lord confidential ez a person fitten to commingle with the cherubim an' seraphim, 'stid of a pore lost sinner not fitten to bresh up their wing-feathers for 'em, I b'lieve I might o' give in. I don't wonder I 'ain't never had a call to enter the Kingdom on her ricommendation. 'Twouldn't o' been fair to the innocent angels thet 'd o' been called on to associate with me. That's the way I look at it.

"An' yit Jinny 'lowed herself thet my *out-'ard ac's* was good, but bein' ez they didn't spring from a converted *heart*, they was jest nachel *hypocercy*, an' thet ef I'd o' lied an' stole, *or even answered her back*, she'd o' had more hope for me, because, sez she, a 'consistent sinner is ap' to make a consistent Christian.'

"She even tol' me one day—pore Jinny! I can see her face light up now when she said it—sez she, 'I'm ac-chilly most afeerd *to* see you converted, less'n you'll break out in some devilment you never thought about before, you're that inconsistent.'

"Sometimes I feel mean to think I don't miss 'er more'n what I do—an' she so lively, too. Tell the truth, I miss them little devils she used to print on the butter pads she set at my plate ez a warnin' to me—seem to me I miss them jest about ez much ez I miss her.

"The nearest I ever *did* come to answerin' her back—'cept, of co'se, the time she chastised me—was the way I used regular to heat my knife-blade good an' hot 'twix' two buttercakes an' flatten that devil out *de*lib'rate. But he'd be back nex' day, pitchfork an' all.

"But with it all Jinny loved me—in her own way, of co'se. Doubt if I'll ever git another to love me ez well; 'n' don't know ez I crave it, less'n she was different dispositioned.

"I've done paid her all the respects I know—put up a fine Bible-texted tombstone for her, an' had her daguerrytype enlarged to a po'tr'it. I don't know's I'm obligated to do any more, 'cep'n, of co'se, to wait till the year's out, which, not havin' no young children in need of a mother, I couldn't hardly do less than do."

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It was about a week after this that Ezra sat beside his fire reading his paper, when his eye happened to fall upon the following paragraph among the "personals":

"The Claybank Academy continues to thrive under the able management of Miss Myrtle Musgrove. That accomplished and popular young lady has abolished the use of the rod, and by substituting the law of kindness built up the most flourishing academy in the State."

Ezra read the notice three times. Then he laid the paper down, and clapping his hand upon it, exclaimed: "Well, I'll be doggoned ef that ain't the woman for me! *Any* girl thet could teach a county school an' abolish whuppin' — not only a chance to do it, but a crowd o' young rascals *needin'* it all around 'er, an' her *not doin' it!* An' yit some other persons has been known to strain a p'int to whup a person they 'ain't rightly got no business *to* whup." He read the notice again. "Purty name that, too, Myrtle Musgrove. Sounds like a girl to go out walkin' with in the grove moonlight nights, Myrtle Musgrove does.

"I declare, I ain't to say religious, but I b'lieve that notice was sent to me providential.

"Of co'se, maybe she wouldn't look at me ef I ast her; but one thing shore, she *can't if I don't.*

"Claybank is a good hunderd miles from here, 'n' I couldn't leave the farm now noways; besides, the day I start a-makin' trips from home, talk 'll start, an' I'll be watched close-ter 'n what I'm watched now. But th' ain't nothin' to hender me *writin'*—ez I can see."

This idea, once in his mind, lent a new impulse to Ezra's life, a fresh spring to his gait, so evident to solicitous eyes that during the next week even his dog had a way of running up and sniffing about him, as if asking what had happened.

An era of hope had dawned for the hitherto downcast man simply because Miss Myrtle Musgrove, a woman he had never seen, had abolished whipping in a distant school.

Two weeks passed before Ezra saw his way clearly to write the proposed letter, but he did, nevertheless, in the interval, walk up and down his butter-bean arbor on moonlight



"I'M AC-CHILLY MOST AFEERD TO SEE YOU CONVERTED."

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nights, imagining Miss Myrtle beside him—Miss Myrtle, named for his favorite flower. He *had* preferred the violet, but he had changed his mind. Rose-colored crape-myrtles were blooming in his garden at the time. Maybe this was why he began to think of her as a pink-faced laughing girl, typified by the blushing flower. Everything was so absolutely real in her setting that the ideal girl walked, a definite embodiment of his fancy, night after night by his side, and whether it was from his life habit or an intuitive fancy, he looked *upward* into her face. He had always liked tall women.

And all this time he was trying to frame a suitable letter to the real "popular and accomplished Miss Musgrove" of Claybank Academy.

Finally, however, the ambitious and flowery document was finished.

It would be unfair to him whose postscript read, "For Your Eyes alone," to quote in full, for the vulgar gratification of prying eyes, the pathetic missive that told again the old story of a lonely home, the needed woman. But when it was sent, Ezra found the circuit of the butter-bean arbor too circumscribed a promenade, and began taking the imaginary Miss Myrtle with him down through his orchard and potato-patch.

It was during these moonlight communings that he seemed to discover that she listened while he talked—a new experience to Ezra—and that even when he expressed his awful doubts as to the existence of a personal devil she only smiled, and thought he might be right.

Oh, the joy of such companionship! But, oh, the slowness of the mails!

A month passed, and Ezra was beginning to give up all hope of ever having an answer to his letter, when one day it came, a dainty envelope with the Claybank postmark.

Miss Musgrove thanked him for his letter. She would see him. It would not be convenient now, but would he not come down to the academy's closing exercises in June—a month later? Until then she was very respectfully his friend, Myrtle Musgrove.

The next month was the longest in Ezra's life. Still, the Lord's calendar is faithful, and the sun not a waiter upon the moods of men.

In twenty-nine days exactly Ezra stood with throbbing heart at the door of Claybank Academy, and in a moment more he had slipped into a back seat of the crowded room, where a young orator was ringing Poe's "Bells" through all the varying tones of his changing voice to a rapt audience of relations and friends. Here unobserved he hoped to recover his self-possession, remove the beads of perspiration one by one from his brow with the corner of his neatly folded handkerchief, and perhaps from this vantage-ground even enjoy the delight of recognizing Miss Myrtle without an introduction.

He had barely deposited his hat beneath his chair when there burst upon his delighted vision a radiant, dark-eyed, red-haired creature in pink, sitting head and shoulders above her companions on a bench set at right angles with the audience seats, in front of the house. There were a number of women in the row, and they were without bonnets. Evidently these were the teachers, and of course the pink goddess was Miss Myrtle Musgrove.

Ezra never knew whether the programme was long or short. "Casabianca" had merged into "The Queen o' the May," which in turn had swelled into the closing notes of "America," and everybody was standing up, pupils filing out, guests shaking hands, babel reigning, and he had seen only a single, towering, handsome woman in all the assembly.

Indeed, it had never occurred to him to doubt his own intuition, until suddenly he heard his own name quite near, and turning quickly, saw a stout matronly woman of forty years or thereabouts standing beside him, extending her hand.

Every unmarried woman is a "young lady" by courtesy south of Mason and Dixon's line.

"I knew you as soon as I saw you, Mr. Slimm," she was saying. "I am Miss Musgrove. But you didn't know me," she added, archly, while Ezra made his bravest effort at cordiality, seizing her hand in an agony which it is better not to attempt to describe.

Miss Musgrove's face was wholesome, and so kindly that not even a cross-eye had power to spoil it. But Ezra saw only the plain middle-aged woman—the contrast to the blooming divinity whose image yet filled his soul. And he was committed to her who held his hand, unequivocally committed in writing. If he sent heavenward an agonized prayer for deliverance from a trying crisis, his petition was soon answered. And the merciful instrument was even she of the cross-eye. Before he had found need of a word of his own, she had drawn him aside, and was saying,

"You see, Mr. Slimm, the only trouble with me is that I am already married."

"Married!" gasped Ezra, trying in vain to keep the joy out of his voice. "Married, you—you don't mean—"

"Yes, married to my profession—the only husband I shall ever take. But your letter attracted me. I am a Normal School psychology student—a hard name for a well-meaning woman—and it seemed to me you were worth investigating. So I investigated. Then I knew you ought to be helped. And so I sent for you, and I am going to introduce you to three of the nicest girls in Dixie; and if you can't find a wife among them, then you are not so clever as I think you—that's all about it. And here comes one of them now. Kitty, step here a minute, please. Miss Deems, my friend Mr. Slimm."

And Miss Myrtle Musgrove was off across the room before Ezra's gasp had fully expanded into the smile with which he greeted Miss

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Kitty Deems, a buxom lass with freckles and dimples enough to hold her own anywhere.

Two other delightful young women were presented at intervals during the afternoon in about the same fashion, and but for a certain pink Juno who flitted about ever in sight, Ezra would have confessed only an embarrassment of riches.

"And how do you get on with my girls?" was Miss Musgrove's greeting when, late in the evening, she sought Ezra for a moment's *tête-à-tête*.

He rubbed his hands together and hesitated.

"'Bout ez fine a set o' young ladies ez I ever see," he said, with real enthusiasm; "but, tell the truth, I—but you've a'ready been so kind —but— There she is now! That tall, light-complected one in pink."

"Why, certainly, Mr. Slimm. If you say so, I'll introduce her. A fine, thorough-going girl, that. You know we have abolished whipping in the academy, and that girl thought one of her boys needed it, and she followed him home, and gave it to him there, and his father interfered, and—well, *she whipped him too.* Fine girl. Not afraid of anything on earth. Certainly I'll introduce you, if you say so."

She stopped and looked at Ezra kindly. And he saw that she knew all.

"Well, I ain't particular. Some other time," he began to say; then blushing scarlet, he seized her hand, and pressing it, said, fervently, "God bless you!"

The second Mrs. Slimm is a wholesome little body, with dimples and freckles, whom Ezra declares "God A'mighty couldn't o' made without thinkin' of Ezra Slimm an' his precize necessities."

No one but himself and Miss Musgrove ever knew the whole story of his wooing, nor why, when in due season a tiny dimpled Miss Slimm came into the family circle, it was by Ezra's request that she was called Myrtle.



SISTERLY AMENITIES.

"Are you deluding yourself into thinking that that hat is becoming to you, Jennie?"
"No; but I wear it for your sake."
"Mine?"
"Yes. I do not wish to be too attractive until you have had your chance."

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A LIBRARY PET.

I HAVE among the treasures in my library a thing
I wouldn't swap for any crown that's worn by any king.
'Tis not a book or manuscript, 'tis no engraving rare,
But just a little bookworm that is lovely past compare.

It lies upon my desk at night when I perchance do read,
Ecstatic grows when I rehearse aloud some daring deed,
For 'tis an educated worm, this little pet of mine,
And helps me keep my bookshelves full of volumes truly fine.

It has such literary tastes, from verse to pure romance,
Before I put books on my shelves I give the worm a chance;
And if it turns away its head I do not keep the book,
But if it curls up with delight the volume finds a nook.

And, oh, the games of hide-and-seek that worm and I do play!
Among some seven thousand tomes it hides itself away.
And then I search among them for my darling pet awhile,
And when 'tis found it greets me with a fascinating smile.

And every night when I retire I give the worm a meal.
On *Fifty Soups* I feed it, then a bit of Lamb 'twill steal;
And when it's eaten heartily it sits up very pert,
And asks me for a Grolier book, or Aldus, for dessert.

And best of all the compliments the world has paid to me
Has come one from my pet bookworm, as all who read may see,
For it will give up Balzac, Dickens, Thackeray, in fine,
The best works there are in the world, to munch away at mine. JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

AN ENERGETIC TOWN.

THOUGH the paper was dated Saturday, we always printed it Friday night; and after the forms had been carefully washed with lye, the press bed greased, and the roller hung away, old Wallis, the compositor, would usually light his pipe, draw up a chair, drop one foot into the waste-basket, and he would relate various remarkable incidents in his typographical wanderings.

"This town is all right," he observed, one night, "but it lacks pop when compared with Grand Traverse. The people of Grand Traverse weren't born yesterday, if their town was, and when you catch them napping you will hear weasels snoring in the neighborhood."

"It's a live place, eh?" I replied.

"Live as a jointed snake. Why, a man came into the *Terror* office while I was working there and got three thousand letter-heads printed which read like this: 'Grand Traverse Horse-Racing Association. (Successor to Young Men's Christian Association.)' The citizens of Grand Traverse are not using the place for its health-restoring properties. But what I started to tell you about was how they salted the Sioux River on the English capitalists.

"The Sioux River, you know, is not a large stream. They say that the Missouri River steamboats can navigate a heavy dew, but they couldn't navigate the Sioux River. Nothing could navigate it, except a light-draught duck, and one willing to get out and walk when it came to a shallow place. But there is quite a high fall at Grand Traverse, and if the river was large enough it would be a great water-power. The people thought it was, anyhow, and built a big stone flouring-mill six stories high, all covered with windows. But there wasn't enough water to run it. The people saw that they must unload or lose their money, so they sent the Mayor East to gun for capitalists. He bagged a party of Englishmen at Boston, and sent word that he would be out with them in four weeks. Did those citizens of Grand Traverse who had staid at home sleep and snore and go into a trance? No, sir; they forgot local animosities and sectional feeling, and took spades and scrapers, and went half a mile up the river, around a bend, and built a twenty-foot dam, and let it fill up and make a lake a mile long. While it was filling they erected a church and repaired the high-school building. Then the Mayor telegraphed that he had started with the Britishers.

"Those Englishmen were rich. I reject adjectives to intensify my language. They were rich men. They had money as some folks have hay. They handled their money with pitchforks and horse-rakes, and baled it up at night, and stored it in great red barns. Those Englishmen had long been ripe for the shear of the shearer. Two hours before the train came the citizens of Grand Traverse quietly and almost solemnly opened the dam.

"The Britishers came and looked at the falls, a raging torrent of seething waters thundering on the trembling rocks below. Sir, those men went like lambs to the slaughter, skipping, gambolling, and baaing in their joy at getting a great property at a low figure. The citizens sold them the mill for one hundred per cent. above cost. That night they mowed away the Englishmen's money in their own barns. The next morning there was a little drizzling stream squirting over the ledge and spattering on the rocks below, and if a cow happened to drink anywhere upstream, the rivulet ceased entirely and the parched rocks choked in the blistering sun.

"Yes, sir, Grand Traverse has the most pop of any place in the Territory of Dakota. It is my idea of a live town. If this town had half the business energy and civic pride that Grand Traverse has you wouldn't be printing your paper on a hand-press and whittling off lower-case b's to make small-cap. D's." H. C.

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THE YOUNG WIFE OF AN OLD HUSBAND—HER TRIALS.

He, by virtue of his bald head and age, affects the front row at the theatre. How proud she must feel observing the undisguised enthusiasm of her dear old spouse over the ballet!

AN ACCOMMODATION TRAIN.

THE Southern Express deposited one passenger in the evening dusk at the junction, and then flew on its way again. The lonely traveller took his bearings, and then went over to a man in uniform, who proved to be a conductor, and pointing to a train standing a hundred feet away on the switch, inquired if it was the train "down the valley," and received an affirmative reply.

"What time does it go?" asked the traveller, anxiously.

"Scheduled for ten minutes back," was the answer of the conductor, looking at his watch. "Going down?"

"Yes," returned the traveller. "I must get to Smithsburg to-night. Thirty miles, isn't it?"

"Yes. Due there in three hours," said the conductor.

"Just my luck!" cried the traveller. "I haven't eaten for six hours, and—"

"There's a nice restaurant in the depot," said the conductor, with a shake of the head which, as a testimonial to the excellence of the restaurant, was all that could be desired. "You can get bully fried chicken and waffles."

"But, great Cæsar! you're ten minutes late now," wailed the unfortunate, "so what good does the restaurant do me?"

"Well, you go and eat," returned the conductor, "and I'll get an order from the superintendent to hold the train and wait for you."

"But will he give the order?" cried the traveller, eagerly.

"Will he?" echoed the conductor. "Well, I just reckon he will. The superintendent himself keeps that restaurant, and he ain't letting no good chances slip for the sake of having the train on time."

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SOME PUNCH AND SPEECHES.

IT was at the "Eastmorland." With true Southern hospitality its members had tendered this reception to the visiting college glee club from the North.

The ice tinkled merrily against the sides of a great porcelain bowl, and the aroma of the punch flooded the high-ceilinged room.

"A glorious punch," remarked the first tenor.

"Yes, seh; indeed it is, seh, most seductive and most insid'us," replied the Judge; "made from a receipt of my own father's, who was a pehsonal friend of Henry Clay, seh." The old gentleman glanced at the brimming glass he held in his delicate fingers. "It contains 'laughter and song, good cheer and woman's smiles, but not a single qua'el'; that, seh, is what Misteh Clay himself said of this vehy punch you's drinkin', an' he was right beyon' pehadventure of a doubt, seh."

At that moment the Governor of the State arose from the corner near the open window. The talking hushed; the time was ripe for speeches.

"Gentlemen," said the Governor, tapping with his glass on the back of a tall chair, "I am going to call upon our chairman to bid you welcome to our city. We are glad to see you here; and the Judge, who came mighty near bein' a No'thern man himself, will tell you so for all of us."

All eyes turned to the slender figure in the worn black coat.

"Gentlemen of the No'th," began the dear old Judge, "my hono'd friend has jess now told you that I came neah to bein' a No'thern man. Yes, 'n two ways that is most true—'n two ways, gentlemen. Nothin' but a Southern woman's strong desiah fo' home, an' two fast horses, prevented me from bein' bo'n no'th of Mason and Dixon's line. An' befo' the wah"—here the Judge swept the room with a glance—"I was a strong opponent of secession, but when my own State joined the clam'rous South, I stuck to her as a son sticks to an errin' mother. It is a delight to welcome you all heah as sons of reunited brothers, fo' with us now there are 'tears and sighs fo' the gray, an' sighs an' tears fo' the blue.' They are all bayhied together, an' with them lies our diffeh'ences. So we drop the wah. Oveh this club-house an' oveh our city hall sweeps the stripes an' the staas. God bless each one! But jess heah somethin'. You have accomplished in three days what it took Gen'ral Grant and you' fathers three *yeahs* to accomplish. You an' youah songs have captu'd Richmond. There was an old nigger once, a swagge'in' bad-temp'ed nigger, who had to be dressed down jess once so often; an' afteh the wah" (it became evident that the Judge, despite his former declaration, could not leave the subject for the life of him)—"after the wah our ovehseeah, one Small, a white man, who was large an' just, an' who had a most pehsuasive way with unruly niggers—this ovehseeah he ran fo' the office of county po'-house-keepeh, gentlemen. Well, Pomp, who was a mos' degen'rate rascal, had obtained great favo' with the nigger votehs, an' he came to see Misteh Small one fine mornin', an' then ensu'd the foll'in' convehsation:

"'Good-mawnin', Marse Small,' says Pomp. 'Me an' mah constitshu'ns am a-goin' ter s'port yo' en dishyer comin' 'lectshun.'

"'Yo' are! What fo'?' inquired Misteh Small, who was most astonished.

"'On de groun', sah, of mutual respec,' sah,' answered Pomp, jess grinnin' all oveh his black face.

"'Eh?' says the ovehseeah. 'What makes you think I've got any respect fo' you?'

"'Well, sah, yo' ought ter, jess a little,' said Pomp. 'Yo' done gib me such pow'ful good trouncin', an' I done gib yo' such a heap er trouble.'"

Here the Judge paused, and the glee-club tenor arose. "Gentlemen," he said, "if the people of the South had treated Sherman's army the way you've treated this musical organization, not a single—er—snoozer could have reached the sea-coast."

Here the second bass pulled him back into his seat and stood up in turn. "Gentlemen," he said, "let's all sing 'Dixie.'"

JAMES BARNES.

NO RULE AGAINST THAT.

RICHARD is a rather clever colored boy in the billiard-room of a certain noted club in New York. Like many others of his race, he is possessed of a readiness of repartee which some of the club members find not entirely unenviable. A few days since, at the pool table, one of the players, having made an execrable shot, exciting the derision of the spectators, turned to the boy and said:

"Well, Richard, you'll stand by me, anyhow. It wasn't so bad, was it?"

"It was awful, suh," said Richard.

"What?" cried the player. "*You* criticise too, do you? I shall report you to the house committee."

"Yes, suh," said Richard; "but 'twon' do no good, suh. De house committee has rules prohibitin' eve'yt'ing but tellin' de truth. Dat's all I's done."

He was not reported.

A CONCLUSION.

JIMMIBOY has lately acquired an independence of manner which is not quite satisfactory to his parents. The other day his father remonstrated with him.

"You are getting to be entirely too independent," said he. "You go ahead and do whatever you please without asking permission. You must stop it."

"Well, if I must, I must, I s'pose," he replied; "but I ran up against so many noes whenever I asked to do anything, I thought it was time to give up asking."

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LITERARY NOTES.

BY LAURENCE HUTTON.

THE author of "A Group of Noble Dames" appears this month as the writer of a group of notable stories about persons of both sexes who are more or less noble by right of birth or by right of conduct. Mr. Hardy calls his new volume *Life's Little Ironies*,[1] and he describes it on its title-page as "A Set of Tales, with some Colloquial Sketches entitled a Few Crusted Characters." Of these the latter are the more familiar to us, and perhaps on that account they are the more enjoyable. They are Wessex folk, of course, and they are introduced in a carrier's cart going from the White Hart Inn, at Casterbridge, to Upper Longpuddle; they hail from Abbot's-Cernel and Weatherbury and Mellstock, and they all have that delightful crustacean quality which Mr. Hardy knows so well how to impart to his humankind, and which we remember so well in "The Woodlanders," and "Far From the Madding Crowd." We meet Tony Kyles, the arch-deceiver, who got himself "rather into a nunny-watch"—whatever that may be—and we listen to the music of the parish choir—Nicholas Puddincome, the leader, with the first fiddle; Timothy Thomas, the bass-viol man; John Biles, the tenor fiddler; Robert Dowdler, with the clarionet; Dan'l Hornhead, with the serpent; and Mr. Nicks, with the oboe—all sound and powerful musicians, and strong-winded men, particularly they that blowed. How all these get themselves into "nunny-watches," Mr. Hardy must be left to explain.

Wessex, as Mr. Hardy paints it, is the Bœotia of England, a country in which the atmosphere is so thick that it coats the skins of its inhabitants with a crust of dullness and obtusity which only Mr. Hardy can break through. Whether he idealizes his British Bœotians or not, and puts his own thoughts and his own sentiments and his own speech in his pachydermatous characters, he certainly makes them seem real to those of us who know not Wessex except in his pages; his men are thoroughly masculine; his women are eminently feminine; their nunny-watches are always amusing; and beneath the thick crust of both of them is a crumb which is always digestible, even if it is nothing but padding.

THE Strange People who dwell with Miss Murfree in the mountains of Tennessee breathe a purer, freer, fresher, less-encrusting air than do their distant cousins in far-away Wessex, and their skins are thinner, even if their dialects are almost as thick. They are quicker in perception and more ready in expression; and Simeon Roxby is a fair specimen of his race. Miss Murfree tells us that he had a keen and not unkindly face, and that look of extreme intelligence which is entirely distinct from intellectuality, and which one sometimes sees, in a minor degree, in a very clever dog or a fine horse. One might rely on him instinctively to understand everything one might say to him even in its subtle æsthetic values, although he has consciously learned little. He is of the endowed natures to whom much is given, rather than of those who are set to acquire. As he understands what is said to him, so does he make himself understood; and when he says that his niece "seen the harnt," we know what he means.

The harnt is one of *The Phantoms of the Foot-Bridge*,[2] the initial tale in Miss Murfree's latest collection of short stories, and that which gives its name to the volume. The scenes and incidents, the characters and their speech, are in very curious contrast with those of Mr. Hardy; but they are equally interesting and quite as well set down. She does not seem to have worked out the mine of characters she discovered among her native hills, and she has dug up, in the present work, nuggets as rich in pure undefiled metal as any that have gone before them. The Ironies of their lives are big rather than little, however; some of their nunny-watches, wound up at the muzzles of revolvers, keep pretty serious time for all concerned, while their hides are not thick enough to resist the force of a bullet.

THERE is a happy land, far, far away from Wessex and Northern Tennessee where women are taught, and are forced, to honor their fathers-in-law and their mothers-in-law, even beyond their own natural parents; where a man can divorce his wife if she be of a frivolous disposition, or if he thinks she talks too much; and where the babies are not only "the most amusingly uncommon children in the world," but "the very best disciplined darlings to be found upon the ample bosom of Mother Earth."

After weeks and months of almost constant study of the *Wee Ones of Japan*,[3] Mrs. Mae St. John Bramhall thus expresses herself concerning "the *café au lait* elves" of that country. She seems to understand her subject, and she certainly loves it. If the young of the Nippon-

[1] *Life's Little Ironies.* A Set of Tales, with some Colloquial Sketches entitled A Few Crusted Characters. By THOMAS HARDY. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[2] *The Phantoms of the Foot-Bridge, and Other Stories.* By CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[3] *The Wee Ones of Japan.* By MAE ST. JOHN BRAMHALL. Illustrations by C. D. WELDON. 16mo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 00. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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ite is as good and as beautiful as she says he is, her enthusiasm is justifiable. His crust is a thin, fragrant icing of coffee and milk and sugar, and as she serves him up to us he is not only sweet and palatable, but wholesome as well. This is how he looks: "There is the healthful, glowing crocus tint diffused over a low, well-moulded brow, over a tiny nose, often impertinently *retroussé*, and over a dimple-cleft chin. Add to these round ripe cheeks that retain far into the teens the crimson gloss of the lusty fall-pippen, and you have touches from Nature's 'make-up' box not altogether to be despised, as complexions go among us." And here, in a fragmentary way, is how he behaves: His is "a most ludicrously polite individuality"; he has "vitality, blithesomeness, and joyous spontaneity"; he is possessed of an "almost preternatural decorum of conduct"; "the doctrine of original sin seems absolutely confuted by the admirable behavior of the Japanese child; he never seems to do any mischief." Can these things be, and is all Japan overcome as by a summer's cloud of juvenile precocious propriety?

It is somewhat consoling to a child-ridden community to find in Mrs. Bramhall's work two reasons for this millennium of infantile conduct. The first is her own. The Japanese child is guided by love and not by chastisement; the ambition to be as a boy manly, and as a girl womanly, is constantly instilled, and these conditions are understood to imply, first and foremost, abject obedience to parents and elders. The second reason is borrowed from a theory of Mrs. Chaplin-Ayrton: There is little furniture in the Japanese house; there is, consequently, nothing for the little Japanese to break, nothing for him to be told not to touch, hence he is good almost in spite of himself. Perhaps, some day, American mothers will try these Japanese plans, and thus japan our nurseries and our public places with a varnish of comfort and of comparative rest.

Mrs. Bramhall's little book, with its charming illustrations, is full of interesting information about the old as well as the young in Japan, and it will appeal to those readers of all ages who want to learn how to be born good and how to remain so.

ALTHOUGH Dean Stanley seems to have had no taste for fishing, he certainly had great respect for the memory of one gentle disciple of the gentle art; and nothing, in his long and pleasant connection with the Abbey of Westminster, gave him so much pleasure, perhaps, as his discovery of the initials I. W. and the date 1658 scratched by Izaak Walton himself on the monument to Isaac Casaubon in the Poets' Corner. He spoke briefly of it in his "Memorial"; his present biographer alludes to it in passing; but only those who had the good fortune to visit the Abbey under the guidance of its chief custodian can appreciate the almost boyishly affectionate way with which his long white taper fingers caressed the marks; while he hoped that the Angler might be forgiven for his desecration of the sacred spot.

It is not as the presiding genius of the great historical edifice, not as the brilliant scholar, the eminent churchman, the thoughtful writer, the eloquent preacher, that the present reviewer thinks of Stanley, but as "the slight pale boy, with large blue eyes and light fair hair," whom Tom Brown found in the Matron's room, on his return to Rugby on the first day of a certain half-year, the lad of thirteen who was to turn the tide of Tom's school life, and of all his life thereafter; the gentle, delicate Arthur whom all the friends of Tom Brown must remember so well. Mr. Hughes wrote, in 1888, that when he and his brother first went to Rugby, more than half a century before, they bore a letter to Arthur Stanley, who invited them to breakfast; and he added, "I do not think I ever *spoke* to Stanley at Rugby again"; but Tom Brown's George Arthur must have been Arthur Stanley, for all that. He is the very boy whom Mr. Prothero has just exhibited to the reading world. He was in his fourteenth year when he entered the great school, "short in stature, of slight frame, small and delicate features, and with a gentle and amiable expression." He had a distaste for all the games so much enjoyed by the stronger lads; he was excused from "fagging" very early in his career; he was not plagued or bullied as were the other boys of his age; he wrote home once, "I *think* I kicked the ball, whereas before they used to tell me I only pushed it with my foot"; he had a refining and beautiful influence upon every person with whom he came in contact; he loved and was loved by the "Doctor"; he was as well-behaved as if he had been born in Japan; and he could have been none other than Tom Brown's devoted, helpful friend.

No better introduction to the *Life and Letters of Dean Stanley*[4] can be found, therefore, than the Second Part of "Tom Brown's Schooldays at Rugby," in which Arthur Penrhyn Stanley is so prominent a figure. Old boys will re-read it with pleasure, young boys will read it with delight, and it will help all boys to the proper understanding of the beautiful character of the boy whose story as a man Mr. Prothero tells so well.

To American readers the reviews of "The Life of Stanley" as contained in the British periodicals must seem curious and significant. They cannot help praising the book, but, in many cases, they cannot refrain from sneering at and condemning the subject of it. One journal said that this "Life of Stanley" will outlive much that Dean Stanley himself has written; which is neither just nor true, for the better part, if not the greater part, of the work

[4] *Life and Letters of Dean Stanley*. By R. E. PROTHERO, with the Co-operation of Dean BRADLEY. With Portraits and Illustrations. 2 Vols., 8vo, Cloth. $8 00. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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is made up of the Dean's own words, contained in his voluminous correspondence; and certainly Stanley's "Life of Thomas Arnold," which this same British journal pronounced "one of the best pieces of biography of our day," will live as long as Prothero's "Life of Stanley," admirable as it is. The "Saturday Review" goes even further than this, and permits itself to indulge in that violent form of speech which it usually reserves for American persons, places, and things. It "cannot imagine how any man of honor, how any man of decency, how any man with the commonest notions of fair and seemly conduct can approve his [Stanley's] action." Likening the Dean to an officer in the garrison of a beleaguered city, but in sympathy with the besiegers, the "Saturday" asserts that he retained his post, drew his pay, enjoyed the best of free quarters, "all the time using his command to baffle sallies, to thwart the efforts of more faithful commanders, to let in messengers of the enemy at privy doors from time to time, nay, as far as he can and dares, to hand the quarter of the town over to the foe. If he may do this and bear any name but that of traitor, then we have nothing to say against the sometime Dean of Westminster. If he may not—if in war, in politics, in private business and friendship, all men of honor would cry shame on such conduct—then we shall be satisfied with saying that this conduct was his." The language of the reviewer is not very clear, but his meaning is clear enough. The dead lion, however, need not be defended from posthumous kicks, particularly when they are given in a doctrinal and a Pickwickian sense.

A careful perusal of the work will show the nature of the conduct of which the "Saturday" complains, and the character of the messengers of the enemy who were permitted to enter the Abbey by private portals. It will show, too, the character of the man who, to quote his own words upon Dean Milman—not quoted by Mr. Prothero—"turned not to the right side or the left; only from whatever quarter of heaven or earth, of science or religion, he seemed to catch any new ray of light, thither he turned, with the eagerness and, we must add, with the humility of a child .... To him want of charity and want of truth were the worst heresies .... So long as he lived, secure in his high position, there was a lasting pledge for the freedom, the generosity, and the justice of the English Church .... there was a pledge that the catastrophe which he so much dreaded, the severance of the thought of England from the religion of England, would not be wholly accomplished."

If this be treason, let us profit by his example, and make the most of it!

LORD WOLSELEY says that Captain King's description of the cavalry fight of Gettysburg in "Between the Lines" is "the most perfect picture of a battle in the English language"; and Lord Wolseley, as a scholar and a soldier, ought to know. Captain King has pictured other battles in his "Campaigning with Crook," and even in his "War-Time Wooing." He has shown us exactly what soldiers are, and what soldiers can do; and now he tells us, in his graphic way, precisely how soldiers are made. *Cadet Days*[5] is the most perfect picture of life at West Point in any language; and Geordie Graham, otherwise "Pops," is the Tom Brown of the Military Academy. The lad, healthy, strong, active, was the son of an army officer, and he was "reared" in the West. His first playmate was a wild Apache of his own age; his earliest friends were the rough troopers at an isolated station. He was taught to hunt and trail and shoot before he was nine; he had ridden, pony-back, across the continent from Arizona to Kansas, with a cavalry column, before he was ten; before he was twelve he had stalked an antelope along the Smoky Hills; and when he was fifteen he had shot a black bear in the Yellowstone Mountains, and had raced a buffalo bull into the fords of Milk River. Put such a boy into West Point, and it is easy to see what he will become, and what he will accomplish; but it is not easy to tell it all as Captain King has done, in a way which will interest not only warriors but civilians, and women as well as men.

The author is himself a part of what he writes. He was graduated from West Point in 1866; he served in the artillery and in the cavalry for a dozen years, and he was finally retired from active service in 1879, in consequence of a wound received in the Apache campaign of 1874. He is not the hero of the present tale—it is written in the third person—but he is as much a part of it as Mr. Thomas Hughes and Dean Stanley were a part of "Tom Brown." And "Pops" and George Arthur, so different in their ways, are a pair of heroes who ought to march down to posterity side by side. "Pops" unites the staying qualities of Tom Brown as a fighter with the staying qualities of Arthur as a moral power. He is almost too good to be true.

The juvenile aspirant for military honors will do well to read "Cadet Days" before he determines to spend many days as a Cadet. It is, as Captain King describes it, drill, drill, drill; up with the dawn, rain or shine; hurry through a soldier's toilet; rush down the iron stairway; spring into rigid attention in the forming ranks; sharply answer to the rapid roll-call; sweep, dust, fold, arrange, and rearrange every article of habitual use; twist, turn, wrench, extend every muscle, bend double, spring erect, rest on tiptoe, sway backward, forward, sideways, every way; ache in every bone, sore in every limb; long hours spent in toil, brief minutes only given to respite. That is the physical experience of one Cadet Day; and the

[5] *Cadet Days.* A Story of West Point. By Captain CHARLES KING. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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mental experience is quite as hard and even more trying. This is not the "fancy drill" taught in so many military schools all over the Union; it is not showy, catchy, pretty to look at, and utterly useless and unserviceable except for spectacular purposes; it requires clear grit, self-control, hard heads, square jaws, patience, endurance, and plenty of them. But it makes men as well as soldiers; and how much Grant, and Lee, and Sherman, and Stonewall Jackson, and Cavalry Sheridan owed to their Cadet Days at West Point the non-combatant will never realize until he reads this book.

For Honor and Life[6] is a story of battle and slaughter, of an earlier period, and of another land. Fritz von Astor, its hero, was the son of a Bernese father and of a Lancashire mother; he was born in England, but in 1790 he went to France, and after eighteen months of strenuous study and practical work at the then famous Military Academy at Angers, he entered the Swiss Guard of Louis XVI. He neglects to say that young Arthur Wellesley, who afterwards did so much to put the Bourbons back upon the throne of France—for a time—was educated at this same school at Angers, a year or two before he entered it; and, unfortunately, he has almost nothing to say about his own Cadet Days in France. Some account of the manufacture of soldiers upon the Continent a century ago would have been interesting reading, as compared with what we have just been told concerning the process in our own land and in our own day. The Anglo-Swiss subaltern was not quite so good a fellow, even according to his own showing, as was the West Point graduate of Captain King; but the Duke of Wellington wrote as much history with his sword as did any of our modern domestic military annalists, and the world would like to know how much he had to endure as a plainsman and a plebe, and how he endured it.

If young von Astor tells us very little about his experiences as a student of warfare, he makes a very full statement of what happened to him after he put his uniform on. He was possessed of a full measure of youthful vanity, he writes, and he was so proud of his new clothes that he had a portrait of himself painted in full-dress regimentals, which he sent to his father. It depicted a tall, broad-shouldered, young fellow of nineteen or twenty, dressed in a scarlet cut-away coat with long lappets, white inside and folded back, a blue collar and blue facings, with white buttonholes and silver buttons, white waistcoat, white belt, white breeches and leggings, the last coming above the knees. His cocked hat was trimmed with silver, his hair was powdered, his arms were a sword, a musket, and a bayonet, and he would have cut a very pretty figure at Benny Havens or at the First Bull Run. The fidelity of the Swiss Guards to the Royal Family made them hated alike by the Jacobins of the National Assembly and by the populace of Paris; and when political excitement ran high they were either confined to barracks or sent away for a few days, lest their appearance on the streets should give offence to the rabble and lead to trouble; and it was against regulations for them to go beyond the precincts of the palace at any time, except in twos and threes. Men who went out alone were apt to return not at all. Von Astor often saw the King and the Queen; and he describes Louis as a stout, clumsy-built man with a good-natured, weak face, while Marie Antoinette, whose hand he was once permitted to kiss, was a right queenly woman, whose high qualities more than atoned for her husband's defects. She had a noble face, an imposing presence, and a manner so gracious and winning that all who knew her loved her. He offered to die for her; but she had to die for herself, poor thing; and after more hair-breadth escapes than can be put on record here, he saved his own Honor and his own Life.

Mr. William Westall, the author of this romance, will be remembered as the writer of "Birch Dene," a story of London during the Regency, briefly noticed in these columns four or five years ago. He pictured for us then the condition of penal legislation, of child labor, of the apprentice system, and of factory-work in general in the British Metropolis in the first five-and-twenty years of the century, and the picture was a good one, true to the life it portrayed. Now he takes us to the Paris of a decade or two previous, when France was a seething volcano, in the throes of an awful and brutal revolution, threatened by worse than civil war, and by more than a foreign invasion, and when, unlike the gloom of sober London, during the period in which the blind king was ruled by his profligate son, the brain and the heart of Paris seemed as gay and as careless as ever. The theatres were open, the cafés were filled, the shops were busy, the boulevards and public gardens were thronged with pleasure-seeking crowds, innocent men and women were shot like dogs on the street corners, and the heads of a king and a queen were cut off and dropped into a basket of sawdust, to add to the pleasure of the populace, and to make a Parisian holiday. Mr. Westall describes all this so vividly that he makes us more than content with our own lot and our own times. It is certainly better to have been a thick-skinned yokel in Wessex, to have been an almond-eyed baby in the Empire of the Mikado, to have been haunted by ghosts in Tennessee, it is better to have been pelted with epithets as Dean of a great English Abbey, it is even better to have been shot in the Apache country at the end of the nineteenth century, than to have been a king in France a hundred years ago.

[6] *For Honor and Life.* A Novel. By WILLIAM WESTALL. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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HARPER'S MAGAZINE

•• FOR JUNE ••

The opening article of the Number will be a characteristic portraiture of Philadelphia, **The City of Homes,** by Mr. C. BELMONT DAVIS. The paper will be effectively illustrated from drawings by Mrs. ALICE BARBER STEPHENS and her husband, Mr. CHARLES H. STEPHENS, Mr. MAX F. KLEPPER, and Mr. F. V. DU MOND ; also by portraits of some eminent Philadelphians, including especially those of recent literary distinction. Mrs. Stephens's picture of "The Church Parade" will stand as frontispiece to the Number.

Mr. ALFRED PARSONS will contribute an article entitled **A Japanese Spring,** with twenty-three illustrations from his own drawings. This is the first of a number of papers by this distinguished artist, prepared by him during his recent sojourn in Japan.

Mr. W. D. HOWELLS will give another chapter of his personal reminiscences in connection with his **First Visit to New England,** thirty years ago. The paper will be amply illustrated.

A very interesting companion-piece to Mr. Howells's recollections will be **Memories of Wendell Phillips,** by Mr. GEORGE W. SMALLEY, in which the latter recounts one of the earliest adventures in his journalistic experience.

The famous correspondent of the *London Times*, Mr. DE BLOWITZ, will contribute **French Diplomacy under the Third Republic,** in which he will give wholly novel personal sketches of the eminent ministers who, since the overthrow of the empire, have represented France at London, Berlin, Vienna, and St. Petersburg, including the narration of episodes not hitherto brought to public notice, and a masterly review of the ideas and influences that during this period have controlled French diplomacy.

The Number, like those recently issued, will be notably strong in fiction. Mr. DU MAURIER'S delightful novel, **Trilby,** will maintain the remarkable interest which it has all along evoked, and will be richly illustrated, containing fifteen engravings from the author's drawings. Mr. JAMES LANE ALLEN'S charming novelette, **A Kentucky Cardinal,** will be concluded. Four complete short stories will be given : **A Waitress,** the last of Miss CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON'S Italian tales, illustrated by Mr. W. H. HYDE ; **Little Big Horn Medicine,** by Mr. OWEN WISTER, illustrated by Mr. FREDERIC REMINGTON ; **In Search of Local Color,** a Vignette of Manhattan, by Mr. BRANDER MATTHEWS, illustrated by Mr. W. T. SMEDLEY ; and **God's Ravens,** by Mr. HAMLIN GARLAND.

The **Editor's Study,** by Mr. CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER, and the **Editor's Drawer,** with an introductory story, entitled **Our Suburban Friends,** by Mr. RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, illustrated by Mr. A. B. FROST, will complete the Number.

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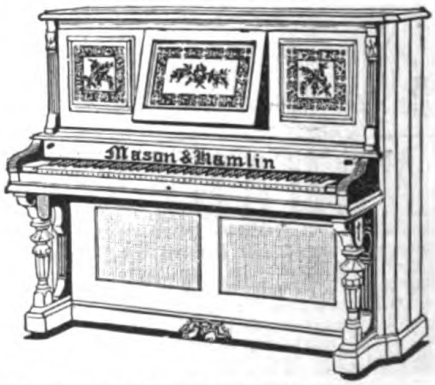
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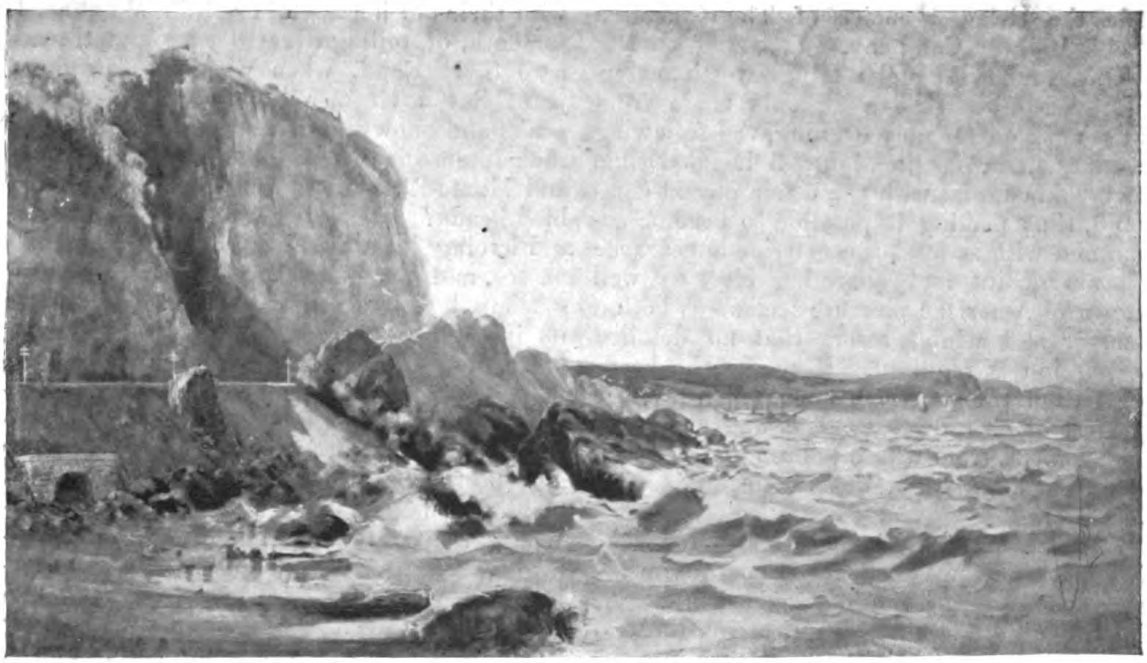
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IT would seem as if nothing short of positive genius could provide a new sensation in these *fin-de-siècle* days, when the fashionable mental altitude might find fitting expression in the phrase of *blasé* boredom, "There's nothing new, and nothing true, and it doesn't matter."

Yet what could be more surprising than the statement that it is now possible to be transported from New York to Yokohama in less time than was necessary a few years ago to compass the voyage from New York to Liverpool? This is surely something new, and no less true than new, while that it does matter very materially may be readily illustrated.

Let us see just what it means. Suppose a weary toiler in the marts, or courts, or colleges of New York, Boston, or Philadelphia can spare only two short months from his office or study, and would like to crowd into that time as much novelty and beauty as may be possible. The Continent is an old story to him, and the seaside and mountain resorts of his own land have become a weariness to the flesh. Whither, then, shall he go? The newly created facilities for travel which have brought Japan so near at once afford a satisfying answer. Within the circle of those sixty days he may be carried, as on the wings of the wind, into the very heart of the most interesting country on the face of the globe, and may spend four full weeks in that "land of flowers where the lotus and the cherry, the plum and the wisteria, grow wantonly side by side; a land where the bamboo embosoms the maple, where the pine at last has found its palm-tree, and the tropic and temperate zones forget their separating identity in one long, self-obliterating kiss."

Then, having cleared the cobwebs from his work-worn brain, and having acquired a new sense of the infinite beauty of nature, and the inspiring interest of human nature, he may turn his regretful face homeward, and be back in his old rut "on time," but full of determination to repeat the never-to-be-forgotten experience ere his head grows much grayer.

Not only is there wonderful economy of time, but what is hardly less attractive to the modern holiday-seeker, a notable economy of cash. According to the testimony of so trustworthy an authority as Mr. Gardiner, author of "Japan As We Saw It," the total cost of such an outing, including return tickets, sleeping-cars, dining-cars, hotel and inn expenses, railroad, steamship, and jinrikisha outings, tips and fees to servants, need not exceed $600. Just think of it! a trip half round the world, and back, and a whole month in the fairy land of flowers for little more than the cost of living at a first-class hotel! So surprising and enchanting a possibility surely but needs to be more generally realized in order that by whole battalions those needing rest and recreation, or seeking fresh fields and pastures new wherein to travel, may in-

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vade the ticket agencies of The Canadian Pacific Railway Company.

The itinerary of such a trip is worth analyzing. Assuming that a start is made from New York on Monday evening, the following morning finds one in Montreal in good time for breakfast, and with the whole day at command, thus making it possible to become acquainted with at least the exterior appearance of this quaint and charming city, so well known to American pleasure-seekers as both a summer and winter resort that no detailed description is required. Here are the headquarters of the Canadian Pacific Railway, the greatest of all railway systems under a single management, from whose polite officials all information may be obtained as to the journey westward.

At a convenient hour after dinner the through train for Vancouver is boarded in the imposing Windsor Station, and then begins the long ride on those two gleaming lines of steel that stretch straight and smooth into the realm of sunset. Never was journey of the kind performed under pleasanter auspices. In luxuriously appointed cars that seem to glide rather than roll onward, so imperceptible is their motion, the traveller dines and sleeps, bathes, shaves, smokes, and reads just as he would in a first-class hotel, while before his delighted eyes is unrolled a panorama of ever-varying beauty.

He sweeps swiftly along the shores of the Great Lakes, those inland oceans of the North; he plunges into the heart of mighty forests where the giant trees stand like guarding sentinels along the route; he traverses forbidding swamps that quicken his admiration for the builders of the road because of their overcoming such difficulties; he is wafted across wide leagues of verdant prairie, and so comes to Winnipeg, the half-way station between the Atlantic and the Pacific, and the heart of the Northwest, a city with a past of keen vicissitudes, a present of substantial growth, and a future of boundless possibility.

Flying over the prairies, which, level as the ocean in a calm, or billowing like it in a storm, stretch unbroken to the base of the Rockies, he enters the mountains, leaving the plains behind as if he had passed through an artificial door. Then the whole world changes. "Mountains tower on every hand, each one rising alone and distinct from the narrow level of the valleys, as a pyramid built by human hands. Geology and world-building are written as plainly as printed texts, and the processes by which these masses were uplifted are so apparent that one can fancy the strata still in motion, groaning and creaking as they are forced up and bent almost at a right angle with their old horizontal levels." What need, forsooth, of toiling over to trite and threadbare Switzerland, when within a few days' jaunt lies a virgin region of cloud-capped peaks and snowy pinnacles soaring high into the "intense inane" before which Mont Blanc and Monte-Rosa might well lower their humbled heads?

Piercing its way through dark mountain passes, and touching the skirts of glistening glaciers, lightly scorning the attempts to bar its impetuous progress of the Rockies, Selkirks, and Columbian Range, and Cascades, which here crowd upon each other for nearly six hundred continuous miles, each range boasting its distinctive pattern, and wearing a garb of different tints, every mountain form and color known to the world being represented, the train dashes out into the deep valley of the Fraser, and presently pulls up panting at the head of Burrard Inlet by the side of a superb white steamship fitly bearing an imperial name. The continent has been crossed, and yet only five and a half days have elapsed since the traveller turned his back upon New York.

The bright new city of Vancouver deserves something better than the passing glance possible from the platform of the train or the deck of the steamer, but more cannot be managed if the time schedule would be maintained. The instant the mails and passengers have been placed on board the white *Empress of Japan* her hawsers are let loose, and she begins to move out into broad Burrard Inlet.

The ocean voyage, the second stage in this wonderful journey, is entered upon, and the beautiful steamship, having called at the charming city of Victoria for yet more passengers and mails, slips swiftly through the Strait of Fuca into the boundless Pacific.

There is a unique charm about this cruise across four thousand three hundred miles of azure ocean that can be caught and adequately expressed only by a Pierre Loti or a Lafcadio Hearn. The long, easy swells of Balboa's placid sea strip *mal-de-mer* of its worst horrors. The passenger need not live below the water-line, nor at either end of a see-saw, and the golden days glide by in an atmosphere of *dolce-far-niente*, to whose dreamy influence even the most energetic are fain to yield themselves.

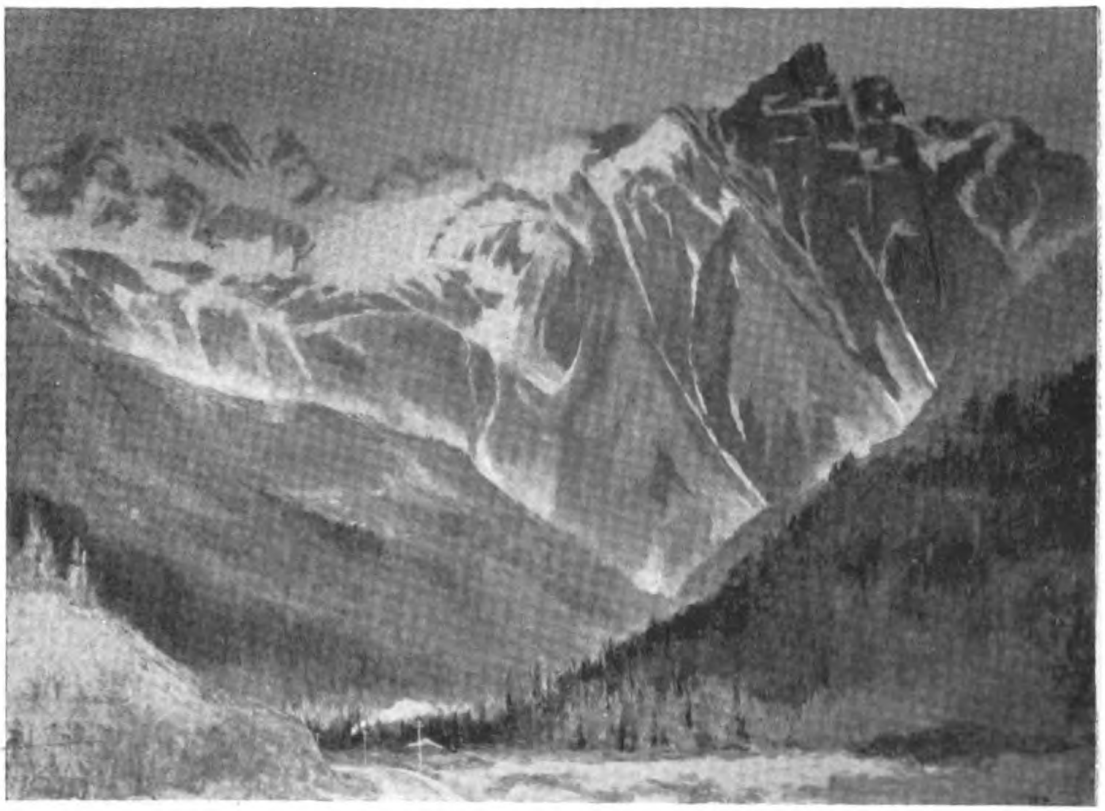
Every creature comfort is provided abundantly on these floating palaces, whose spacious saloons, roomy cabins, luxurious libraries, cosey smoking-rooms, and dainty boudoirs, lit by electric lights and cooled by electric fans, are kept in exquisite order by Chinese "boys," who, like the Prince's servants in the fairy tales, are ever ready to answer a clap of the hands and to do a passenger's bidding.

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The cuisine might win the commendation of a Brillat Savarin; the baths would not be scorned by an Empress Pompeia, while there are amusements galore wherewith to trifle away the long, delicious hours undisturbed by newspapers, telegrams, or letters.

If Neptune be kind, the impatient passengers may, on the morning of the tenth day out, have their eager ears greeted with the welcome cry of "Land Ho!" and have the verdant shores of Japan break upon their vision. Sometimes the steamer makes her land-fall as far north as Kinkwazan, and thus gives the tourist a glimpse of the Bay of Sendai with its sacred island, "the golden flower mountain," and lofty rosy cloud takes shape and form, gathers clearness of outline, deepens its hue of pink and pearl, melts softly into the gray beneath, soars sharply into the blue above, and reveals Fujiyama, the divine mountain."

The fortunate traveller has come to fan land, to the island of porcelain, to the country of chrysanthemums, where the women wear perpetual smiles, and the children are never known to cry; a land of universal happiness and content, of abounding courtesy and all-pervading refinement, a land of worshippers of beauty, where the artisans are all artists, and the artists worthy to decorate fairyland; in short, a veritable fairyland marvellously grateful to the



ROGERS' PASS, SELKIRK MOUNTAINS.

the thousand pine-clad islands of Matsushima which constitute one of the San-kei, the three most beautiful scenic resorts in Japan. Tame deer roam among the temple groves of Kinkwazan, and at the tiny shrine on the summit sailors and fishermen present their petitions to the God of the Sea, who here colors the waves to a wondrously pure pale green, to ultramarine, to purple, and other iridescent hues seen nowhere else.

Speeding southward along the tree-embowered coast the *Empress* sights Fujiyama at daybreak. To quote Miss Bisland, "A delicate gray cloud grows up along the edge of the water, and slowly a vast cone-like cumulus, a traveller weary of the monotonous practicalities of modern life at home.

So much is to be seen that the thirty days at the tourist's disposal seem a pitifully scant allowance, and yet, thanks to the admirable means of communication by rail or steamboat and the inevitable jinrikisha, it is really astonishing how much may be accomplished, especially if forethought has been taken to map out a programme before leaving the steamer, in which task one may always count upon efficient assistance from the officers and from fellow-travellers familiar with the land.

Yokohama, the Liverpool of Japan, has many points of interest, and the newly landed

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traveller must keep a tight grip upon his pocket-book, so enticing are the contents of the curio shops.

From Yokohama short trips by rail, steamer, or jinrikisha may be made north, south, and west. To Enoshima with its remarkable cave and magnificent ocean view; to Kamakura, where are to be seen the golden figure of Kwamon, thirty feet high, and the colossal bronze statue of Dai-Butsu, sixty feet in height, which symbolizes the central idea of Buddhism; to Yokosuka, where the government navy-yard and dry-docks are worth a look; to Miyanoshita, a charming mountain-village noted for its hotels and invigorating soda and sulphur baths; and of course to Fujiyama, the peerless mountain, whose thirteen thousand feet of ascent may be conquered by the aid of energetic coolies, and from whose summit the panting but pride-uplifted climber may see outspread before him all of five provinces, besides a mighty stretch of ocean.

But most important of all is the visit to Tokio, the true capital of Japan, only forty minutes' railway ride from Yokohama. This wonderful city, with its million and a quarter of inhabitants—the quaint folks of real Japan—where the mighty tombs of the departed Shoguns and the splendid palaces of the present Mikado, the gorgeous temples of the national religion and the modern museums of a progressive government make strange and striking contrast, is not to be described in words. Nor can any adequate conception be imparted of Nikko, where the most magnificent temples in Japan are grouped in a riotous profusion of bewildering beauty; nor of Kioto, the soul and centre of old Japan; nor of Nagasaki, of which Pierre Loti has written so enticingly, and where another white *Empress* is ready to bear the traveller back to the prose and prodding of American life.



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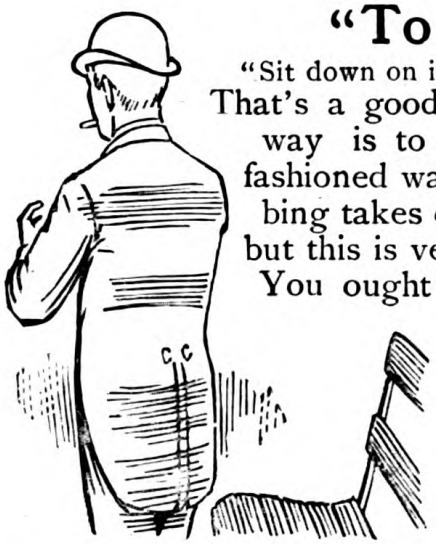
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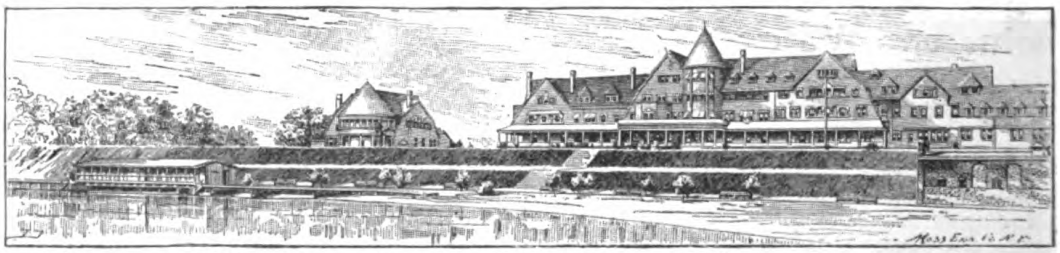
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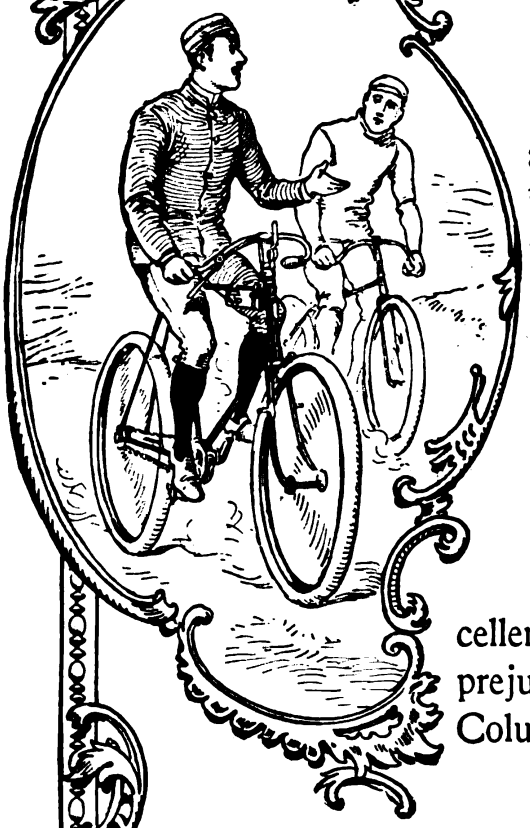
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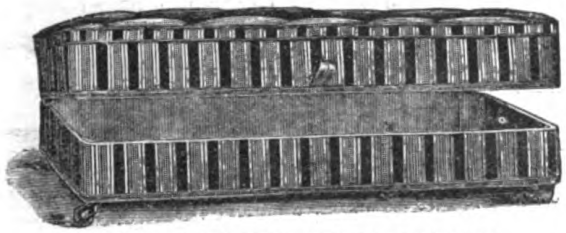
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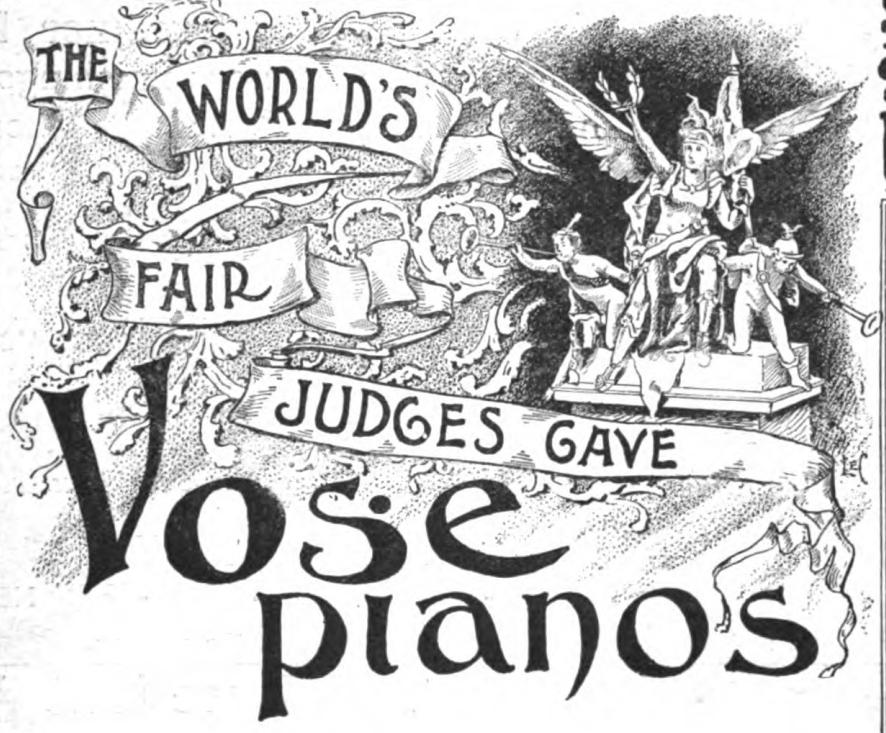
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Catalogue and full text of award free on application to

Vose & Sons Piano Co.

170 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

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THE ÆOLIAN

We are showing a large assortment of Æolians in a variety of woods especially suitable for **Summer Homes.** They include different finishings of Mahogany, Rosewood, Walnut, Ebony, Oak, and White Enamel and Gold.

The Æolian is particularly adapted to the Summer Home. It amuses both the old and young, as it plays all varieties of music. With it you are entirely independent of a musician, as it can be played after a week's practice by a person knowing nothing of music.

We would like to send you one of our new Catalogues.

THE ÆOLIAN COMPANY

18 West 23d Street - - - - - NEW YORK

and Music Dealers generally throughout the country.



Fine Bedding, Spring Beds, Brass and Iron Bedsteads, Down Quilts, Cushions, etc.

Illustrated Catalogue free if you mention *Harper's Magazine.*

CHAS. P. ROGERS & CO.,

264 and 266 Sixth Avenue, Cor. 17th St., NEW YORK.

Sole Agents for Fisher Brown Co., Birmingham, Eng.

An Excellent Value



Utility, Beauty, and Value are combined in our Improved Pavonia Bedstead. Constructed of Iron, Enamelled White (or any color desired), with lacquered brass trimmings. It economizes space, always in fashion, and harmonizes with other furniture.

Prices, with Woven Wire Spring.

6.4x3 ft.	6.4x3.6	6.4x4 ft.	6.4x4.6
$12.75	$12.75	$13.75	$13.75

A COMPLETE OUTFIT.

Bedstead, 6.4 x 3 ft.
Wire Spring, 6.4 x 3 ft.
Curled Hair Mattress (our own manufacture), **3 ft.**
Live Geese Feather Bolster, 3 ft.

ALL FOR **$22.00**

Remit with order and Goods will be shipped promptly.

PUTNAM & SPOONER

344 Boylston St. - - Boston, Mass.

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"Silver Plate That Wears."

Ask your dealer for

Meriden Britannia Co's.

MERIDEN B'COMPANY

Trade Mark on everything except Spoons, Knives and Forks.

It has all the artistic character of the best solid ware at from one fourth to one eighth the cost.

And it wears. Otherwise we would not have the largest business in our line in the world.

1847 ROGERS BROS.

Trade Mark for Spoons, Forks, Knives, etc.

For Sale by dealers everywhere.



Satin Engraved Coffee Set.

Made by

Meriden Britannia Co., Meriden, Conn.

Also, New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Hamilton, Ont., and London, England.

Monon Route

It caters to its patrons

In transit between Chicago and Ohio River Points

With its luxurious Pullman Sleeping Compartment and Dining Car Service

Fine Road Bed and Quick Transit

FOR INFORMATION, ADDRESS

FRANK J. REED, GEN'L PASSENGER AGENT

MONON BLOCK, CHICAGO, ILL.

By Special Appointment,

Glass Cutters

TO THE

ROYAL HOUSE

—OF—

SPAIN.

The Libbey Glass Company,

TOLEDO, OHIO.

RICH CUT GLASS

Six distinct awards at World's Fair, excelling all others in clearness of color, brilliancy and depth of cutting.

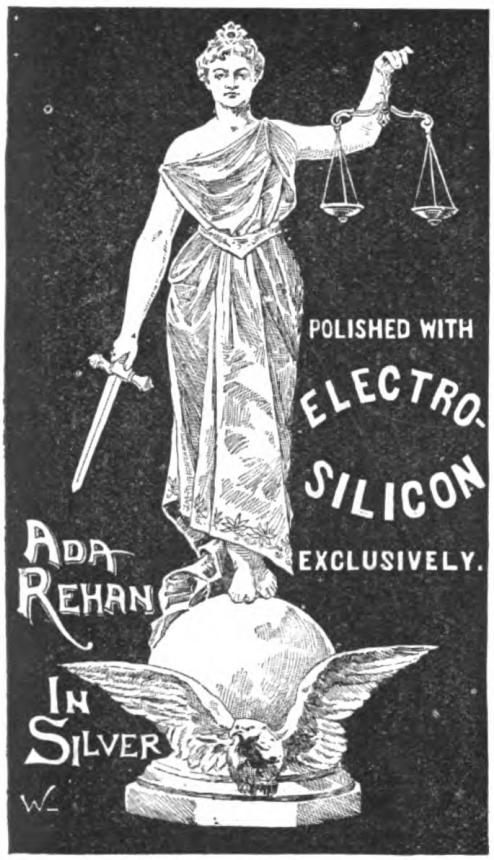
LIBBEY CUT GLASS TRADE MARK TOLEDO, O.

☞ See that every article has this trade mark.

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Office of MONTANA SILVER STATUE CO.

THE ELECTRO SILICON CO.

Gentlemen:—After the most thorough tests of various articles for cleaning and polishing the Silver Statue of "JUSTICE," exhibited at the World's Columbian Exposition by the State of Montana, we have decided to use

ELECTRO-SILICON

exclusively. The great value of the Statue necessitates careful treatment in the process of restoring its brilliancy, and the results obtained by the use of ELECTRO-SILICON have been highly satisfactory, and fully justify us in stating that it is an article of very superior and exceptional merits for cleaning and polishing precious metals.

(Signed) F. D. HIGBEE, *Gen'l Manager.*

NEARLY A MILLION Housekeepers USE IT. DO YOU?

IT'S UNLIKE ANY OTHER.

ELECTRO-SILICON is sold by Leading Dealers Everywhere. Trial quantity for the asking. Box, post-paid, 15 cts.

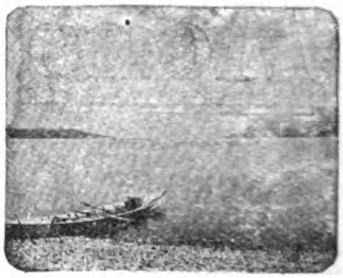
THE ELECTRO SILICON CO., 72 JOHN ST., NEW YORK.

The New Trans-Continental Scenic Line



Mount Index.

Great Northern Railway



Lake McDonald.

A NEW ROUTE FIELD HOME FOR THE TOURIST CAPITALIST FARMER



Snoqualmie Falls, 268 feet high.

A TRIP across the continent without having seen the unrivalled attractions of this grandly scenic line would be incomplete. Pacific Coast tourists should not fail to take advantage of excursion rates, in effect from all Eastern points, which permit going and return by different routes, being sure their tickets read in one or both directions over the Great Northern Railway.

W. W. FINLEY, Genl. Traffic Mgr.,
F. I. WHITNEY, G. P. & T. A.,
ST. PAUL, MINN.



Looking from Rock Island Tunnel.

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TEA-T-TE

Luxury at Home and Abroad

And Grateful to the Invalid.



A Cup of Fragrant Tea

Supersedes the conventional **Tea Ball** in every particular.

—oooo—

Your Jeweller HAS or can PROCURE them for you.

—oooo—

PAIRPOINT MFG. CO.

New Bedford, Mass.

NEW YORK. **CHICAGO.**



Ask your retail dealer to show you the Christy Knives. They have a peculiar wavy edge which makes them the best cutting knives ever devised. There is nothing like them, and wherever tried they are at once adopted. Make carving a pleasure. Cut new bread as thin as old, cake without crumbs, and meat without shreds.

Recommended by Miss Helen Louise Johnson and Mrs. Emma P. Ewing as being the most desirable knife now offered to the public. Beware of imitations. See that Christy is stamped on each.

If your dealer does not keep these knives, send direct to the Christy Knife Co., Box H, Fremont, Ohio, and they will see that your wants are supplied.

COOK'S TOURS

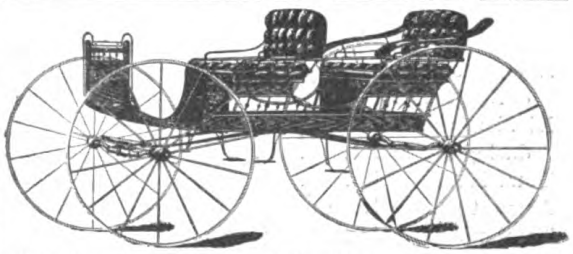
All Travelling Expenses Included

Parties leave at intervals during the season, Visiting **France,** **EUROPE** **England, Germany,** **Norway, Russia, Italy, Switzerland,** etc.

Next departure ETRURIA, MAY 26, a tour of 92 days. Following dates, JUNE 2, 13, 14, 27, and 30.

Steamship and railroad tickets by all lines. Letters of Credit, Circular Notes, Foreign Moneys. Descriptive programme FREE.

THOMAS COOK & SON,
261 and 1225 Broadway, New York.
Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, etc.



This beautiful Surrey for Eighty Dollars, in quartered Oak, or painted in a rich Olive Green, Azure Blue, or as you desire.

THE WATERLOO WAGON CO., Limited,
Waterloo, N. Y., U. S. A.,

Manufacturers of Fine Carriages, Park Phaetons, Buggies, etc. Send for catalogue. Mention this ad. Terms cash.

WONDERFUL What 10c. sent Harte, Jeweller, Rochester, N.Y., will bring. He pays cash for old jewelry or diamonds. Price-list for stamp.

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The New Home of the "Mutual Reserve," cor. Broadway & Duane St., N. Y.



ECONOMY IS WEALTH

Why pay **$100** per year for your Life Insurance when the same amount of Insurance can be had in one of the strongest Life Insurance Companies in the world for **$50?**

Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association

RECORD AND FINANCIAL STANDING:

MEMBERSHIP, ABOUT	80,000
Total Assets, over	$5,000,000.00
Interest Income, annually, exceeds	$130,000.00
Bi-Monthly Income exceeds	$750,000.00
RESERVE FUND, MARCH, 1894	$3,609,326.00
Death Claims paid, over	$18,183,000.00
Saving in Premiums exceeds	$40,000,000.00
New Insurance in 1893 exceeded	$64,000,000.00
INSURANCE IN FORCE exceeds	$263,000,000.00

RELIABLE AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY STATE.

Parties desiring Insurance will be furnished free information at the Home Office, or by any of the Association's General Agents.

HOME OFFICE:

Potter Building, 38 Park Row, New York.

E. B. HARPER, President.

MASSACHUSETTS Benefit Life Association

[FOUNDED 1878.]

A Triumph of Natural Premium Insurance

REMARKABLE GROWTH

STATEMENT OF BUSINESS FOR 1893

Insurance in force	$105,381,605.00
Policies written during the year	6,744
Insurance written during the year	$16,656,600.00
Emergency or Surplus Fund	$1,027,796.08
Amount carried to Surplus Fund during the year	$236,362.59
Dividends paid to Policy-holders during the year	$174,533.72
Total Membership	35,064
Amount paid in Losses	$1,511,868.72
Total amount paid in losses since organization	$8,464,272.57

Splendid Openings for Energetic Men to Act as Special, General, and State Agents.

GEO. A. LITCHFIELD, Pres.

53 STATE ST., BOSTON.

IF YOU KNEW EVERYTHING

There is to know— —about the



AID ASSOCIATION,

Its twenty years' clean record and its

LOW RATE, ABSOLUTE SECURITY

Plan of Life Insurance, you would conclude that you could do no better than give your family the benefit of its genuine protection. If you do it, you will be

TRULY ECONOMICAL.

Policies are issued to Non-Masons and to Women at the same cost as to Masonic policy-holders.

J. A. STODDARD, Manager, Chicago, Ill.

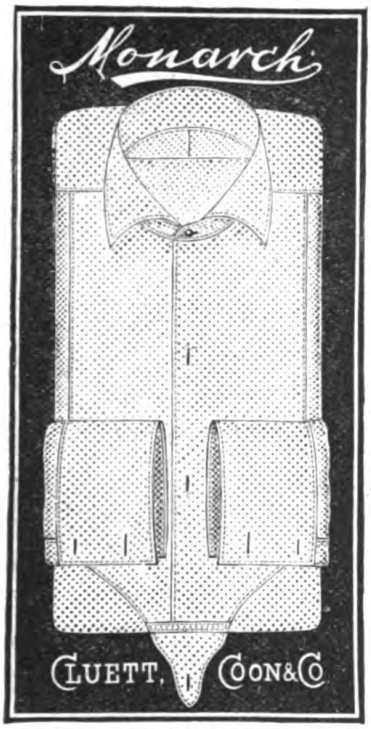
D. J. AVERY, President. C. A. CAPWELL, Secretary

Please mention HARPER'S MAGAZINE when writing.

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AMONG THE ANSWERS

to our query in February — "What do you know about *Monarch* Shirts, and *"Cluett"* Collars and Cuffs?" the following is specially interesting:

". . . I once thought that Adam, before he ate that fatal apple, was, in the sense of comfort, the best dressed man who ever lived. That I don't think so now, is creditable to you.

"I'm a good bit of a swell in matters of dress; in fact, I'm a worse slave to Fashion, than is he a slave, who, knowing that his cause is lost, still wears the yoke of Love, and pleads in vain.

"But as Adam's transgression was an eye-opener, so my first purchase of Monarch shirts, and Cluett collars and cuffs was a revelation to me.

"I'm glad to bear 'testimony' in order that other men of fashionable tastes may be fashionable, and at the same time be comfortable.

"Many advertisements are trash, but in yours, I have found no statement made which my experience in wearing your goods does not fully bear out.

"Your styles are fashionable, and your goods are certainly unique in wearing qualities and comfort.

"I'm a convert from among those who pay big prices and get what they don't want."

If we should attach the writer's name to this letter, we'd violate a confidence; and more than that, we'd surprise some of the "Four Hundred." Fashion with comfort is within the reach of every man. Write for our new SOUVENIR OF FASHIONS, and we'll prove it to you. A copy mailed to your address free if you wish it.

CLUETT, COON & CO., Makers, Factories: Troy, N. Y.

We Buy and Sell

All issues of Government Bonds, including the new "Fives," also New York City Bonds, Brooklyn Bonds, State Bonds, and selected Railroad Bonds.

Our list of "Selected Securities" will be sent on application.

We Buy and Sell on Commission

All issues of stocks and bonds listed on the New York Stock Exchange.

We do not take marginal accounts.

Harvey Fisk & Sons

24 Nassau St., New York

Represented in Philadelphia by

Mr. James H. Chapman, 423 Chestnut Street.



Scientific Suspenders

No strain on buttons.
Waistband is never pulled up.
No baggy pants.
No dragging down on shoulders.
No straps in view in full dress.
Trousers not pulled up away from shoe when sitting.
Cables preserved from wear.
Built for, and worn by, the best dressed men in America.

By mail, 50c., 75c., $1.00, $1.50, $2.00 and $3.50, postpaid.

WEAR THEM ONCE *AND YOU WILL PUT A PAIR ON EACH PAIR OF TROUSERS*

SCIENTIFIC SUSPENDER CO., Lim., Buffalo, N. Y.
Formerly Battle Creek, Mich.

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A. A. Vantine & Co.

LARGEST IMPORTERS FROM



JAPAN, CHINA, INDIA, TURKEY, AND PERSIA

877–879 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

SPECIAL ATTENTION IS INVITED TO OUR SPRING AND SUMMER IMPORTATIONS OF

Japanese Hand-woven Carpets and Rugs

In Rich Oriental Colorings and Designs closely resembling Rare Antiques.

Size.	Regular.	Best Made.	Size.	Regular.	Best Made.
2.6 x 5 feet	$1.40	$2.50	8 x 10 feet	$8.80	$16.00
3 x 3 "	1.00	1.75	9 x 12 "	11.90	22.00
3 x 6 "	2.00	3.00	10 x 12 "	13.00	24.00
4 x 8 "	3.50	6.50	10 x 13 "	14.50	—
6 x 6 "	4.00	7.00	10 x 14 "	15.50	28.00
6 x 9 "	6.00	11.00	12 x 12 "	16.00	29.00
7 x 10 "	7.75	14.00	12 x 15 "	20.00	36.00

Made in Japan expressly for us.

OUR IMPORTATIONS FROM THE ORIENT INCLUDE:

Silks, Tapestries, Antique and Modern Rugs and Carpets, Curios, Enamels, Porcelains, Bronzes, Art Pottery, Furniture, Lamps, Solid Silverware, Lacquer, Baskets, Screens, etc.

Send for Illustrated Descriptive Catalogue. ***Mail Orders receive courteous and immediate attention.***



R U

ON THE FENCE

As to whether you will have your new shades put on

"EFFICIENT" Spring Rollers

or some inefficient "just as good" substitute.

The substitute costs the dealer less.
It costs you about the same as the "Efficient."
His profit is in the "just as good."

Where is yours?

"A word to the wise is 'Efficient.'"

NEVIUS & HAVILAND,
56 W. Broadway, New York,

Send for Circular H.

Regular Price $65
Our Price $17.85



The Sewing Machine Trust

said to be forming will bring us back to the old prices, but for the present we offer this **$65 New Home Style No. 9½** for **$17.85**, and will ship machine securely packed to your depot; **guarantee** safe delivery. If you sell or cause the sale of **TEN**, we will give you **ONE FREE.** This machine was awarded premium prize at World's Fair. It is of the latest improved and best made. Has a positive feed, self-setting needle, self-threading shuttle, automatic bobbin winder, a complete set of steel attachments, needles, oils and accessories. Accompanying each machine is our **Ten Year** Manufacturers' binding us to replace any defect occurring in that time, also to **Guarantee** exchange machine within one year if not satisfactory. No such bargain has ever been offered before, and may never be offered again, as this is a strictly high-priced and high-grade machine, made of the best material, finely finished and adjusted to do all kinds of sewing, run light and noiseless. You take no risk, and if you prefer **30 days trial,** send for our special terms. Refer you to any of our banking or mercantile agencies.

OXFORD MANUFACTURING CO., 338 Wabash-av., Chicago
The oldest concern of its kind.

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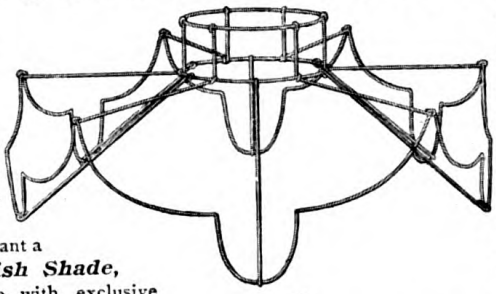
Wedding Gifts.

What is more appropriate than a

Fine Silk Lamp Shade?



Our shades are sold by all the leading jewelry, china, and fancy goods dealers throughout the country.



If you want a ***Stylish Shade,*** well made, with exclusive novelties for trimmings, ask for shades made by us.

We make 50 different shapes and 200 styles.

All shades are made on our solid brass wire, detachable stand frames.



Send for catalogue of shades and frames.

Two-cent stamp all required.

PIERCE & GARDINER,

77 and 79 Franklin Street, *Boston.*



HIGGINS & SEITER,

Fine China, Rich Cut Glass.

50~52 W. 22nd. St. New York.
170 Bellevue Ave. Newport, R.I.

SPECIAL FOR COUNTRY COTTAGES

COMPLETE Toilet Sets (see cut), with Jar, decorated with small flowers in either pink or blue, **$4.75,** complete. We have a large line of Dinner Sets, Jardinières, Glassware, &c., suitable for town house or country cottage, at 25 per cent. less than elsewhere. Let us show you. Illustrated Catalogue FREE.

Highest Awards at the World's Fair

100 finest engraved calling cards and copper plate for $1.50. Monogram and address dies cut for stamping writing paper for $2.00, $2.50 and $3.00.

The lowest prices for Fine Stationery and correct Wedding Invitations. Samples Mailed Free on Application.

for Wedding Invitations Calling Cards and Society Stationery

WRITE FOR OUR CATALOGUE

with 2000 illustrations of Diamonds in fine settings—(over 100 styles Gold Watches, full sizes, from $20 to $800), Chains, Rings, Class Rings and Pins, Earrings, Bracelets, Clocks, Optical Goods, Silverware, Fine Cutlery, Umbrellas, Toilet Articles, Cut Glass, Lamps, Choicest Art Pottery, Pocket Books, Card Cases, Music Boxes, etc., mailed free if you mention this Magazine.

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The Largest Jewelry Store in the World

WE SELL ONLY THE BEST OF EVERYTHING AT THE LOWEST PRICES IN AMERICA

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ST. LOUIS, MO.

20th Edition, postpaid for 25c. (or stamps).

THE HUMAN HAIR,

Why it Falls Off, Turns Gray, and the Remedy. By Prof. HARLEY PARKER, F.R.A.S.

A. H. LONG & Co., 1013 Arch St., Philad'a, Pa.

"Every one should read this little book."—*Athenæum.*



END VIEW.



SIDE VIEW.

"THE BENEDICT."

Only perfect Collar and Cuff Button made. Is oblong, goes in like a wedge and flies around across the button hole, no wear or tear. Strong, durable, and can be adjusted with perfect ease. In gold, silver and rolled gold. Can be put on any sleeve button.

BENEDICT BROS, JEWELERS,
Broadway & Cortlandt St., N.Y.

Manufactured for the trade by
ENOS RICHARDSON & CO.,
23 Maiden Lane, N.Y.

SEND FOR CIRCULAR.



BATES AUTOMATIC

Numbering Machine

(Dial Setting Movement.)

Numbers consecutively, duplicates and repeats
For General Office and Factory Use.
Systematizing and Labor-Saving.
STEEL Figures! **Perfect Printing!**
Absolutely Accurate Work!
Sent on 10 days' trial, to responsible parties
Every Machine fully guaranteed.
Low Prices! Send for Circulars.

BATES MFG. CO., Edison Bldg., Broad Street, NEW YORK.

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De Long PATENT

HOOK AND EYE has on the face and back of every card the words:

See that

hump?

TRADE-MARK REG. APR. 19-92.



Richardson
& De Long Bros.
Philadelphia.

LE BOUTILLIER BROS.

14th Street, New York.

BARGAINS IN FINE DRY GOODS.

BLACK SILKS.

Black Jap. Silks	29c., 39c., 49c.
" Habutai Silks, 27-inch	59c., 69c., 98c.
" Surahs, very heavy and lustrous	69c., 89c.
" Satin Duchesse	68c., 98c., $1.19

COLORED SILKS.

Figured India Silks	27c., 44c., 59c., 69c.
White China Silks	39c., 49c., 69c., 98c.
Kaiki Wash Silks, for Shirt Waists	39c., 44c.
Bengalines	49c., 59c.
Combination Silks, plain	79c., 98c., $1.25
Novelties to match	89c., 98c., $1.25, $1.50

COLORED DRESS GOODS.

Novelty Suitings, mixed effects, all wool	39c., 49c.
Waffle Suitings, mixed effects, all wool	79c. and 85c.
52-inch Worsted Suitings, illuminated	98c. and $1.19
Latest Paris Novelties, neat styles	$1.49 and $1.69
52-inch Spring Cloakings	98c., $1.25, $1.49

BLACK DRESS GOODS.

French Fancies, all wool	49c., 69c., 98c.
French Serges and Cashmeres	39c., 59c., 65c.
All-Silk Grenadines	49c., 75c., 98c.

WASH FABRICS.

Dress Ginghams	7½c., 10c., 12½c.
Outing Flannels	7½c., 9c., 11c.
Imported Ginghams	19c., 25c., 35c.
Batiste	12½c., 17c., 30c.
Challies French	49c. and 58c.
" Satin Striped	79c.
Sateens French	25c., 35c., 40c.
Organdies French	25c., 35c.
Figured Dimities and Marseilles	25c. and 40c.
White Dotted Swiss	25c., 30c., 35c.

N. B. — Illustrated Catalogue, now in press, mailed free.

☞ **All Mail Orders should bear our Street Address as above.**

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All Styles.

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"THE HOLMES CO.'S"

PATENT

Union Undergarment

Spring and Summer Weights are now ready. Ankle or knee length

Sanitary Balbriggan,
Lisle Thread,
Silk.

ALSO MANUFACTURERS OF

Ladies' and Men's

SWEATERS and BATHING SUITS

Send stamp for catalogue F.

THE HOLMES CO.

Retail Department, 49 Temple Place, } BOSTON.
Factory, 109 Kingston Street, }



Scientific Shirt-Making

combined with energy and fair dealing has made

Keep's Shirts

pre-eminent during the past 30 years for their general excellence. These shirts are the most economical, because they are the best at the minimum cost.

Send for our "Book on Shirts," and you will get some valuable information, mailed free.

We prepay delivery charges to any address.

Keep Mfg. Company,
809 and 811 Broadway,
New York.

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Faultless Fit and Graceful Figure. Four Million women are to-day wearing Dr. Warners Coraline Corsets. Are you?

Warner Bros., Makers, New York and Chicago.



COMFORTABLE EVERYWHERE

These are days of fashionable sense — the underdress of woman allows full ease of movement — to stand comfortably — to walk — to ride — to work — and all this ease and dressy grace are given the wearer of the **Equipoise Waist,** the fashionable corset substitute. To know all about it, and where to buy it, write to the George Frost Co., Boston, Mass.





Registered Trade-mark.

JAMES McCUTCHEON & CO.

invite attention to their large assortments of

India Dimities

White, Printed, and Plain Colors.

Pure Linen Lawns

White and Printed.

Percales and Cheviots

for Ladies' Blouses and Children's Wear.

Linen Ducks and Drills

in White and Colors, for Ladies' Dresses.

Fancy Ginghams

Crepes, Crepons, Galatea Cloths, Victoria Lawns, Nainsooks, India Linens, and a great variety of linen and cotton dress fabrics.

THE LINEN STORE,

14 West 23d Street, - - New York.

Wash Dress Fabrics

For the extreme weather of Summer, for practically all functions of the next four months, the most comfortable and suitable fabrics are:

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Linen Duck—stripes and figures in many colors—will be the really novel Washable Gown this year.

Nowhere else so great variety as ours.

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Broadway and 11th St.,

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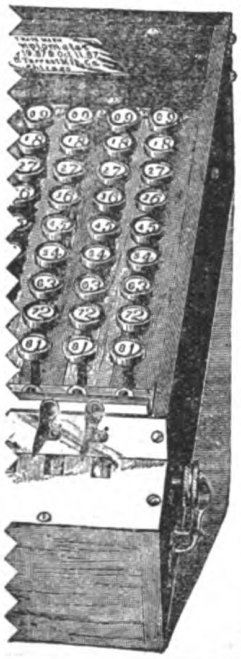
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Why don't you look into it?
Write for 28 page pamphlet.

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BRANCH OFFICE: 54 Franklin Street, New York.



The Densmore

is pronounced "The World's Greatest Typewriter" by its users, because of its

Conveniences and the Number of Ends Attained;
Light Key Touch, Ease of Operation and Rapidity;
Wearing Qualities and the Provision for Good Alignment;
Compactness, Proportion, Finish, and Beauty.

Recently adopted on competition by the U. S. War Department. Eighteen just ordered for the use of the *Boston Globe*. Twenty in use by the Carnegie Steel Co.

The 1894 Model contains strong, new features that are attracting much attention. Offices in all the principal cities. Pamphlets free.

DENSMORE TYPEWRITER CO., 202 Broadway, N. Y.

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Leader in Improvements
for the benefit of expert users; —not Experiments for the profit of the manufacturers—is always the

Remington

Buyers will always do well
to examine our latest model.

Wyckoff, Seamans & Benedict,
327 Broadway, New York.
Illustrated Catalogues sent on Application.

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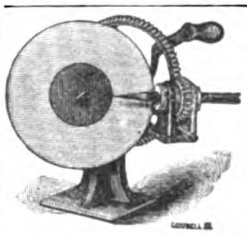


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Highest Medal Awarded THE MUNSON TYPEWRITER No. 1, World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago, 1893.

are the only machines using **all steel** typewheels and are therefore the most durable. Are the **highest grade standard** machines. Have **interchangeable typewheels** and key tops, so that the same machine can be used to write different languages.

The **Munson Typewriter No. 1** has been thoroughly tested by years of use in all parts of the world. From its non-liability to get out of order it is specially the machine for the home. It appeals equally to the child, the student, the professor, the stenographer, the business man, or the mechanic. Send for catalogue, addressing **THE MUNSON TYPEWRITER CO.,**
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THE GEM PENCIL SHARPENER,

For Schools and Offices.
Sharpens both Lead and Slate Pencils.

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Send for Circular.
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Sample dozen, 75c.
Covers to order.
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Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c, and $1.00 at Druggists

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Can't break, can't wear out, everlasting elasticity.
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Put up in yard lengths, the same as whalebone, also in short lengths, muslin covered. Sample set for one dress by mail, 25 cents. Sold everywhere.
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Loses half its charm with bad teeth

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Removes Tarter, Arrests Decay, Hardens Gums, Perfumes Breath

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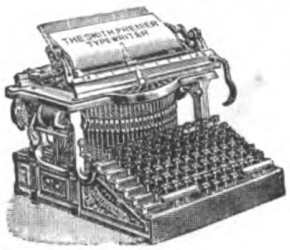
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ask **Who** and **What**



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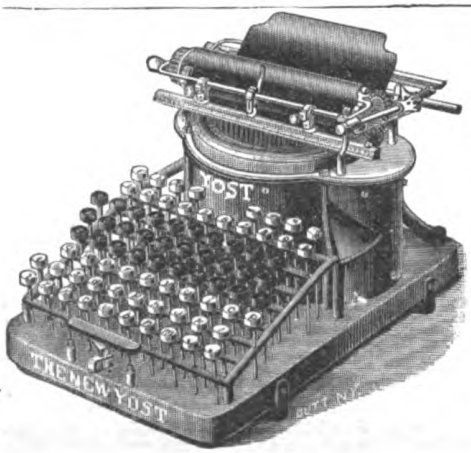
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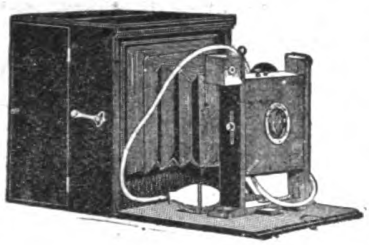
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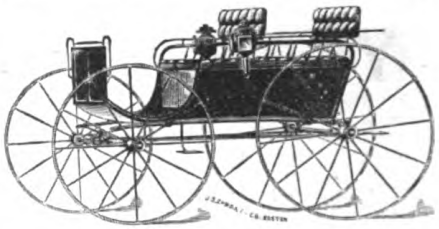
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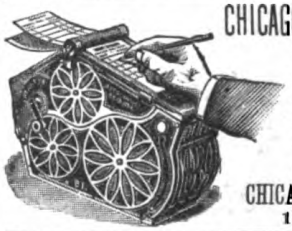
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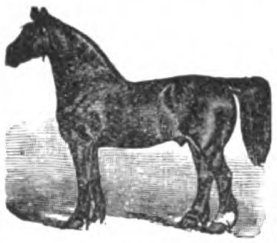
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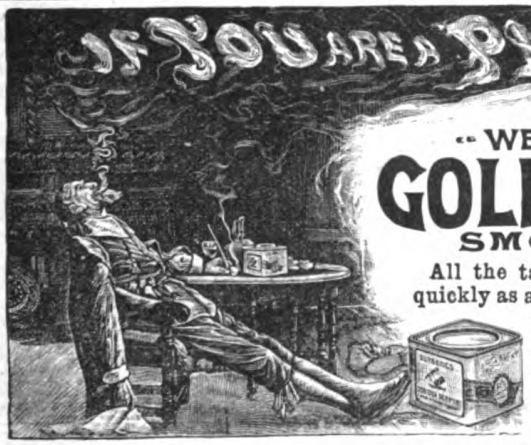
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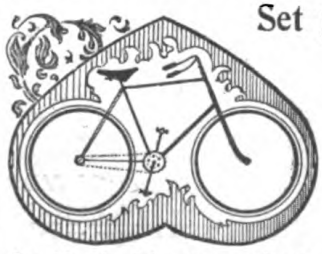
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Ex-Secretary of War,
stained with



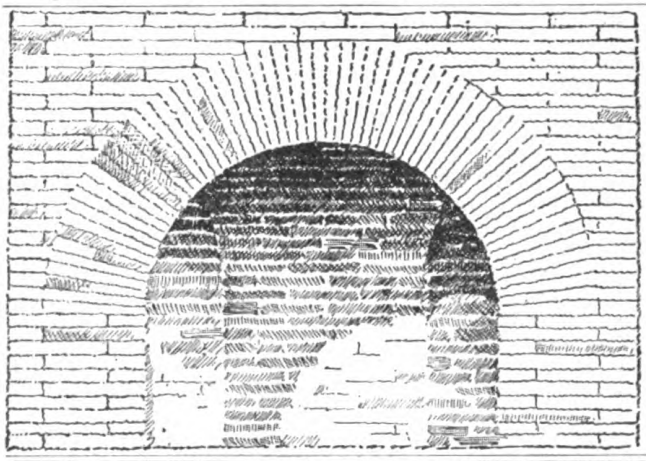
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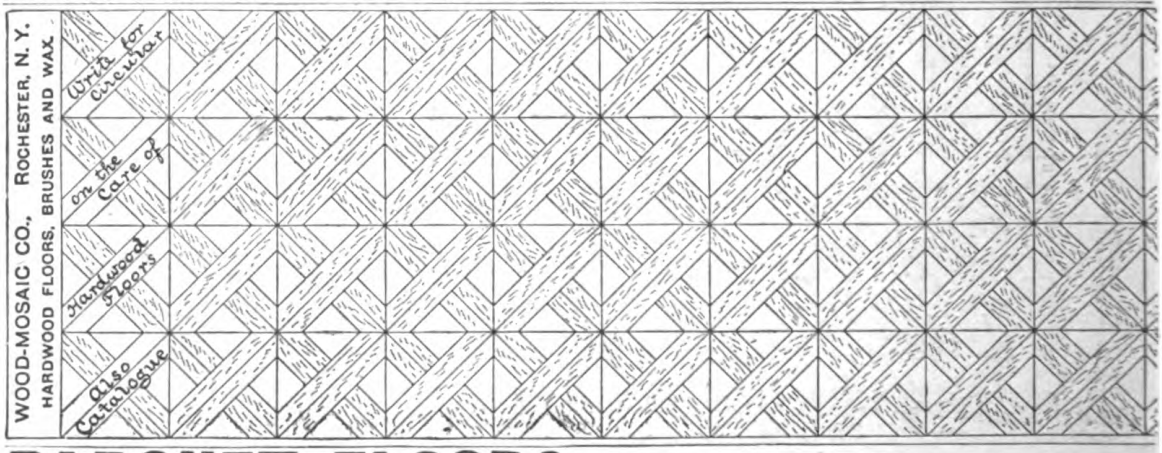


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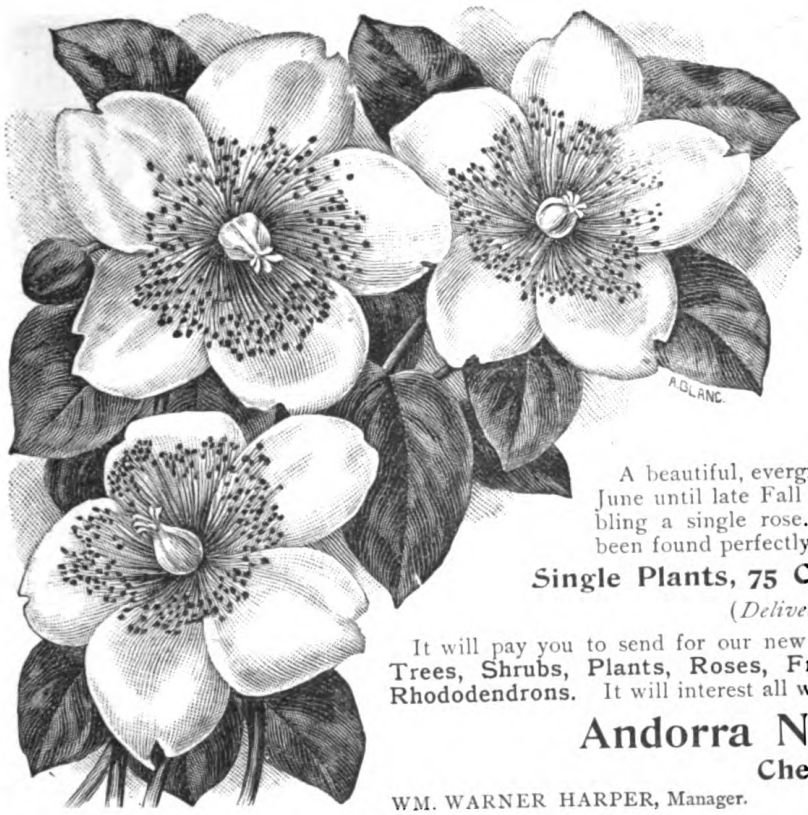
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Indianland and Wonderland

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HAY-FEVER

Season is Coming!

Do you dread it?

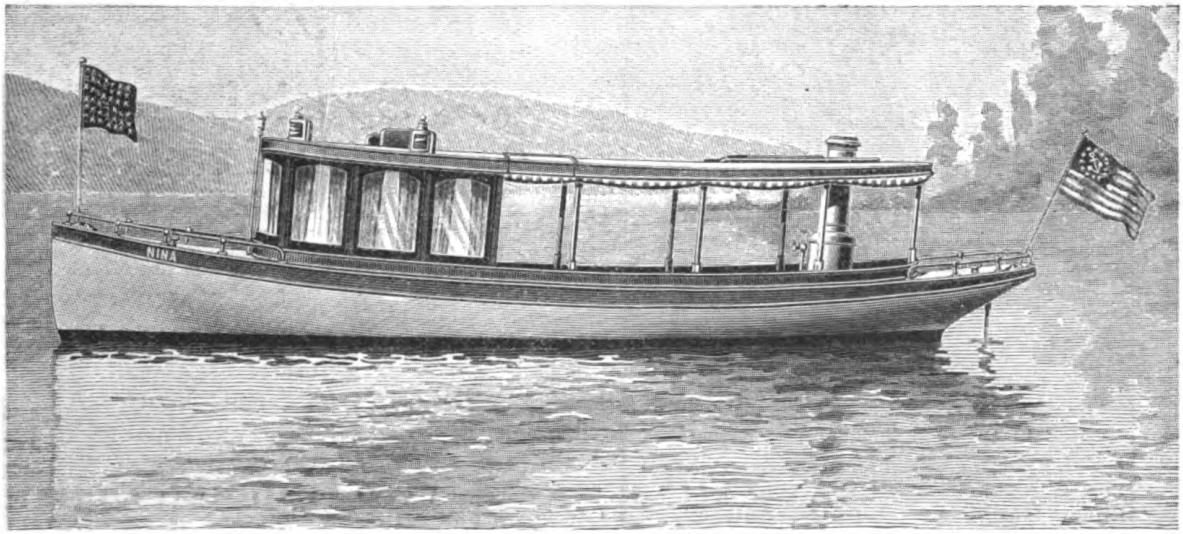
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FARIBAULT, MINN., Dec. 20, 1893.
P. HAROLD HAYES, M.D.:
Dear Doctor,—In response to your letter of inquiry after my health, I am happy to be able to report to you that I am well and have been well all through the year of grace, 1893, just about closing.
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Nearly 1500 built and sold in five years. Unequalled as a Pleasure Craft. Owners and users report complete satisfaction. No licensed Engineer, or Pilot, or Government Inspection. Used by Government in Quarantine, Light-house, Customs, and Engineering Departments. A large assortment of finished boats carried in stock for immediate delivery. Send ten cents in stamps for New Illustrated Catalogue.

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Manufactured conjointly with Electric Launch Company of World's Fair Fame.

GAS ENGINE AND POWER COMPANY,

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DEER PARK OR OAKLAND,

ON THE CREST OF THE ALLEGHANIES.

3,000 FEET ABOVE TIDE-WATER.

Season Opens JUNE 23, 1894.

JUNE 23,

These famous mountain resorts, situated at the summit of the Alleghanies, and directly upon the main line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, have the advantage of its splendid vestibuled express-train service both east and west, and are therefore readily accessible from all parts of the country. All Baltimore and Ohio trains stop at Deer Park and Oakland during the season.

The houses and grounds are lighted by Electricity; Turkish and Russian baths and large swimming-pools are provided for ladies and gentlemen, and suitable grounds for lawn-tennis; there are bowling-alleys and billiard-rooms; fine riding and driving horses, carriages, mountain wagons, tally-ho coaches, etc., are kept for hire; in short, all the necessary adjuncts for the comfort, health, or pleasure of patrons.

Rates, $60, $75, and $90 a month, according to location.

1894.

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12 Special Combinations of

FIREWORKS

graded in value from

One Dollar to

Two Hundred Dollars

They are offered at manufacturers' prices. They are delivered freight free east of the Rockies.

OUR CATALOGUE (send at once for it—don't wait) **will explain all.**

MASTEN & WELLS, Fireworks Manufacturing Co., **18 Hawley St., Boston, Mass.**

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WANTED.—A position on a farm or near a suburban residence as an ornament, and to pump water, sprinkle lawns, carry water up stairs, cut wood, cut feed, run a dynamo for electric light purposes, and do a great variety of odd jobs. For a week I have been a galvanized-after completed Aermotor; previous to that I was only Steel, Zinc and Aluminum, unalloyed and unmade up. My services can be had very cheap, if taken now, during the slack season. Apply to my parents, the AERMOTOR COMPANY, 12th, Rockwell and Fillmore streets, Chicago. N.B.—I am always at home and steady. Ours is the largest family of its kind in the world, and never has one of us gone wrong. We are also a most powerful family, with marvelous endurance. We have iron constitutions (or rather Steel ones) but are very sensitive, being visibly affected by a breath of air. We stand high and have great influence, being able to persuade water to run up hill. In fact, we are superior beings, having been placed by our creator between the earth and heavens. Our Steel has been tried in many a tilt and towers above everything everywhere. We are industrious beyond anything ever known, since we work 24 hours a day and more than 365 days in the year. We are untiring in our vigilance—we stand over you day and night. We are economical beyond anything on the earth or in the heavens, as we take into our systems absolutely nothing but thin air. Write quick, we are going fast.



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Like this which delight the eye and add innumerable comforts to any home, are furnished at prices within reach of all. Cypress, Pine or Galvanized Steel Tanks, with graceful galvanized steel substructures a specialty. We furnish galvanized steel stock tanks that do not leak and make mud holes at less than wooden ones cost.

The Aermotor Co. proposes to distribute

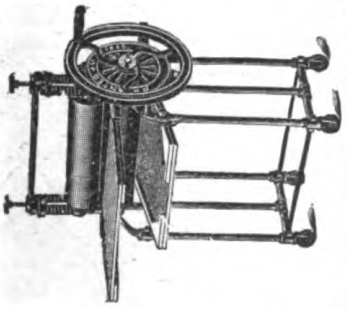
$500 CASH

IN PRIZES, for the best essay written by the wife, son or daughter of a farmer or user of a wind mill answering the question "WHY SHOULD I USE AN AERMOTOR?" For conditions of competition and amounts and numbers of prizes send for particulars to the Aermotor Co., Chicago, or to its branches, at San Francisco, Kansas City, Lincoln, Neb., Sioux City, Iowa, Minneapolis, Buffalo, or 65 Park Place, N. Y. City



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For Household Use.



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These goods are invariably full width, and may be had in a large variety of designs, which for technique and coloring are unequalled, rendering them especially appropriate for artistic homes.

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See the Point?

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Cooks, like poets, are born not made.

A good soup is not the product of hap-hazard.

There's care, skill, experience and honest materials in this can.

But you taste only soup, good soup, Franco-American Soup.



Franco-American Food Co.
Franklin St. and West Broadway,
NEW YORK.
Factory always open to visitors (Saturdays excepted).

Sold by grocers everywhere.
Guard against substitutions.
Sample Can, 14 Cents.





"No hinge nor loop to hang a doubt on." Why? Because it has been fully demonstrated that

Columbia Soups

are superior to all soups, and yet are retailed at the uniform price of **25** cents per quart can.

16 VARIETIES.

We also make the **Columbia Catsup,** the appetizer *par excellence.*

Send **10** cents in stamps (for postage) for sample, mentioning kind preferred.

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Break the egg into the cup and boil it in the cup instead of in the shell. Serve it in the same cup.

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is made of white china, with German Silver cover. If the Crockery Dealer cannot supply you, for $1.00 we will send postpaid, 5 cups 1-egg size, or 4 cups 2-egg size. *Sample Cup 25 cents in stamps.*

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Send for handsome pamphlet. **ALMA SANITARIUM CO., Box C Alma, Mich.**

Make Your Own Soap

No Boiling — No Smell — No Work — but cleanly and quick. In fact, a perfect and pure soap can be made in a few minutes at little cost with

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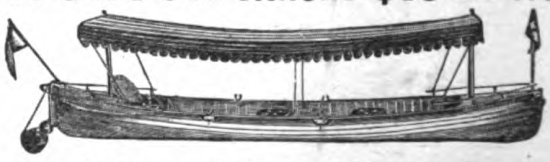
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It will also **deodorize, and make clean** and sweet, **Sinks, Waste Pipes, Water Closets,** &c., thus destroying germs of disease. It is also invaluable in many other ways to the Housekeeper, and to Painters, Printers, Plumbers, Iron Workers, Machinists, Engineers, Nickel and Silver Platers, Brewers, Hotel Keepers, &c. Much or little Banner Lye can be used at a time, as it is **pulverized.** Refuse worthless imitations. Mention *Harper's Magazine* when you write, and an illustrated pamphlet will be sent you free of charge. For sale generally.

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Growers of choice Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, and Hardy Plants. Plans for the laying out and planting of grounds furnished at low cost. Send for catalogue.
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Sanitas Grape Food is Unfermented, Concentrated, and Absolutely Pure.

Nervous people will find it soothing and strengthening.

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A most delightful and refreshing beverage, and positively non-alcoholic, fitted for the table or sacrament.

IT IS NOT COSTLY.

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Complete Outfits.



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ROLLING CHAIR.
A Priceless Boon to those who are unable to walk.



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The Family Wash Blue. ALWAYS RELIABLE.
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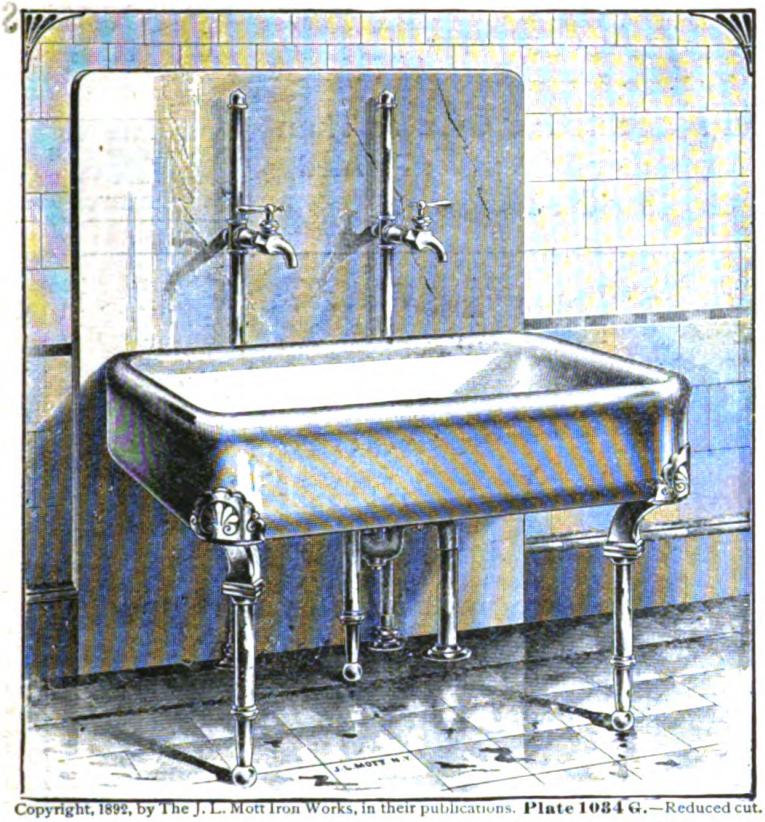


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STEAM & HOT WATER.
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84 to 90 Beekman St., New York.
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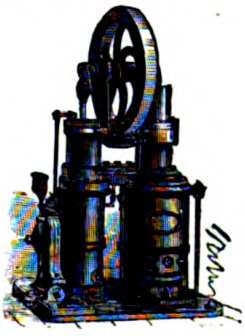
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The World's Circulation Greater Than That of Any Other Newspaper Printed in the English Language.

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"After a thorough examination of the circulation "books, press-room reports, mail-room reports, paper "companies' bills for amount of paper furnished, orders "from news companies and newsdealers, we find that the "circulation of THE WORLD (morning and evening editions) "for the months of January and February, 1894, averaged "433,167 copies per day, and so certify."

J. Edward Simmons, Chairman

Thomas L. James, Secretary.

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E. W. Bloomingdale

Henry Clews

Charles W. Dayton

On Saturday, March 3, a committee of well-known financiers, comprising Messrs. J. EDWARD SIMMONS, President Fourth National Bank and ex-President of the Stock Exchange; THOMAS L. JAMES, President Lincoln National Bank and ex-Postmaster-General of the United States; A. B. HEPBURN, President Third National Bank, ex-Comptroller of the United States Currency, ex-Bank Examiner of the United States and ex-Superintendent of State Banks; E. W. BLOOMINGDALE, of the dry-goods house of Bloomingdale Bros.; HENRY CLEWS, of the banking house of Henry Clews & Co., and CHARLES W. DAYTON, Postmaster of the city of New York, after spending over two hours carefully investigating The World's circulation books, press-room reports, mail-room reports, paper companies' bills for amount of paper furnished, receipts of said bills, orders from news companies and other records, and plying searching questions to The World's employees connected with the circulation department, signed the above certificate

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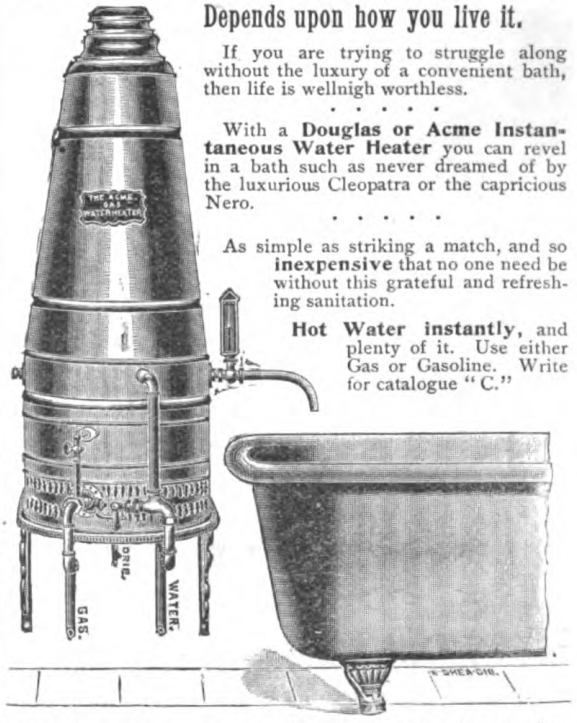
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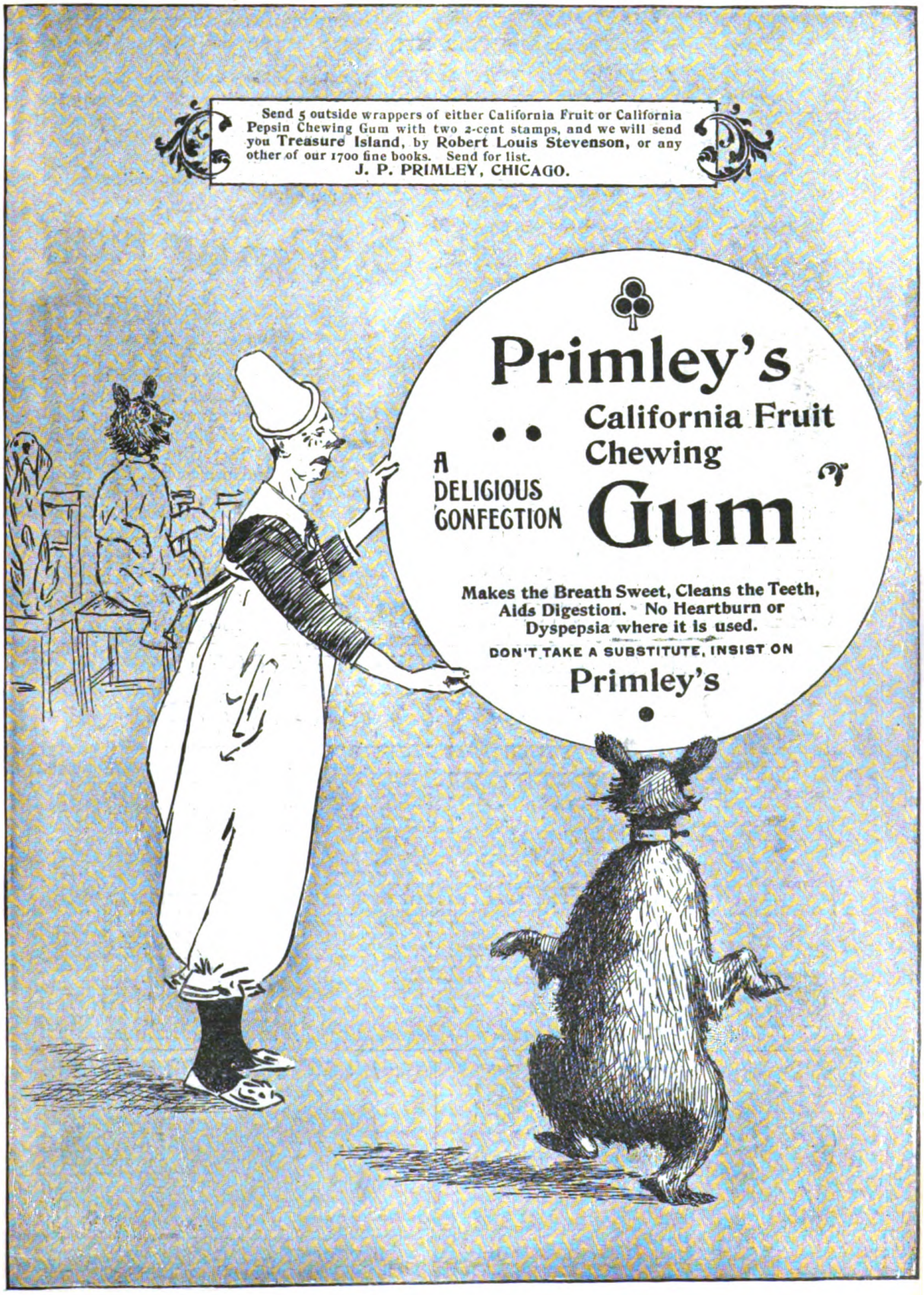
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Send 5 outside wrappers of either California Fruit or California Pepsin Chewing Gum with two 2-cent stamps, and we will send you **Treasure Island**, by **Robert Louis Stevenson**, or any other of our 1700 fine books. Send for list.
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brings comfort and improvement, and tends to personal enjoyment, when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy

SYRUP OF FIGS

Its excellence is due to its presenting, in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative, effectually cleansing the system, dispelling Colds, Headaches and Fevers, and permanently curing Constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions, and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them, and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance. Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50 cent and $1.00 bottles, but it is manufactured by the **CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.** only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name **Syrup of Figs;** and, being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO., San Francisco, Cal. Louisville, Ky. New York, N. Y.

HAIR ON THE FACE, NECK, ARMS OR ANY PART OF THE PERSON

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MODENE



AND THE GROWTH FOREVER DESTROYED WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST INJURY OR DISCOLORATION OF THE MOST DELICATE SKIN.

Discovered by Accident.—In Compounding, an incomplete mixture was accidentally spilled on the back of the hand, and on washing afterward it was discovered that the hair was completely removed. We purchased the new discovery and named it MODENE. It is perfectly pure, free from all injurious substances, and so simple any one can use it. It acts mildly but surely, and you will be surprised and delighted with the results. Apply for a few minutes and the hair disappears as if by magic. It has no resemblance whatever to any other preparation ever used for a like purpose, and no scientific discovery ever attained such wonderful results. **IT CANNOT FAIL.** If the growth be light, one application will remove it permanently; the heavy growth such as the beard or hair on moles may require two or more applications before all the roots are destroyed, although all hair will be removed at each application, and without the slightest injury or unpleasant feeling when applied or ever afterward.—MODENE SUPERCEDES ELECTROLYSIS.—

—RECOMMENDED BY ALL WHO HAVE TESTED ITS MERITS—USED BY PEOPLE OF REFINEMENT.—

Gentlemen who do not appreciate nature's gift of a beard, will find a priceless boon in Modene which does away with shaving. It dissolves and destroys the life principle of the hair, thereby rendering its future growth an utter impossibility, and is guaranteed to be as harmless as water to the skin. Young persons who find an embarrassing growth of hair coming, should use Modene to destroy its growth. Modene sent by mail, in safety mailing cases, postage paid, (securely sealed from observation) on receipt of price, **$1.00** per bottle. Send money by letter, with your full address written plainly. Correspondence sacredly private. Postage stamps received the same as cash. (ALWAYS MENTION YOUR COUNTY AND THIS PAPER.)

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THE HORSE-SHOE FALL, NIAGARA.

The next etching, No. 7 of the series, is entitled "The Horse-Shoe Fall, Niagara," and is the finest picture ever issued of this most wonderful feature of the great cataract.

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The subjects of the other etchings comprising the series are as follows: No. 1, "Washington Bridge;" No. 2, "Rock of Ages, Niagara Falls;" No. 3, "Old Spring at West Point;" No. 4, "Rounding the Nose, Mohawk Valley," and No. 5, "999 and the De Witt Clinton."

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This series of views is unquestionably the finest ever issued by a railroad company, and the absence of any objectionable advertising feature renders them suitable for hanging in your office, library, or home.

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THE LAST WORDS

penned by Victor Hugo were a sentiment for Bartholdi's "Liberty Enlightening The World." The dying genius wrote:

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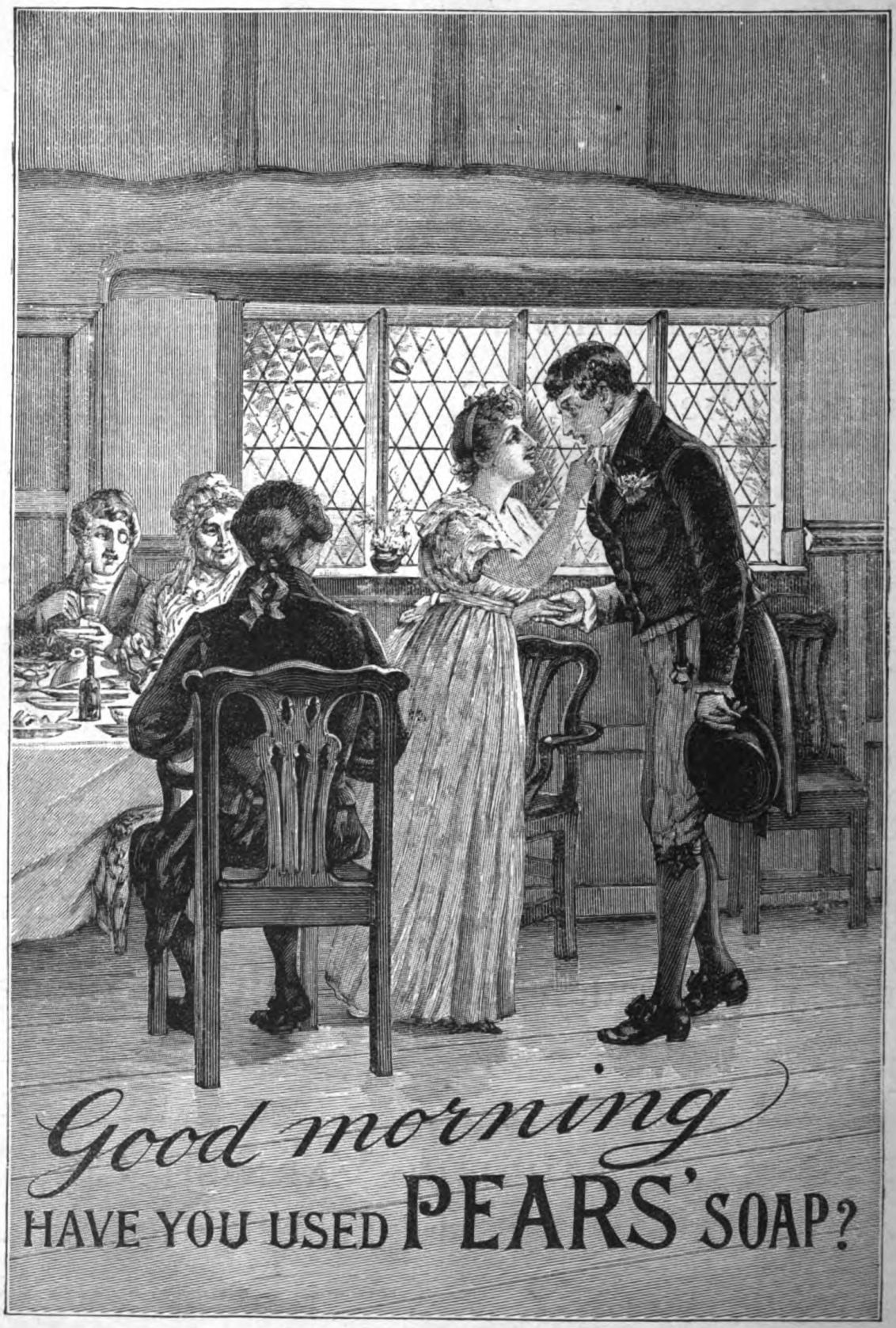
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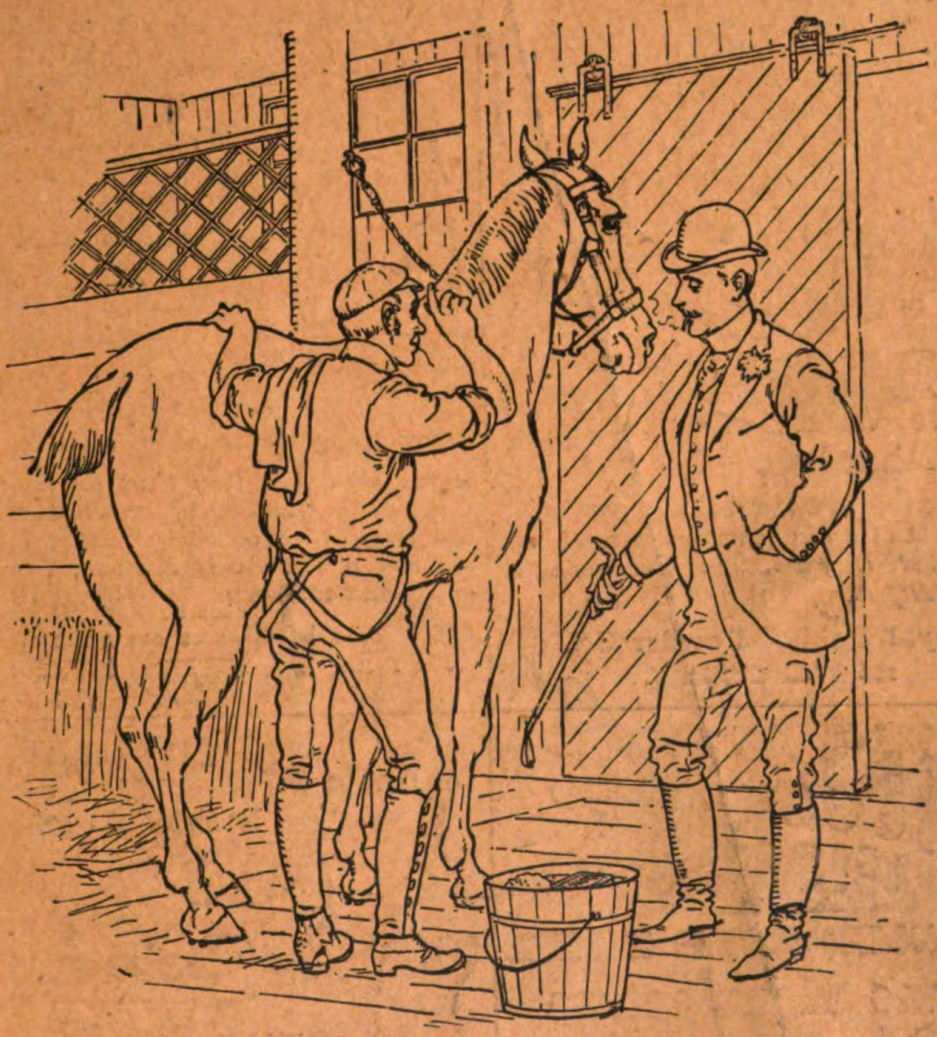
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Keep a cake of Ivory Soap at the stable, it is most excellent for washing galled spots and scratches on horses, for it will cleanse without irritating, and the vegetable oils of which it is made are cooling and healing in effect.

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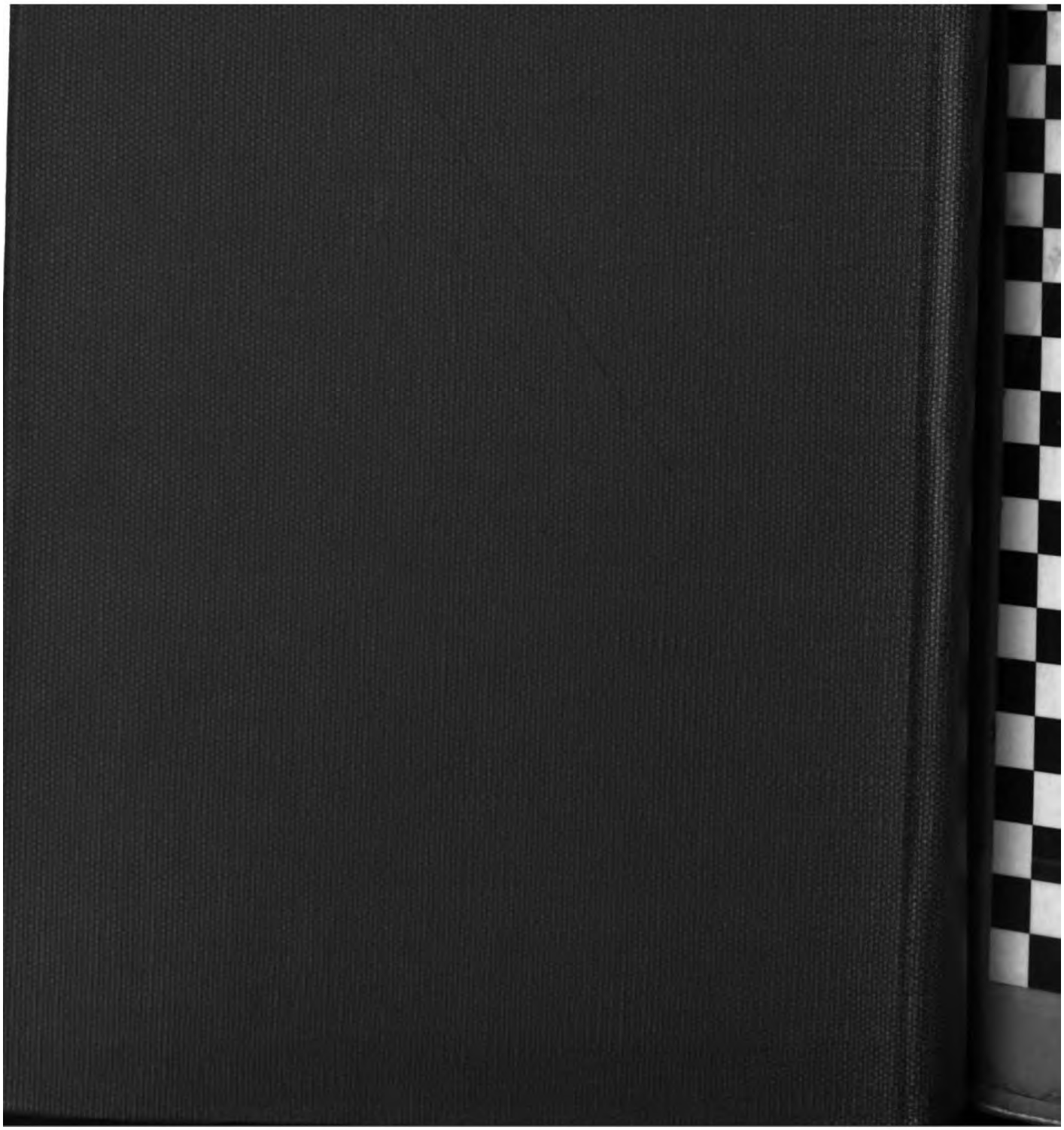
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